MARVEL

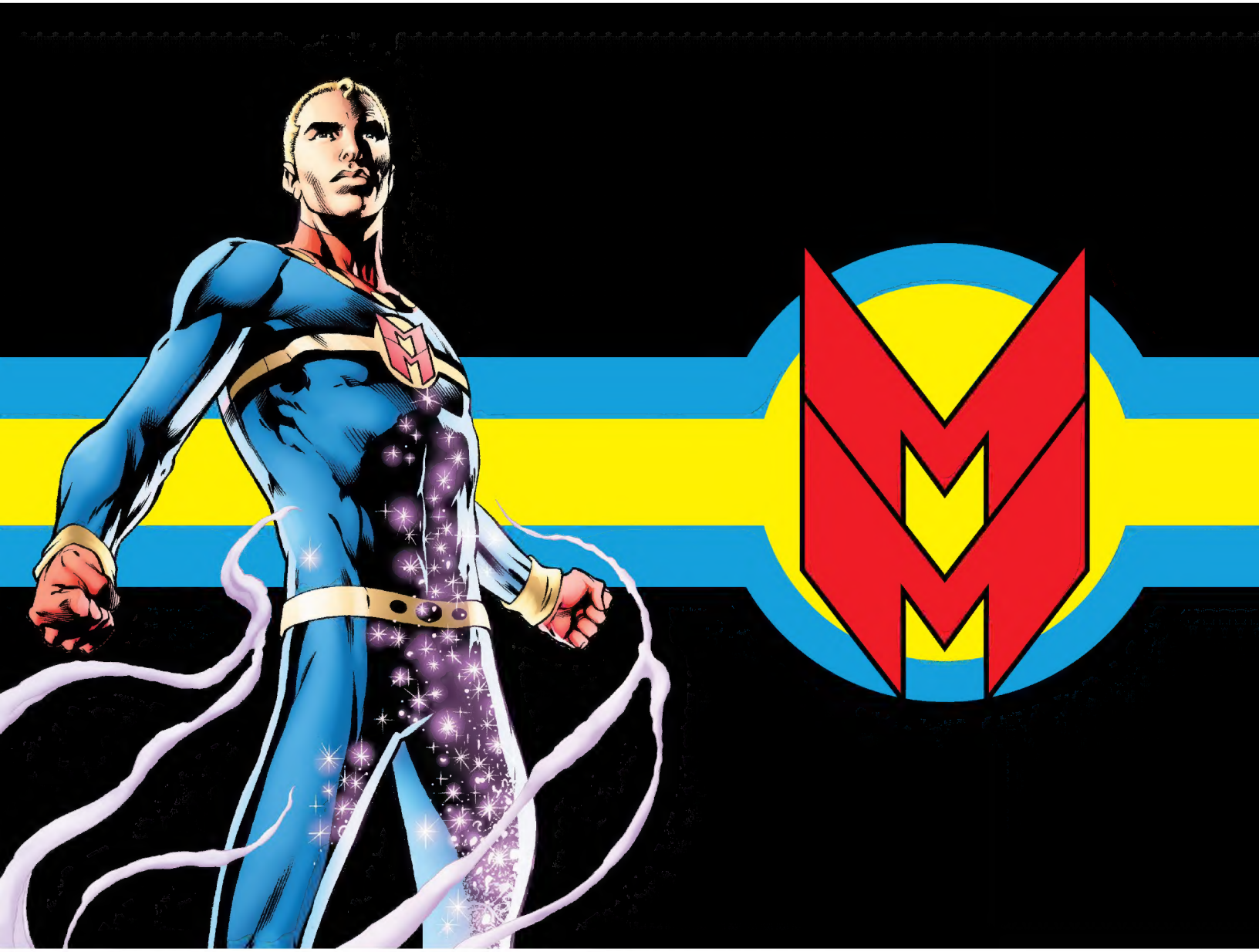
MIRACLEMAN

OMNIBUS

GARRY LEACH · ALAN DAVIS · JOHN TOTLEBEN
RICK VEITCH · CHUCK AUSTEN · JOHN RIDGWAY

MATURE CONTENT

MIRACLEMAN



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MIRACLEMAN

Story
The Original Writer
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Peter Milligan

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Book One: A DREAM OF FLYING

Prologue:
"The Invaders from the Future"

Chapter One:
"...A Dream of Flying"

Chapter Two:
"Legends"

Chapter Three:
"When Johnny Comes Marching Home..."

Chapter Four:
"Dragons"

Chapter Five:
"Fallen Angels, Forgotten Thunder"

Chapter Six:
"Secret Identity"

Chapter Seven:
"Blue Murder"

Chapter Eight:
"Out of the Dark"

Chapter Nine:
"Inside Story"

Chapter Ten:
"Zarathustra"

Chapter Eleven:
"Saturday Morning Pictures"

Book Two: THE RED KING SYNDROME

Chapter One:
"Catgames"

Capter Two:
"One of Those Quiet Moments"

Chapter Three:
"Nightmares"

Chapter Four:
"The Approaching Light"

Interlude One:
"The Red King Syndrome" Part One

Chapter Five:
"I Heard Woodrow Wilson's Guns..."

Chapter Six:
"A Little Piece of Heaven"

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Chapter Seven:
"...And Every Dog Its Day"

Chapter Eight:
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Chapter Nine:
"Bodies"

Chapter Ten:
"The Wish I Wish Tonight"

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"Scenes from the Nativity"

Chapter Twelve:
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Chapter Three:
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Chapter Four:
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Chapter Five:
"Nemesis"

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LEGENDS & APOCRYPHA

A Glimpse of the Future:
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Young Miracleman:
"1957"

Miracleman:
"The Guerneville Flood"

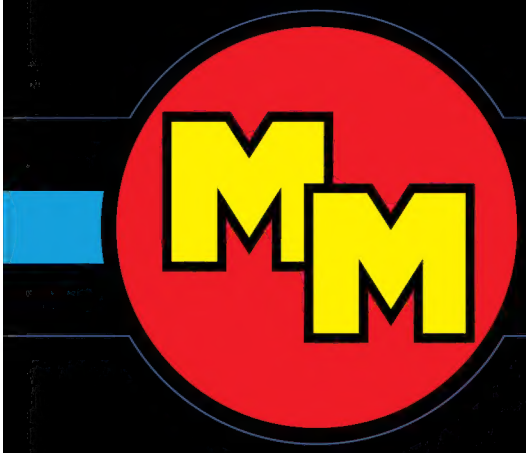
The Priest and the Dragon:
"October Incident: 1966"

The Miracleman Family:
"Simply Miraculous"

MARVELS & MIRACLES

"The Marvelman Story"
By Derek Wilson.

"The Invaders from the Future"
The Original 1956 Version of Mick Anglo and Don Lawrence's Marvelman Classic



Book One

A DREAM OF FLYING

Story

The Original Writer

Prologue · Chapters One - Eleven

Mick Anglo

Prologue

Art

Garry Leach

Prologue · Chapters One - Four
Chapters Five - Six (Inks)

Alan Davis

Chapters Five - Six (Pencils)
Chapters Seven - Eleven

Don Lawrence

Prologue

Color Art

Steve Oliff

Chapters One - Eleven

Lettering

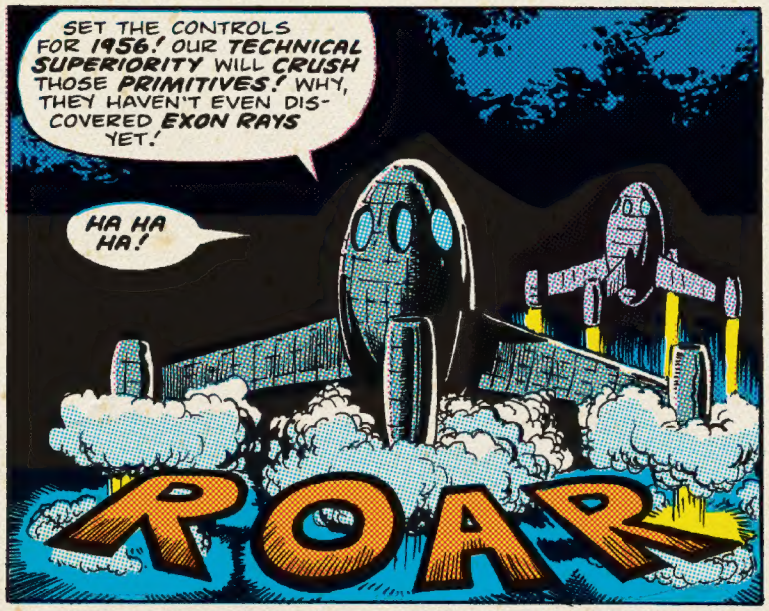
Chris Eliopoulos

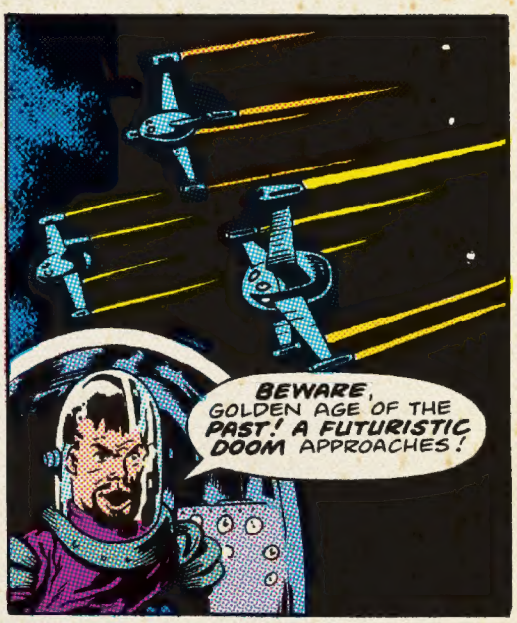
Chapters One - Two

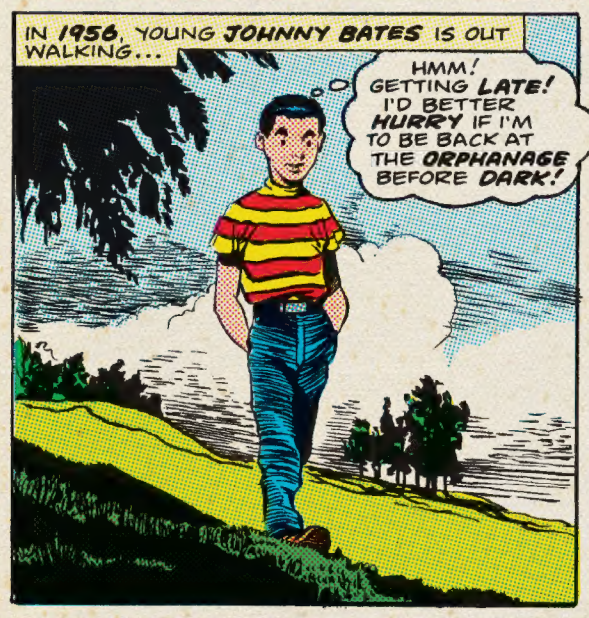
Joe Caramagna

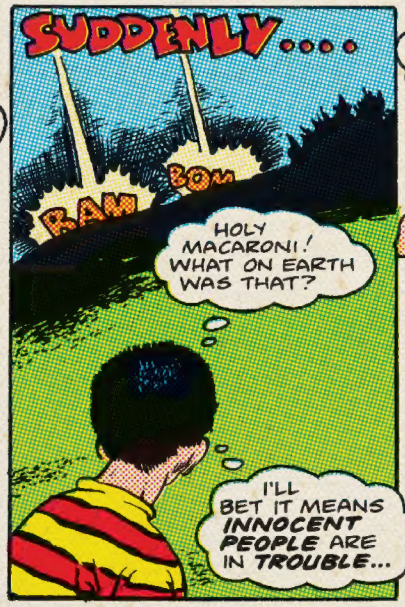
Chapters Three - Eleven

PROLOGUE
1956
AN AGE OF LINGERING INNOCENCE, AN AGE OF GOLDEN DREAMS, AN AGE FOR THE...
MIRACLEMAN FAMILY
THE FUTURE: WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE? CAN EVEN THE MIGHTIEST MEN IN THE UNIVERSE PROTECT US FROM ITS ONSLAUGHT?
IT IS 1981, 25 YEARS IN OUR FUTURE, AND KOMMANDANT GARRER OF THE SCIENCE GESTAPO IS SCHEMING WITH HIS ATOMIC STORM TROOPERS...
BAH! THE UNITED EARTH GOVERNMENT FOIL OUR PLANS TO ENSLAVE THE WORLD OF TODAY! LET US BOARD OUR CHRONO CRUISERS AND GO TO CONQUER THE WORLD OF YESTERDAY!

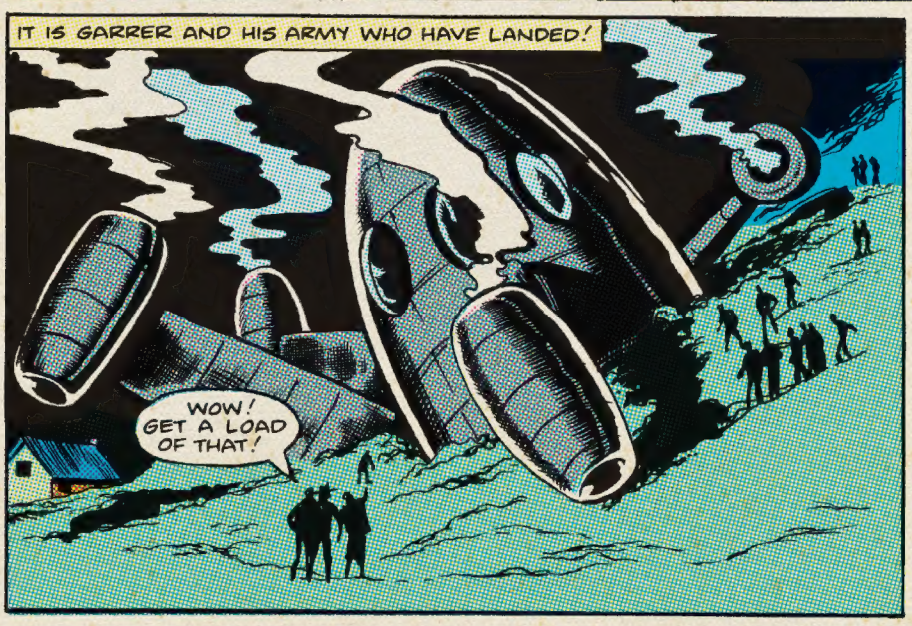

SET THE CONTROLS FOR 1956! OUR TECHNICAL SUPERIORITY WILL CRUSH THOSE PRIMITIVES! WHY, THEY HAVEN'T EVEN DISCOVERED EXON RAYS YET!
HA HA HA!
ROAR


BEWARE, GOLDEN AGE OF THE PAST! A FUTURISTIC DOOM APPROACHES!


IN 1956, YOUNG JOHNNY BATES IS OUT WALKING...
HMM! GETTING LATE! I'D BETTER HURRY IF I'M TO BE BACK AT THE ORPHANAGE BEFORE DARK!


SUDDENLY....
RAM
BOM
HOLY MACARONI! WHAT ON EARTH WAS THAT?
I'LL BET IT MEANS INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE IN TROUBLE...

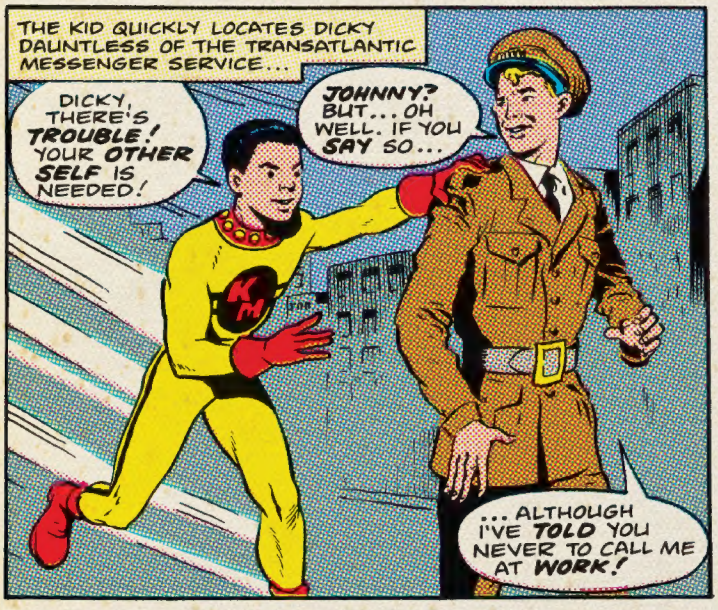
...AND THAT MEANS I COULD BE NEEDED!

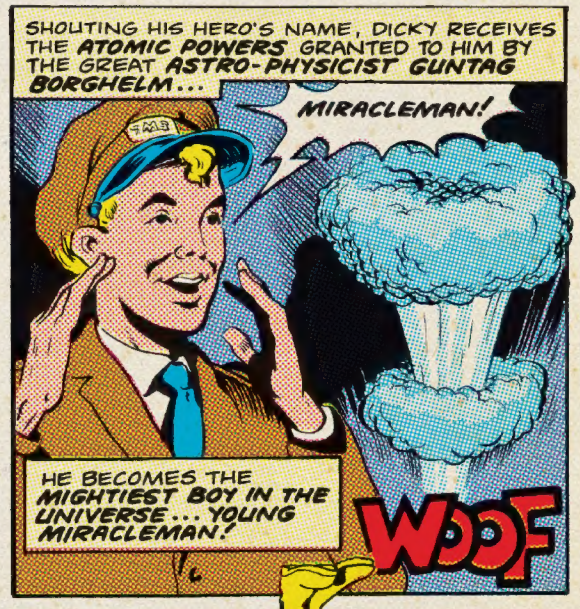

IT IS GARRER AND HIS ARMY WHO HAVE LANDED!
WOW! GET A LOAD OF THAT!

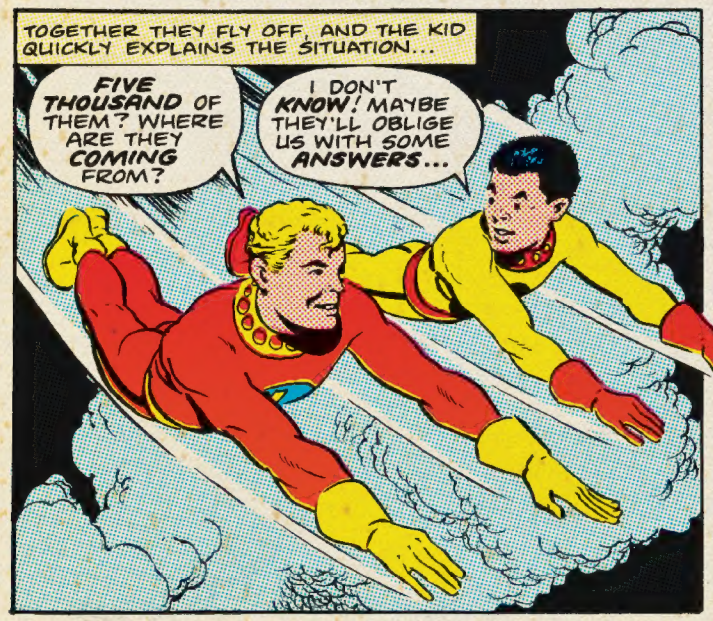
A PORT OPENS, AND...
BOW, UNDERLINGS! BOW TO YOUR NEW MASTERS— OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!

BUT THE LOCALS SEEM MORE AMUSED THAN ALARMED...
HA HA! SPACE ROCKETS, JUST LIKE IN DAN DARE! MUST BE A HOAX!
SO! YOU THINK OUR CHRONO-CRUISERS ARE A JOKE? LET'S SEE IF OUR EXON RAYS AMUSE YOU AS MUCH!
BLIMEY! WHAT SORT OF WEAPON IS THAT?
YOU SEE? AS WE DESTROY YOUR HOMES, SO SHALL WE DESTROY YOU!
KNEEL, PRIMITIVES, BEFORE THE SCIENCE GESTAPO!
HOLY MACARONI! LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!
MIRACLEMAN!
UPON SPEAKING HIS HERO'S NAME, JOHNNY BATES IS TRANSFORMED BY ATOMIC POWER INTO KID MIRACLEMAN!
WOOF
EASY WITH THOSE TOYS, BUSTER! YOU'LL HURT SOMEONE, BUT IT WON'T BE ME!
IMPUDENT BRAT! WE'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU! WHA..? NO EFFECT?
I THINK YOU'LL FIND A LITTLE OF THIS MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE!

BUT MORE TIME MACHINES LAND, DISGORGING THE WARRIORS FROM THE FUTURE. THE KID HAS HIS HANDS FULL!
DESTROY HIM, STORM TROOPERS OF THE ATOM! HE IS OUTNUMBERED!
UH-OH! MORE OF THEM... ARRIVING EVERY SECOND! MAYBE TOO MANY FOR EVEN ME TO HANDLE... WITHOUT ASSISTANCE!
...BUT BY SEARCHING AT ATOMIC SPEED, MAYBE I CAN FIND JUST THAT!

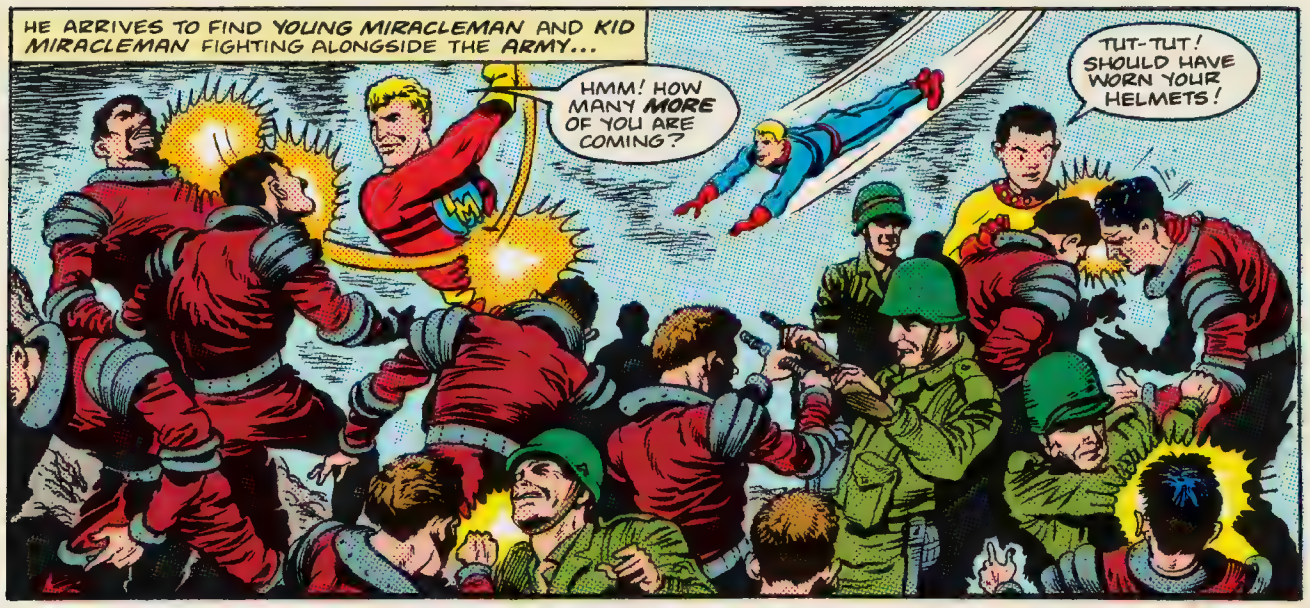

THE KID QUICKLY LOCATES DICKY DAUNTLESS OF THE TRANSATLANTIC MESSENGER SERVICE...
DICKY, THERE'S TROUBLE! YOUR OTHER SELF IS NEEDED!
JOHNNY? BUT... OH WELL. IF YOU SAY SO...
...ALTHOUGH I'VE TOLD YOU NEVER TO CALL ME AT WORK!

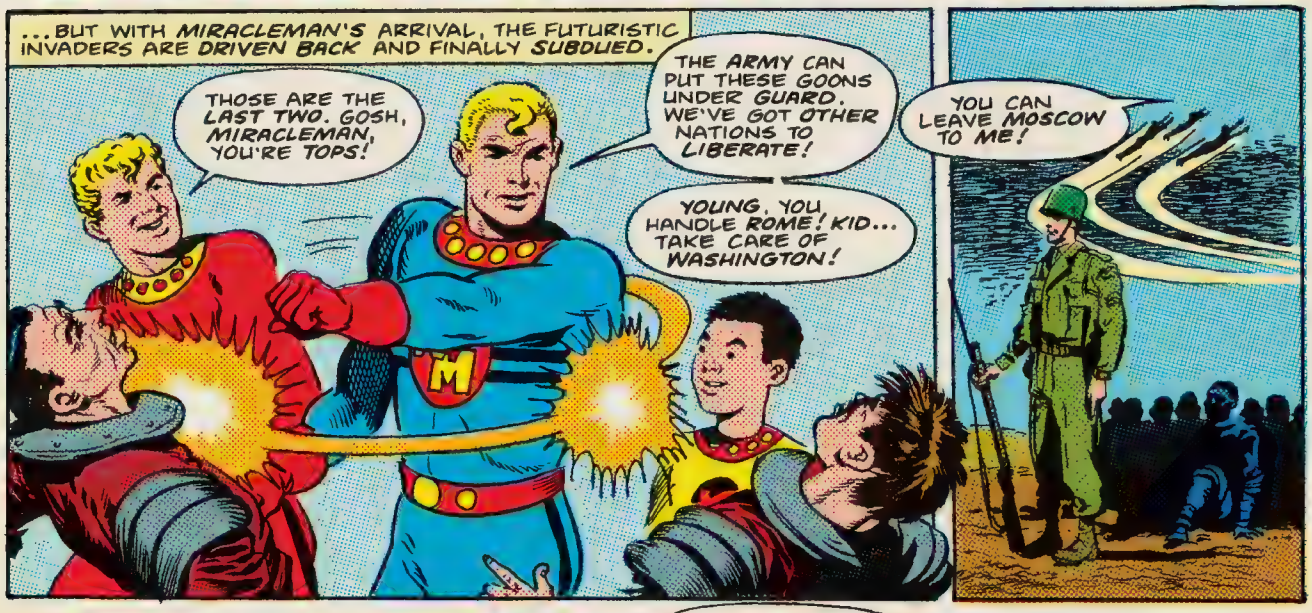

SHOUTING HIS HERO'S NAME, DICKY RECEIVES THE ATOMIC POWERS GRANTED TO HIM BY THE GREAT ASTRO-PHYSICIST GUNTAG BORGHELM...
MIRACLEMAN!
HE BECOMES THE MIGHTIEST BOY IN THE UNIVERSE... YOUNG MIRACLEMAN!
WOOF


TOGETHER THEY FLY OFF, AND THE KID QUICKLY EXPLAINS THE SITUATION...
FIVE THOUSAND OF THEM? WHERE ARE THEY COMING FROM?
I DON'T KNOW! MAYBE THEY'LL OBLIGE US WITH SOME ANSWERS...

RIGHT! I THINK THESE TWO BEAUTIES MIGHT BE PERSUADED TO TALK...
OOPS! NOT THIS ONE... I'VE ACCIDENTALLY BROKEN HIS JAW!

BUT NO SOONER DO THE INVADERS HIT THE GROUND THAN THEY RECOVER!
I DON'T GET IT! THEY SHOULD STAY OUT FOR HOURS! I'M NOT PULLING MY PUNCHES!
NOR AM I! WHAT SAY WE GRAB ONE OF THESE CHARACTERS AND ASK SOME QUESTIONS?
GREAT IDEA! THIS GUY WILL DO FOR A START! EASY, PAL!
HOW IS IT THAT YOU'RE ABLE TO WITHSTAND OUR HAMMERING?
TERRIFIED, THE TROOPER EXPLAINS...
WE COME FROM 1981... DECADES IN YOUR FUTURE! WE HAVE WEAPONS THAT CAN TURN WHOLE CITIES TO DUST!
"EVEN NOW OUR LEADER'S ATOMIC STORM TROOPERS ARE ARRIVING IN YOUR WORLD'S OTHER NATIONS. RESISTANCE IS FUTILE!"
PARIS.
PARIS HAS FALLEN TO THE SCIENCE GESTAPO! ON TO WASHINGTON!
SAIGON:
HAH! OUR FUTURISTIC WEAPONS BURN THEIR HOMES AND CROPS! THEY ARE DEFEATED!
IN THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY BUGLE, COPYBOY MICKY MORAN READS THE AWFUL STOP-PRESS NEWS...
LOOKS LIKE MIRACLEMAN IS NEEDED IN A HURRY!
DISASTER!!
KIMOTA!
SPEAKING THE SECRET KEY HARMONIC OF THE UNIVERSE, MICKY CHANGES..
WOOF
...INTO THE MIGHTY MIRACLEMAN!
I'LL START BY VISITING CORNWALL, WHERE THE FIRST LANDINGS WERE REPORTED...

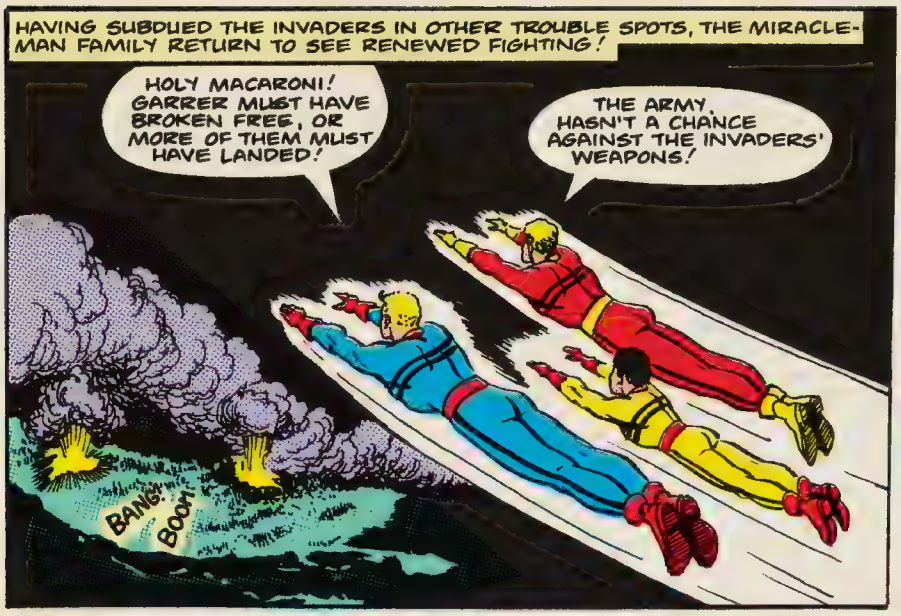

HE ARRIVES TO FIND YOUNG MIRACLEMAN AND KID MIRACLEMAN FIGHTING ALONGSIDE THE ARMY...
HMM! HOW MANY MORE OF YOU ARE COMING?
TUT-TUT! SHOULD HAVE WORN YOUR HELMETS!

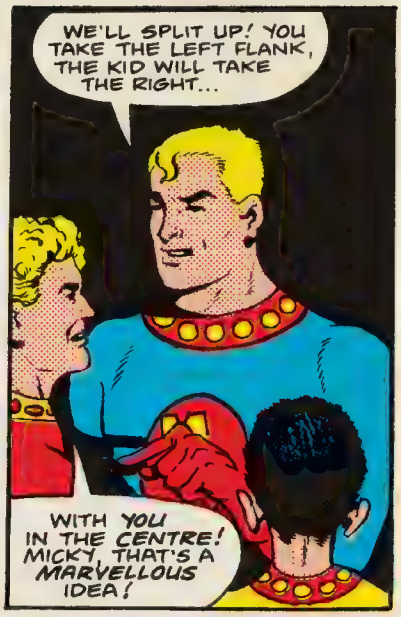

...BUT WITH MIRACLEMAN'S ARRIVAL, THE FUTURISTIC INVADERS ARE DRIVEN BACK AND FINALLY SUBDUED.
THOSE ARE THE LAST TWO. GOSH, MIRACLEMAN, YOU'RE TOPS!
THE ARMY CAN PUT THESE GOONS UNDER GUARD. WE'VE GOT OTHER NATIONS TO LIBERATE!
YOUNG, YOU HANDLE ROME! KID... TAKE CARE OF WASHINGTON!
YOU CAN LEAVE MOSCOW TO ME!

BUT, ONCE THE MIRACLEMEN HAVE DEPARTED...
HA HA! THESE GUARDS WEREN'T EXPECTING TO BE BOMBARDED WITH RARE MAGNETIC GASES FROM OUR SECRET VIDEO RINGS!

THERE! THEY'RE ALL UNCONSCIOUS!
NOW LET US DEVASTATE THEIR CAMP IN THE NAME OF THE SCIENCE GESTAPO!

WITH THOSE THREE OUT OF THE WAY THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY...

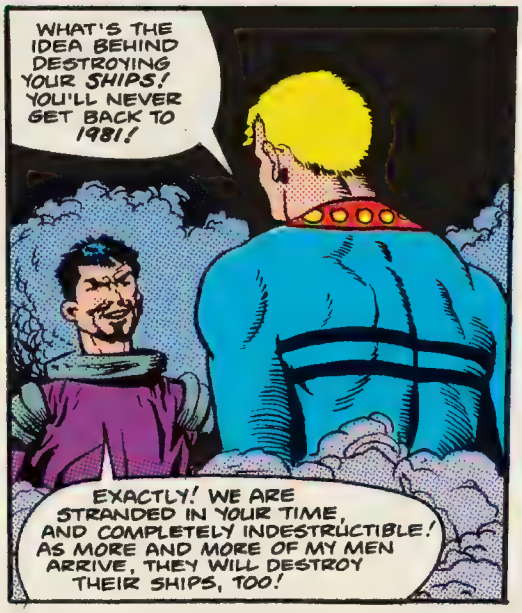

HAVING SUBDUED THE INVADERS IN OTHER TROUBLE SPOTS, THE MIRACLE-MAN FAMILY RETURN TO SEE RENEWED FIGHTING!
HOLY MACARONI! GARRER MUST HAVE BROKEN FREE, OR MORE OF THEM MUST HAVE LANDED!
THE ARMY HASN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THE INVADERS' WEAPONS!
BANG!
BOOM


WE'LL SPLIT UP! YOU TAKE THE LEFT FLANK, THE KID WILL TAKE THE RIGHT...
WITH YOU IN THE CENTRE! MICKY, THAT'S A MARVELLOUS IDEA!

GOOD LUCK, BOYS! WE'LL GIVE THEM A DRUBBING THIS TIME THAT THEY WON'T FORGET IN A HURRY!
WE'LL KNOCK THEM BACK YEARS INTO THE FUTURE!

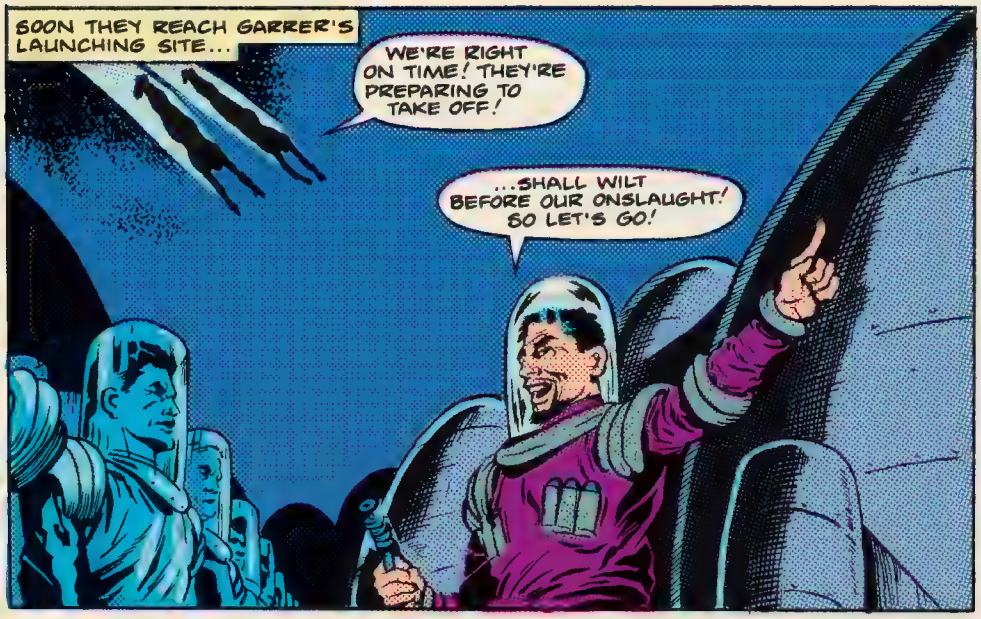
BUT, AS GARRER SEES MIRACLEMAN APPROACH...
HAH! I'LL OUTSMART HIM YET! BLOW UP OUR CHRONO-CRUISERS!

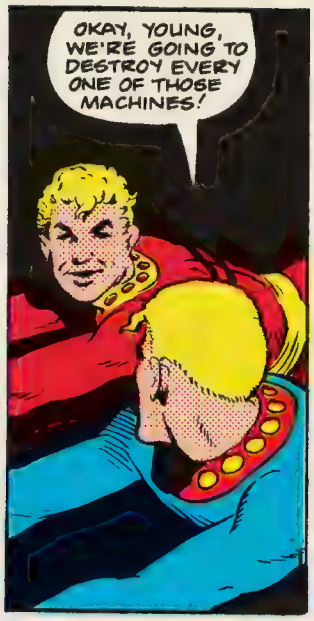
IMMEDIATELY, ALL THE MACHINES ARE DESTROYED!
BOOM

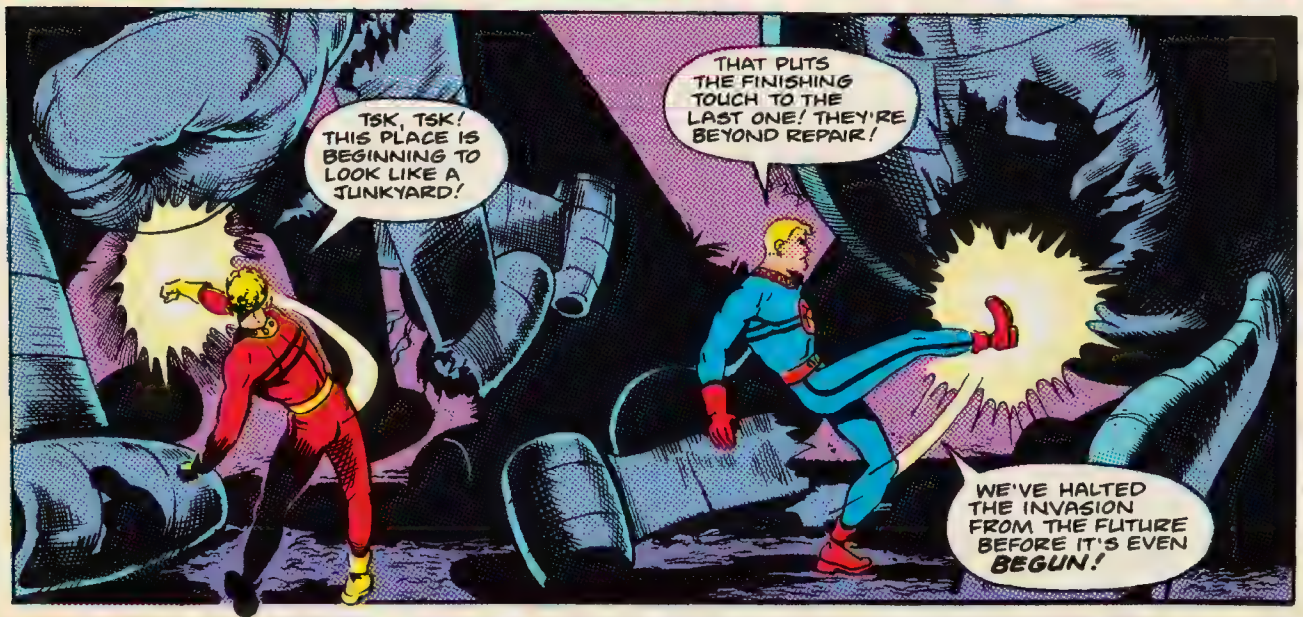

WHAT'S THE IDEA BEHIND DESTROYING YOUR SHIPS! YOU'LL NEVER GET BACK TO 1981!
EXACTLY! WE ARE STRANDED IN YOUR TIME, AND COMPLETELY INDESTRUCTIBLE! AS MORE AND MORE OF MY MEN ARRIVE, THEY WILL DESTROY THEIR SHIPS, TOO!

JUST THEN THE BOYS ARRIVE FROM THE FLANKS WITH BAD NEWS...
WE'RE UP AGAINST A BRICK WALL! AS FAST AS WE KNOCK THEM DOWN, THEY GET UP!
WHAT CAN WE DO TO PUT THESE GUYS DOWN?

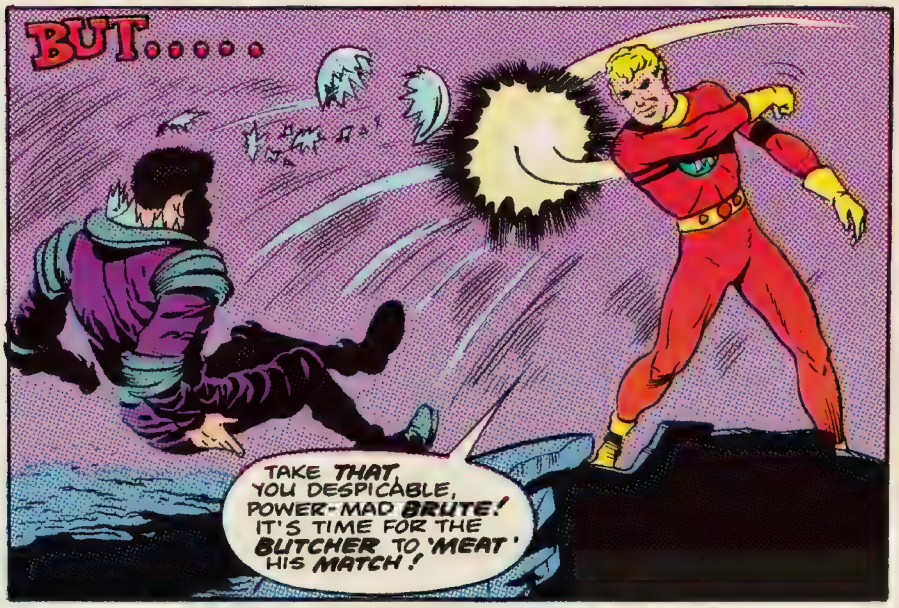
HMM! I'VE AN IDEA. NOW LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY...
KID, YOU STAY HERE AND DO WHAT YOU CAN, WHILE WE GO FORWARD TO THE FUTURE, TO THEIR POINT OF DEPARTURE!
OKAY, M-M! WHATEVER YOU SAY!
WE'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS WE CAN, KID!
GOOD LUCK! I'LL DO WHAT I CAN THIS END!
THE KID DIVES BACK INTO THE FRAY!
THAT'S FOR YOU, GARRER! YOU MAY BE INDESTRUCTIBLE — BUT YOU CAN STILL FEEL THIS!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS? IT'S MY CROSS DOUBLE PUNCH!
MEANWHILE, THE OTHER TWO RACE FORWARD IN TIME AT ATOMIC SPEED...
WELL, MICKY? IS THIS THE YEAR WE WANT?
YES, IT'S 1981... LOOK AT THOSE UGLY BUILDINGS!
RIGHT! DOWN WE GO!
PLUS, I THINK I SEE GARRER'S TIME MACHINES BENEATH US! WE'VE ARRIVED BEFORE THEY EMBARKED FOR 1956!


SOON THEY REACH GARRER'S LAUNCHING SITE...
WE'RE RIGHT ON TIME! THEY'RE PREPARING TO TAKE OFF!
...SHALL WILT BEFORE OUR ONSLAUGHT! SO LET'S GO!

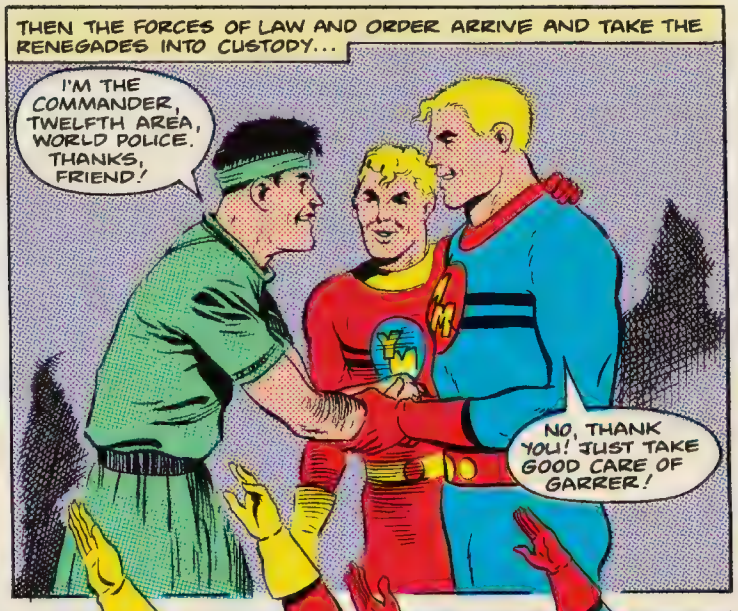

OKAY, YOUNG, WE'RE GOING TO DESTROY EVERY ONE OF THOSE MACHINES!


TSK, TSK! THIS PLACE IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A JUNKYARD!
THAT PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCH TO THE LAST ONE! THEY'RE BEYOND REPAIR!
WE'VE HALTED THE INVASION FROM THE FUTURE BEFORE IT'S EVEN BEGUN!

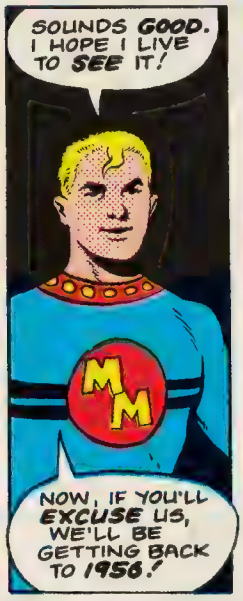
GARRER IS FURIOUS!
WH-WHAT ARE THOSE STRANGE BEINGS? THEY'VE DESTROYED OUR CHRONO-CRUISERS! I'LL BUTCHER THEM FOR THIS!


BUT.....
TAKE THAT, YOU DESPICABLE, POWER-MAD BRUTE! IT'S TIME FOR THE BUTCHER TO 'MEAT' HIS MATCH!

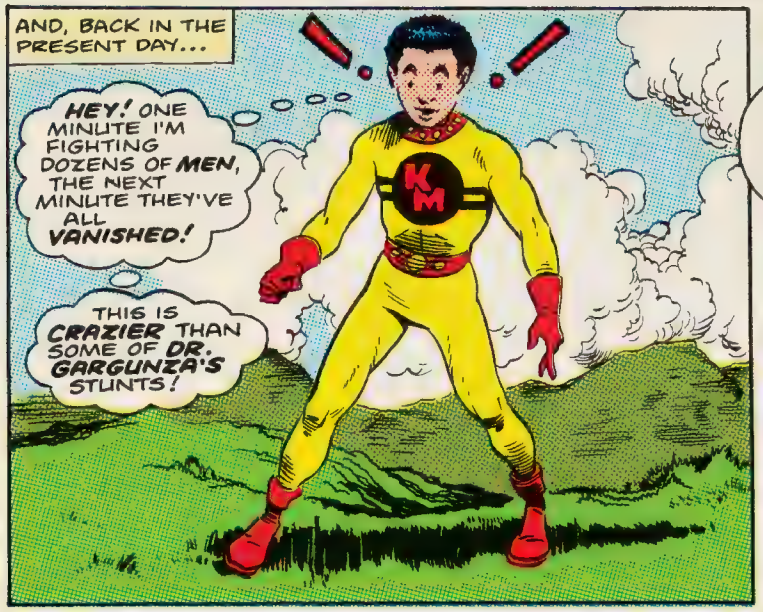
TUT-TUT! LOOK AT GARRER, THE WOULD-BE CONQUEROR!

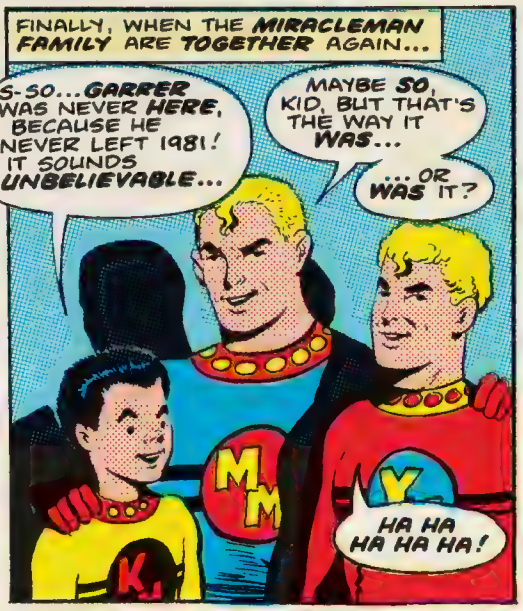

THEN THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER ARRIVE AND TAKE THE RENEGADES INTO CUSTODY...
I'M THE COMMANDER, TWELFTH AREA, WORLD POLICE. THANKS, FRIEND!
NO, THANK YOU! JUST TAKE GOOD CARE OF GARRER!

WE WILL! THE SCIENCE GESTAPO HAVE THREATENED OUR SOCIETY HERE IN 1981 FOR TOO LONG! NOW, THANKS TO YOU, IT CAN BE THE UTOPIA IT WAS MEANT TO BE!

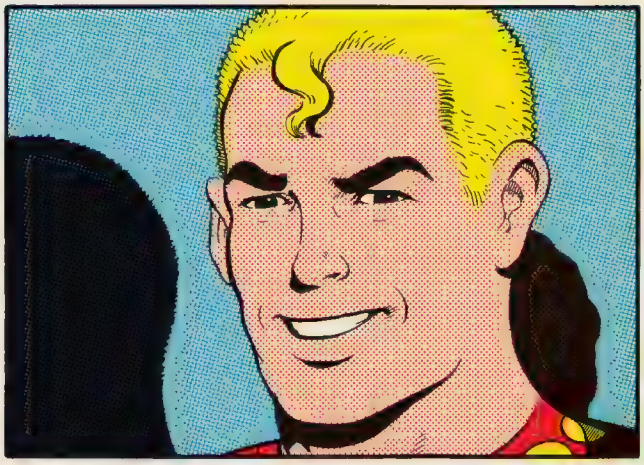

SOUNDS GOOD. I HOPE I LIVE TO SEE IT!
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US, WE'LL BE GETTING BACK TO 1956!

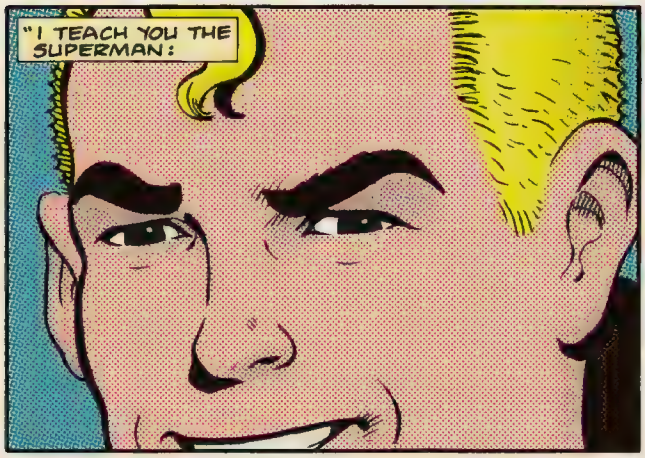
I WONDER WHAT THE RESULT WILL BE NOW THAT WE'VE STOPPED THEIR ORIGINAL DEPARTURE?


AND, BACK IN THE PRESENT DAY...
HEY! ONE MINUTE I'M FIGHTING DOZENS OF MEN, THE NEXT MINUTE THEY'VE ALL VANISHED!
THIS IS CRAZIER THAN SOME OF DR. GARGUNZA'S STUNTS!

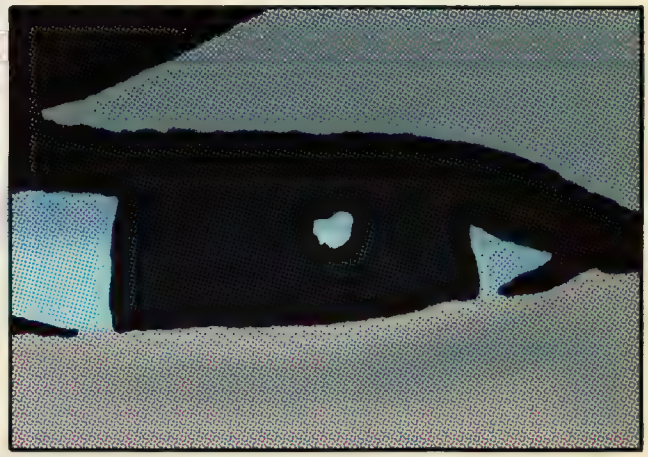

FINALLY, WHEN THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY ARE TOGETHER AGAIN...
S-SO... GARRER WAS NEVER HERE, BECAUSE HE NEVER LEFT 1981! IT SOUNDS UNBELIEVABLE...
MAYBE SO, KID, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS...
... OR WAS IT?
HA HA HA HA HA!

"BEHOLD...




"I TEACH YOU THE SUPERMAN:

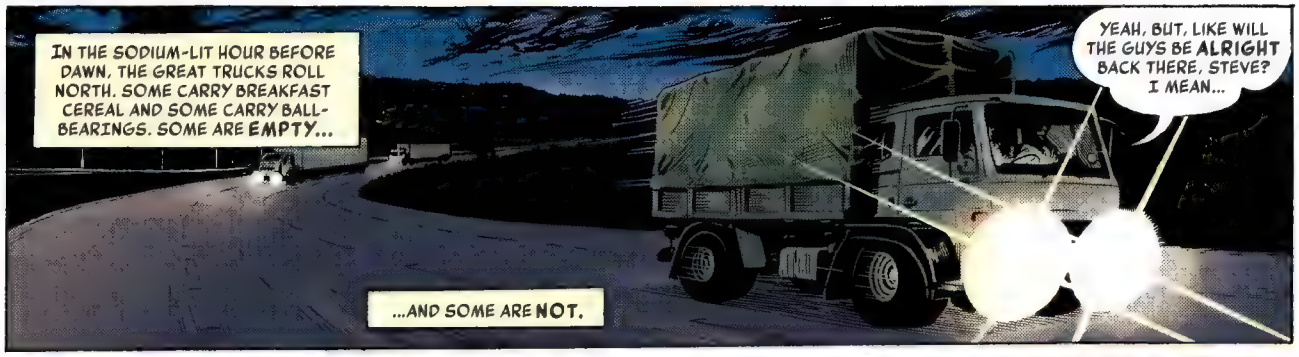
"HE IS THIS LIGHTNING...



"HE IS THIS MADNESS!"

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE, 'THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.'

1982


IN THE SODIUM-LIT HOUR BEFORE DAWN, THE GREAT TRUCKS ROLL NORTH. SOME CARRY BREAKFAST CEREAL AND SOME CARRY BALL-BEARINGS. SOME ARE EMPTY...
...AND SOME ARE NOT.
YEAH, BUT, LIKE WILL THE GUYS BE ALRIGHT BACK THERE, STEVE? I MEAN...

...YOU MEAN YOU'RE LOSING YOUR BOTTLE, TREVOR ME OLD SON. 'COURSE THEY'LL BE ALRIGHT.
IT'S THE PLUTONIUM THAT'S BOTHERING YOU, ENNIT? LISTEN...WE LIFT IT, WE SELL IT, AND WE HOP IT. NO BIG DEAL, TREV. NO BIG DEAL AT ALL.
YEAH, BUT NUKES, MAN... I MEAN, I THOUGHT WE'D BE SELLING ARMS TO, LIKE, THE PEOPLE. NUKES ARE REALLY HEAVY, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

TREVOR, MATE, YOU'RE TALKING THROUGH YOUR POSTERIOR! I MET A YANK IN ANGOLA WHO SAID HE'D SEEN ONE GO UP AT YUCCA FLATS.
HE SAID IT WAS BLOODY FANTASTIC! HE SAID "STEVE, MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY." AIN'T THAT A NICE WAY OF PUTTING IT?
UHH... ...RIGHT.

"MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY!" HA HA! HE WAS A COMEDIAN AND NO MISTAKE. NICE CHAP. THE COMMUNISTS SHOT HIM. SHAME REALLY...
YEAH.
CHRIST. THIS GUY'S A PSYCHO!
THROUGH THE COLD GREY DAWN THE TRUCKS HEAD NORTH. AND SOMEWHERE NOT FAR AWAY MICHAEL MORAN IS SCREAMING...

MICHAEL MORAN IS HAVING THE DREAM AGAIN. IT ISN'T A GOOD DREAM...

...A DREAM OF FLYING

IT'S A DREAM OF **SNOW** AND OF **FIREBALLS**. A DREAM OF **DEATH** AND **NUMBING VERTIGO**...

THERE IS NO **FEAR** AT FIRST...ONLY THE EERIE KEENING OF THE **WIND**, THE SWIRLING, SILENT **BLIZZARD** AND THE COLD, SHARP THRILL OF **ALTITUDE**...

HE IS NOT ALONE. LIKE FIREBIRDS IN RED AND YELLOW, TWO OTHER FIGURES SOAR BESIDE HIM. HE CANNOT SEE THEIR FACES!

HIS **POWER** COURSES THROUGH HIS VEINS LIKE **MOLTEN SILVER**. HIS **MUSCLES** MOVE WITH **PRECISE GRACE** BENEATH HIS SKIN. HE KNOWS HE IS **INVINCIBLE**...

...IT IS THEN THAT HE SEES THE VAST GREY SHAPE THAT FLOATS IN THE CHURNING WHITE. IT IS THEN THAT THE **FEAR** STARTS...

CONTEMPTUOUS OF GRAVITY, IT HANGS IN EMPTY SPACE BEFORE THEM LIKE A MASSIVE, BLOATED **SPIDER**. FILTHY WITH **SOOT** AND **OIL** IT **STAINS** THE AIR...

LIKE GAUDY INCAUTIOUS MOTHS HIS COMPANIONS PLUNGE TOWARDS THE HORROR, LEAVING HIM IN THEIR WAKE. CAN'T THEY **SEE?** DON'T THEY KNOW WHAT HAPPENS **NEXT?**

THE FEAR IS THERE, COILED IN HIS STOMACH AS HE WATCHES, UNABLE TO LOOK AWAY. THE SPIDER IS LAYING AN **EGG!** AN EGG THAT **BURNS** LIKE THE **SUN**...

THE SKY CATCHES FIRE AND HE IS **SCREAMING!** SCREAMING AND **BURNING**...

HE SEES HIS FRIEND, THE ONE IN RED. SOMETHING **BAD** IS HAPPENING TO HIM...FIRST HE **FLICKERS**, A STROBING **DOPPLER-IMAGE** AGAINST THE SNOW...

...AND THEN HE **EXPLODES!!**

...AND THEN THERE IS ONLY THE **INFERNO** ABOUT HIM AS HE FALLS. INEXPLICABLY, A **WORD** FORMS ON SCORCHED LIPS... A **DREAM-WORD** WITH ALIEN SYLLABLES...

THE LAST THING HE HEARS IS THE SOUND OF **THUNDER**...

NOOOOOOO
...MNUH...
MIKE? MIKE... WHAT'S WRONG??
I HAD THE DREAM AGAIN, LIZ. I'M SORRY I WOKE YOU...
OH MIKE...
OH, CHRIST. I GOT A MIGRAINE TOO...
SHALL I PHONE THE PAPER AND TELL THEM YOU CAN'T MAKE THE LARKSMERE ASSIGNMENT? MAYBE THEY COULD SEND SOMEBODY ELSE...
IT'S TOO LATE TO DO THAT. ANYWAY, I MAKE LITTLE ENOUGH OUT OF THIS FREELANCE JOURNALISM AS IT IS...
I CAN'T AFFORD TO THROW WORK AWAY JUST BECAUSE I'VE GOT A HEADACHE.
IT'S NOT JUST THE HEADACHES, MIKE. WHAT ABOUT THE DREAMS? YOU'VE BEEN HAVING THEM FOR YEARS! MAYBE IF YOU JUST SLOWED DOWN A LITTLE...
LIZ, WE'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE. YOUR JOB NEARLY KEEPS US BOTH AS IT IS. I SHOULD BE THE ONE WHO EARNS THE MONEY, NOT YOU.
...THE DREAMS DON'T MATTER, ANYWAY.
THAT'S A SILLY ATTITUDE, MIKE. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO EARNS THE MONEY AS LONG AS...
LIZ, PLEASE! I KNOW YOU MEAN WELL, BUT I'D JUST AS SOON DROP THE SUBJECT.
...ANYWAY, I'D BETTER GET GOING IF I WANT TO BE IN LARKSMERE BY TEN. I'VE GOT TO CATCH AN EARLY...
...TRAIN NOW STANDING AT PLATFORM SEVEN WILL BE LEAVING FOR THE LAKE DISTRICT AT 6:45. PASSENGERS FOR OXENHOLME SHOULD...
I SHOULDN'T HAVE JUST SLOUCHED OUT LIKE THAT. LIZ IS RIGHT...I'M NOT IN ANY SHAPE FOR WORK TODAY. THE MIGRAINE I COULD JUST ABOUT TAKE...BUT NOT THE DREAM.
WHY CAN'T I FIGURE OUT WHAT IT MEANS?? RECURRING DREAMS MUST MEAN SOMETHING. IF ONLY I COULD REMEMBER THAT DAMN WORD.
KIMONO? NO. KOMODO? NO. KRAKATOA? NO. JESUS, THIS HEADACHE. I HOPE IT'S GONE BEFORE I ARRIVE AT...

LARKSMERE. LAKELAND PARADISE OR H-BOMB HELL??
HOW'S THAT FOR A HEADLINE? I'M WASTED AS A PHOTOGRAPHER. I COULD HAVE WON THE PULITZER FOR MY CAPTIONS. DON'T YOU THINK SO?
OH. YEAH. RIGHT. YOU WERE THINKING ABOUT YOUR STORY ANGLE. IF I WAS YOU, I'D INTERVIEW SOME OF THEM FRIENDS OF THE EARTH. GOOD COPY, THAT...
UH? SORRY PAUL... I WASN'T LISTENING...
JUST OUT ABSORBIN' SOME RADIATION!
ALWAYS GO FOR HUMAN INTEREST, I SAY. PICK OUT THE LOONIES AND INTERVIEW 'EM.
PAUL, I'VE GOT A HEADACHE, I'M TRYING TO COVER THE OPENING IN MY OWN WAY AND I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D...

LIKE THOSE GUYS THERE WITH THE MACHINE GUNS...
MACHINE GUNS?? I CAN'T SEE ANY...
...MACHINE GUNS...

ALRIGHT. IF ANY OF YOU SECURITY PEOPLE START ACTING UP, WE FIRE ON THE CROWD.
DROP YOUR GUNS AND THERE'LL BE NO VIOLENCE.

GOOD!
NOW I'D LIKE EVERYONE TO SIT DOWN WITH THEIR HANDS ON THEIR HEADS. IF YOU FEEL THE URGE TO SCRATCH OR STRETCH I'D ADVISE YOU TO SUPPRESS IT...
THE GENTLEMAN OF THE PRESS WILL ESCORT US INTO THE POWER STATION...
...IF EVERYONE BEHAVES, THEY'LL ESCORT US OUT AGAIN, TOO.

HEY, AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ALTERNATIVE PRESS I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, MAN.
UHH...YOU'LL FIND OUT AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE INSIDE. NOW MOVE IT MAN, OR I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT YOU...
PRESS CONFERENCE?? WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE??

INSIDE.
GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE PRIVILEGED TO BE PRESENT AT A HISTORIC OCCASION: THE WORLD'S FIRST PLUTONIUM HI-JACK.
A LITTLE LESS NOISE, PLEASE. I WANT YOU TO HEAR ALL THE DETAILS SO THAT YOU CAN CONVEY THEM TO YOUR EDITORS, TO YOUR READERS ...AND TO OUR PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMERS.
THE PUBLICITY ANGLE IS VERY IMPORTANT. WE WILL LEAVE HERE IN TEN MINUTES WITH A NUMBER OF PLUTONIUM ISOTOPES. NOBODY WILL STOP US!
THE PLUTONIUM, EASILY ENOUGH TO MAKE A SCORE OF HYDROGEN BOMBS, WILL BE AUCTIONED AMONGST THE WORLD'S TERRORIST ORGANIZATIONS!
THE WORDS CLATTER. THE MIGRAINE BITES DOWN, THE ROOM BEGINS TO SPIN...
ALL AROUND HIM THERE ARE VOICES...SOME PLEADING, SOME ANGRY...
HEY... THIS MAN'S SICK! HE NEEDS SOME AIR!
HE'S RIGHT, STEVE. THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA DIE. WE BETTER GET HIM OUTSIDE...
...AND THEN HE IS BEING MANHANDLED DOWN A CORRIDOR. HE FEELS DIZZY. THERE IS FEAR IN HIS STOMACH...
THIS SICK ACT BETTER NOT BE A SNOW-JOB, CHUM. YOU UNDERSTAND?
...IT REMINDS HIM OF THE DREAM.
...SNOW...
HE'S DRAGGED THROUGH A SWING DOOR. GLASS GLINTS, A LEGEND FLICKERS OUT FROM THE HAZE...
ATOMIC POWER STATION
...SUDDENLY THE WORD IS THERE, SWIMMING BEFORE HIM, BLURRED THROUGH THE FOG OF PAIN AND NAUSEA, BUT AS RECOGNISABLE AS DESTINY...

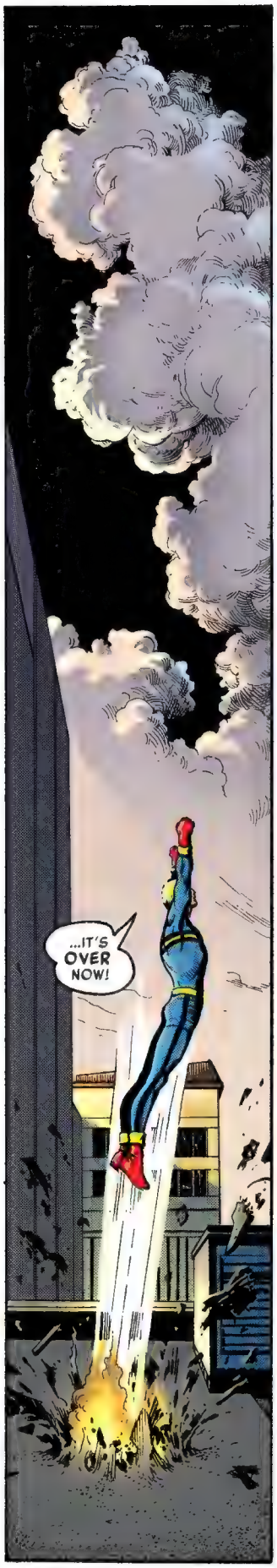
KIMOTA
HIS LIPS MOVE. THE WORD IS BARELY A WHISPER...
...KIMOTA...
THE WHISPER IS DROWNED BY THE THUNDER! THE SCREAMS OF THE MAN CALLED STEVE ARE LOST IN THE SUDDEN FLOOD OF LIGHT...
HIS FACE IS SEARED AND BLISTERED! HIS EARDRUMS HAVE BURST...

...HIS EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY!
OH JEEEZUS!! JESUS, I'M BLIND!! I CAN'T SEE!!! OHH JEEZUS!
...JESUS...JESUS...

STEVE?? STEVE, MAN, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?? LIKE WE HEARD THAT BANG, AND WE...
...UHH...
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU??

ME? I'M... MIRACLEMAN. I'M MIRACLEMAN!!
I REMEMBER NOW...

MIRACLEMAN. UHH... RIGHT.
UH...OKAY, MIRACLEMAN... LET'S KEEP THIS COOL. LIKE, JUST TELL US WHAT YOU DID TO STEVE, AND LIKE, WE WON'T HURT YOU...
NO. YOU WON'T HURT ME. I'M MIRACLEMAN!
BADDUUCK
BADDUUCK
I SAID STAY BACK!! YOU THINK I'M STUPID, MAN?? YOU'RE WITH THE S.A.S. RIGHT? WELL I AIN'T SCARED O' YOU PEOPLE! YOU'RE PIGS...
...AND PIGS GET...
...BARBECUED!!
KAZING
ZING
ZING
OH JESUS, LOOK AT HIM!! I'M SHOOTING HIM AND HE'S SMILING!! HA HA HAA! THIS ISN'T HAPPENING! THIS GUY'S NOT HUMAN!!
THAT'S RIGHT. I'M NOT HUMAN.
WAAOOMM
I'M MIRACLEMAN...
HE SWINGS HIS HANDS TOGETHER, AND THUNDER BURSTS FROM BETWEEN THEM.
AND THEN THERE IS SILENCE...
...DEATHLY SILENCE.
EIGHTEEN YEARS. EIGHTEEN YEARS, TRAPPED IN THAT OLD, TIRED BODY. IT DOESN'T MATTER.



I'M MIRACLEMAN...

I'M BACK!!

THE BEGINNING...

THIS STORY IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MICK ANGLO AND THE ORIGINAL MARVELMAN TEAM.

...AND NEWS IS COMING IN OF EVENTS REPORTED TO HAVE HAPPENED THIS MORNING AT THE OPENING OF A NUCLEAR POWER STATION IN THE LAKE DISTRICT. AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE BY A GROUP OF ARMED MEN TO STEAL A LARGE QUANTITY OF PLUTONIUM FROM THE STATION WHICH IS SITUATED AT LARKSMERE...
ALTHOUGH REPORTS ARE YET TO BE CONFIRMED, IT APPEARS THAT MANY OF THE TERRORISTS ARE NOW IN HOSPITAL SUFFERING FROM SEVERE CONCUSSION... ONE OF THE RAIDERS, A MAN IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES, IS SAID TO HAVE SECOND DEGREE BURNS. AS YET, THESE INJURIES ARE INEXPLICABLE.
A NUMBER OF WITNESSES AT THE SITE CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN A MAN-LIKE OBJECT RISING INTO THE SKY AT A TREMENDOUS SPEED... EXPERTS HAVE INDICATED THAT THIS WAS PROBABLY AN EXAMPLE OF MASS HYSTERIA BROUGHT ON BY THE TENSE NATURE OF THE SITUATION.
A FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE SITE, MR. PAUL DUNCAN, SUBMITTED A PICTURE OF WHAT DOES APPEAR TO BE A HUMAN FIGURE IN FLIGHT ALTHOUGH...
÷YAWN÷ MIKE? THAT YOU?
I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF... I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN. HOW DID IT GO UP AT LARKSMERE?
OH MY GOD! WH-WHO ARE YOU??
LISTEN, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT BUT MY HUSBAND WILL BE BACK AT ANY MOMENT! HE... HE'S...
MIRACLEMAN
HE LOOKS LIKE A GOD. THE WORDS DRY UP, TURNING TO ASH IN HER MOUTH.
YOUR HUSBAND IS BACK.
IT'S ME, LIZ. IT'S MIKE.
LISTEN, YOU'VE GOT ONE MINUTE TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE!
SHE'S DREAMING. EVEN AS SHE BACKS AWAY, SHE KNOWS SHE'S DREAMING...

IT HAS BEEN SIXTEEN YEARS SINCE LIZ SULLIVAN MARRIED MICHAEL MORAN.

SHE KNOWS HIM WITH HER EYES, HER EARS, HER BODY... SHE KNOWS HIM!

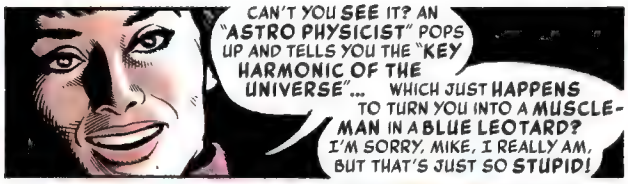
AND YET...

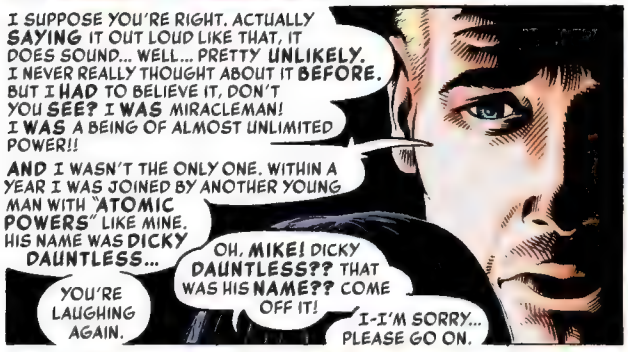
HE HOLDS HER. AND HIS TOUCH IS AS FRICTIONLESS AS MERCURY. THE RESTRAINED POWER IN HIS ARMS MAKES HER FEEL LIKE GLASS.

"I'LL MAKE SOME COFFEE." THE WORDS ARE SO MUNDANE, SO REASSURINGLY NORMAL. YET HE LOOKS LIKE A GOD.

"...I HAD A VISION." HIS VOICE IS LIKE A POOL OF GOLD... DAZZLING, MESMERIC. AS HE DESCRIBES THAT DREAMLIKE EVENING, TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS PAST, HIS VISION BECOMES HERS...

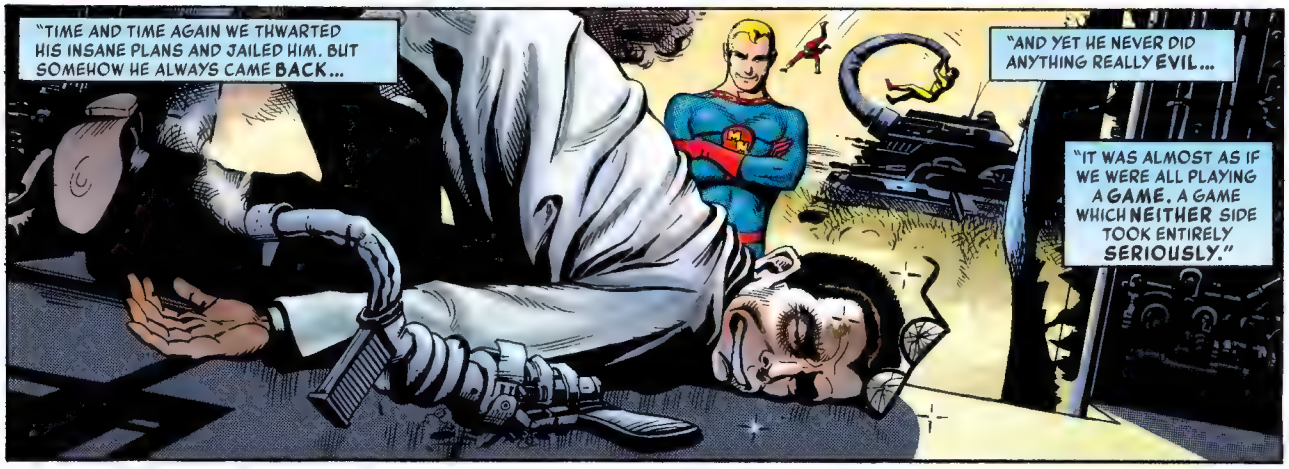
SHE SEES THE BOY COWERING BEFORE THE IMPOSSIBLE SPECTRE THAT HAD CONJURED ITSELF FROM THE NIGHT...
GREETINGS, MIKKY MORAN! I AM GUNTAG BORGHELM!
I AM AN ASTRO-PHYSICIST WHOSE STUDIES HAVE TAKEN HIM FAR BEYOND THE DULL KONCERNS OF MERE MORTALS.
THE KEY HARMONIK OF THE UNIVERSE IS MINE TO KOMMAND... A WORD WHIKH, WHEN SPOKEN, BESTOWS GODLIKE POWER UPON THE SPEAKER. THIS IS MY GIFT TO MANKIND.
YOU HAVE BEEN KHOSEN, MIKKY MORAN! FOR YOUR KOURAGE, FOR YOUR HONESTY, SPEKIAL POWERS ARE YOURS TO BE USED FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY!
YOU NEED ONLY SPEAK THE WORD "KIMOTA!"
HOLY MACARONI!
B-BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ME?
K-KIMOTA??
IN HER VISION SHE HEARS THE DEAFENING PEAL OF THUNDER, FEELS THE WIND FROM BEYOND LASH THE BOY'S TREMBLING BODY... SHE SEES HIM TRANSFORMED.
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I'M... I'M...
...WHAT AM I?
YOU ARE MIRACLEMAN, KHAMPION OF JUSTIKE AND ENEMY OF EVIL! USE YOUR POWERS WISELY, MY SON, FOR NOW I MUST BID YOU... FAREWELL!
"...AND THEN HE WAS GONE. IT WAS LIKE COMING OUT OF A DREAM... BUT I HAD PROOF THAT IT HAD BEEN REAL.
"I FOUND I COULD FLY, THAT I HAD TREMENDOUS STRENGTH. I WAS INVULNERABLE TO ALL HARM... I WAS MIRACLEMAN!!"
LIZ? YOU'RE LAUGHING. WHAT'S WRONG?
I'M SORRY, MIKE... BUT THAT'S SUCH A BLOODY STUPID STORY!



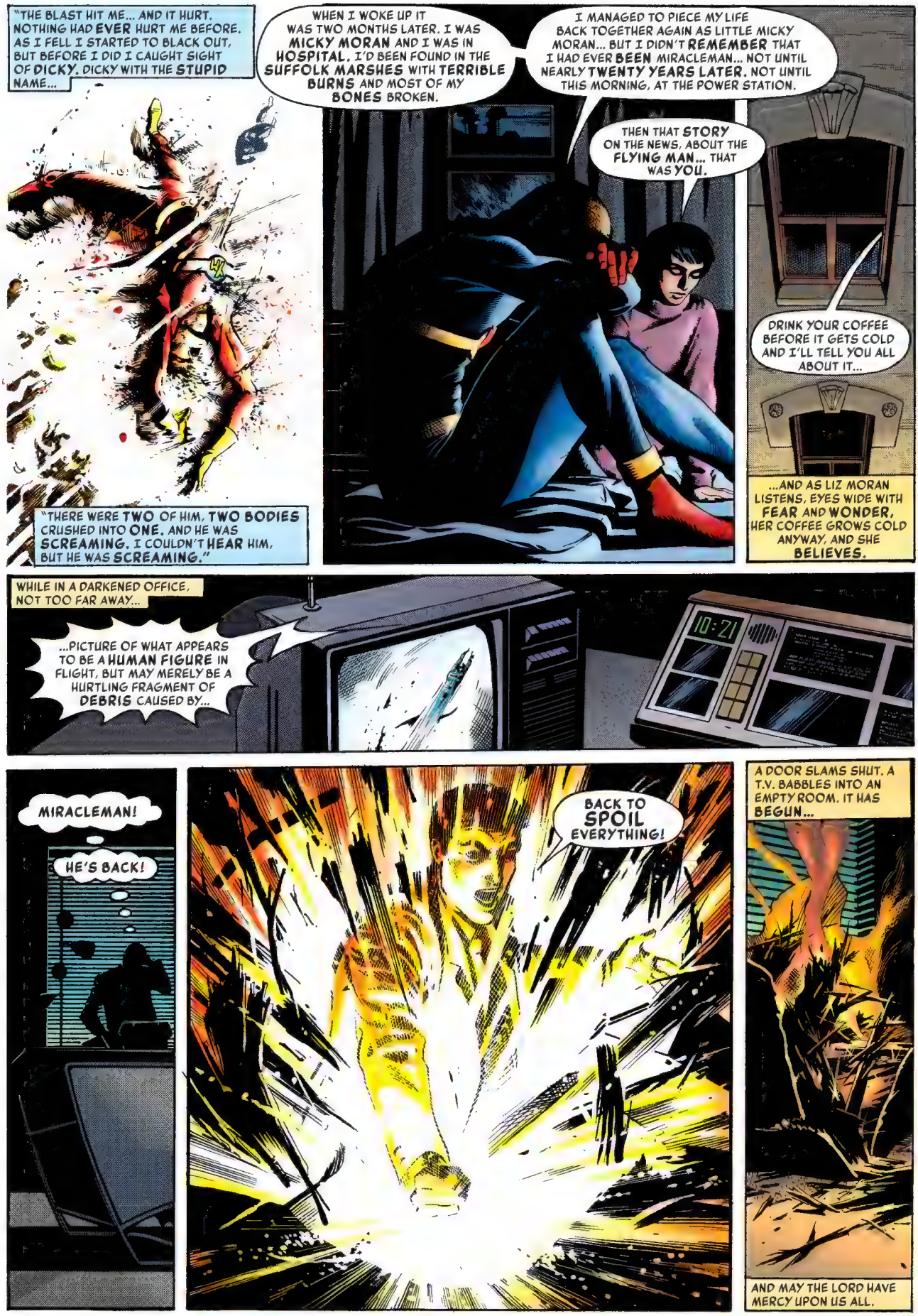


LIZ, PLEASE! THIS MAY, DAMN IT... THIS DOES SOUND SILLY IN 1982, BUT IN THE FIFTIES IT MADE PERFECT SENSE. THIS IS HOW I REMEMBER IT. THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED.

IN 1956 WE WERE JOINED BY JOHNNY BATES. HE WAS A LITTLE KID OF MAYBE SEVEN OR EIGHT. WHEN WE SAID MY NAME HE BECAME KID MIRACLE-MAN. THEY CALLED US THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY.



THEN HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO? LOOK... I'LL ACCEPT THE FACT THAT YOU'RE SOMEHOW A FOOT TALLER, YOU'RE TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER AND YOU'RE STILL MY HUSBAND. LORD KNOWS WHY, I JUST WILL.
BUT ALL THIS OTHER STUFF. MIRACLEMAN FAMILY? YOUNG NASTYMAN?
MIKE, IF THERE HAD REALLY BEEN A MIRACLEMAN IN THE FIFTIES, WOULDN'T I HAVE HEARD ABOUT HIM???
I-I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE THEY HUSHED IT UP OR SOMETHING, BECAUSE OF...
BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED IN 1963.
DON'T TELL ME... A COUPLE MORE MIRACLEBOYS TURNED UP AND YOU FORMED A FOOTBALL TEAM!
DAMN YOU, LIZ, YOU'RE LAUGHING AT MY LIFE!!
THE FLOORING IS SOLID OAK. HE SPLINTERS IT TO MATCHWOOD...
...AND SHE BELIEVES.
I-I'M SORRY. I D-DIDN'T REALISE... WHEN I SAW YOU...
IT DOESN'T MATTER. EVEN IF ALL I'VE SAID SO FAR SOUNDS LIKE A JOKE, WHAT HAPPENED IN '63 MOST DEFINITELY WASN'T.
"IT WAS ONE DAY IN OCTOBER WHEN THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY RECEIVED THE ALERT. GARGUNZA HAD SOME KIND OF SKY FORTRESS HOVERING OVER THE NORTH SEA.
"WE SAW THE FORTRESS, HANGING IN THE SKY LIKE SOME BLOATED SPIDER. STRAIGHT AWAY MY FLESH BEGAN TO CRAWL. SOMETHING WAS HORRIBLY WRONG...
"I HUNG BACK. I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING TERRIBLE CONCEALED IN THAT THING... SOMETHING THAT COULD HURT US. I TRIED TO WARN THE OTHERS BUT IT WAS NO USE.
"IT WAS SNOWING AS WE SET OFF... SNOWING HARD. BUT WE WERE IN HIGH SPIRITS. IT WAS A GAME, JUST LIKE OUR OTHER ADVENTURES. NO-ONE EVER GOT HURT.
"IT WAS AN A-BOMB, LIZ. AN A-BOMB!
"IT WASN'T A GAME ANYMORE.


"THE BLAST HIT ME... AND IT HURT. NOTHING HAD EVER HURT ME BEFORE. AS I FELL I STARTED TO BLACK OUT, BUT BEFORE I DID I CAUGHT SIGHT OF DICKY. DICKY WITH THE STUPID NAME...
"THERE WERE TWO OF HIM, TWO BODIES CRUSHED INTO ONE. AND HE WAS SCREAMING. I COULDN'T HEAR HIM, BUT HE WAS SCREAMING."
WHEN I WOKE UP IT WAS TWO MONTHS LATER. I WAS MICKY MORAN AND I WAS IN HOSPITAL. I'D BEEN FOUND IN THE SUFFOLK MARSHES WITH TERRIBLE BURNS AND MOST OF MY BONES BROKEN.
I MANAGED TO PIECE MY LIFE BACK TOGETHER AGAIN AS LITTLE MICKY MORAN... BUT I DIDN'T REMEMBER THAT I HAD EVER BEEN MIRACLEMAN... NOT UNTIL NEARLY TWENTY YEARS LATER. NOT UNTIL THIS MORNING, AT THE POWER STATION.
THEN THAT STORY ON THE NEWS, ABOUT THE FLYING MAN... THAT WAS YOU.
DRINK YOUR COFFEE BEFORE IT GETS COLD AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT...
...AND AS LIZ MORAN LISTENS, EYES WIDE WITH FEAR AND WONDER, HER COFFEE GROWS COLD ANYWAY, AND SHE BELIEVES.
WHILE IN A DARKENED OFFICE, NOT TOO FAR AWAY...
...PICTURE OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE A HUMAN FIGURE IN FLIGHT, BUT MAY MERELY BE A HURTLING FRAGMENT OF DEBRIS CAUSED BY...
10:21
MIRACLEMAN!
HE'S BACK!
BACK TO SPOIL EVERYTHING!
A DOOR SLAMS SHUT. A T.V. BABBLES INTO AN EMPTY ROOM. IT HAS BEGUN...
AND MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US ALL.

THE BRITTLE FEBRUARY SUNLIGHT FALLS ON LIZ MORAN...WARM, ASLEEP, AND THIRTY-SIX YEARS OLD...

LIZ MORAN, FORMERLY ELIZABETH SULLIVAN. LIZ MORAN, PROFESSIONAL ILLUSTRATOR AND DEVOTED WIFE...

LIZ MORAN, SIXTEEN YEARS A MARRIED LADY. HER LIFE IS HAPPY, COMFORTABLE, AND RESOLVED...

IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE LIZ MORAN WAS SURPRISED BY WHO SHE WOKE UP NEXT TO...

HER SKIN REMEMBERS A TOUCH THAT CRACKLED LIKE BARE WIRES. HER EYES REMEMBER HIS EERIE, PHOSPHORESCENT GRACE...

SHE REMEMBERS THE NIGHT BEFORE. AND SHE BELIEVES.

SHE WALKS FROM THE BEDROOM TO THE LOUNGE, DRIFTING, SMALL FEET SILENT ON THICK CARPET...

PAUSING, SHE TOUCHES THINGS...

...A CHINA ORNAMENT, THE POLISHED WOOD OF A TABLETOP. TOUCHING, SHE RE-ESTABLISHES CONTACT WITH THE WORLD, SLOWLY RETRIEVING HER SENSE OF...

BRRRRIINNNGG

...REALITY.

HELLO? YES? YES, THAT'S RIGHT, I'M MRS. MORAN. WHO DID YOU SAY...?

I'M AFRAID HE'S STILL ASLEEP. DID YOU WANT TO RING BACK OR...

NO. NO, THAT'S ALL RIGHT.

I'LL CALL HIM...

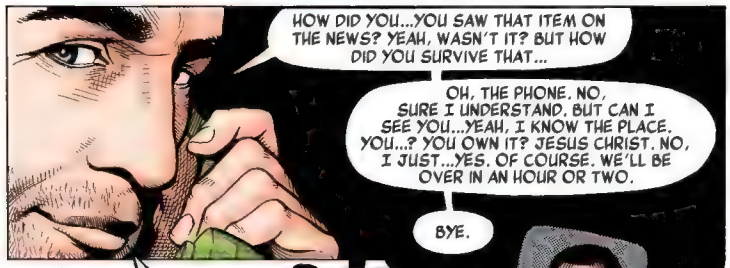
MIRACLEMAN

MIKE!! HE WON'T BE A MOMENT. I THINK I CAN HEAR HIM GETTING OUT OF...

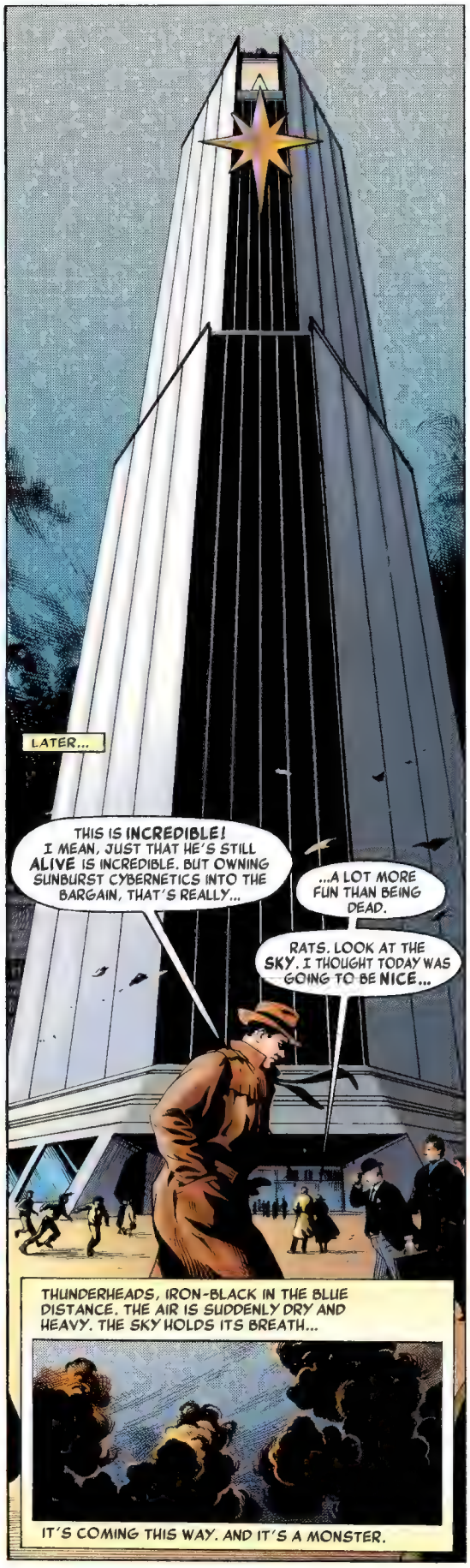
SSSRKKK
...BED...

HE'S...UH...JUST COMING. I'LL HAND YOU OVER TO HIM...

HELLO? YEAH, THIS IS MIKE MORAN. YES, THAT'S RIGHT. LISTEN, I'M SORRY BUT I DIDN'T GET YOUR NAME. WHO DID...
YOU'RE JOKING, JOHNNY?? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!


HOW DID YOU...YOU SAW THAT ITEM ON THE NEWS? YEAH, WASN'T IT? BUT HOW DID YOU SURVIVE THAT...
OH, THE PHONE. NO, SURE I UNDERSTAND. BUT CAN I SEE YOU...YEAH, I KNOW THE PLACE. YOU...? YOU OWN IT? JESUS CHRIST. NO, I JUST...YES. OF COURSE. WE'LL BE OVER IN AN HOUR OR TWO.
BYE.

WELL, I THINK WE BETTER SKIP BREAKFAST AND SHOWER READY TO GO OUT. WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO LUNCH BY THE PRESIDENT OF SUNBURST CYBERNETICS, A MR. JONATHAN BATES...
FORMERLY KID MIRACLEMAN.
"When Johnny comes marching home..."

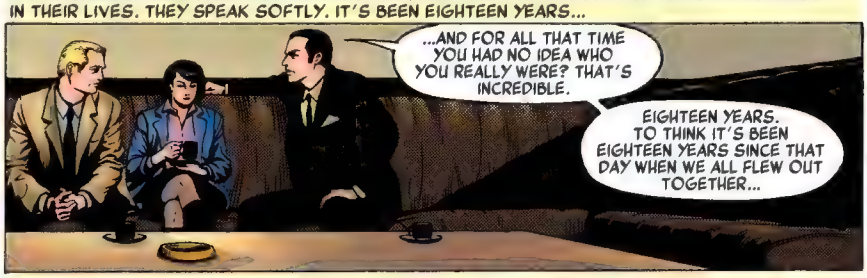

LATER...
THIS IS INCREDIBLE! I MEAN, JUST THAT HE'S STILL ALIVE IS INCREDIBLE. BUT OWNING SUNBURST CYBERNETICS INTO THE BARGAIN, THAT'S REALLY...
...A LOT MORE FUN THAN BEING DEAD.
RATS. LOOK AT THE SKY. I THOUGHT TODAY WAS GOING TO BE NICE...
THUNDERHEADS, IRON-BLACK IN THE BLUE DISTANCE. THE AIR IS SUDDENLY DRY AND HEAVY. THE SKY HOLDS ITS BREATH...
IT'S COMING THIS WAY. AND IT'S A MONSTER.

HIS OFFICE IS ON THE TOP FLOOR. THEY KNOCK. HE CALLS THEM IN. HE STANDS BEFORE A PICTURE WINDOW, LONDON SPRAWLED SUBMISSIVELY BEHIND HIM. HE SMILES. HE SPEAKS...

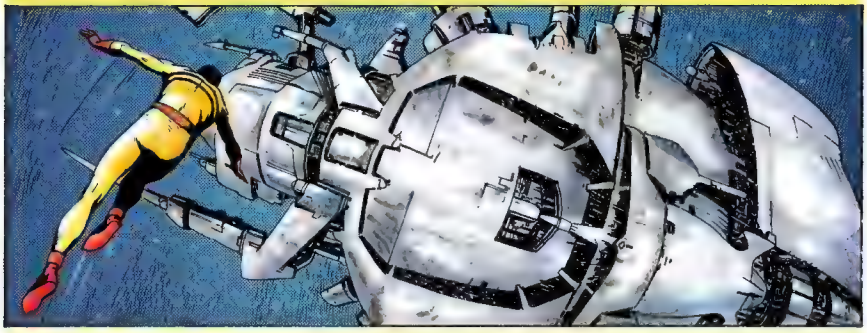
THE CRACKLING DARKNESS ROLLS TOWARDS THEM ACROSS THE SKY. LIKE A GREAT BLACK BULL, STUPID WITH PAIN, ITS FLANKS PIERCED BY SILVER DARTS...

IT'S COMING THIS WAY...

A GIRL BRINGS THEM BLUE MOUNTAIN COFFEE, AND THEY TALK ABOUT ALL THE STRANGENESS IN THEIR LIVES. THEY SPEAK SOFTLY. IT'S BEEN EIGHTEEN YEARS...



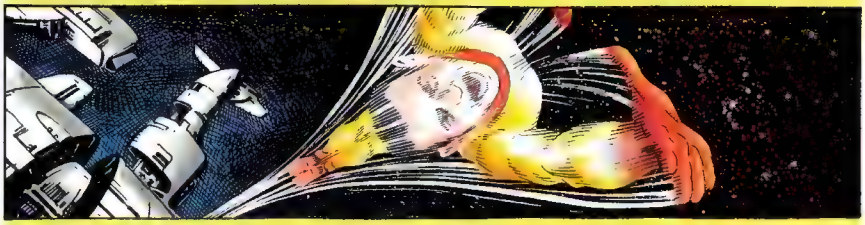
"...INTO THE SNOW. OCTOBER THE TWELFTH, 1963. EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO...



"AS I RECALL, I WAS IN THE LEAD. SO I WAS THE FIRST TO APPROACH THE THING. I SWOOPED LOW OVER ITS DECKS, LOOKING FOR SOME KIND OF LIFE...

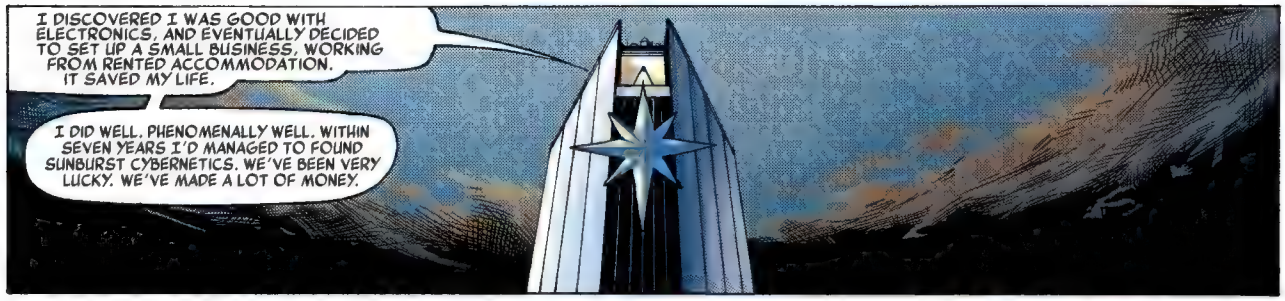
"NOTHING. NO NOISE, NO MOVEMENT. JUST SNOW DRIFTING AGAINST GREY STEEL.

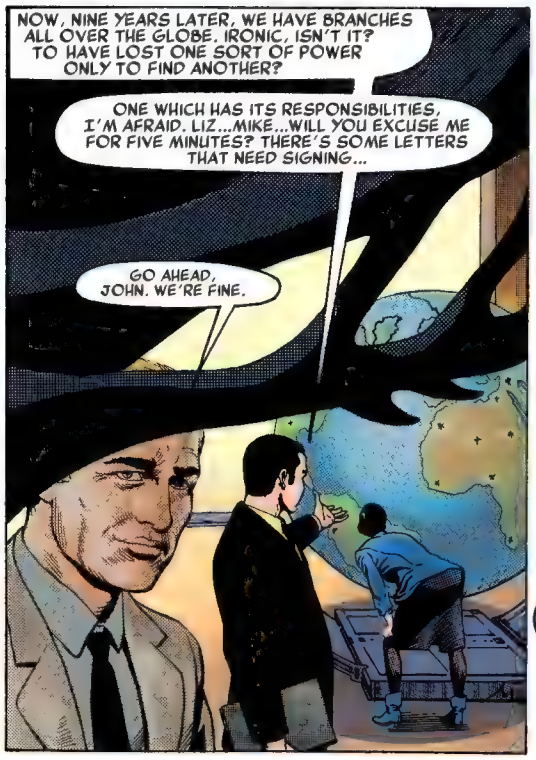
"... AND THEN, SUDDENLY, I GOT A STRANGE TINGLING SENSATION. I KNEW THAT SOMETHING TERRIBLE WAS JUST ABOUT TO HAPPEN.



"EVERY NERVE IN MY BODY WAS SCREAMING FOR ME TO GET OUT OF THERE. IN PANIC I VEERED WILDLY UP INTO THE SKY. HIGHER AND HIGHER I CLIMBED. FASTER AND FASTER...

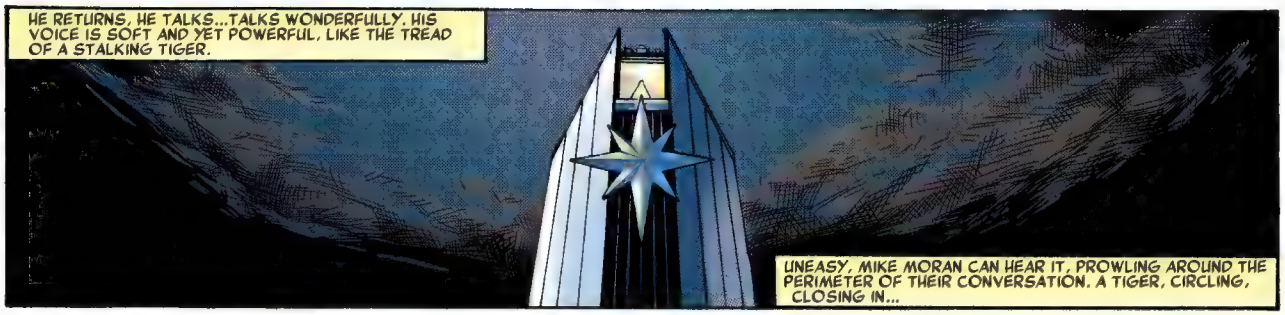
"I NEARLY DIDN'T MAKE IT.
ONLY I HADN'T LOST MY MEMORY...I'D JUST LOST MY POWERS.
FOR SEVEN BRIEF YEARS I'D BEEN SOMETHING MORE THAN HUMAN. THEN, ALL OF A SUDDEN THE MAGIC WENT AWAY...
...I WAS HUMAN AGAIN. AND MY FRIENDS WERE DEAD...OR SO I THOUGHT. IT WAS DIFFICULT TO ADJUST AT FIRST TO BEING AN ORDINARY SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD KID AGAIN. BUT I DID. I HAD TO.
"LIKE YOU, I WOKE UP IN HOSPITAL SEVERAL DAYS LATER, SUFFERING FROM CONCUSSION AND BURNS."

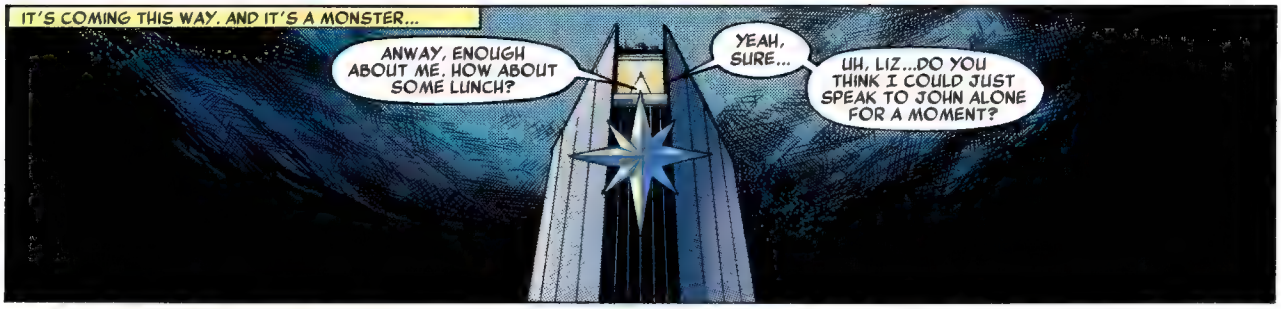

I DISCOVERED I WAS GOOD WITH ELECTRONICS, AND EVENTUALLY DECIDED TO SET UP A SMALL BUSINESS, WORKING FROM RENTED ACCOMMODATION. IT SAVED MY LIFE.
I DID WELL. PHENOMENALLY WELL. WITHIN SEVEN YEARS I'D MANAGED TO FOUND SUNBURST CYBERNETICS. WE'VE BEEN VERY LUCKY. WE'VE MADE A LOT OF MONEY.


NOW, NINE YEARS LATER, WE HAVE BRANCHES ALL OVER THE GLOBE. IRONIC, ISN'T IT? TO HAVE LOST ONE SORT OF POWER ONLY TO FIND ANOTHER?
ONE WHICH HAS ITS RESPONSIBILITIES, I'M AFRAID. LIZ...MIKE...WILL YOU EXCUSE ME FOR FIVE MINUTES? THERE'S SOME LETTERS THAT NEED SIGNING...
GO AHEAD, JOHN. WE'RE FINE.

WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK TO HIM?
WHAT DO YOU THINK I THINK? I THINK HE'S FASCINATING, MAGNETIC AND QUITE SEXY IN A SINISTER SORT OF WAY. LUCKY FOR YOU I PREFER UGLY MEN.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE HE WAS SIXTEEN. HAS HE CHANGED MUCH?

YES. YES HE HAS.
HE'S CHANGED A LOT.

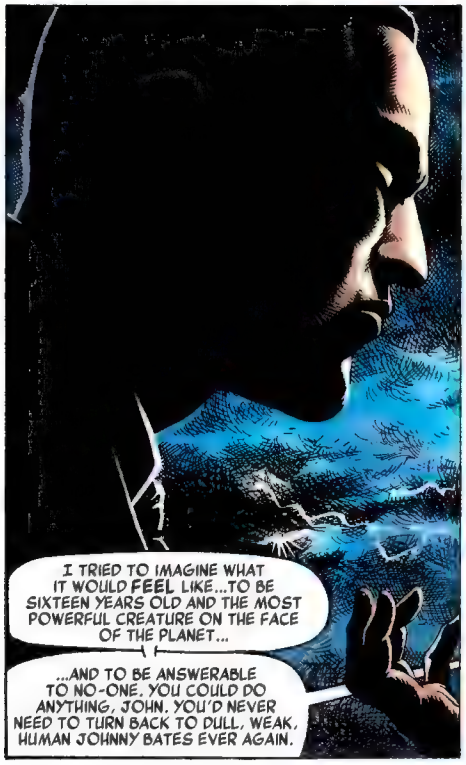

HE RETURNS, HE TALKS...TALKS WONDERFULLY. HIS VOICE IS SOFT AND YET POWERFUL, LIKE THE TREAD OF A STALKING TIGER.
UNEASY, MIKE MORAN CAN HEAR IT, PROWLING AROUND THE PERIMETER OF THEIR CONVERSATION. A TIGER, CIRCLING, CLOSING IN...

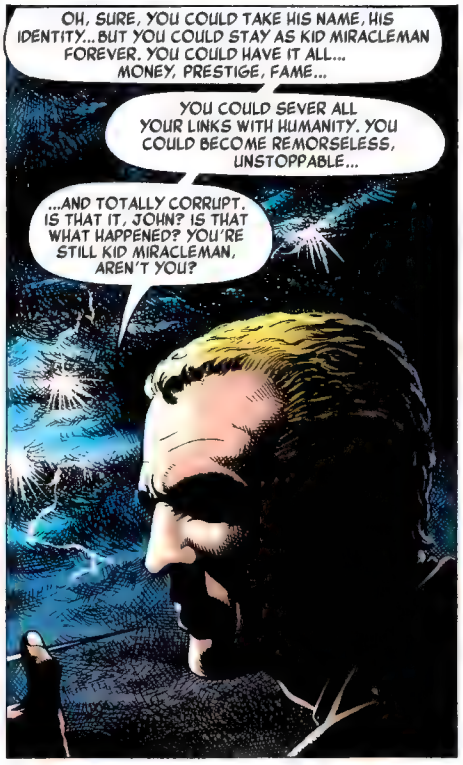


LIZ MORAN NODS, SMILING AS THE TWO MEN STEP OUT ON TO THE BALCONY. SHE WONDERS WHAT MIKE NEEDED TO SAY THAT WAS NOT FOR HER EARS...SUPERHERO TALK.

"...BUT THEN HALFWAY THROUGH I GOT THIS FUNNY IDEA INTO MY HEAD. I THOUGHT 'WHAT IF HE'S LYING?' I TRIED TO GET RID OF IT. I TRIED. BUT I COULDN'T.

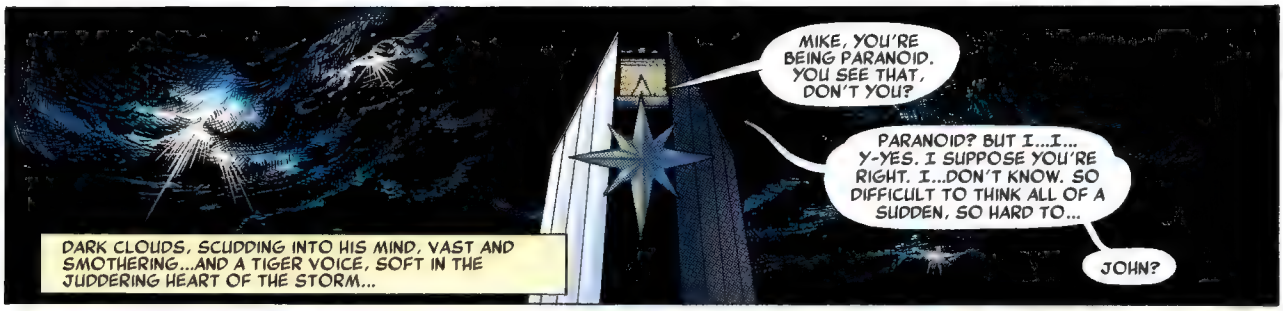
"I THOUGHT 'WHAT IF HE DIDN'T LOSE HIS POWERS? WHAT IF HE SURVIVED THAT BLAST THAT TOOK OUT ME AND DICKY AND WAS **STILL** KID MIRACLEMAN??"





"I CAN TELL BY YOUR VOICE, BY THE WAY YOU STAND...YOU'RE NOT HUMAN, JOHN. I CAN FEEL IT."

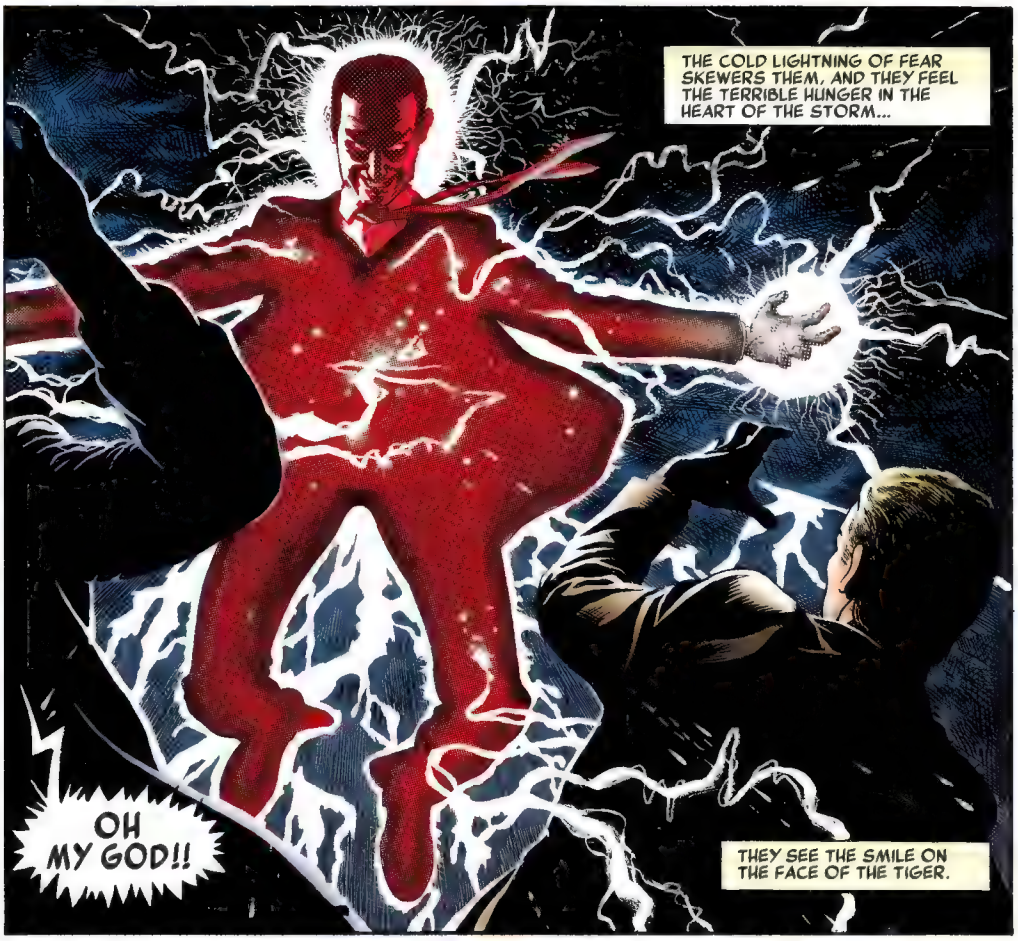
TIGER EYES, CIRCLING. DARK CLOUDS GETTING CLOSER...



IT'S HERE, BLACK AND TERRIBLE INSIDE HIS SKULL. ITS TENDRILS ROIL BEHIND HIS EYES, DRAGGING HIM DOWN INTO THE DARK WITH NO DISTRACTIONS.

...NO INTERRUPTIONS.

THE CLOUDS WITHDRAW, UNCERTAIN, AND FOR A MOMENT THE LIGHT OF REASON FLOODS INTO HIS MIND ONCE MORE. HE SUDDENLY KNOWS WHAT HE MUST DO...



MIRACLEMAN

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE THREE HEROES.

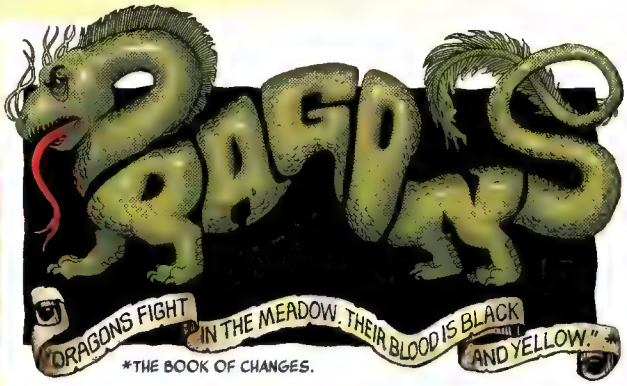
THEY KNEW MAGIC WORDS, THEY DID GOOD DEEDS, AND THEY KILLED ALL THE MONSTERS AND DRAGONS... THEY WERE LIVING HAPPILY EVER AFTER WHEN ONE OF THEM DIED. HIS NAME WAS YOUNG MIRACLEMAN AND HE DIED BY FIRE. ONE UP TO THE DRAGONS.

THE SECOND HERO WAS CALLED MIRACLEMAN. HE CAME THROUGH THE FIRE, BUT IT MADE HIM FORGET HE WAS A HERO. HE MARRIED, AND LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER...

UNTIL YESTERDAY. YESTERDAY HE REMEMBERED THAT HE WAS A HERO. BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL TODAY THAT HE REMEMBERED ABOUT THE DRAGONS...

THE THIRD HERO WAS ONLY A LITTLE BOY. HE WAS CALLED KID MIRACLEMAN AND HE WAS VERY POWERFUL. WITHOUT THE OTHER TWO HEROES TO BOTHER HIM, HE COULD DO WHATEVER HE LIKED...

HE GREW UP. HE GREW UP INTO A DRAGON.



...AND SHE RUNS. LIZ MORAN IS A BRAVE WOMAN, AND SHE LOVES HER HUSBAND VERY MUCH. BUT SHE IS ONLY HUMAN. SHE RUNS...

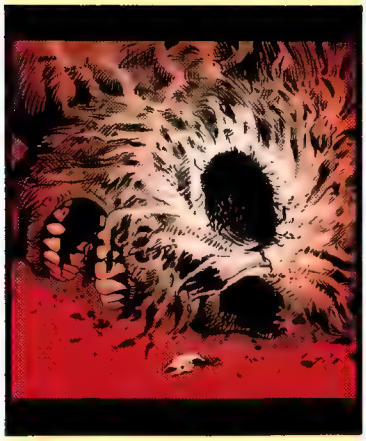
FOR TO BE HUMAN IS NOT ENOUGH...

WHEN GODS CRY WAR AMIDST THE THUNDER.

HER NAME IS STEPHANIE. SHE LIKES ADAM AND THE ANTS. HER BOYFRIEND'S NAME IS BRIAN. SHE COLLECTS WEDGEWOOD. HER INSIDES HAVE TURNED TO WATER. SHE IS ONLY HUMAN.

HE LOOKS AT THE CHARRED AND PULVERISED THING THAT HAD MET THE GAZE OF A DRAGON. HE WANTS TO VOMIT.

AND HE THINKS, "THAT COULD HAVE BEEN LIZ."



HE LOOKS AT THE TIGER-SMILE AND THE DRAGON EYES OF THE THING THAT HAD ONCE BEEN A BOY CALLED JOHNNY BATES. HE WANTS TO VOMIT.

AND HE THINKS, "**THAT** COULD HAVE BEEN **ME!**"

HRRRRUNCH!
WELL, WELL... THE OLD MAN'S SAID HIS MAGIC WORD AND TURNED INTO THE BIG BLUE BANANA. DO YOU THINK YOU'RE SAFE NOW, OLD MAN?
YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT, HAVE YOU? YOU WERE ONLY A SUPERHUMAN FOR NINE YEARS. I'VE BEEN ONE FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE. I'M STRONGER. I CAN DO THINGS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE...
YAAAAAAAAA!!
ZZZAAATTT!
I CAN HURT YOU!
IT'S SUPERMAN! MUM, LOOK... IT'S SUPERMAN!! HE'S USING HIS X-RAY VISION!! YOU SAID HE WASN'T REAL!! HEY! ARE YOU SUPERMAN? I'M WAYNE. I THOUGHT YOUR FILM WAS GREAT!
WAYNE!!
GGGAAAAAA...
CAN YOU FLY?
WHY YES, WAYNE, I'M SUPERMAN. I CAN FLY. WOULD YOU LIKE TO FLY, WAYNE?
UH, WELL, I DON'T... YOU SEE MY MUM...
OH MY GOD... THAT CHILD...
HE ISN'T GOING TO...
COME ON, WAYNE. MUM WON'T MIND. SHE KNOWS YOU'RE SAFE WITH SUPERMAN.
UP...UP...
HUHH...
HE IS!

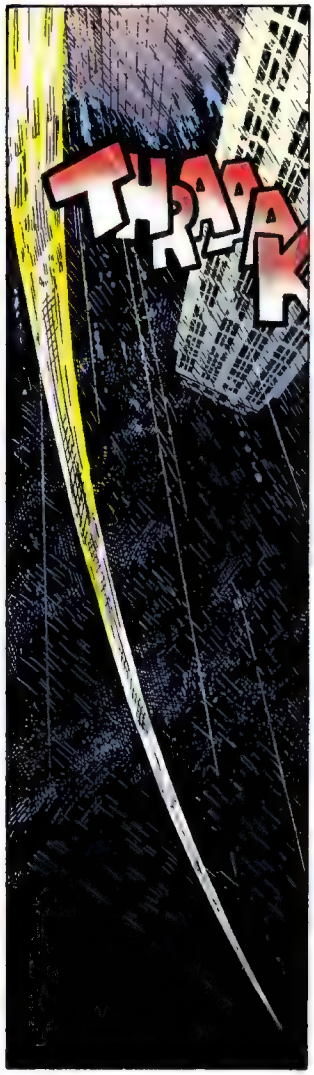
...AND AWAAAAY!!
...WAYNE...

HE'S HEADING TOWARDS THAT WALL! I'VE GOT TO...

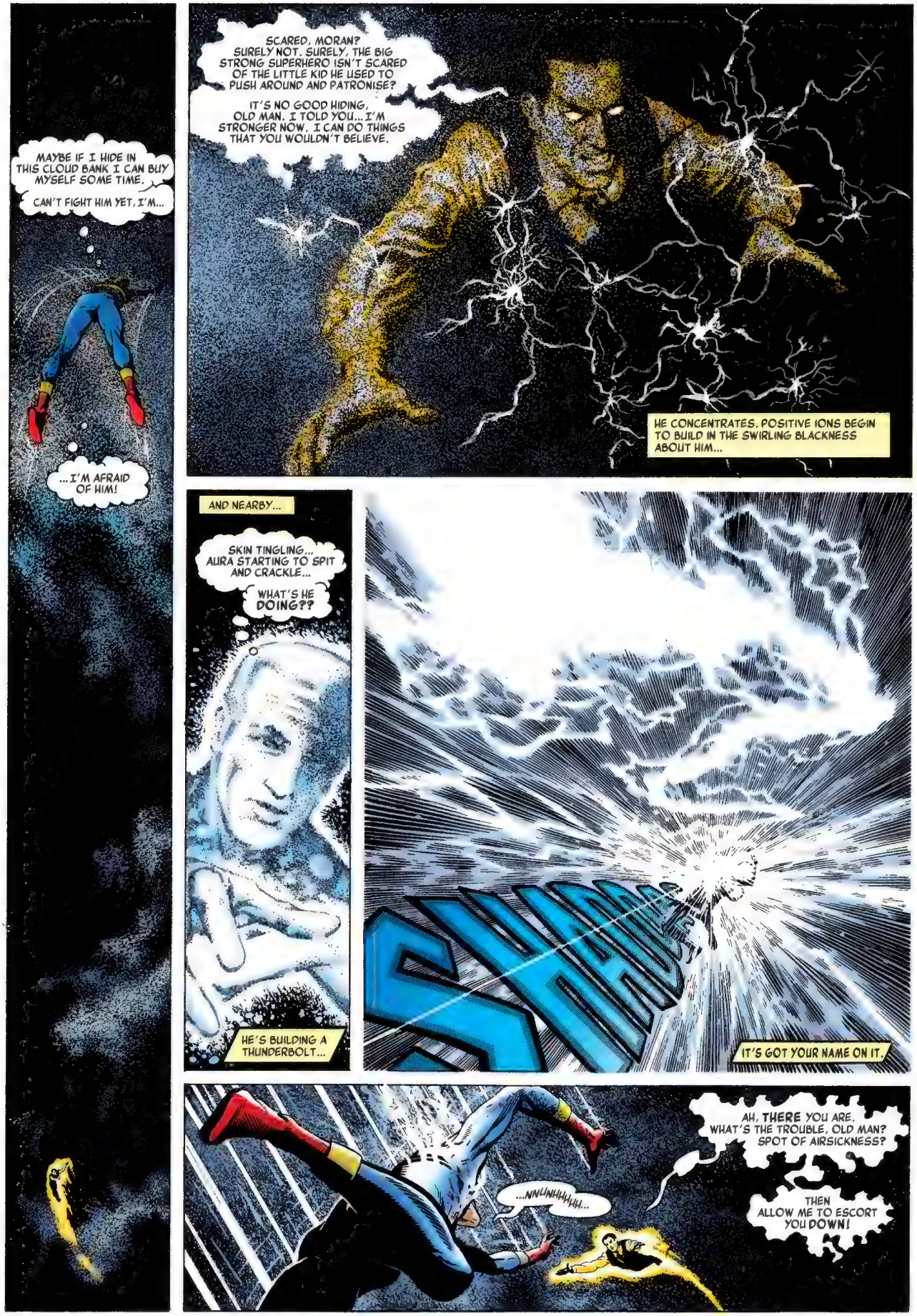
BOOFFF!
DONE IT!

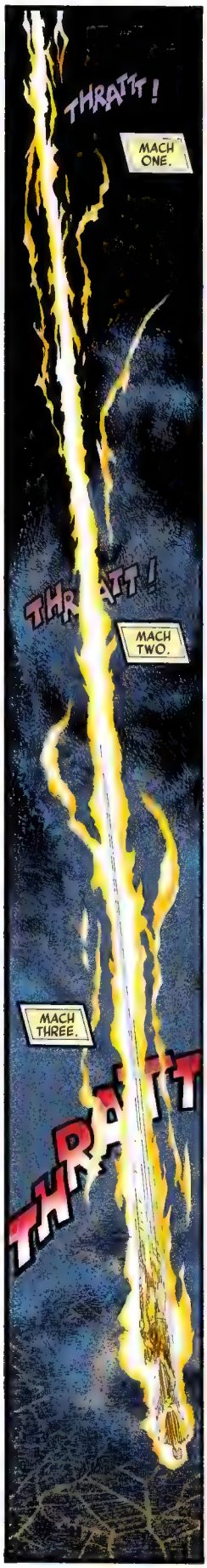
HE'S ALRIGHT. I CAUGHT HIM. I THINK I MIGHT HAVE BROKEN A COUPLE OF HIS RIBS... THE SPEED HE WAS TRAVELLING, YOU SEE. I COULDN'T... UH...

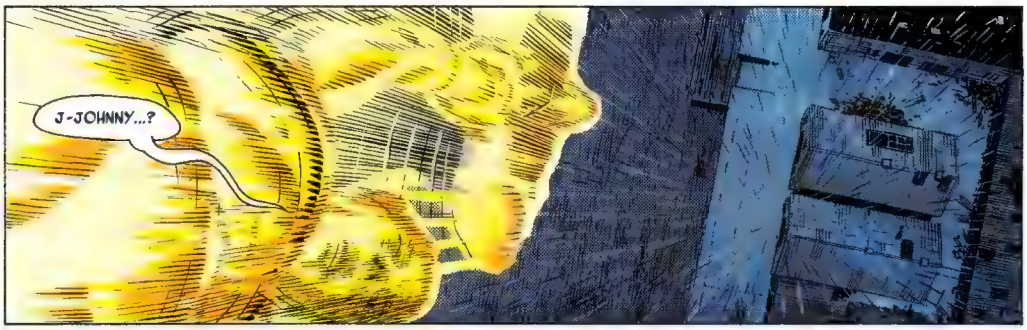
...I'M SORRY... I COULDN'T HELP IT... I-IT WAS THE SPEED...
GIVE HIM TO ME, YOU BLOODY MONSTER!!
WAYNE. OH GOD, OH LOVE. WAYNE...

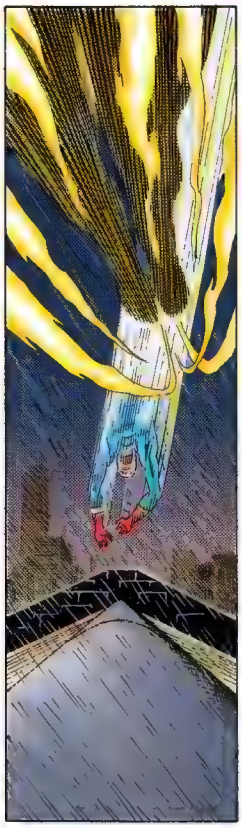

THAAAK

OH GOD. HE KNOCKED ME INTO THE SKY. HOW DID HE GET TO BE SO STRONG??
WHY IS HE DOING THIS? WHY HAS HE GROWN UP WHILE MIRACLEMAN HASN'T AGED?
THIS IS ALL TOO FAST. I NEED TIME TO THINK...
NO GOOD. HE'S COMING AFTER ME!


MAYBE IF I HIDE IN THIS CLOUD BANK I CAN BUY MYSELF SOME TIME.
CAN'T FIGHT HIM YET, I'M...
...I'M AFRAID OF HIM!
SCARED, MORAN? SURELY NOT. SURELY, THE BIG STRONG SUPERHERO ISN'T SCARED OF THE LITTLE KID HE USED TO PUSH AROUND AND PATRONISE?
IT'S NO GOOD HIDING, OLD MAN. I TOLD YOU... I'M STRONGER NOW. I CAN DO THINGS THAT YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE.
HE CONCENTRATES. POSITIVE IONS BEGIN TO BUILD IN THE SWIRLING BLACKNESS ABOUT HIM...
AND NEARBY...
SKIN TINGLING... AURA STARTING TO SPIT AND CRACKLE...
WHAT'S HE DOING??
HE'S BUILDING A THUNDERBOLT...
IT'S GOT YOUR NAME ON IT.
AH, THERE YOU ARE. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, OLD MAN? SPOT OF AIRSICKNESS?
...NNUNHHHHH...
THEN ALLOW ME TO ESCORT YOU DOWN!



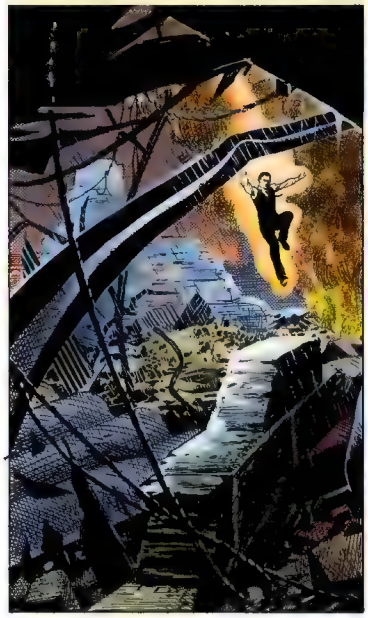


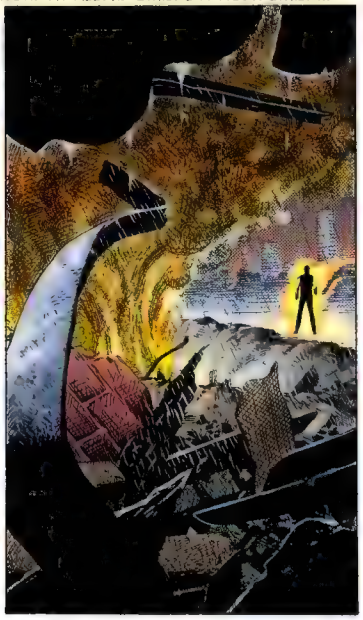


A CROW-BLACK SHAPE DROPS FROM THE SEETHING HELL OF THE SKY, DOWN TO THE RIM OF THE STILL-SMOULDERING CRATER...

HE IS READY TO FIGHT AGAIN.

HIS DRAGON EYES PEER THROUGH THE CURTAIN OF DUST, SEARCHING FOR A SIGN OF LIFE, OF SURVIVAL... BUT THERE IS NO SIGN. NONE AT ALL. HE SMILES A TIGER SMILE...





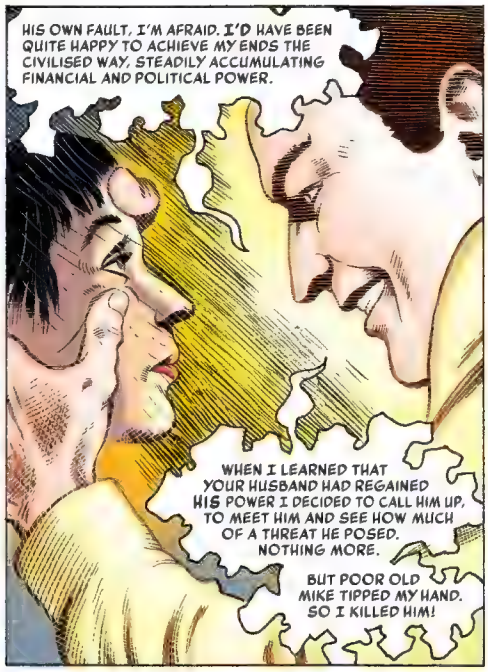
AFTER A WHILE HE TURNS AWAY TO LOOK AT THE CITY SPREAD BEHIND HIM... LONDON, HUDDLED AGAINST THE STINGING RAIN...

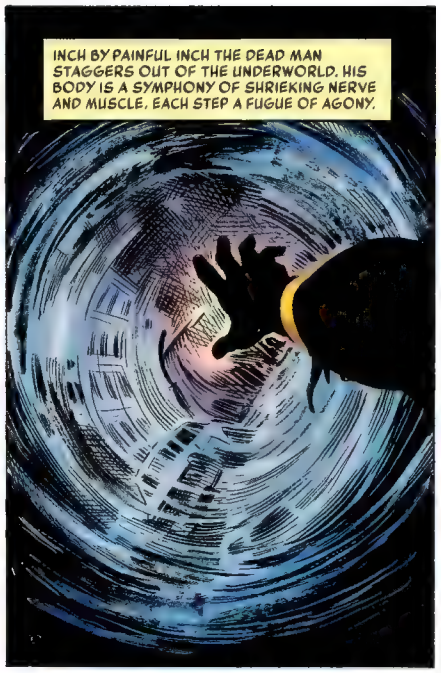
HE WONDERS WHAT TO DO NEXT.

MIRACLEMAN

FALLEN ANGELS, FORGOTTEN THUNDER.

M-MIKE?
I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN A WIDOW FOR THE LAST FIVE MINUTES, MRS. MORAN.
MIKE'S DEAD. POOR OLD MIKE.

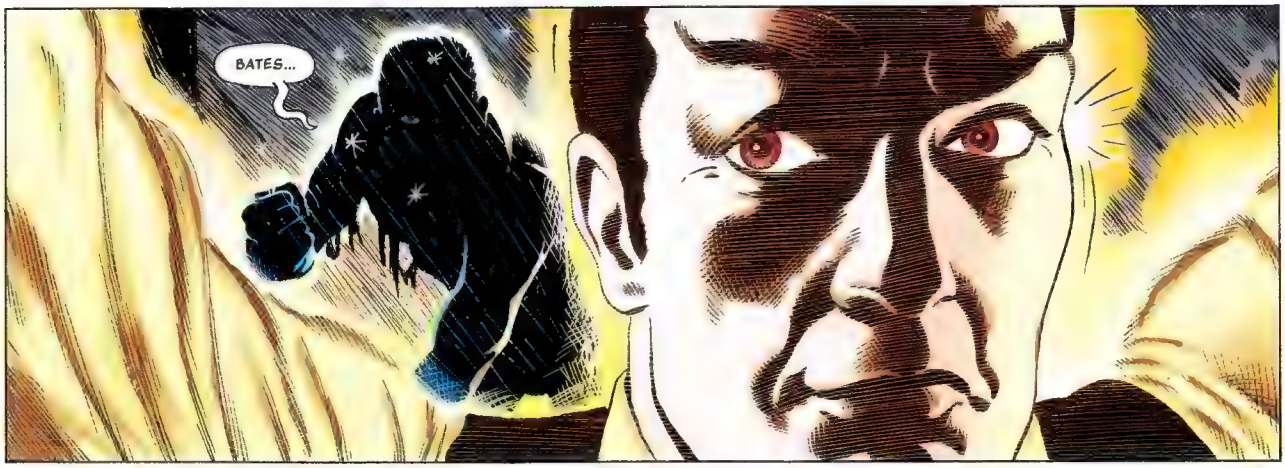

HIS OWN FAULT, I'M AFRAID. I'D HAVE BEEN QUITE HAPPY TO ACHIEVE MY ENDS THE CIVILISED WAY, STEADILY ACCUMULATING FINANCIAL AND POLITICAL POWER.
WHEN I LEARNED THAT YOUR HUSBAND HAD REGAINED HIS POWER I DECIDED TO CALL HIM UP, TO MEET HIM AND SEE HOW MUCH OF A THREAT HE POSED. NOTHING MORE.
BUT POOR OLD MIKE TIPPED MY HAND. SO I KILLED HIM!


INCH BY PAINFUL INCH THE DEAD MAN STAGGERS OUT OF THE UNDERWORLD. HIS BODY IS A SYMPHONY OF SHRIEKING NERVE AND MUSCLE, EACH STEP A FUGUE OF AGONY.

IN A WAY I FIND IT QUITE A RELIEF NOW THAT EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT I AM. YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW DEGRADING I FOUND IT, PRETENDING TO BE HUMAN...
I SUPPOSE I WAS JUST BEING OVER-CAUTIOUS. HIDING MY LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL, AS IT WERE. BUT NO MORE, MRS. MORAN. NO MORE.

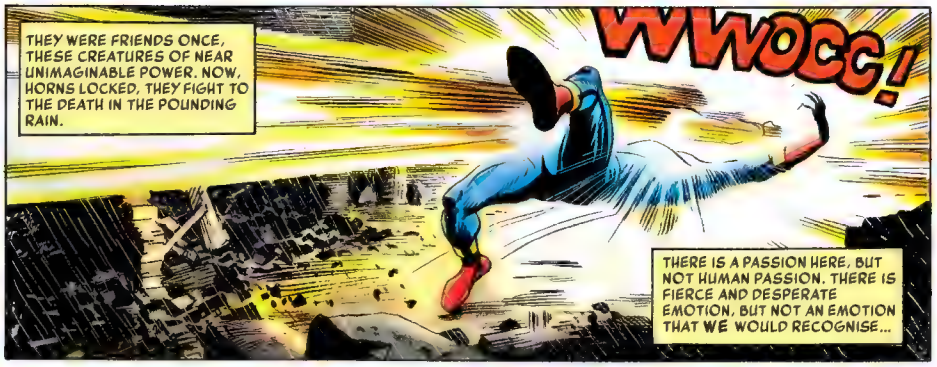
ONLY HIS MIND IS CALM, STILLED BY THE WHITE HOT SILENCE OF BLOODY RESOLVE. THE DEAD MAN HAS UNFINISHED BUSINESS IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING...

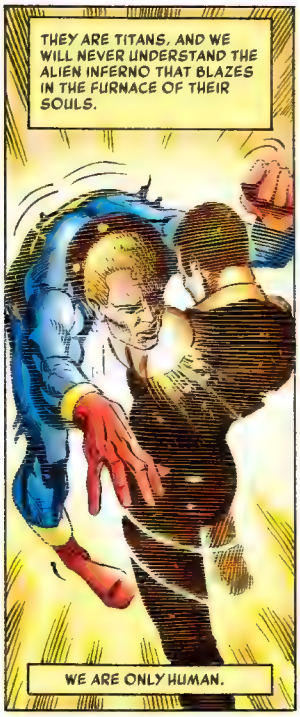
I'M GOING TO DO IT, YOU SEE, WHERE ALL OF THEM FAILED. LIKE THAT PATHETIC GERMAN CLOWN...A STUNTED SYPHILITIC PROCLAIMING THE DOCTRINE OF THE SUPERMAN.
POOR ADOLPH. HE HAD NO IDEA. THE REAL ERA OF THE OVERMAN STARTS HERE, MRS. MORAN. HOW SAD THAT YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE IT...
OH GOD NO, PLEASE...


BATES...

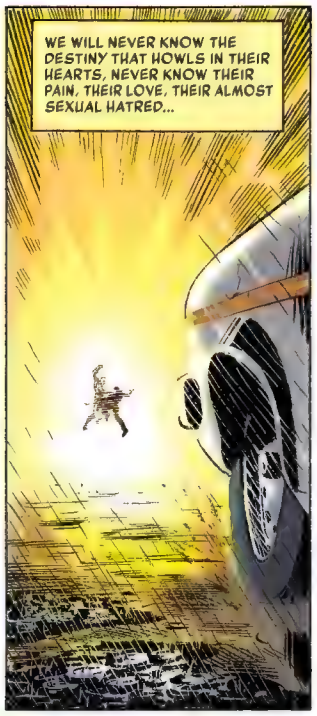
LEAVE HER ALONE!

THERE IS A MOMENT OF CRYSTALLINE SILENCE. THE STORM HOLDS ITS BREATH.
AND SO IT BEGINS...


THEY WERE FRIENDS ONCE, THESE CREATURES OF NEAR UNIMAGINABLE POWER. NOW, HORNS LOCKED, THEY FIGHT TO THE DEATH IN THE POUNDING RAIN.
WWOCC!
THERE IS A PASSION HERE, BUT NOT HUMAN PASSION. THERE IS FIERCE AND DESPERATE EMOTION, BUT NOT AN EMOTION THAT WE WOULD RECOGNISE...


THEY ARE TITANS, AND WE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THE ALIEN INFERNO THAT BLAZES IN THE FURNACE OF THEIR SOULS.
WE ARE ONLY HUMAN.

WE WILL NEVER GRASP THEIR HOPES, THEIR DESPAIR. NEVER COMPREHEND THE BLISTERING RAGE THAT INFORMS EACH DEVASTATING BLOW...

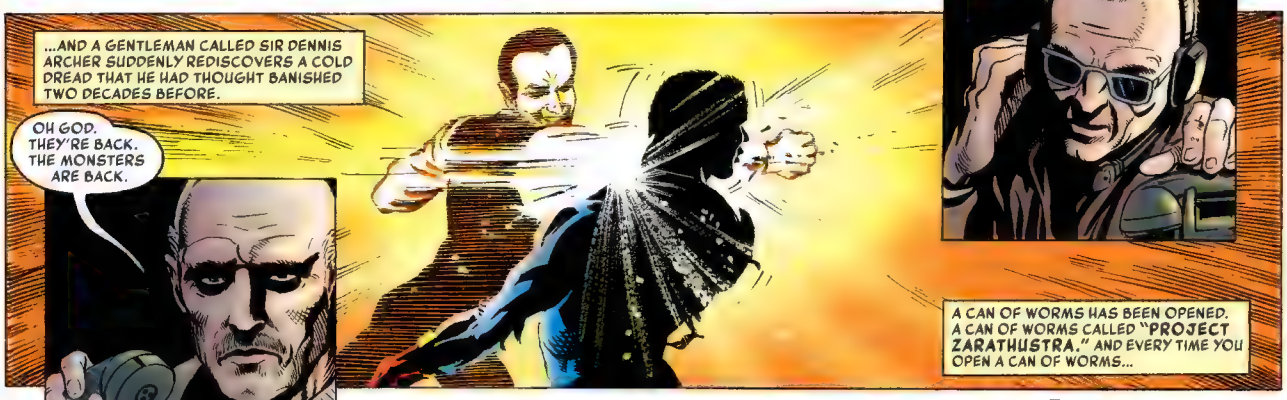

WE WILL NEVER KNOW THE DESTINY THAT HOWLS IN THEIR HEARTS, NEVER KNOW THEIR PAIN, THEIR LOVE, THEIR ALMOST SEXUAL HATRED...

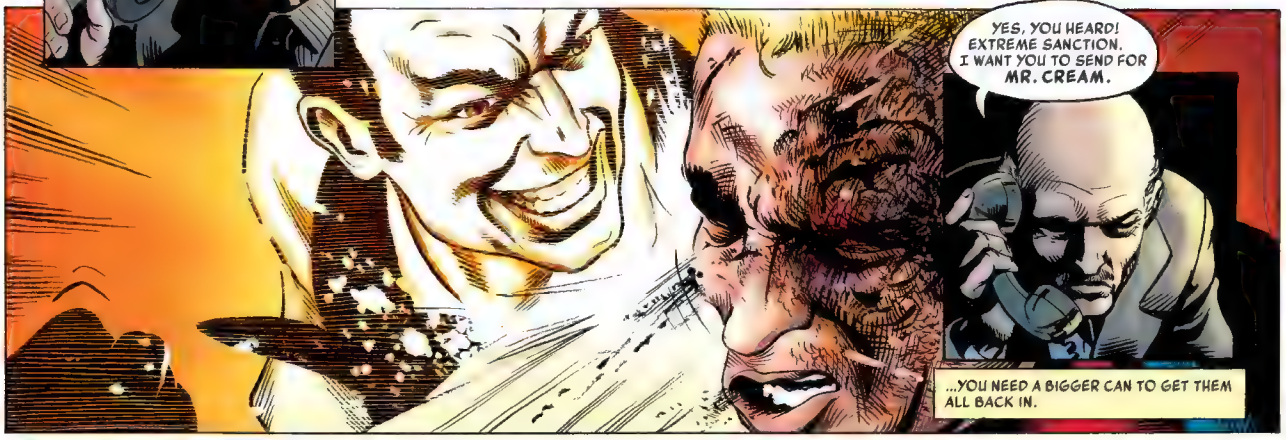
...AND PERHAPS WE WILL BE THE LESS FOR THAT.
BLOODY NORA! WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?

CHRIST ON A BIKE! I THINK THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL A CLOSE ENCOUNTER.
ARE YOU GOING TO ASK THEM TO COME ALONG QUIETLY?
SOD OFF!

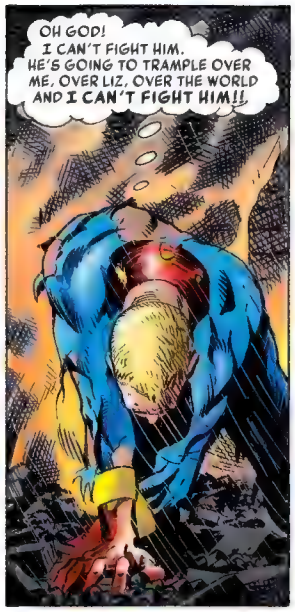
YEAH, RIGHT.
I'M GETTING ON TO H.Q. THEY MIGHT BE PAYING ME TO HANDLE BRIXTON BUT I'M BUGGERED IF THEY'RE PAYING ME TO HANDLE THIS...
AND...
NO. NO, I KNOW DUGGAN'S NOT BEEN DRINKING. YEAH. THAT'S RIGHT. YOURS IS THE TENTH CALL SO FAR. YEAH. BLOODY HELL. MY WORDS PRECISELY. NO. AND IT'S NOT MY JOB EITHER. THIS ONE'S FOR THE COMMISSIONER.

AND...
MY GOD. ALL RIGHT. I WANT THE STREETS CLEARED IMMEDIATELY AND I WANT THE ARMY ALERTED. FAST.
AND THEN I WANT THE HOME OFFICE. CODE YELLOW.
AND FIFTY-FIVE SECONDS LATER, ON PREMISES OWNED BY AN OBSCURE BRANCH OF AIR FORCE INTELLIGENCE, A YELLOW LIGHT BEGINS TO WINK OMINOUSLY FROM ITS CONSOLE...
IT IS A SIGNAL THAT HAS BEEN ANTICIPATED FOR NEARLY EIGHTEEN YEARS. THE MAN AT THE CONSOLE LISTENS FOR A WHILE. AND THEN CALLS WHITEHALL.

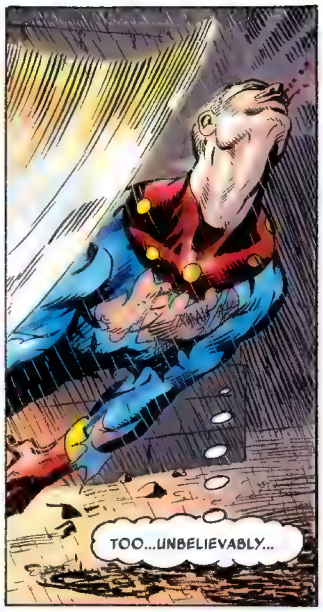

...AND A GENTLEMAN CALLED SIR DENNIS ARCHER SUDDENLY REDISCOVERS A COLD DREAD THAT HE HAD THOUGHT BANISHED TWO DECADES BEFORE.
OH GOD. THEY'RE BACK. THE MONSTERS ARE BACK.
A CAN OF WORMS HAS BEEN OPENED. A CAN OF WORMS CALLED "PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA." AND EVERY TIME YOU OPEN A CAN OF WORMS...


YES, YOU HEARD! EXTREME SANCTION. I WANT YOU TO SEND FOR MR. CREAM.
...YOU NEED A BIGGER CAN TO GET THEM ALL BACK IN.

MEANWHILE...
BBDUODFFF!

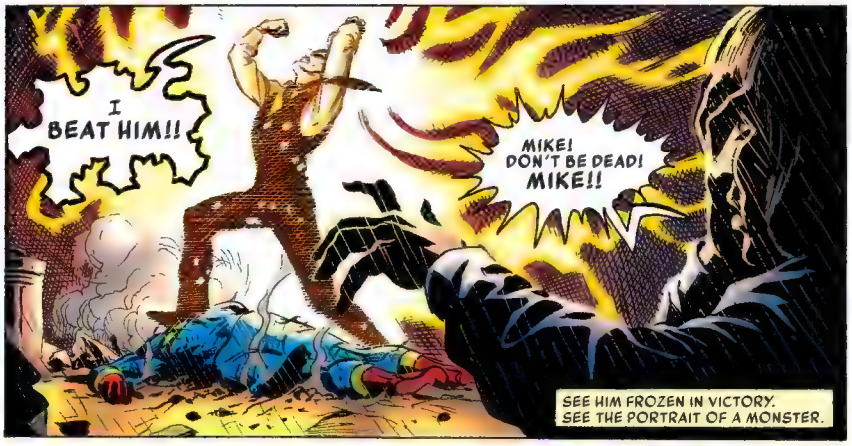

OH GOD! I CAN'T FIGHT HIM. HE'S GOING TO TRAMPLE OVER ME, OVER LIZ, OVER THE WORLD AND I CAN'T FIGHT HIM!!

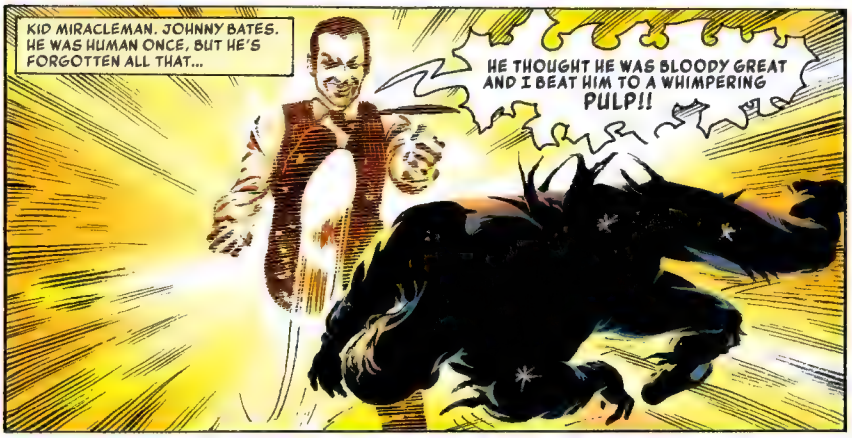
HE'S TOO STRONG...
HHUH...


TOO...UNBELIEVABLY...

STRONG...

THE HERO IS LOST, ADRIFT IN THE SWIRLING BLACK STORMFRONTS OF PAIN. THE DRAGON ISN'T EVEN BREATHING HARD...
I BEAT HIM.

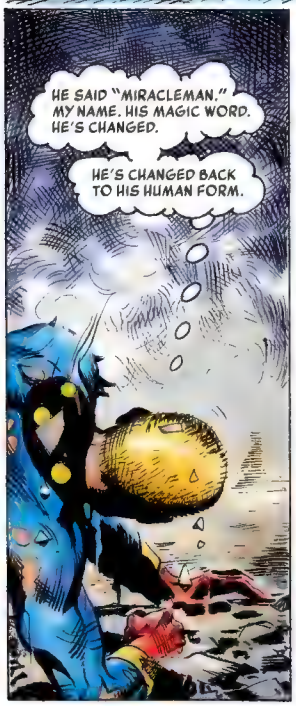

I BEAT HIM!!
MIKE! DON'T BE DEAD! MIKE!!
SEE HIM FROZEN IN VICTORY. SEE THE PORTRAIT OF A MONSTER.

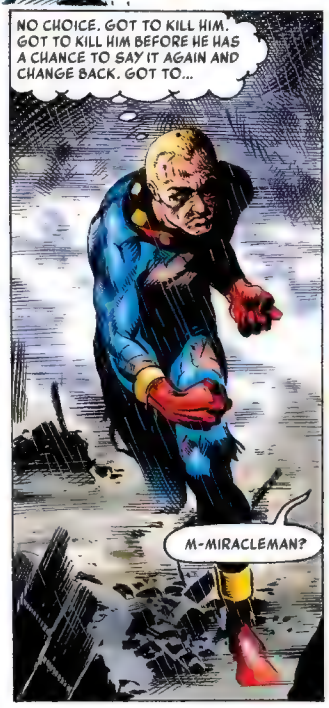

KID MIRACLEMAN. JOHNNY BATES. HE WAS HUMAN ONCE, BUT HE'S FORGOTTEN ALL THAT...
HE THOUGHT HE WAS BLOODY GREAT AND I BEAT HIM TO A WHIMPERING PULP!!

HE HAS FORGOTTEN THE CURIOUS HURTS AND JOYS OF HUMANITY. HE HAS FORGOTTEN THE WARMTH OF BODIES LOCKED IN LOVE, FORGOTTEN THE PAINFUL BEAUTY OF CHILDREN...
AND NOW I'M GOING TO FINISH HIM OFF! ME! HIS ADORING JUNIOR PROTEGE! ME, KID MIRACLEM...
HE HAS FORGOTTEN THE PRIMAL TERROR THAT HIDES IN THE HEART OF THE LIGHTNING, OF THE THUNDER.

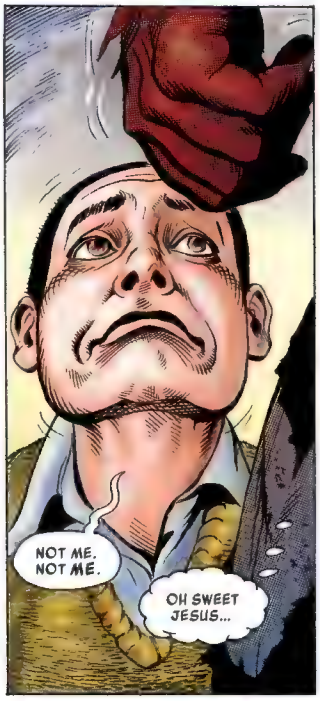
...AN.
HE SHOULD NOT HAVE FORGOTTEN THE THUNDER.

KHRRRRAAAAKKK


HE SAID "MIRACLEMAN." MY NAME. HIS MAGIC WORD. HE'S CHANGED.
HE'S CHANGED BACK TO HIS HUMAN FORM.

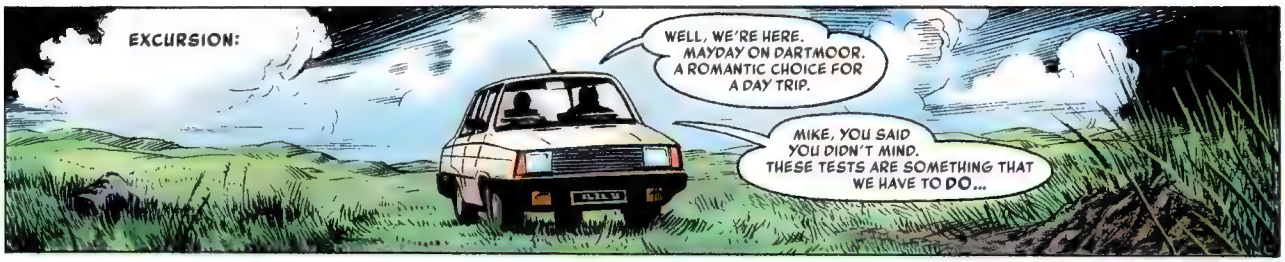

NO CHOICE. GOT TO KILL HIM. GOT TO KILL HIM BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO SAY IT AGAIN AND CHANGE BACK. GOT TO...
M-MIRACLEMAN?

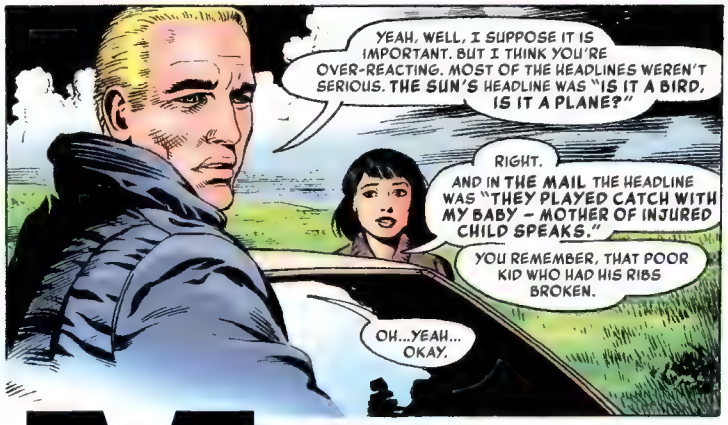
D-DON'T HIT ME. I DIDN'T D-DO IT. IT WAS HIM. IT WUH-WAS HIM...
NOT ME.
I COULDN'T SUH-STOP HIM. IT WAS HIM, MIRACLEMAN...

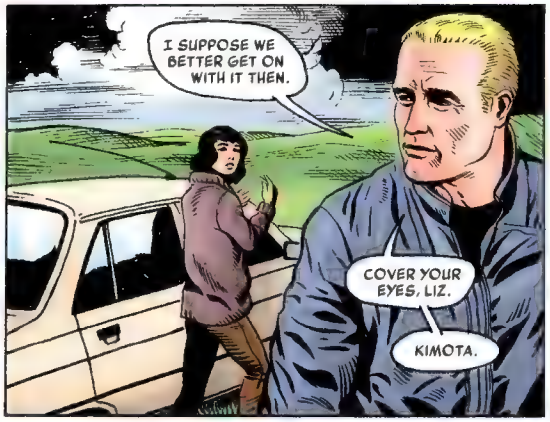

NOT ME. NOT ME.
OH SWEET JESUS...

HE JUST SAID MY NAME AND HE DIDN'T CHANGE BACK.
HE HASN'T ASSUMED HIS HUMAN FORM FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS. IT'S AS IF THE POWER BUILD-UP BEHIND THAT THUNDERFLASH HAS...BURNED HIM OUT SOMEHOW.
MIKE?
IS IT OVER? OH GOD. LOOK AT YOUR POOR, POOR FACE... WHERE'S...WHO'S THAT?
IT'S JONATHAN BATES, FORMER HEAD OF SUNBURST CYBERNETICS. IT'S HIM, LIZ.
BUT HE'S ONLY A CHILD. THIS IS MAD, MIKE...
HE WAS THIRTEEN WHEN HE DECIDED TO REMAIN A SUPERHUMAN FOREVER, LIZ. HE'S PICKING UP WHERE HE LEFT OFF...
HORRIBLE.
LIZ, WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE. THE POLICE WILL SOON OVERCOME THEIR CAUTION AND ARRIVE ON THE SCENE...
COME ON...IT'LL BE COLD AND WET BUT I CAN CARRY YOU...
BUT WHAT ABOUT.
WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR HIM, LIZ. NOT NOW. WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE HIM...
...JUST LEAVE HIM.
NOT ME...
SOON THE POLICE CARS ARRIVE, AND THEN THE AMBULANCE IS CALLED FOR THE UNIDENTIFIED JUVENILE SHOCK VICTIM FOUND AT THE HEART OF THE BATTLE ZONE...
AND SOMEWHERE A BLACK MAN IN A WHITE SUIT PICKS UP A TELEPHONE TO STILL ITS INSISTENT RINGING. HE LISTENS. HIS NAME IS EVELYN CREAM.
AND AFTER A WHILE, HE SMILES, LIPS DRAWING BACK TO REVEAL NOT TEETH...
...BUT BRILLIANT, GLEAMING SAPPHIRES. THE DEVIL IS SMILING, AND HIS SMILE IS A TERRIBLE BLUE....

ATTRITION:
THE MAN WITH THE SAPPHIRE TEETH LEAVES THE ROOM, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, LEAVING SIR DENNIS ARCHER ALONE IN HIS PERSONAL DARKNESS.
IF ONLY HE HADN'T LET THE IMPS OUT OF THE BOTTLE. IF ONLY HE HADN'T LET THAT TREACHEROUS LITTLE FREAK BUILD HIS MONSTERS. IF ONLY THE PAST WOULD STAY DEAD.
HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU HAVE TO KILL A MONSTER BEFORE IT STAYS KILLED? HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR YOUR MISTAKES? HE'S KILLED THEM BEFORE. IN 1963...
HE REMEMBERS THE TIGHTNESS IN HIS GUT, THE SICKLY TENSION IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM. OCTOBER THE TWELFTH, 1963...
THE TARGETS ARE APPROACHING DRAGONSLAYER, SIR DENNIS. THREE BLIPS. WE'VE GOT 'EM.
VERY WELL...
DETONATE DRAGONSLAYER.
HE REMEMBERS HOW THE CENTRAL GREEN LIGHT FLARED ON THE SCREEN FOR AN INSTANT, HOW BY THE NEXT SWEEP OF THE RADAR IT HAD GONE. NO MORE BLIPS.
THEY'RE DEAD. THE MONSTERS ARE DEAD. PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA IS OFFICIALLY CLOSED, GENTLEMEN.
CONTROLLER OF THE SPOOKSHOW, SIR DENNIS ARCHER, CONSIDERS THE GREY WORLD OF ESPIONAGE, ITS PHANTOM COGS OILED BY DEATH.
HE IS THE MAN WHO TENDS THE MACHINE. BUT IT IS MEN LIKE EVELYN CREAM WHO PROVIDE THE LUBRICATION.
EVELYN CREAM WILL SANCTION THE MONSTER. THE DRAGON WILL BE SLAIN.
AGAIN.

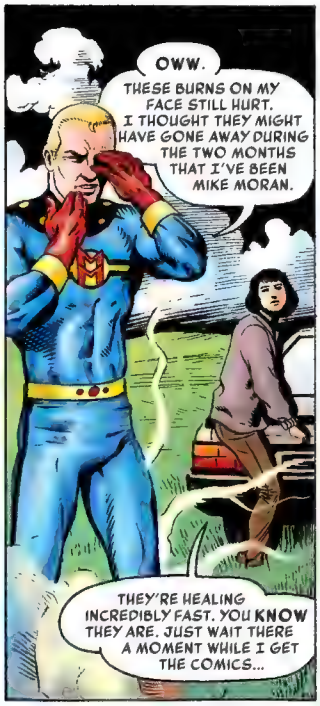


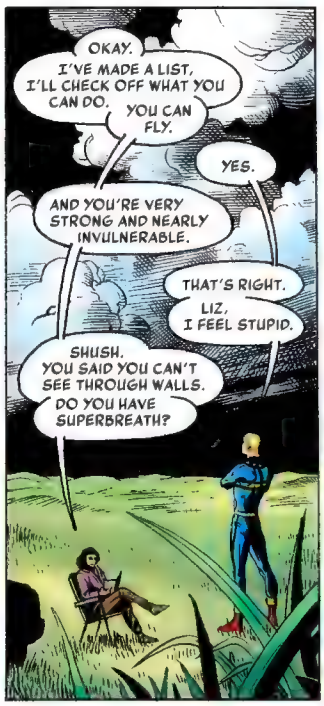


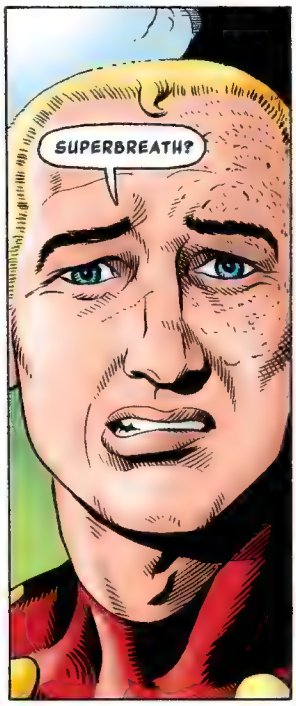


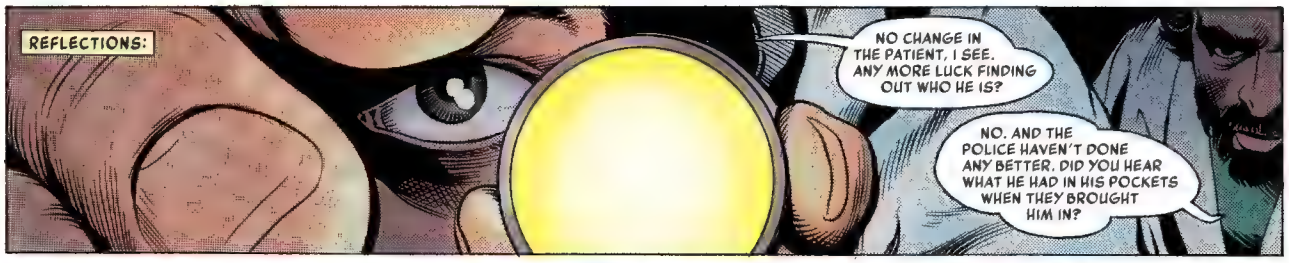
MARTIAN MANHUNTER / MIRACLEMAN

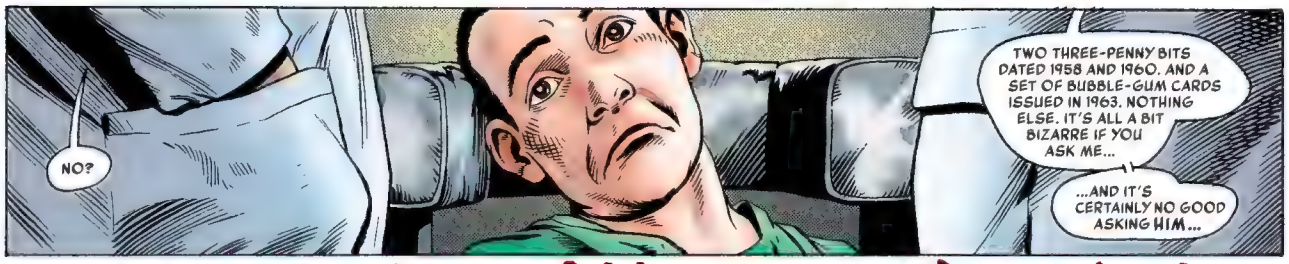
"SECRET IDENTITY"











"...HE'S IN A WORLD OF HIS OWN."

I WANT TO GO HOME. I SHOULDN'T BE IN HERE. I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING...

BATES, YOU'RE A SNOT-NOSED LITTLE PRATT. HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU THAT?

I'M SICK OF HEARING YOUR "I DIDN'T DO IT." YOU'RE ME! YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU? YOU ARE ME.

B-BUT I WOULDN'T HURT PEOPLE. I WOULDN'T KILL PEOPLE. IT WAS YOU WHO DID THAT. NOT ME.

SNOTTY LITTLE VIRGIN.

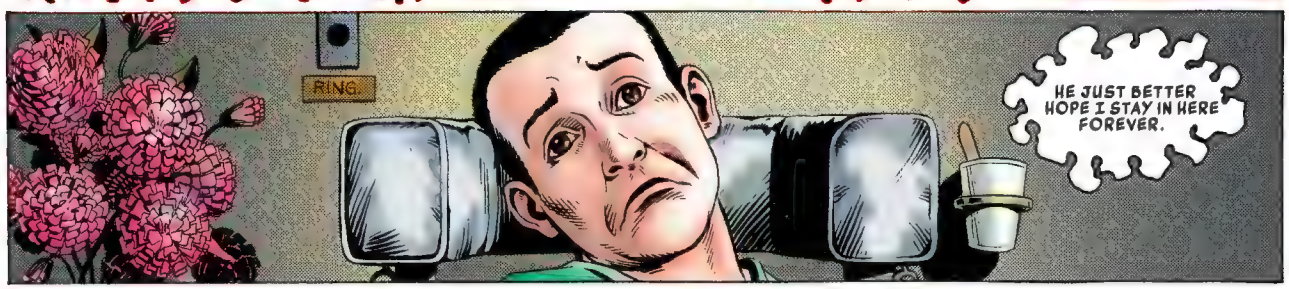
LITTLE JOHNNY BATES WOULDN'T KILL ANYONE BECAUSE LITTLE JOHNNY BATES IS A COWARDLY LITTLE PUDDLE OF PUKE!

BUT ONCE LITTLE JOHNNY BATES FINDS THE MAGIC WORD THAT PUTS HIM BEYOND PUNISHMENT, WHY, HE DOESN'T MIND KILLING PEOPLE AT ALL.

...AND NOW I'M TRAPPED IN THIS PUNY LITTLE PRE-PUBESCENT BODY IN A RANCID LITTLE NURSING HOME.

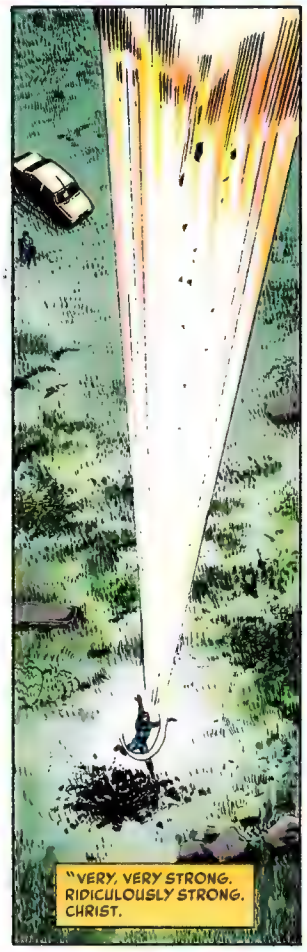
BECAUSE OF YOU. BECAUSE OF MIRACLEMAN.

HE JUST BETTER HOPE I NEVER GET OUT OF HERE, THAT'S ALL...



INVESTIGATION:
"FLIGHT. ESTIMATED SPEED OF AT LEAST MACH TWO. TOO FAST FOR STOPWATCH.

"STRONG


"VERY, VERY STRONG. RIDICULOUSLY STRONG. CHRIST.

"INVULNERABLE."

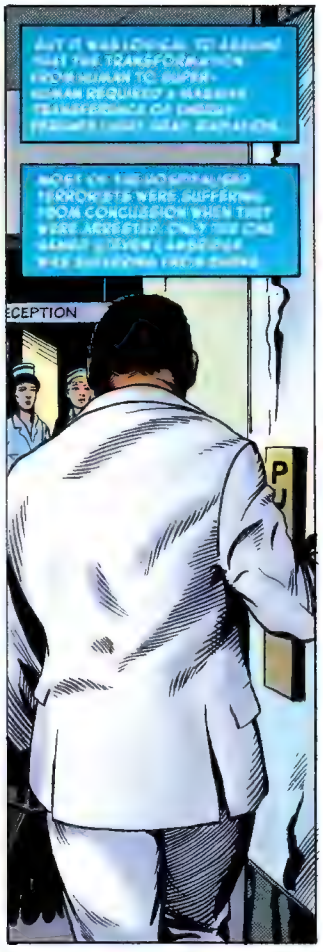
YOU BELIEVE ME NOW, LIZ? YOU SAID IT WASN'T POSSIBLE TO HAVE SKIN TOUGH ENOUGH TO RESIST TREATMENT LIKE THAT.
IT'S NOT. THAT ROCK HITTING YOU SHOULD HAVE DRIVEN YOUR FEET INTO THIS SOFT EARTH NO MATTER HOW STRONG YOUR SKIN IS. YOU'VE HARDLY LEFT A MARK.
NO. NOT STEEL SKIN. A FORCE FIELD, MAYBE. THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THAT TWINKLY "TINKERBELL" EFFECT THAT YOU HAVE...

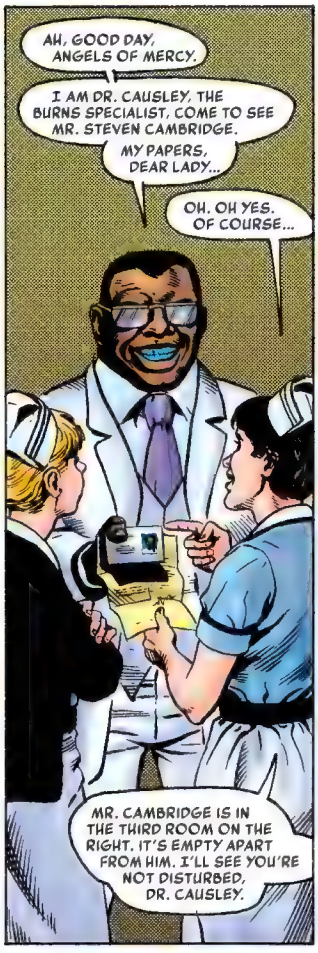
BUT YOU SAW ME THROW THAT ROCK INTO THE SKY. YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN STRENGTH LIKE THAT WITH A FORCE FIELD.
NO. AND YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN IT WITH MUSCLES LIKE A BALLET DANCER EITHER. YOU'RE WELL BUILT, BUT YOU'RE NOT ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER. TO DO THAT YOU'D NEED MUSCLES LIKE BEACH BALLS.
LIKE WRECKING BALLS.

MAYBE IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND, MIKE, THE POWER.
GOD KNOWS I WONDER IF IT'S ALL IN MY MIND OFTEN ENOUGH.

DEDUCTION:

THEREFORE IT WAS ONE OF THE PRESSMEN. ONE OF THE PRESSMEN HAD TURNED INTO THE SUPERHUMAN.

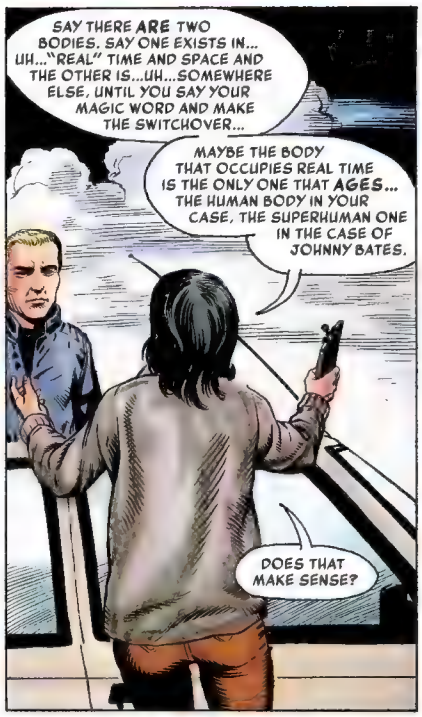



AH, GOOD DAY, ANGELS OF MERCY.
I AM DR. CAUSLEY, THE BURNS SPECIALIST, COME TO SEE MR. STEVEN CAMBRIDGE.
MY PAPERS, DEAR LADY...
OH, OH YES. OF COURSE...
MR. CAMBRIDGE IS IN THE THIRD ROOM ON THE RIGHT. IT'S EMPTY APART FROM HIM. I'LL SEE YOU'RE NOT DISTURBED, DR. CAUSLEY.

TIC TAC TIC TAC TIC TAC
X-RAY

DID YOU SEE HIS TEETH? HE HAD BLUE TEETH.
X-RAY

ANNUNCIATION:
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S EVERYTHING BACK IN THE CAR. IF YOU'VE FINISHED WE CAN GO HOME.
OKAY.
I WAS JUST THINKING...ABOUT THE AGE GAP BETWEEN YOU AND MIRACLEMAN. I THINK YOU AND MIRACLEMAN ARE TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE.
I THINK YOU HAVE TWO SEPARATE BODIES.

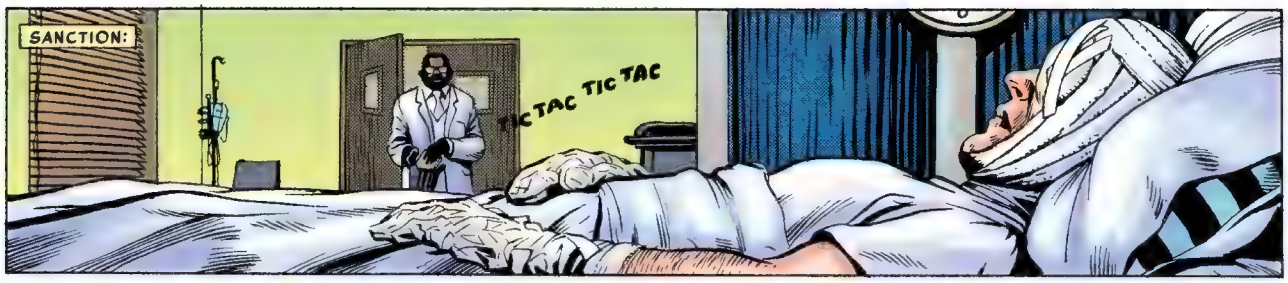

SAY THERE ARE TWO BODIES. SAY ONE EXISTS IN... UH..."REAL" TIME AND SPACE AND THE OTHER IS...UH...SOMEWHERE ELSE, UNTIL YOU SAY YOUR MAGIC WORD AND MAKE THE SWITCHOVER...
MAYBE THE BODY THAT OCCUPIES REAL TIME IS THE ONLY ONE THAT AGES... THE HUMAN BODY IN YOUR CASE, THE SUPERHUMAN ONE IN THE CASE OF JOHNNY BATES.
DOES THAT MAKE SENSE?

WELL, MAYBE. IT'S A BIT SCIENCE-FICTIONY. IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW WE SHARE THE SAME MIND IF WE DON'T SHARE THE SAME BODY. ALTHOUGH...
IT ISN'T EXACTLY THE SAME MIND. HE'S CLEVERER THAN ME. DID I TELL YOU THAT? WE SHARE THE SAME MIND AND MEMORIES BUT HE'S CLEVERER THAN I AM.

HMMM.
MIKE?
YEAH?

I'VE MISSED MY LAST TWO PERIODS AND I'M GOING TO HAVE A BABY AND IT ISN'T YOURS IT'S MIRACLEMAN'S.

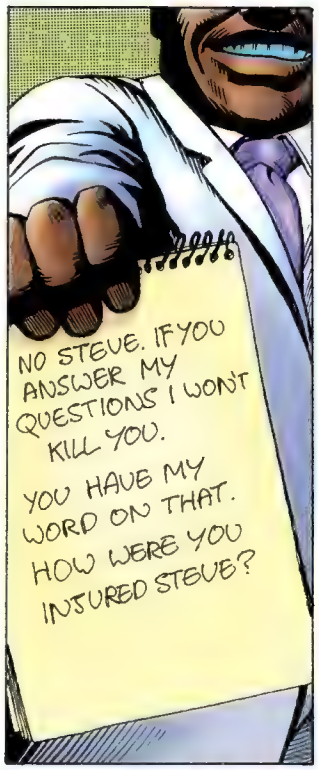
WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?


SANCTION:
TIC TAC TIC TAC

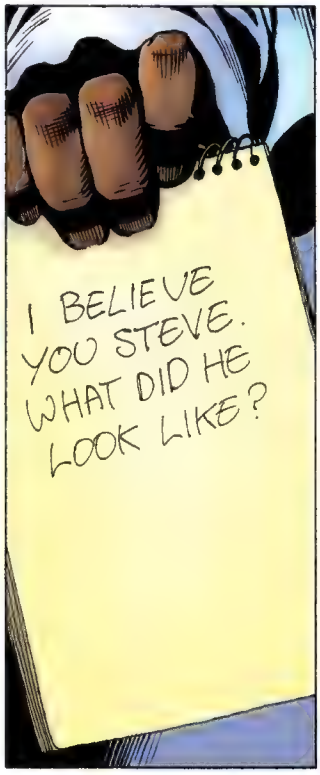
HUH? WHADDAYOU WANT, CHOCOLATE?

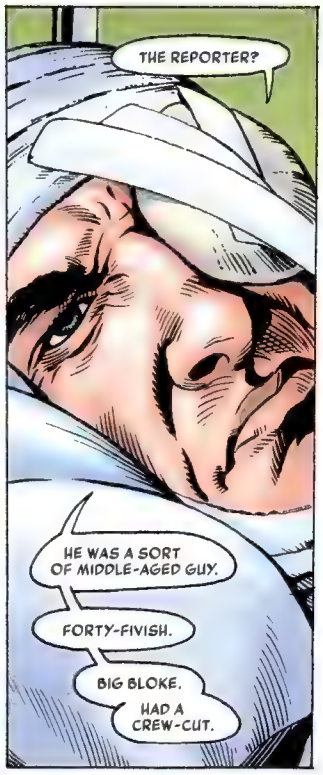
HELLO STEVE. I KNOW YOUCAN'T HEAR ME WITH YOUR BURST EARDRUMS. I'M EVELYN CREAM AND I'M HERE REPRESENTING THE SPOOK SHOW.

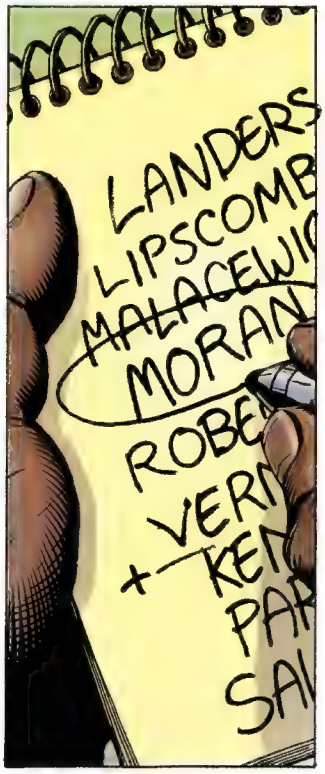
THE SPOOKSHOW? BUT THAT'S A SECRET SERVICE OPER... UH...
YOU'VE COME TO KILL ME, A'NT YOU?


NO STEVE. IF YOU ANSWER MY QUESTIONS I WON'T KILL YOU.
YOU HAVE MY WORD ON THAT. HOW WERE YOU INJURED STEVE?

HOW WAS I...? IT WAS THAT REPORTER BLOKE. THE ONE WHO WAS SICK.
I HAD TO TAKE HIM OUTSIDE. WE WERE IN THE CORRIDOR. AND I HEARD HIM SORT OF WHISPER SOMETHING AND...
...AND THEN HE EXPLODED. THERE WAS THIS FLASH, LIKE, AND...
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME.


I BELIEVE YOU STEVE. WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?


THE REPORTER?
HE WAS A SORT OF MIDDLE-AGED GUY.
FORTY-FIVISH.
BIG BLOKE.
HAD A CREW-CUT.

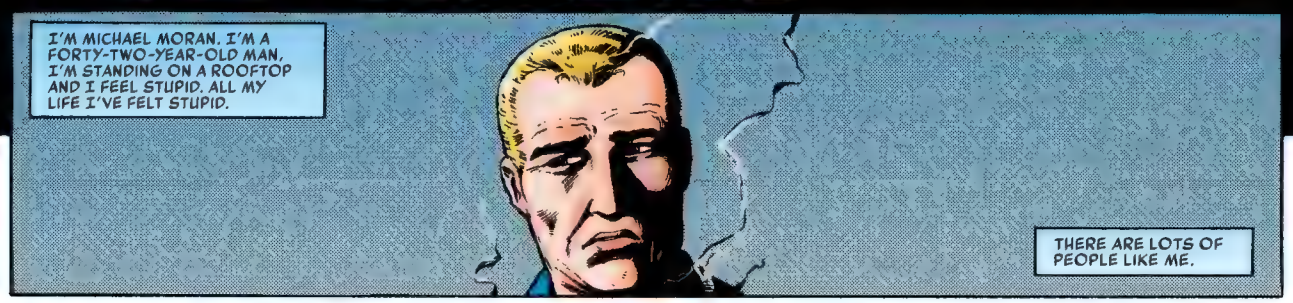

LANDERS
LIPSCOMB
MALACEWIC
MORAN
ROBE
VERD
+ KEN
PAR
SAI

THANK YOU STEVE YOU'VE BEEN TERRIBLY HELPFUL OH... AND YOU REMEMBER HOW I PROMISED NOT TO KILL YOU?
YEAH?
I WAS LYING STEVE
TIC TAC TIC TAC TIC TAC

LIKE A KITE THAT HAS LOST ITS WAR WITH THE WIND I HANG CRUCIFIED UPON THE SKY...
SUSPENDED BETWEEN THE SOIL AND THE STARS, BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH, BETWEEN THE ANGELS AND THE APES.
THERE IS NO-ONE LIKE ME.
I'M MIRACLEMAN.
GRAVITY IS A SULLEN GIANT WHO SNATCHES IRRITABLY AT MY HEELS.
THE HURRICANE IS MY MISTRESS. I SLIDE MY BODY ACROSS HER ARCTIC VECTORS AND HER SIGH IS AN ECSTASY OF BIRDS.
HER NAILS RAKE MY BACK AND SHE HOWLS HER BITTERNESS, BEGGING ME TO STAY, PLEADING WITH ME TO DENY THE DARK AND JEALOUS PLANET THAT WAITS BELOW.
BUT I CAN'T. I CAN'T.

MIRACLEMAN

BLUE MURDER



I SUDDENLY THOUGHT OF SOMETHING WHEN YOU WERE OUT. YOU KNOW HOW YOUR MIRACLEMAN COSTUME GOT ALL TORN UP WHEN YOU WERE FIGHTING JOHNNY BATES?
WELL, NEXT TIME YOU CHANGED TO MIRACLEMAN IT WAS ALL IN ONE PIECE AGAIN AND WE NEVER EVEN NOTICED. ISN'T THAT STRANGE? SO ANYWAY, MY THEORY IS THAT...
LIZ...

LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT MIRACLEMAN THIS MORNING, EH? LET'S JUST HAVE BREAKFAST AND BE NORMAL PEOPLE THIS MORNING.
OKAY?

IT'S THE BABY, ISN'T IT?
ISN'T WHAT THE BABY?

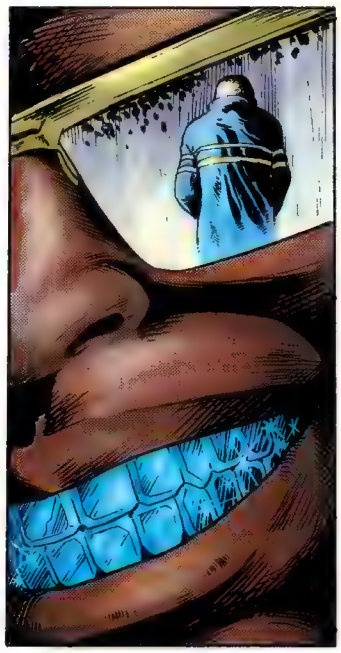
OH, GIVE ME A BREAK, MIKE, PLEASE. IT'S BEEN TWO MONTHS SINCE I TOLD YOU I WAS PREGNANT AND YOU'VE MAYBE SAID A DOZEN WORDS TO ME SINCE THEN.
WE'VE WANTED KIDS FOR YEARS AND NOT BEEN ABLE TO HAVE THEM. WHAT'S DIFFERENT NOW?

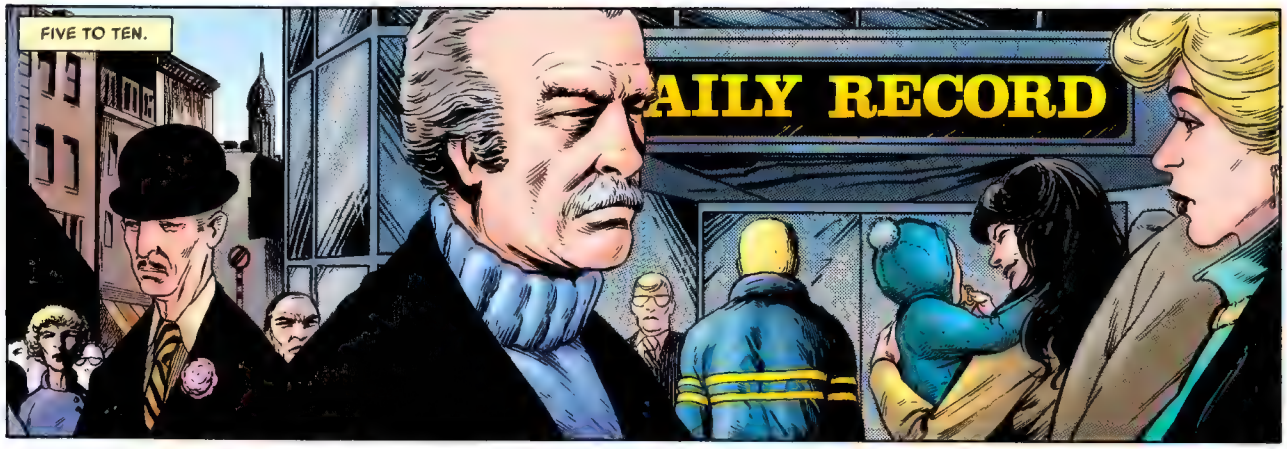
DIFFERENT? WHO SAID ANYTHING WAS DIFFERENT? YOU'RE HAVING A BABY? GREAT. THAT'S GREAT. WHY SHOULD I...
DAILY Mirror

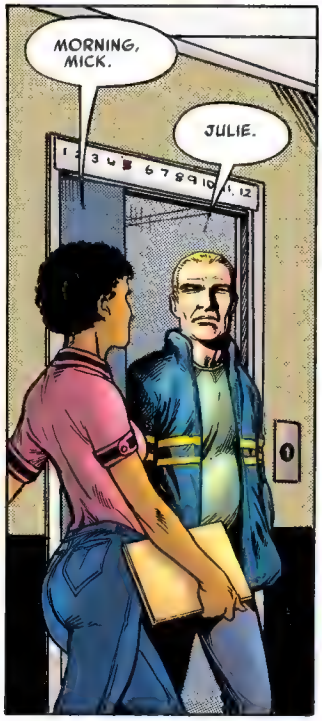
OH HELL.

MIKE? MIKE, I'M SORRY...I DIDN'T MEAN.
IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S ME.
I JUST FEEL SO SCREWED UP ALL THE TIME. IT'S JUST ALL THIS STUFF THAT'S HAPPENING. AND THE BABY. IT'S JUST...

IT'S JUST THAT IT'S NOT MY BABY, IS IT? IT'S MIRACLEMAN'S.
I COULDN'T GIVE YOU A BABY, BUT ONE NIGHT WITH HIM AND... OH, CHRIST, LIZ. HE'S JUST SO MUCH BETTER THAN I AM. AT EVERYTHING.
MIKE, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? IT'S YOUR BABY. I MEAN, YOU'RE MIRACLEMAN, AREN'T YOU?
YES. NO. OH HELL, LIZ... I DON'T KNOW ANYMORE. HE THINKS SO DIFFERENTLY TO ME. HIS THOUGHTS ARE LIKE POETRY OR SOMETHING. AND HIS EMOTIONS...
HIS EMOTIONS ARE SO PURE. WHEN HE LOVES YOU IT'S GIGANTIC. HIS LOVE IS SO STRONG AND DIRECT AND CLEAN...
WHEN I LOVE YOU IT'S ALL TANGLED UP WITH WHO'S NOT DOING THEIR SHARE OF THE WASHING UP, AND TWISTED, NEUROTIC LITTLE THINGS LIKE THAT.
SOMETIMES I WANT TO BE HIM ALL THE TIME AND SOMETIMES I WISH HE'D JUST VANISH AND LEAVE US ALONE.
I'LL SORT IT OUT. JUST GIVE ME SOME SPACE, LIZ, AND I'LL SORT IT OUT.
HEY, LOOK. IT'S NEARLY NINE O'CLOCK. I SAID I'D CALL IN AT THE OFFICE BY TEN TO SEE WHAT WORK WAS GOING.
DON'T WORRY, LIZ. IT'LL ALL BE ALRIGHT. PROMISE.
I LOVE YOU, MIKE. I REALLY LOVE YOU.
AND I LOVE YOU, LIZ. AS WELL AS I'M ABLE.
LOOK, I'VE GOT TO GO...
YEAH. TAKE CARE, MIKE.
NO PROBLEM. I'M A SUPERHERO. NOTHING CAN HURT ME.
'BYE.

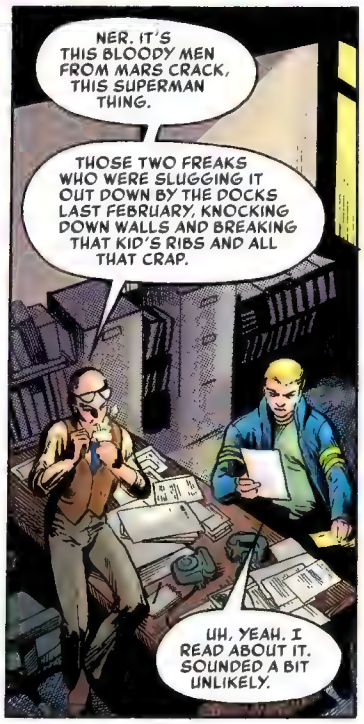



FIVE TO TEN.
AILY RECORD


MORNING, MICK.
JULIE.

A WHAT? A D-NOTICE? OH, THAT'S BLOODY GREAT. THAT'S JUST WHAT I NEED.
NO, I KNOW IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, OKAY, BRIAN. THANKS.
FEATURES EDITOR
'BYE.

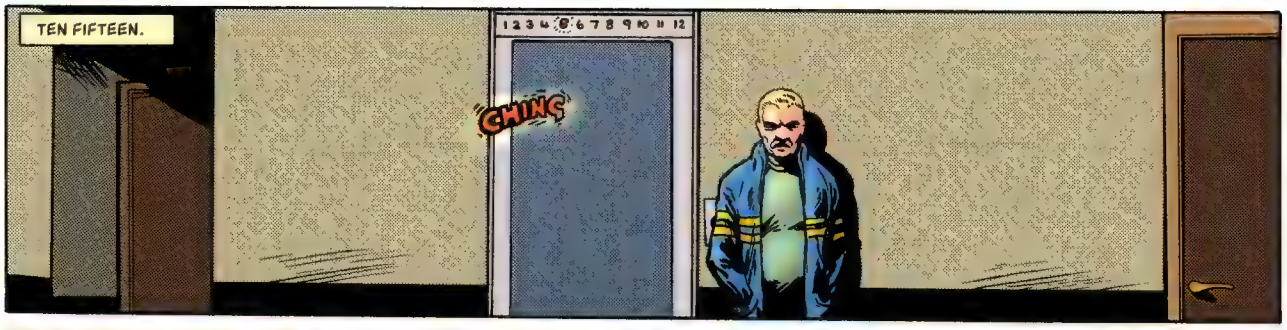
HOW DO, MICK. TAKE A SEAT.
THANKS. WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT A D-NOTICE? SOMETHING ELSE ON THE FALKLANDS OR WHAT?


NER. IT'S THIS BLOODY MEN FROM MARS CRACK, THIS SUPERMAN THING.
THOSE TWO FREAKS WHO WERE SLUGGING IT OUT DOWN BY THE DOCKS LAST FEBRUARY, KNOCKING DOWN WALLS AND BREAKING THAT KID'S RIBS AND ALL THAT CRAP.
UH, YEAH. I READ ABOUT IT. SOUNDED A BIT UNLIKELY.

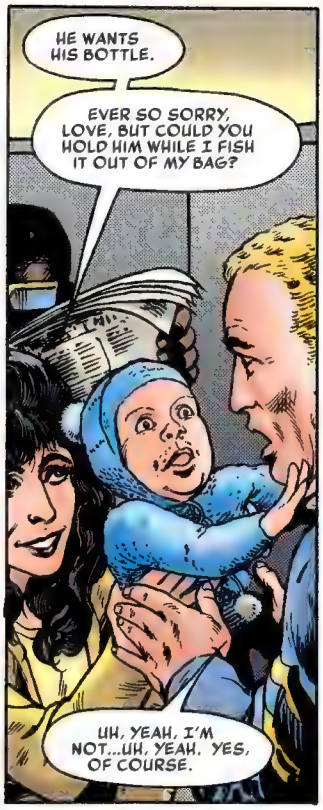
YEAH? WELL YOU WON'T BE READING ANY MORE ABOUT IT. CHRIST, I'D GOT SUCH A TERRIFIC ANGLE ON IT. YOU REMEMBER THAT POWER STATION THING? LARKSMERE?
WHERE PAUL GOT THAT PHOTO OF SOMEONE FLYING THROUGH THE ROOF? WELL, IT'S CONNECTED ISN'T IT? WITH THIS OTHER BUSINESS. HAS TO BE.

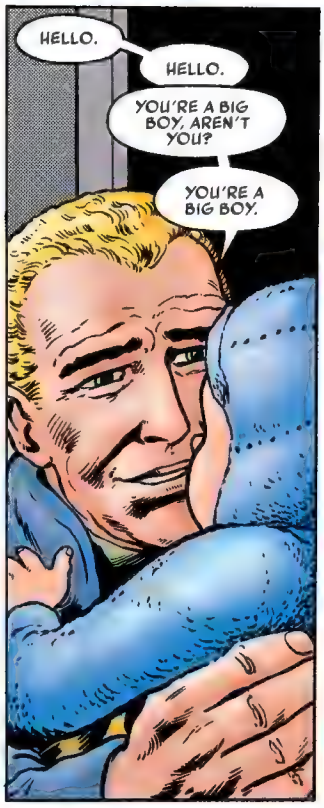
SO THERE WAS ME ALL SET TO RUN IT AS A FEATURE AND WHAT DO THE BLOODY GOVERNMENT DO? SLAP A BLOODY D-NOTICE ON IT. IT'S BLOODY PROFUMO ALL OVER A-BLOODY-GAIN.
UH, PETE? YOU SAID THERE MIGHT BE SOME WORK FOR ME IF I LOOKED IN THIS MORNING...

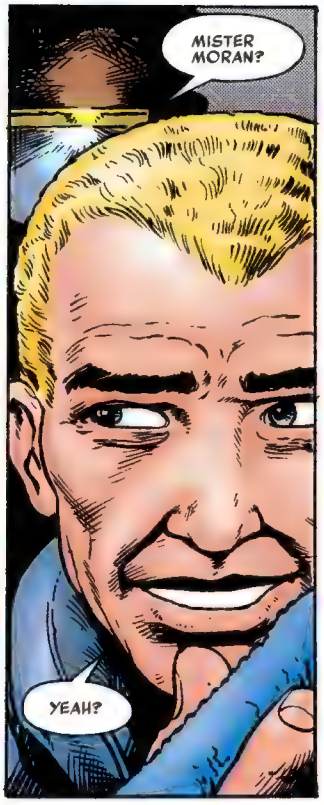
DID I? WELL, LOOK, I'M SORRY, MIKE, BUT IT'S A BIT THIN ON THE GROUND AT PRESENT. I'M HAVING TO GIVE ALL THE WORK TO THE STAFF PEOPLE.
GIVE IT A GO NEXT WEEK. OKAY?

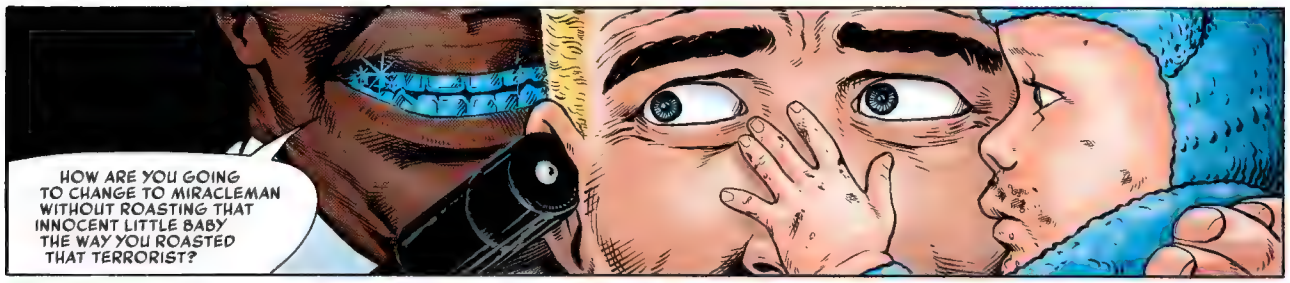

TEN FIFTEEN.
CHING

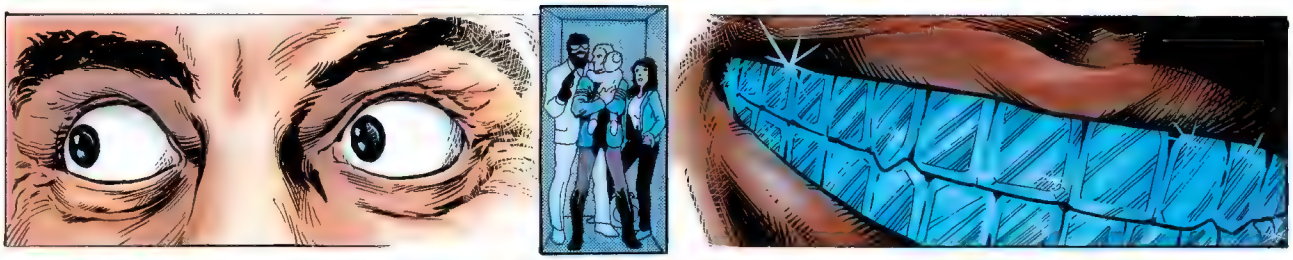
DARREN, STOP IT!
I SAID STOP IT, DARREN, AND I MEANT IT.

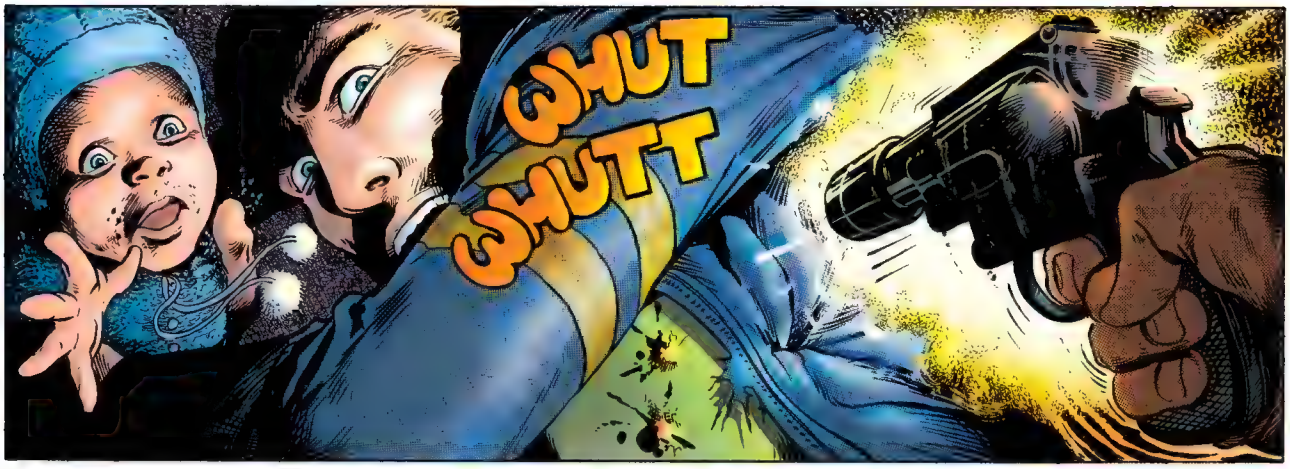

HE WANTS HIS BOTTLE.
EVER SO SORRY, LOVE, BUT COULD YOU HOLD HIM WHILE I FISH IT OUT OF MY BAG?
UH, YEAH, I'M NOT...UH, YEAH. YES, OF COURSE.

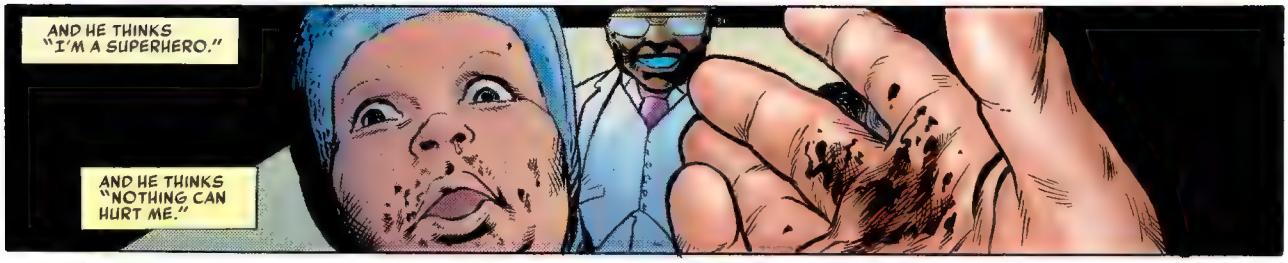

HELLO.
HELLO.
YOU'RE A BIG BOY, AREN'T YOU?
YOU'RE A BIG BOY.


MISTER MORAN?
YEAH?


HOW ARE YOU GOING TO CHANGE TO MIRACLEMAN WITHOUT ROASTING THAT INNOCENT LITTLE BABY THE WAY YOU ROASTED THAT TERRORIST?




SHUT
SHUTT

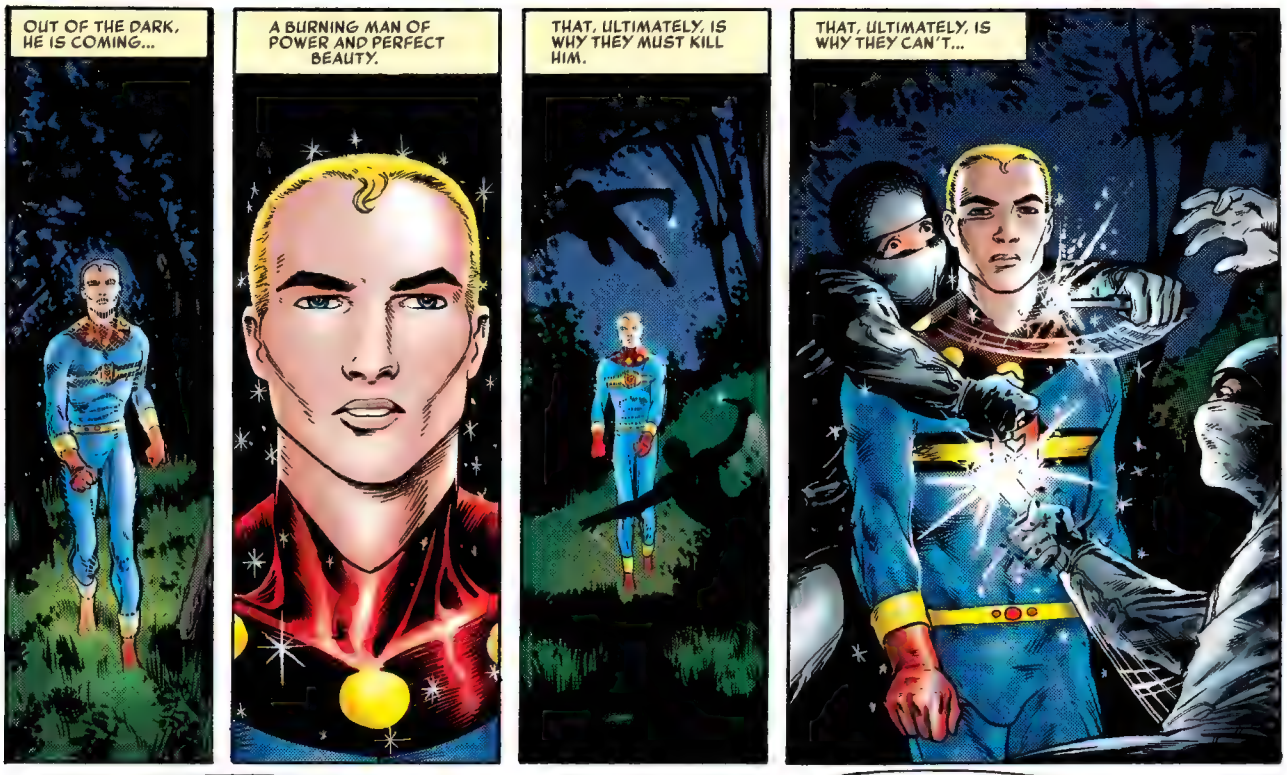

AND HE THINKS "I'M A SUPERHERO."
AND HE THINKS "NOTHING CAN HURT ME."

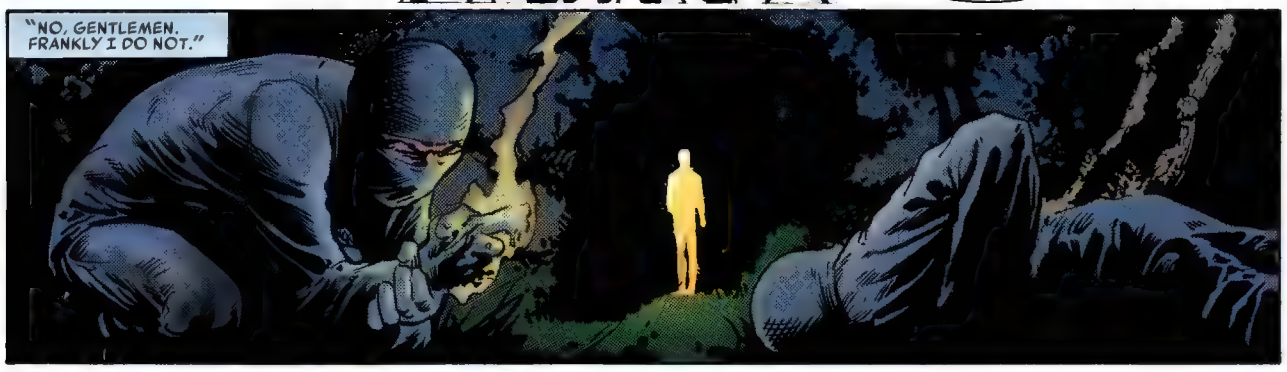
AND HE THINKS "WHAT A STUPID WAY TO DIE."
MOO?

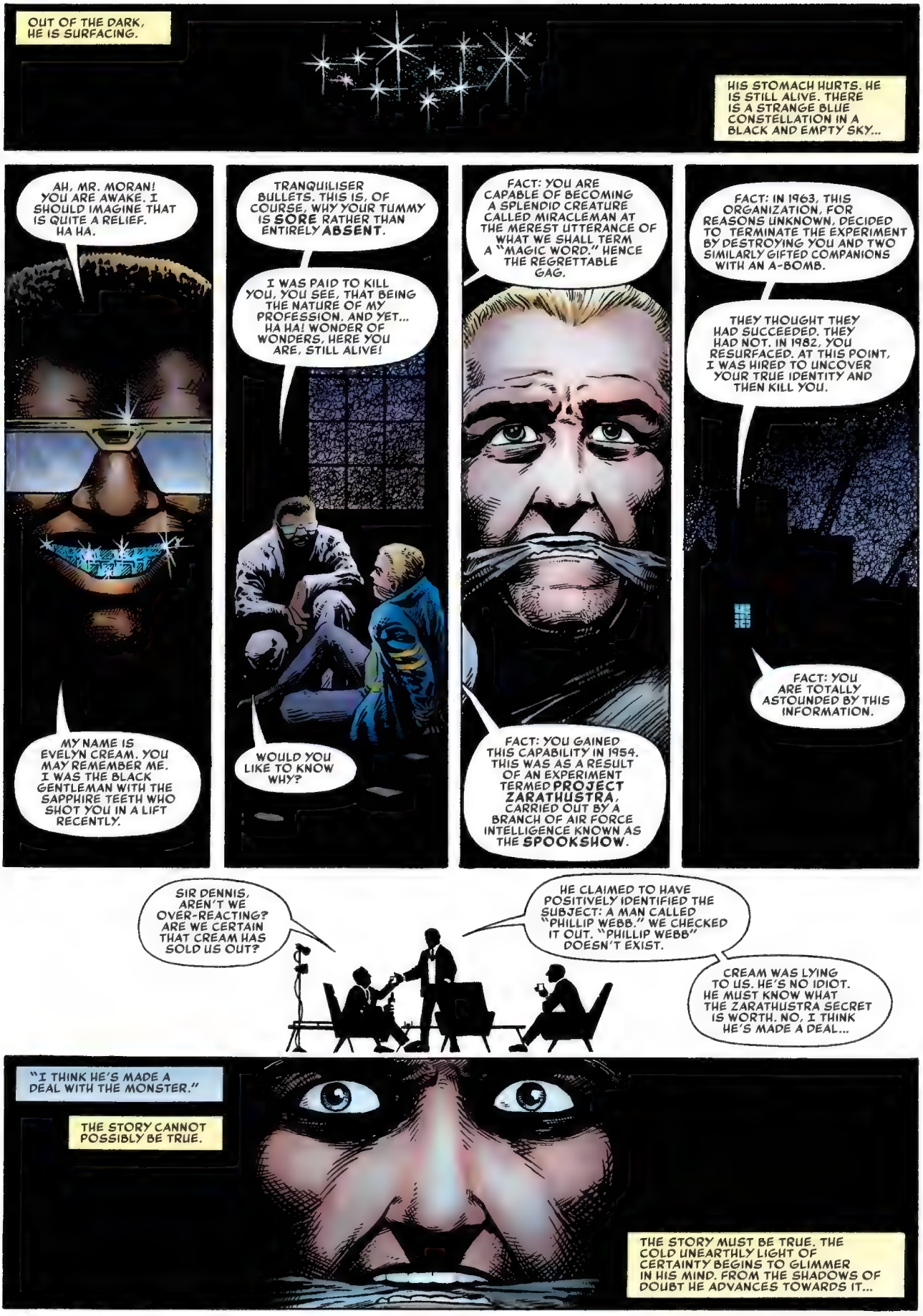
AND, FINALLY: "WHY SAPPHIRE TEETH?"

MIRACLEMAN

OUT OF THE DARK





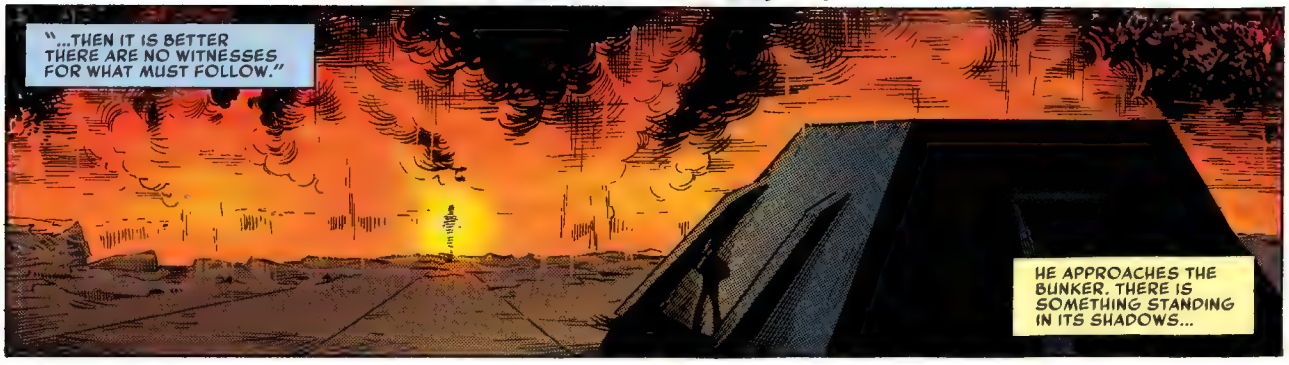

OUT OF THE DARK, HE IS SURFACING.
HIS STOMACH HURTS. HE IS STILL ALIVE. THERE IS A STRANGE BLUE CONSTELLATION IN A BLACK AND EMPTY SKY...
AH, MR. MORAN! YOU ARE AWAKE. I SHOULD IMAGINE THAT IS QUITE A RELIEF. HA HA.
MY NAME IS EVELYN CREAM. YOU MAY REMEMBER ME. I WAS THE BLACK GENTLEMAN WITH THE SAPPHIRE TEETH WHO SHOT YOU IN A LIFT RECENTLY.
TRANQUILISER BULLETS. THIS IS, OF COURSE, WHY YOUR TUMMY IS SORE RATHER THAN ENTIRELY ABSENT.
I WAS PAID TO KILL YOU, YOU SEE, THAT BEING THE NATURE OF MY PROFESSION. AND YET... HA HA! WONDER OF WONDERS, HERE YOU ARE, STILL ALIVE!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHY?
FACT: YOU ARE CAPABLE OF BECOMING A SPLENDID CREATURE CALLED MIRACLEMAN AT THE MEREST UTTERANCE OF WHAT WE SHALL TERM A "MAGIC WORD." HENCE THE REGRETTABLE GAG.
FACT: YOU GAINED THIS CAPABILITY IN 1954. THIS WAS AS A RESULT OF AN EXPERIMENT TERMED PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA, CARRIED OUT BY A BRANCH OF AIR FORCE INTELLIGENCE KNOWN AS THE SPOOKSHOW.
FACT: IN 1963, THIS ORGANIZATION, FOR REASONS UNKNOWN, DECIDED TO TERMINATE THE EXPERIMENT BY DESTROYING YOU AND TWO SIMILARLY GIFTED COMPANIONS WITH AN A-BOMB.
THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD SUCCEEDED. THEY HAD NOT. IN 1982, YOU RESURFACED. AT THIS POINT, I WAS HIRED TO UNCOVER YOUR TRUE IDENTITY AND THEN KILL YOU.
FACT: YOU ARE TOTALLY ASTOUNDED BY THIS INFORMATION.
SIR DENNIS, AREN'T WE OVER-REACTING? ARE WE CERTAIN THAT CREAM HAS SOLD US OUT?
HE CLAIMED TO HAVE POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED THE SUBJECT: A MAN CALLED "PHILLIP WEBB." WE CHECKED IT OUT. "PHILLIP WEBB" DOESN'T EXIST.
CREAM WAS LYING TO US. HE'S NO IDIOT. HE MUST KNOW WHAT THE ZARATHUSTRA SECRET IS WORTH. NO, I THINK HE'S MADE A DEAL...
"I THINK HE'S MADE A DEAL WITH THE MONSTER."
THE STORY CANNOT POSSIBLY BE TRUE.
THE STORY MUST BE TRUE. THE COLD UNEARTHLY LIGHT OF CERTAINTY BEGINS TO GLIMMER IN HIS MIND. FROM THE SHADOWS OF DOUBT HE ADVANCES TOWARDS IT...

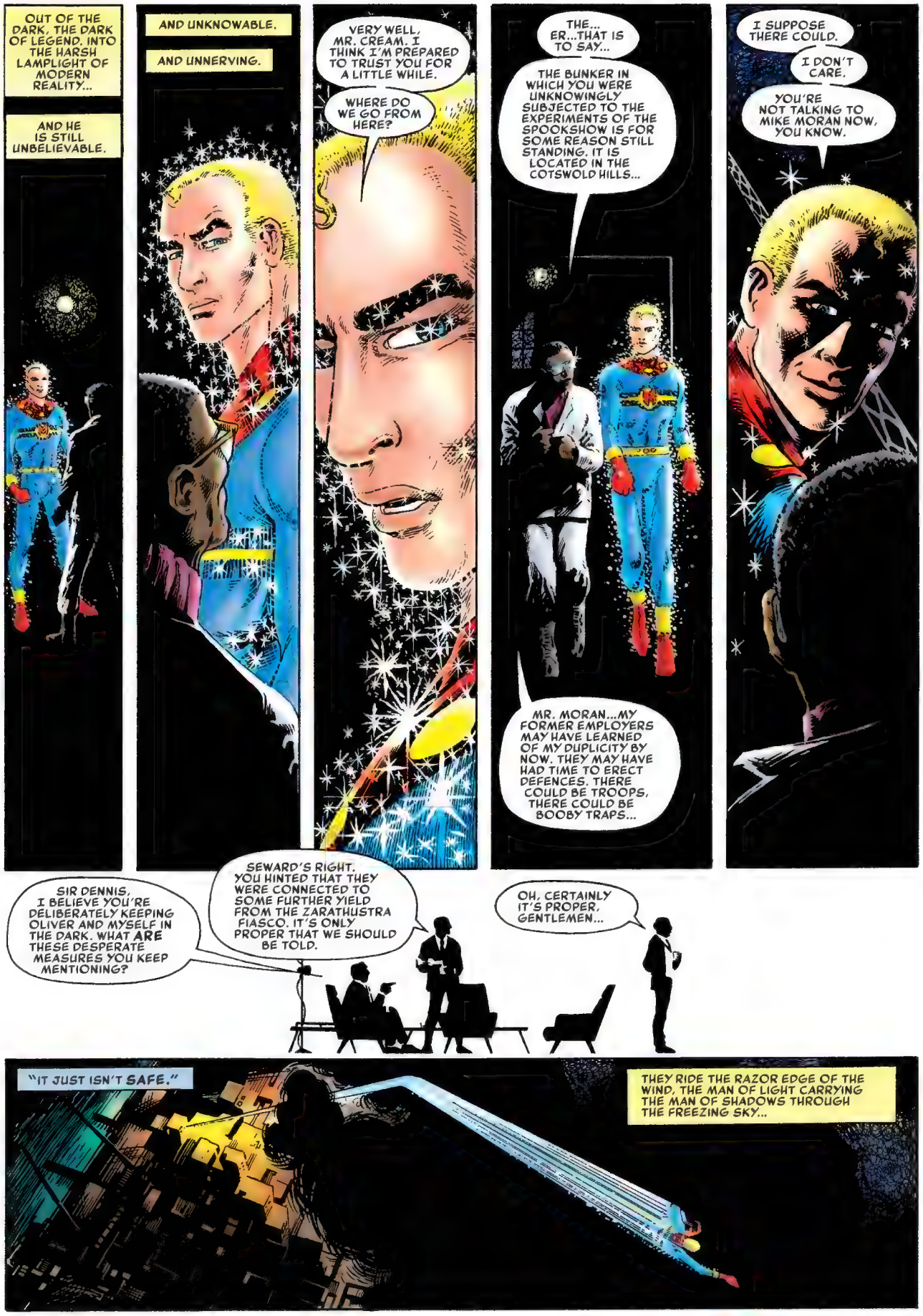
OUT OF THE DARK, HE IS COMING...
THE NIGHT COWERS AND CANNOT CONCEAL HIM...
THE NIGHT SCREAMS, AND CANNOT GAIN HIS ATTENTION...
THE NIGHT BURNS, AND ITS FIRES CANNOT CONTAIN HIM...
ASSUMING THE SURPRISE ATTACK FAILS, I NOMINATE A NUMBER OF SPECIALISTS WITH ROCKET LAUNCHERS AND THE LIKE AS OUR SECOND LINE OF DEFENCE...
SEWARD, IN 1963 WE HIT THIS CREATURE WITH AN ATOMIC BOMB...
OH, COME NOW, SIR DENNIS! ROCKET LAUNCHERS? OVER IN N.I. THE PADDIES USE THEM TO TAKE OUT OUR CHAPS' TANKS! SURELY AGAINST ONE MAN...
"IT DIDN'T WORK.
"SEWARD, WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM REACHING THAT BUNKER."

OUT OF THE DARK, HE IS EMERGING.
HE HAS A SUSPICION THAT HE HAS BEEN KEPT IN THE DARK FOR FAR TOO LONG...
YOU HAVE HEARD MY STORY, MR. MORAN. BE ASSURED THAT IT IS FOUNDED ON BOTH PERSONAL DEDUCTION AND UPON CERTAIN INFORMATION PROVIDED BY MY FORMER EMPLOYERS.
IT OCCURS TO ME THAT BOTH OF US HAVE EXCELLENT REASON TO INVESTIGATE THIS MATTER FURTHER.
YOU WISH TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR ORIGINS. I WISH TO SHARE THAT KNOWLEDGE. I SUSPECT THAT IT MAY PROVE VALUABLE TO ME.
I BELIEVE THAT WE CAN BE OF ASSISTANCE TO EACH OTHER. IT IS THIS BELIEF THAT HAS PROMPTED ME TO RISK BETRAYING MY EMPLOYERS. IT NOW PROMPTS ME TO TAKE A GREATER RISK...
I'M GOING TO REMOVE YOUR GAG, MR. MORAN.
"KIMOTA."
SIR DENNIS...QUESTIONS ARE BOUND TO BE ASKED... IF THE ZARATHUSTRA BUNKER REPRESENTS SUCH A SECURITY HAZARD, WHY WASN'T IT FOLDED EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO?
I FEAR THE BLAME MUST REST WITH ME. I...DECIDED TO KEEP THE PROJECT PARTLY OPEN. I HOPED TO RECOUP SOME OF ZARATHUSTRA'S ENORMOUS BUDGET...
AND ALTHOUGH THE FRUITS OF MY LABOURS MIGHT ULTIMATELY PROVE THE ONLY MEANS WE HAVE OF STOPPING THIS CREATURE, I HOPE IT WILL NOT COME TO THAT...
"ONE MONSTER IS MORE THAN ENOUGH."
REMARKABLE.
IN THE GATHERING TWILIGHT OF THE ROOM THERE STANDS AN INCANDESCENT MAN...

OUT OF THE DARK, HE IS COMING...
NO ENTRY
GOVERNMENT PROPERTY
THERE ARE WALLS, AND HE DOES NOT CARE ABOUT THE WALLS.
THERE ARE MEN, AND THE MEN MEAN NOTHING TO HIM.
THERE ARE SNARES...
AND THE SNARES ARE NOT WORTHY OF HIS CONTEMPT.

OUR PENULTIMATE LINE OF DEFENCE WILL BE A BOMB. QUITE A LARGE BOMB, I WOULD IMAGINE...
OUR MEN WILL STILL BE IN THE AREA, SIR DENNIS...
THEY WILL BE AWARE OF THE BOMB. IT WILL GIVE THEM A GREATER INCENTIVE TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE REACHES IT. AND IF NEITHER THEY NOR THE BOMB ARE ABLE TO STOP HIM...


"...THEN IT IS BETTER THERE ARE NO WITNESSES FOR WHAT MUST FOLLOW."
HE APPROACHES THE BUNKER. THERE IS SOMETHING STANDING IN ITS SHADOWS...


OUT OF THE DARK, THE DARK OF LEGEND, INTO THE HARSH LAMPLIGHT OF MODERN REALITY...
AND HE IS STILL UNBELIEVABLE.
AND UNKNOWABLE.
AND UNNERVING.
VERY WELL, MR. CREAM. I THINK I'M PREPARED TO TRUST YOU FOR A LITTLE WHILE.
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
THE... ER...THAT IS TO SAY...
THE BUNKER IN WHICH YOU WERE UNKNOWINGLY SUBJECTED TO THE EXPERIMENTS OF THE SPOOKSHOW IS FOR SOME REASON STILL STANDING. IT IS LOCATED IN THE COTSWOLD HILLS...
MR. MORAN...MY FORMER EMPLOYERS MAY HAVE LEARNED OF MY DUPLICITY BY NOW. THEY MAY HAVE HAD TIME TO ERECT DEFENCES. THERE COULD BE TROOPS, THERE COULD BE BOOBY TRAPS...
I SUPPOSE THERE COULD.
I DON'T CARE.
YOU'RE NOT TALKING TO MIKE MORAN NOW, YOU KNOW.
SIR DENNIS, I BELIEVE YOU'RE DELIBERATELY KEEPING OLIVER AND MYSELF IN THE DARK. WHAT ARE THESE DESPERATE MEASURES YOU KEEP MENTIONING?
SEWARD'S RIGHT. YOU HINTED THAT THEY WERE CONNECTED TO SOME FURTHER YIELD FROM THE ZARATHUSTRA FIASCO. IT'S ONLY PROPER THAT WE SHOULD BE TOLD.
OH, CERTAINLY IT'S PROPER, GENTLEMEN...
"IT JUST ISN'T SAFE."
THEY RIDE THE RAZOR EDGE OF THE WIND, THE MAN OF LIGHT CARRYING THE MAN OF SHADOWS THROUGH THE FREEZING SKY...

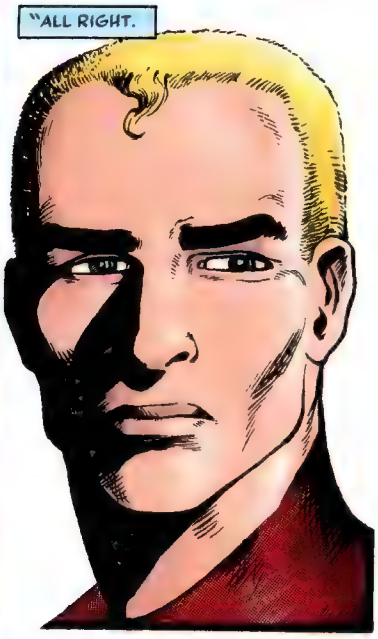
OUT OF THE DARK, HE IS COMING...
NOT SO FAST, YOU BOLSHEVIK BLIGHTER.
THERE STILL STANDS ONE WHO IS PREPARED TO DEFEND QUEEN AND COUNTRY AGAINST YOUR KREMLIN MASTERS AND THEIR LACKEYS.
IS THIS A JOKE OF SOME SORT?
NO, SIR, IT MOST ASSUREDLY IS NOT.
PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A TROUNCING, MY SIZEABLE SOVIET FRIEND.
SPARE US YOUR COYNESS, SIR DENNIS. YOU IMPLY THAT YOU HAVE SPENT THE YEARS SINCE '63 IN DUPLICATING THE ORIGINAL ZARATHUSTRA EXPERIMENT. THAT YOU HAVE PRODUCED ANOTHER MONSTER?
YES. YES I HAVE. BUT THE PROJECT'S ORIGINATOR DESTROYED MANY OF HIS NOTES BEFORE HE ABSCONDED. WE ONLY DIMLY UNDERSTOOD THE PROCESS. THERE WERE PROBLEMS...
OH, GOD. NOT MORE BLOODY PROBLEMS. TELL ME, SIR DENNIS... DOES THIS FLAWED SUPERBEING OF YOURS HAVE A CUSTOMARILY ABSURD SOBRIQUET?
"YES, OLIVER, HE DOES...
"WE CALL HIM BIG BEN."

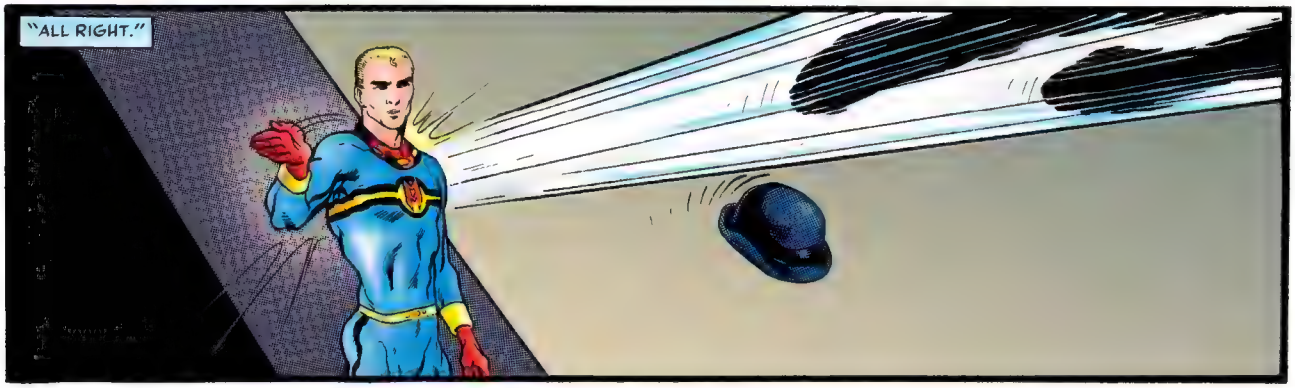
MIRACLEMAN
"INSIDE STORY"
"MR. CREAM, IT IS YOU I AM ADDRESSING, SIR. IT IS YOU TO WHOM I REFER...
"REALLY, OLD HORSE! THESE ANTICS SMACK OF THE DAUBED FACE AND THE OSTRICH PLUME. IT SEEMS ONE CANNOT TAKE THE JUNGLE OUT OF THE BOY AFTER ALL. WHAT DO YOU SAY, MR. CREAM?
"EDUCATED AT RUGBY, TRAINED AT SANDHURST. YOU READ THE UNTRANSLATED NOVELS OF COLLETTE AND OWN AN ORIGINAL HOCKNEY. GOOD GOD, SIR. YOU ARE PRACTICALLY WHITE.
"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SIR? WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK IN THIS PLACE, CREEPING AMONGST THE NIGHT TREES AND SNIFFING AT THE ANCESTRAL SHADOWS?
"YOU ARE A PROFESSIONAL, AN ARTIST IN THE WAYS OF MORTALITY. YOU KILLED THE BEAST-DADDY, LAUGHING AS YOU BLEW HIS BRAINS OVER HIS EPAULETTES. YOU ARE A MAN OF POWER.
"AND YET YOU FOLLOW THIS WHITE LOA. THIS MIRACLE-MAN WHO LEAVES A TRAIL OF DEAD AND FISHEYED FELLOWS IN HIS WAKE! CAN IT BE THAT YOU HAVE GONE NATIVE, MR. CREAM?
"MR. CREAM, DO YOU AT LAST BELIEVE IN JUJU?
"GREAT GRANDFATHER PASS ME DOWN THE GRIS-GRIS AND THE POINTING BONE. FOR I HAVE AT THIS LATE STAGE OPTED TO BECOME ANOTHER CRAZY N-----

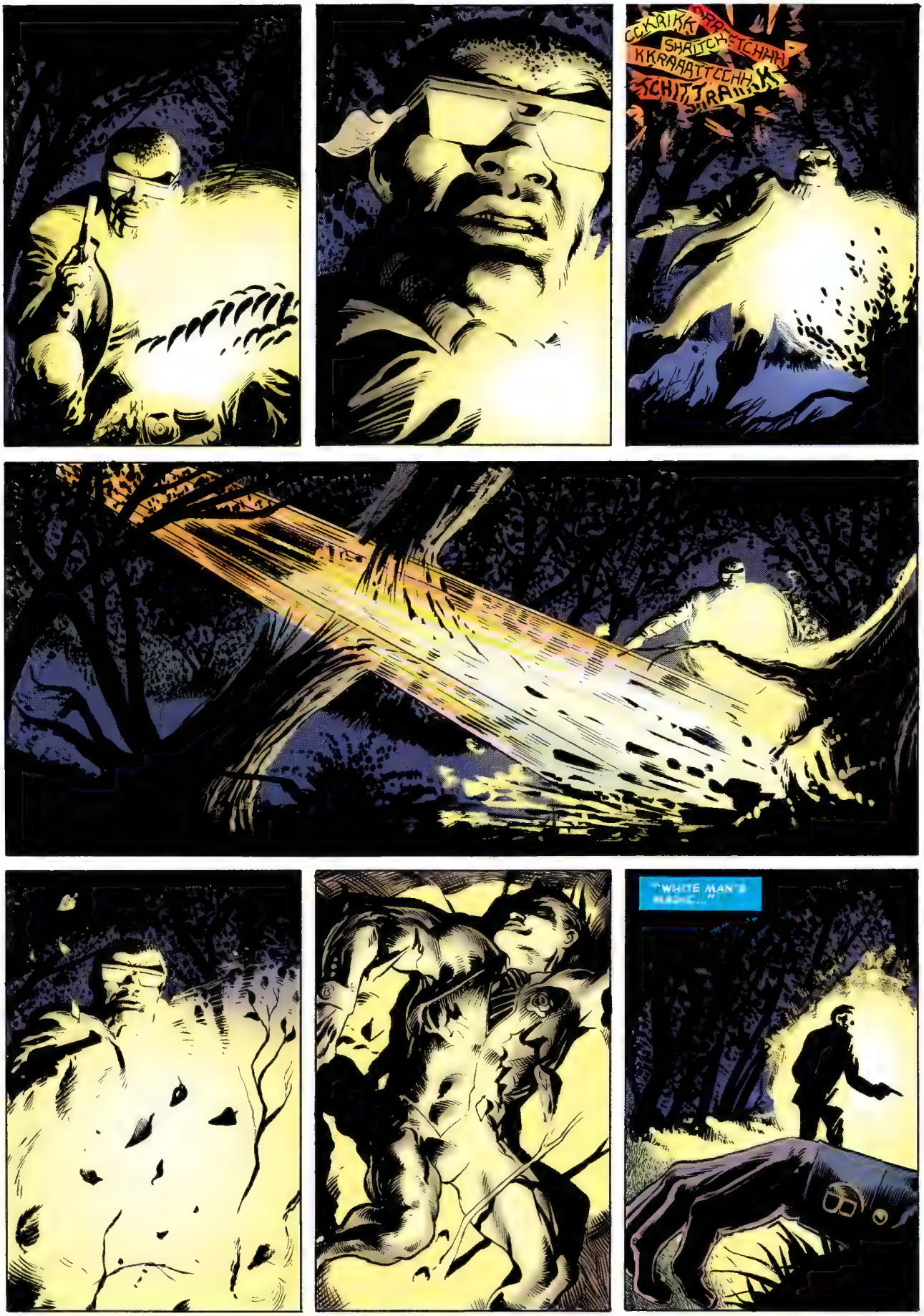
"FROM THE TOP-SECRET FILES OF BIG BEN, THE MAN WITH NO TIME FOR CRIME...
"IT LOOKED AS IF THIS PARTICULAR JOHNNY BOLSHEVIK WAS GOING TO BE A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK. I RECALLED THE CLIPPED AND MEASURED PHRASES OF SIR DENNIS ARCHER...
"'IT'S OUR FRIENDS IN THE KREMLIN, BEN. THEY WANT THE PLANS TO OUR NEW ZARATHUSTRA DEATH RAY AND THEY'VE SENT A SUPER-COMMIE TO DO THEIR DIRTY WORK!
"'HIS NAME IS MAJOR MOLOTOV, AND ONLY YOU CAN STOP HIM.'
"BUT COULD I? COULD I STOP THIS MARXIST MADMAN WHO HAD ALREADY SO BRUTALLY DISPATCHED A SCORE OF OUR FINEST TOMMIES?
"HE HAD TO HAVE A WEAKNESS, AN ACHILLES' HEEL. I REMEMBERED WHEN I HAD FOUGHT ALONG SIDE DOC THUNDER-BOLT AGAINST THE HORRIFYING BEING KNOWN ONLY AS MENACE!
"BUT WE DID, AND MENACE! WAS DESTROYED FOREVER... AS WERE ALL THE OTHER FIENDS WHO SPRANG UP TO TAKE HIS PLACE.
"THE CRIMSON FINGER, THE SPONGE, DR. PANIC AND HIS PHANTOM ROBOT EVEN PHINEAS FISKE, THE CREATURE WITH THE COBALT BRAIN...
"I WAS BALLY WELL GOING TO HAVE A GO!
"MENACE! HAD KIDNAPPED DOC'S BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT VALERIE. IF WE HADN'T DISCOVERED THAT THE BRUTE WAS VULNERABLE TO COMMON TAP WATER HER DOOM WOULD HAVE BEEN ASSURED...
"ONE BY ONE THEY CAME. ONE BY ONE THEY RECEIVED THEIR JUST DESSERTS AT THE DEPENDABLE HANDS OF THE MAN WITH NO TIME FOR CRIME.
"THIS RED RACKETEER WOULD PROVE NO EXCEPTION. SOON I'D HIT UPON HIS WEAKNESS. (ELECTRICITY, PERHAPS? OR SOME UNKNOWN MINERAL?) SOON, SOON I'D UNCOVER HIS FATAL FLAW...
"THEN HE'D BE IN TROUBLE."

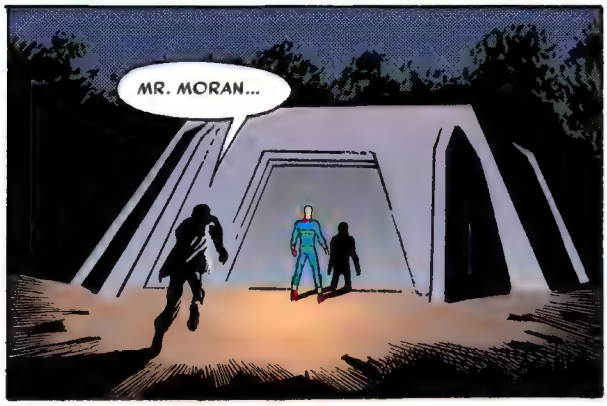
"JUST...HOLD...THE LINE...FOR A SEC-OND LON-GER...DAMN. DAMN BLOODY DEATH AND HELL. NOW THE LEGS LOOK OUT OF PROPORTION. DAMN. THE DEADLINE'S TOMORROW. DAMN.
"PROCESS WHITE, PROCESS WHITE...AHH NO! I DIDN'T LEAVE THE...YES I DID. I LEFT THE TOP OFF AND IT'S GONE HARD. I BLOODY HATE IT WHEN IT GOES HARD.
"IT MUST BE MY BODY REACTING TO THE LUMP...SHUNTING ALL THE CHEMICALS AROUND AND MAKING ME FEEL ANXIOUS. JUST A NERVOUS THING. EVERY-THING'S OKAY. WHY IS THIS BRUSH ALL GUNGY?
"MIKE, WHY THE HELL HAVEN'T YOU COME HOME YET?
"WHERE ARE YOU? PERHAPS IF I PHONED THE PAPER...NO. YOU'D BE ANNOYED AND ANYWAY YOU'LL COME HOME SOON BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS DO EVENTUALLY...
"I HOPE THE BABY'S ALRIGHT. I'M 36. AROUND 40 THEY SAY YOU RUN A GREATER RISK...MONGOLOID BABIES AND...NO. THEY RAN AN AMNIOCENTESIS. THEY SAID IT WAS NORMAL. NORMAL.
"IT HASN'T KICKED YET.
"GIVE IT A REST, LIZZIE. EVERYTHING'S FINE. BABY MORAN FINE. MUMMY MORAN FINE. DADDY MORAN FINE. MIRACLEMAN...
"THE PERSPECTIVE ON THAT CHAIR'S WRONG."
"IT'S MIRACLEMAN'S BABY. IT'LL BE BORN WITH SUPER-POWERS... NO. IT'LL BE BORN WITH NO ARMS OR EYES AND JUST A HORRIBLE SCREAMING MOUTH THAT DRIBBLES BLOOD AND PUS AND...

"I COULD GET TIRED OF THIS."

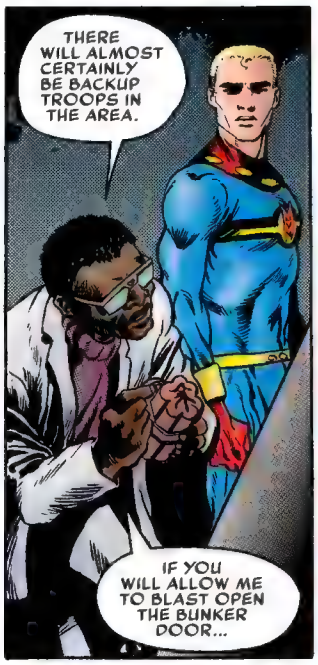


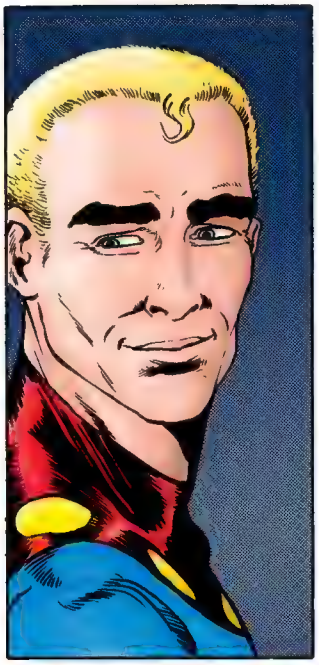


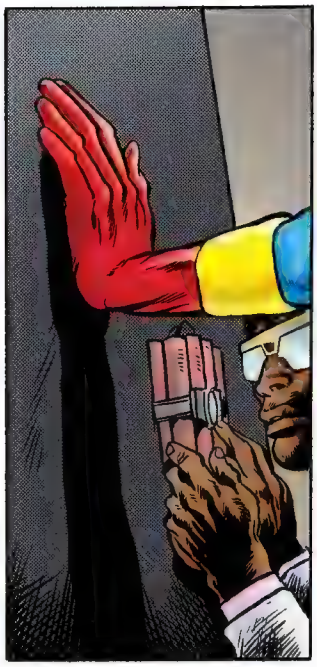

SHRITCH
KKRAAATTCCHH
SCHITTRAIKK
"WHITE MAN'S

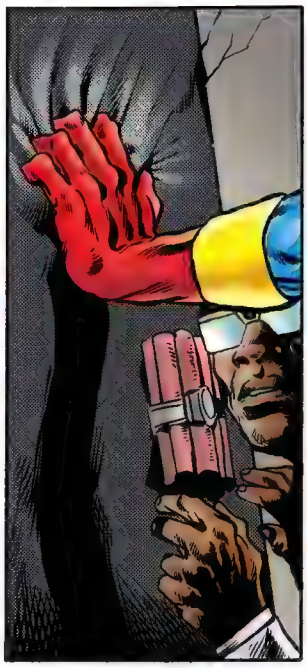

MR. MORAN...

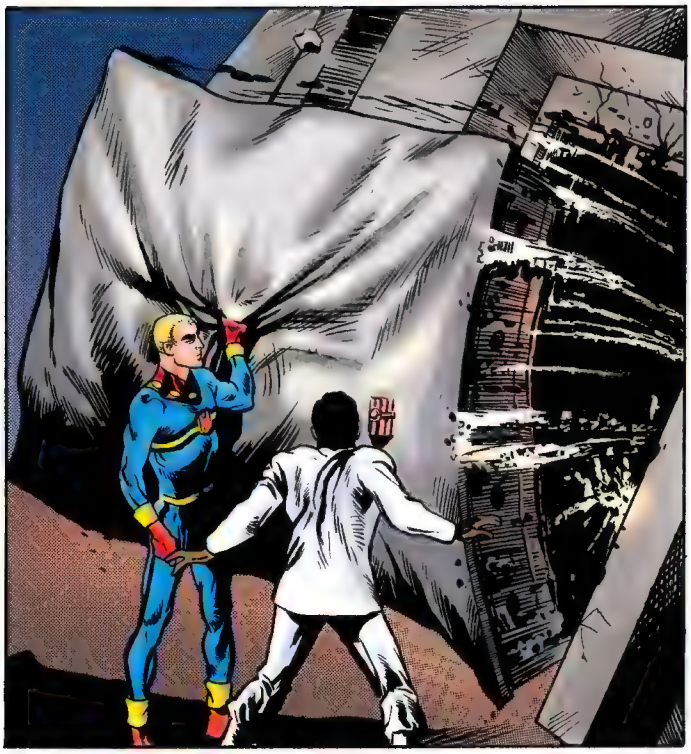
MR. MORAN...
MIRACLEMAN.
UH... MIRACLEMAN. BUT OF COURSE. MIRACLEMAN, WE HAVE LITTLE TIME...


THERE WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY BE BACKUP TROOPS IN THE AREA.
IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO BLAST OPEN THE BUNKER DOOR...

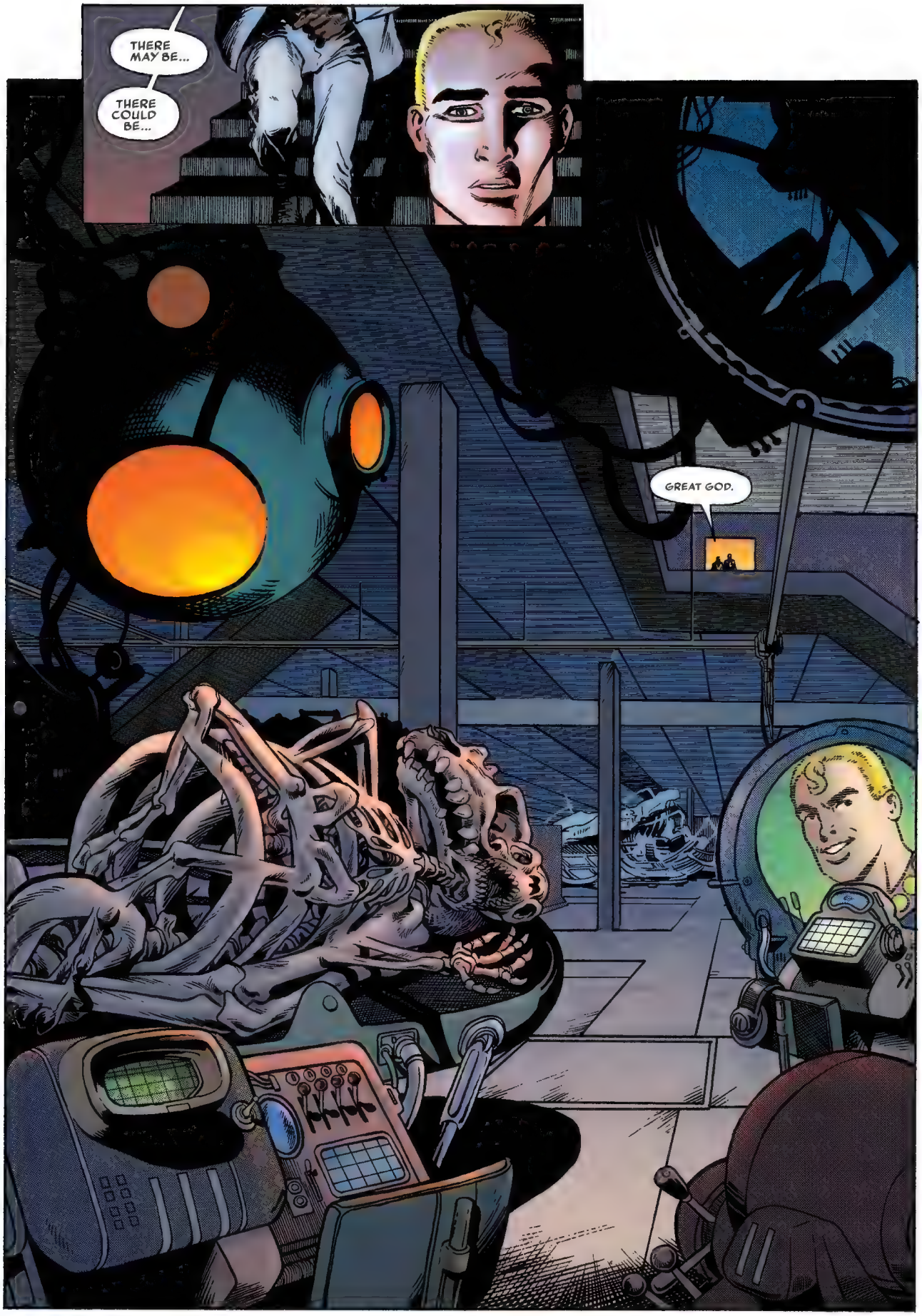








MR. MOR... MIRACLEMAN! WAIT! THERE MAY BE TRAPS...


THERE MAY BE...
THERE COULD BE...
GREAT GOD.

"WE ARRIVED ON THE SITE OF THE ZARATHUSTRA BUNKER AT 3:40 A.M. THIS WAS ON THE MORNING OF JULY 9TH, 1982.

"YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT IN SUCH EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES THE SITUATION IS NOT IMMEDIATELY CLEAR AND DISCRETION IS THE BEST COURSE. HENCE MY OWN ACTIONS.

"I HOPE THAT YOU WILL READ IT CAREFULLY AND WITHOUT PREJUDICE BEFORE DECIDING WHETHER TO ACCEPT MY PROFFERED RESIGNATION. I REMAIN YOURS FAITHFULLY,

"THE CARNAGE WAS HORRIFYING. MOST OF OUR SPECIALISTS WERE DEAD, INJURED OR IN DEEP SHOCK. IN LIGHT OF THIS, ORDERING FURTHER TROOPS INTO THE AREA SEEMED POINTLESS.

"INDEED, IT WAS NOT UNTIL LATER THAT WE WERE ABLE TO RECONSTRUCT WHAT HAD HAPPENED WITHIN THE BUNKER FROM THE SURVIVING EVIDENCE. MY REPORT FOLLOWS.

"SIR DENNIS ARCHER.

"COMPARING THE TIME OF OUR ARRIVAL WITH THAT OF LATER EVENTS, WE'VE DEDUCED THAT THE EXPERIMENTAL SUPERHUMAN 'BIG BEN' REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS AT APPROXIMATELY 3:35.

"AS TO HIS STATE OF MIND AT THIS POINT, I'M AFRAID WE CAN ONLY GUESS.

"DUE TO HIS PARA-REALITY PROGRAMMING, BIG BEN BELIEVED THE MONSTER TO BE A SOVIET SPY NAMED 'MAJOR MOLOTOV,' A DECEPTION NECESSARY IN ORDER TO MOTIVATE HIM.

"AT AROUND 3:35, WE BELIEVE HE AWOKE, AND DESPITE HIS INJURIES, MADE HIS WAY BACK TO THE BUNKER INTENT UPON FINISHING THE FIGHT THAT HE HAD STARTED.

"FURTHERMORE, HE BELIEVED THE BUNKER TO CONTAIN A PROTOTYPE 'DEATH RAY' WHICH HE HAD BEEN TOLD 'MAJOR MOLOTOV' WAS INTENT UPON STEALING.

"AS FOR THE MONSTER AND EVELYN CREAM, DIGITAL RECORDERS IN THE BUNKER SHOW THAT IT WAS BREACHED AT EXACTLY 2:39. ONCE INSIDE, WE ASSUME THEY SPENT THE NEXT HALF HOUR SIMPLY LOOKING.

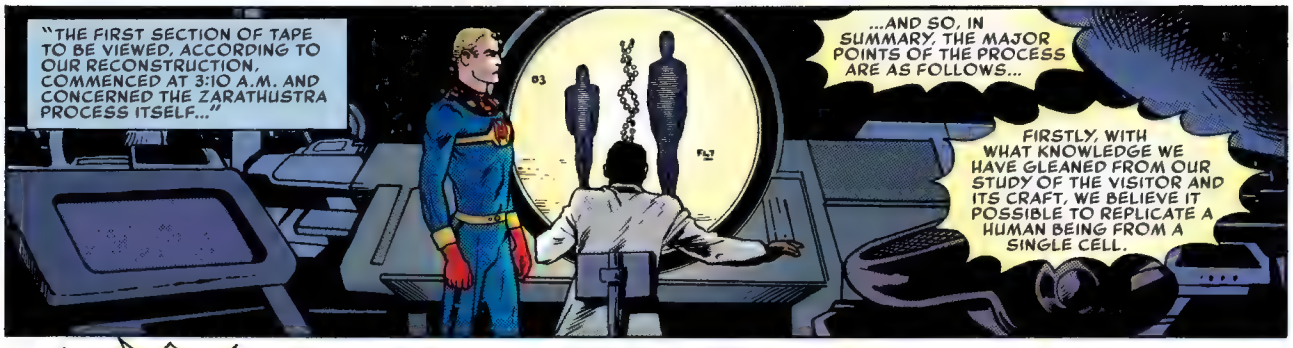
"THEY WOULD HAVE ALMOST CERTAINLY NOTICED THE SKELETON(S) OF THE DEAD SUPERHUMAN.

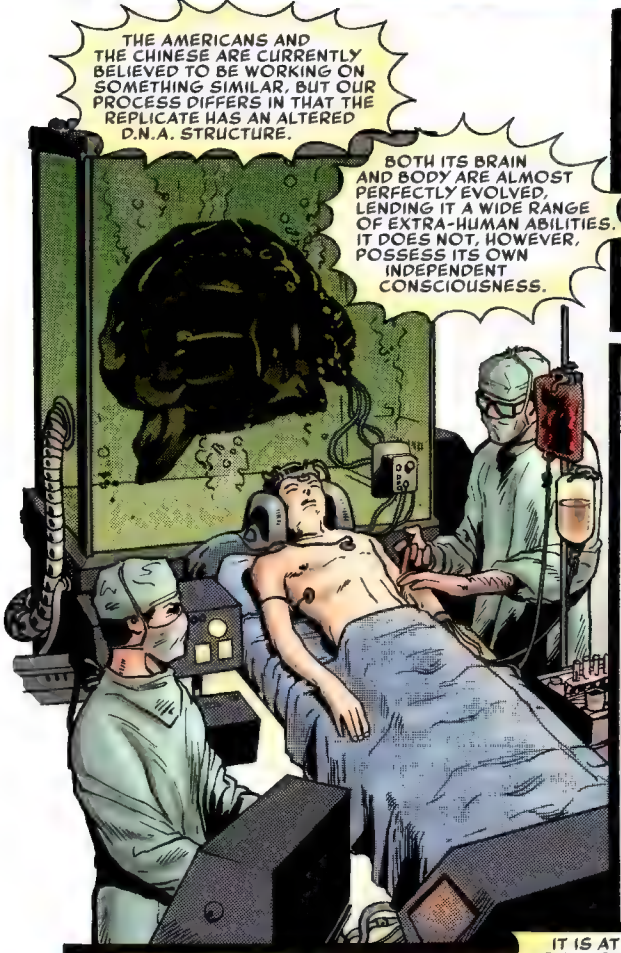
"LIKEWISE THE SKELETON(S) OF THE VISITOR AND THE MOUNTED HULL FRAGMENT OF THE VISITOR'S CRAFT. IN THEMSELVES, HOWEVER, THESE EXHIBITS WOULD MEAN LITTLE TO THE UNINFORMED.

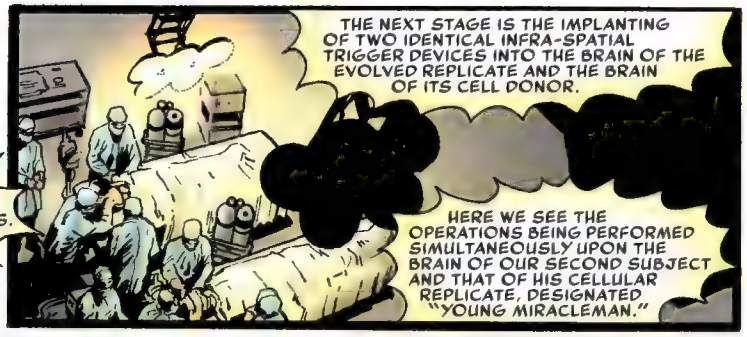
"IN THEMSELVES, THEY WOULD NOT HAVE PROVOKED A REACTION FEROCIOUS ENOUGH TO DEVASTATE MILLIONS OF POUNDS WORTH OF TECHNOLOGY.

"IT IS CLEAR, HOWEVER, THAT **SOMETHING** DID.

"WE CAN ONLY ASSUME THAT IT WAS THE VIDEO TAPES AND THE DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE CONTAINED THEREIN THAT TRIGGERED THE MONSTER'S APOCALYPTIC OUTBURST.
"ALL WE CAN SAY IS THAT THE MASTER VIDEO DISPLAY WAS ACTIVATED AT 3:10, THAT CREAM AND THE MONSTER SPENT THE NEXT THREE QUARTERS OF AN HOUR STUDYING IT...
"AGAIN, ON-SITE DIGITAL RECORDERS INFORM US THAT THE VIDEO MONITORS WERE USED AND THAT SEVERAL KEY SEQUENCES OF A CLASSIFIED NATURE WERE VIEWED IN THEIR ENTIRETY.
"BUT AS TO WHICH PIECE OF INFORMATION SHOULD AFFECT THE MONSTER SO SEVERELY WE CANNOT SAY WITH ANY PRECISION. REMEMBER, WE ARE DEALING WITH A MIND THAT IS NOT HUMAN.
"...AND THAT AT 3:56 A.M., THE CREATURE KNOWN AS MIRACLEMAN WENT SUDDENLY AND INEXPLICABLY BERSERK.
MIRACLEMAN
'ZARATHUSTRA'

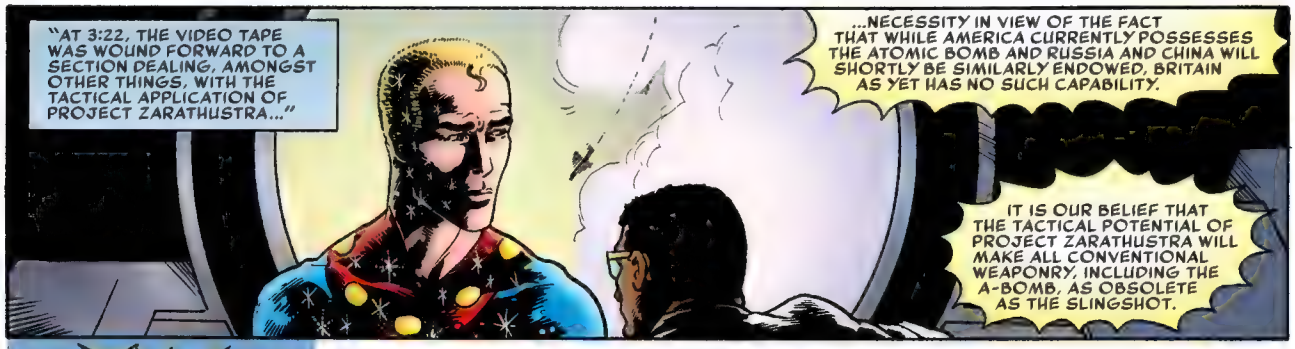

"THE FIRST SECTION OF TAPE TO BE VIEWED, ACCORDING TO OUR RECONSTRUCTION, COMMENCED AT 3:10 A.M. AND CONCERNED THE ZARATHUSTRA PROCESS ITSELF..."
...AND SO, IN SUMMARY, THE MAJOR POINTS OF THE PROCESS ARE AS FOLLOWS...
FIRSTLY, WITH WHAT KNOWLEDGE WE HAVE GLEANED FROM OUR STUDY OF THE VISITOR AND ITS CRAFT, WE BELIEVE IT POSSIBLE TO REPLICATE A HUMAN BEING FROM A SINGLE CELL.

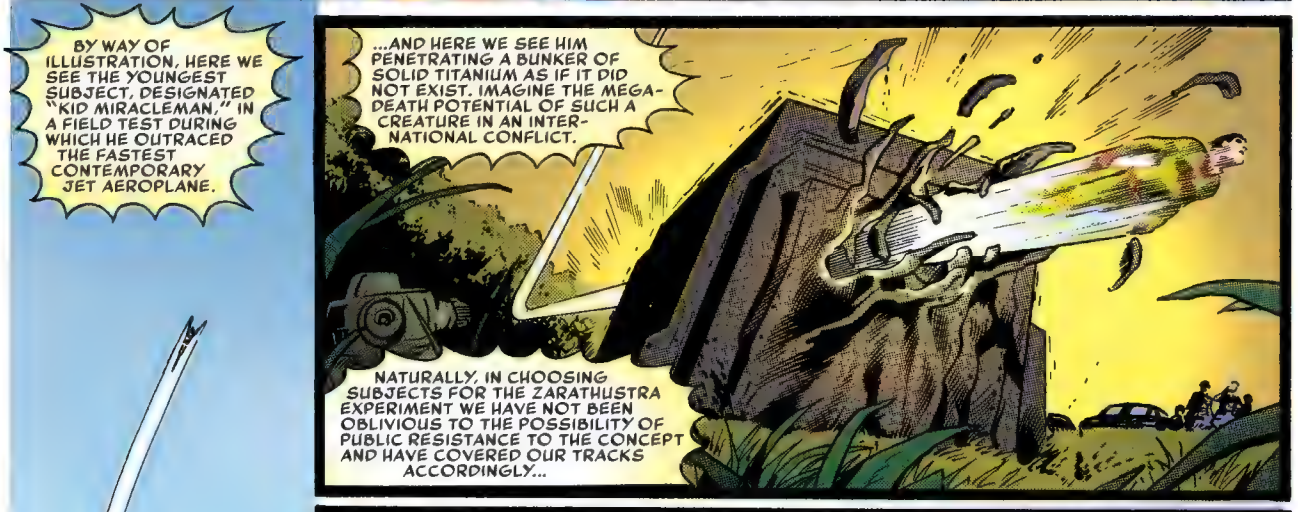

THE AMERICANS AND THE CHINESE ARE CURRENTLY BELIEVED TO BE WORKING ON SOMETHING SIMILAR, BUT OUR PROCESS DIFFERS IN THAT THE REPLICATE HAS AN ALTERED D.N.A. STRUCTURE.
BOTH ITS BRAIN AND BODY ARE ALMOST PERFECTLY EVOLVED, LENDING IT A WIDE RANGE OF EXTRA-HUMAN ABILITIES. IT DOES NOT, HOWEVER, POSSESS ITS OWN INDEPENDENT CONSCIOUSNESS.

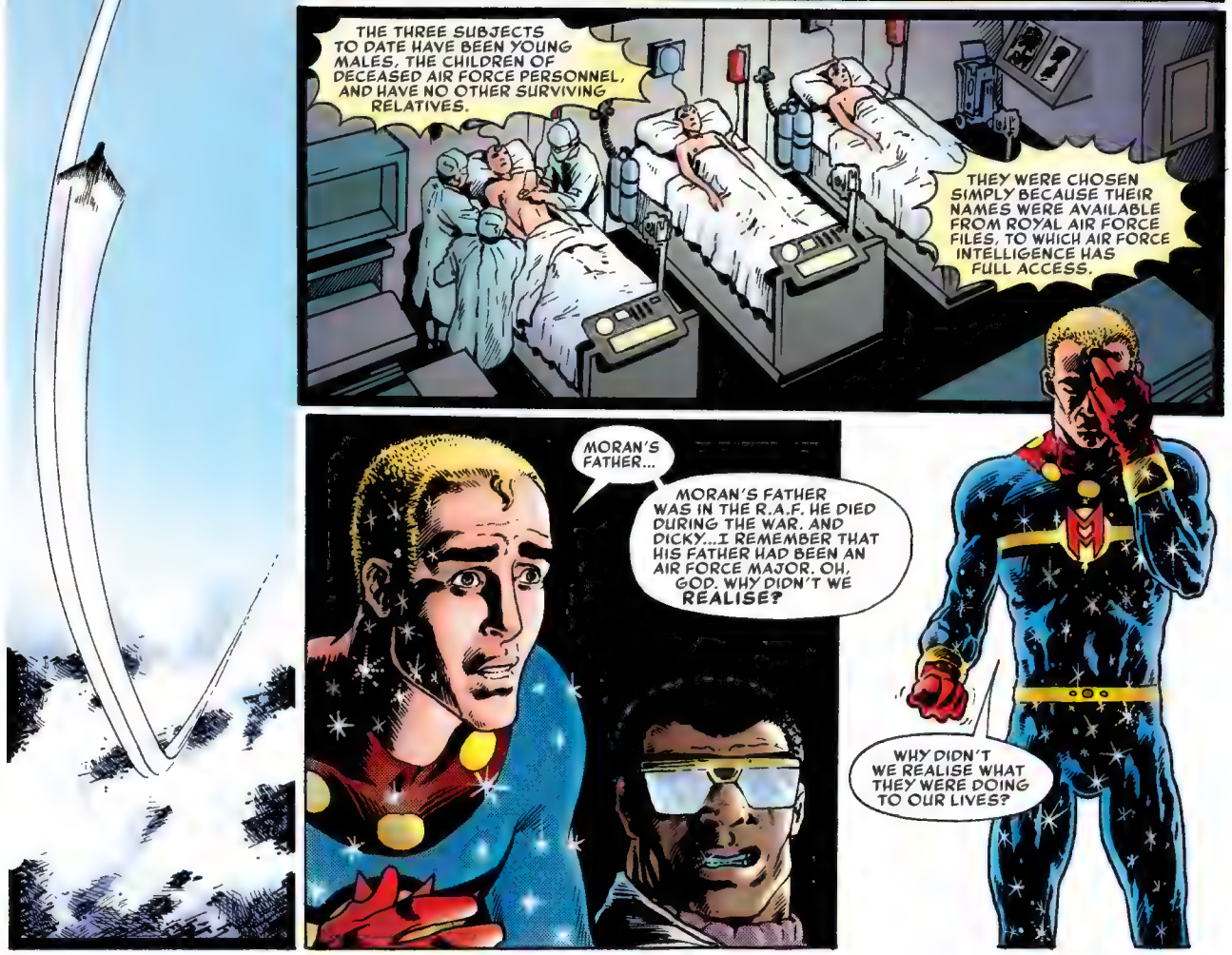

THE NEXT STAGE IS THE IMPLANTING OF TWO IDENTICAL INFRA-SPATIAL TRIGGER DEVICES INTO THE BRAIN OF THE EVOLVED REPLICATE AND THE BRAIN OF ITS CELL DONOR.
HERE WE SEE THE OPERATIONS BEING PERFORMED SIMULTANEOUSLY UPON THE BRAIN OF OUR SECOND SUBJECT AND THAT OF HIS CELLULAR REPLICATE, DESIGNATED "YOUNG MIRACLEMAN."

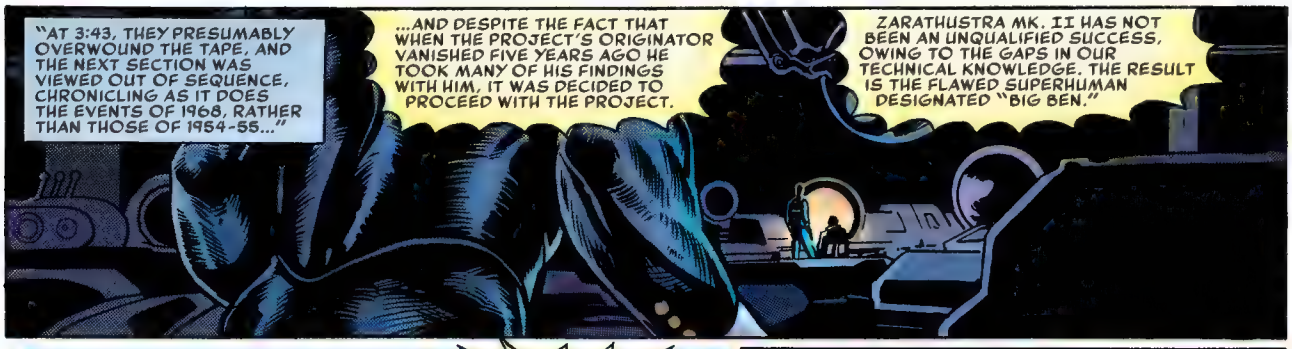
I REMIND YOU THAT THIS STAGGERING TECHNOLOGY IS PURELY THAT WHICH WE HAVE EXTRAPOLATED FROM THE REMAINS OF OUR UNFORTUNATE VISITOR.
THE NEXT STAGE IS THE DISPLACEMENT OF THE REPLICATE INTO INFRA-SPACE, WHERE IT REMAINS CONNECTED TO ITS HUMAN COUNTERPART BY THE AGENCY OF THE IMPLANTED TRIGGER DEVICE.

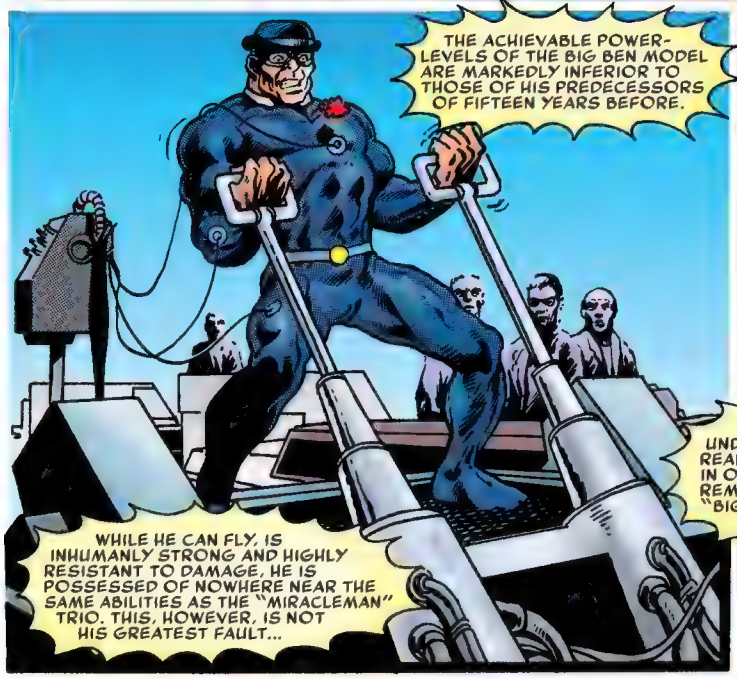
WHEN THE TRIGGER DEVICE IS ACTIVATED, THE HUMAN BODY IS DISPLACED INTO INFRA-SPACE WHILE THE REPLICATE BODY MOVES INTO OUR OWN CONTINUUM.
IT IS AT THIS POINT THAT THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE HUMAN FORM IS TRANSFERRED TO THAT OF THE REPLICATE. THE TRIGGER DEVICE IS ACTIVATED BY THE SPEAKING OF A POST-HYPNOTIC KEY WORD.
IN THE CASE OF THIS PARTICULAR SUBJECT, THE KEY WORD IS THE NAME OF HIS SENIOR PROTÉGÉ, "MIRACLEMAN."
OH, GOD...


"AT 3:22, THE VIDEO TAPE WAS WOUND FORWARD TO A SECTION DEALING, AMONGST OTHER THINGS, WITH THE TACTICAL APPLICATION OF PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA..."
...NECESSITY IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT WHILE AMERICA CURRENTLY POSSESSES THE ATOMIC BOMB AND RUSSIA AND CHINA WILL SHORTLY BE SIMILARLY ENDOWED, BRITAIN AS YET HAS NO SUCH CAPABILITY.
IT IS OUR BELIEF THAT THE TACTICAL POTENTIAL OF PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA WILL MAKE ALL CONVENTIONAL WEAPONRY, INCLUDING THE A-BOMB, AS OBSOLETE AS THE SLINGSHOT.

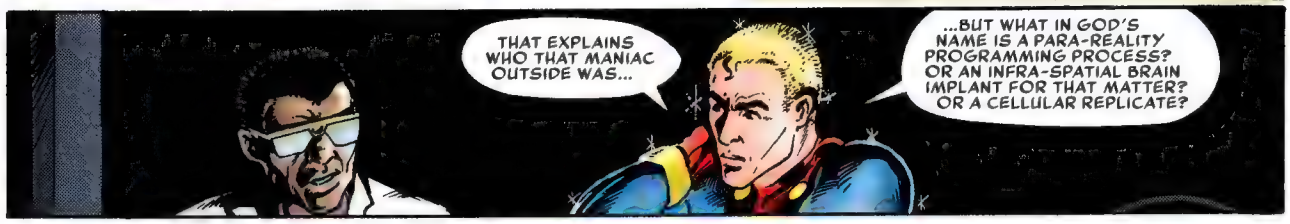

BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION, HERE WE SEE THE YOUNGEST SUBJECT, DESIGNATED "KID MIRACLEMAN," IN A FIELD TEST DURING WHICH HE OUTRACED THE FASTEST CONTEMPORARY JET AEROPLANE.
...AND HERE WE SEE HIM PENETRATING A BUNKER OF SOLID TITANIUM AS IF IT DID NOT EXIST. IMAGINE THE MEGA-DEATH POTENTIAL OF SUCH A CREATURE IN AN INTER-NATIONAL CONFLICT.
NATURALLY, IN CHOOSING SUBJECTS FOR THE ZARATHUSTRA EXPERIMENT WE HAVE NOT BEEN OBLIVIOUS TO THE POSSIBILITY OF PUBLIC RESISTANCE TO THE CONCEPT AND HAVE COVERED OUR TRACKS ACCORDINGLY...

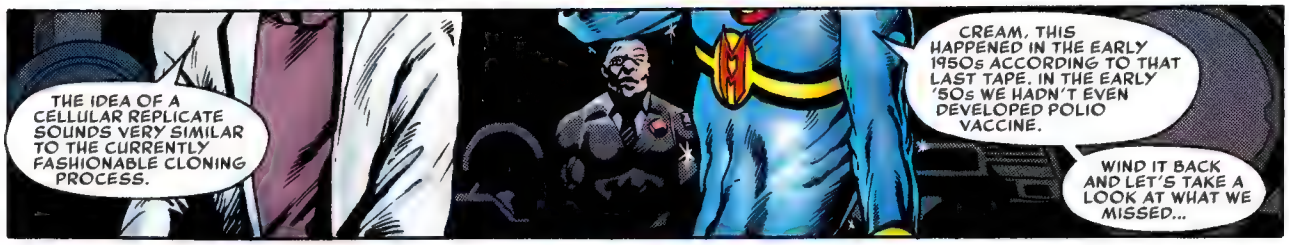

THE THREE SUBJECTS TO DATE HAVE BEEN YOUNG MALES, THE CHILDREN OF DECEASED AIR FORCE PERSONNEL, AND HAVE NO OTHER SURVIVING RELATIVES.
THEY WERE CHOSEN SIMPLY BECAUSE THEIR NAMES WERE AVAILABLE FROM ROYAL AIR FORCE FILES, TO WHICH AIR FORCE INTELLIGENCE HAS FULL ACCESS.
MORAN'S FATHER...
MORAN'S FATHER WAS IN THE R.A.F. HE DIED DURING THE WAR. AND DICKY...I REMEMBER THAT HIS FATHER HAD BEEN AN AIR FORCE MAJOR. OH, GOD. WHY DIDN'T WE REALISE?
WHY DIDN'T WE REALISE WHAT THEY WERE DOING TO OUR LIVES?

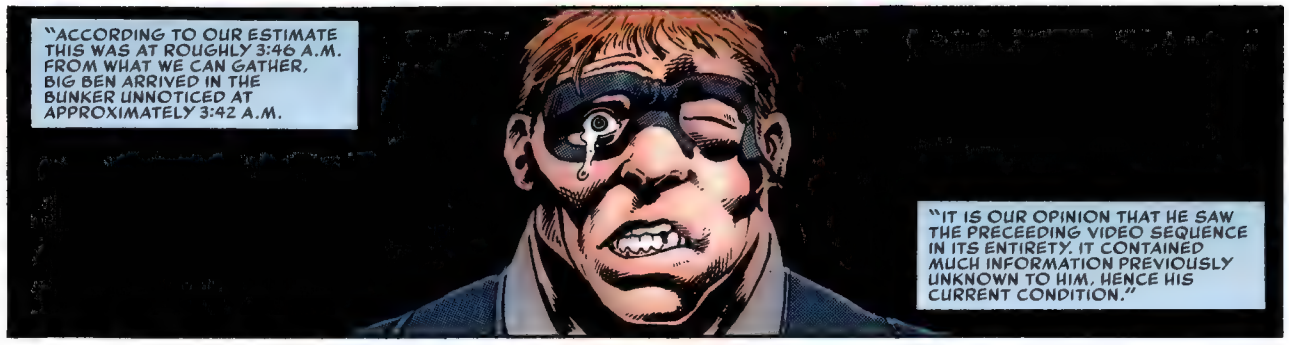

"AT 3:43, THEY PRESUMABLY OVERWOUND THE TAPE, AND THE NEXT SECTION WAS VIEWED OUT OF SEQUENCE, CHRONICLING AS IT DOES THE EVENTS OF 1968, RATHER THAN THOSE OF 1954-55..."
...AND DESPITE THE FACT THAT WHEN THE PROJECT'S ORIGINATOR VANISHED FIVE YEARS AGO HE TOOK MANY OF HIS FINDINGS WITH HIM, IT WAS DECIDED TO PROCEED WITH THE PROJECT.
ZARATHUSTRA MK. II HAS NOT BEEN AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS, OWING TO THE GAPS IN OUR TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE. THE RESULT IS THE FLAWED SUPERHUMAN DESIGNATED "BIG BEN."


THE ACHIEVABLE POWER-LEVELS OF THE BIG BEN MODEL ARE MARKEDLY INFERIOR TO THOSE OF HIS PREDECESSORS OF FIFTEEN YEARS BEFORE.
WHILE HE CAN FLY, IS INHUMANLY STRONG AND HIGHLY RESISTANT TO DAMAGE, HE IS POSSESSED OF NOWHERE NEAR THE SAME ABILITIES AS THE "MIRACLEMAN" TRIO. THIS, HOWEVER, IS NOT HIS GREATEST FAULT...

DUE TO OUR LIMITED UNDERSTANDING OF THE PARA-REALITY PROGRAMMING NECESSARY IN ORDER TO CONTROL THESE REMARKABLE CREATURES, "BIG BEN" RECEIVED INADEQUATE CONDITIONING.
AS A RESULT, HIS MIND BECAME UNBALANCED. ALTHOUGH THIS CONDITION MAKES HIM IDEALLY SUGGESTIBLE FOR OUR PURPOSES, IT LIMITS HIS EFFECTIVENESS AGAINST A RATIONAL OPPONENT.

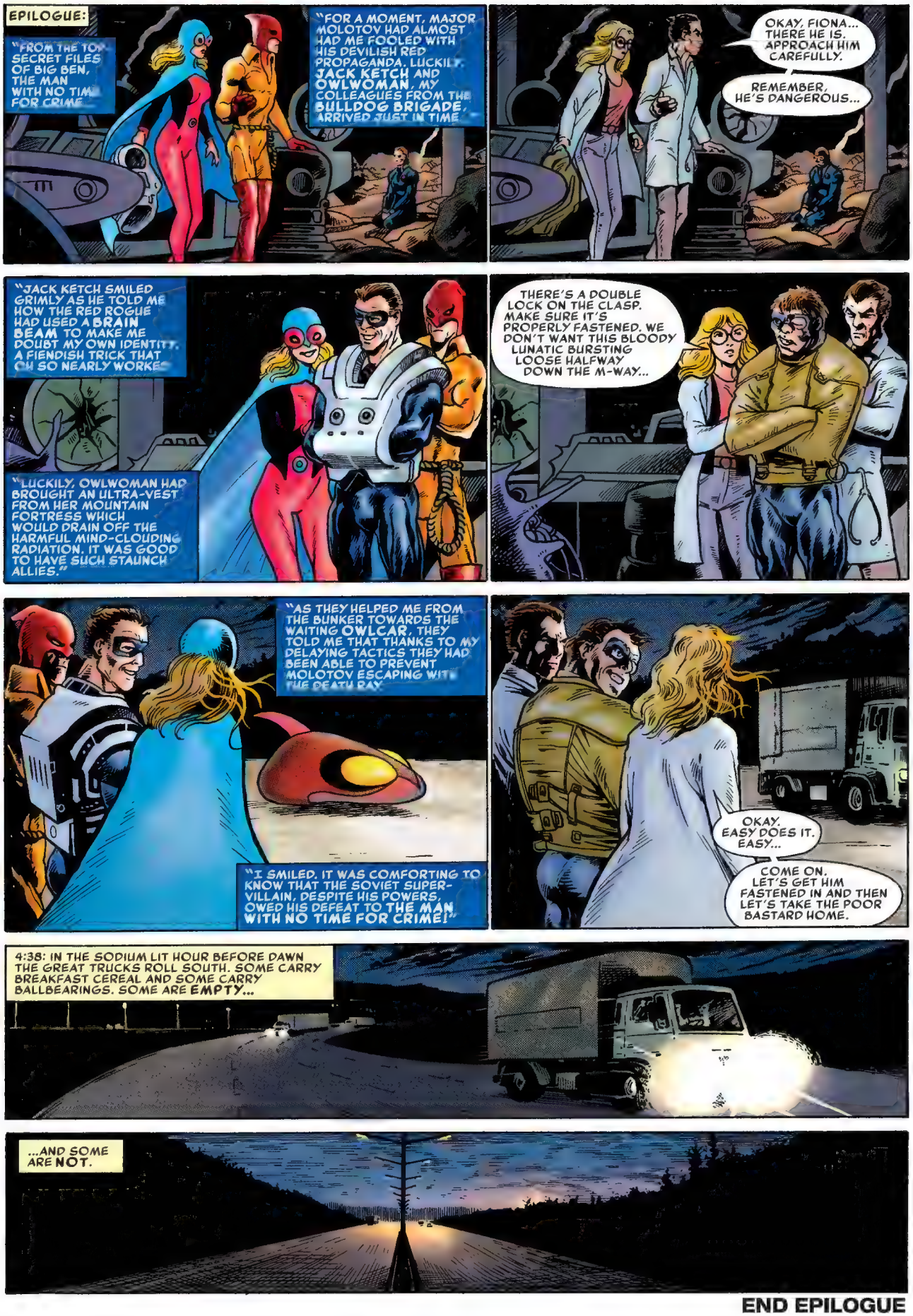

THAT EXPLAINS WHO THAT MANIAC OUTSIDE WAS...
...BUT WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS A PARA-REALITY PROGRAMMING PROCESS? OR AN INFRA-SPATIAL BRAIN IMPLANT FOR THAT MATTER? OR A CELLULAR REPLICATE?


THE IDEA OF A CELLULAR REPLICATE SOUNDS VERY SIMILAR TO THE CURRENTLY FASHIONABLE CLONING PROCESS.
CREAM, THIS HAPPENED IN THE EARLY 1950s ACCORDING TO THAT LAST TAPE. IN THE EARLY '50s WE HADN'T EVEN DEVELOPED POLIO VACCINE.
WIND IT BACK AND LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT WE MISSED...

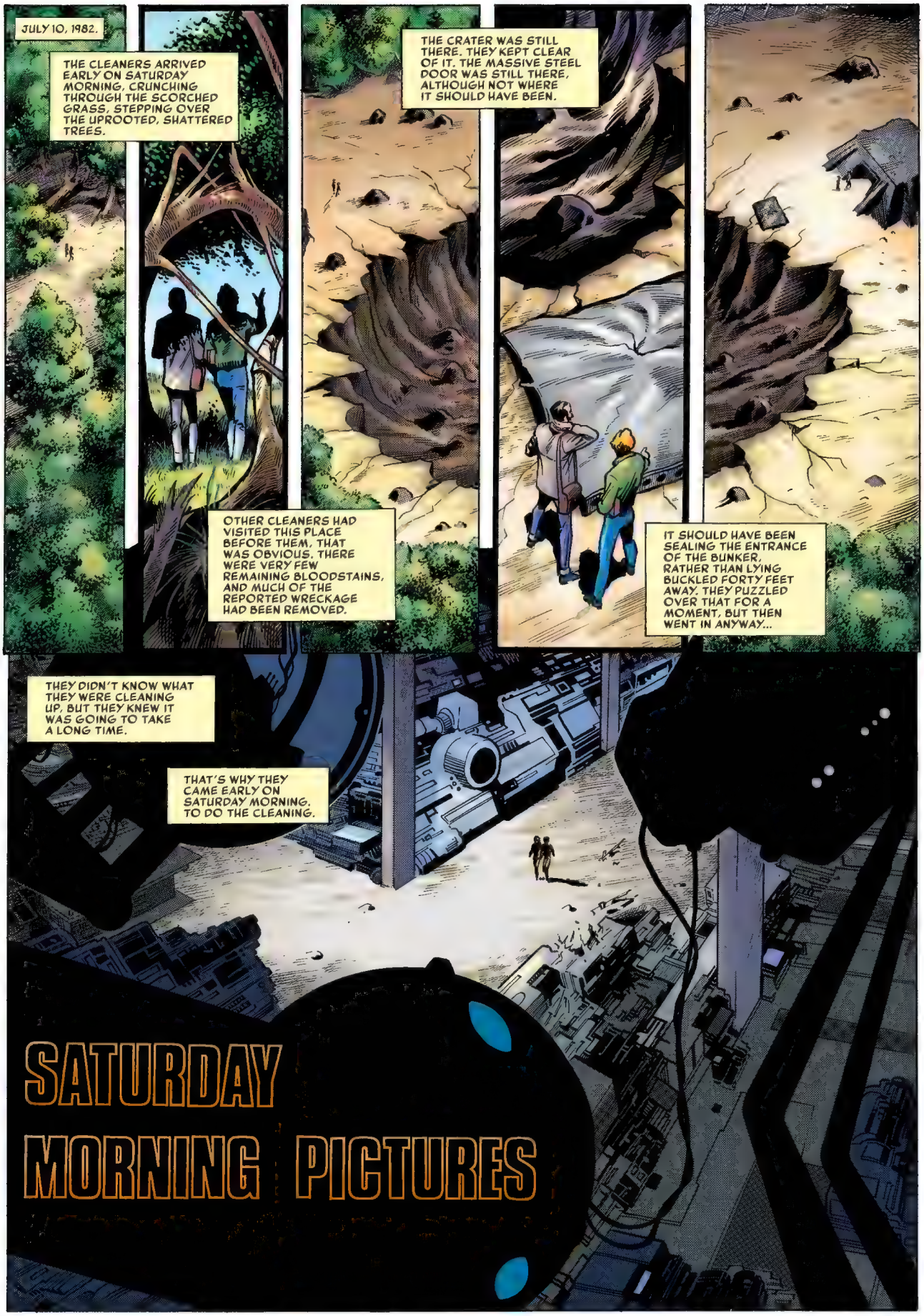

"ACCORDING TO OUR ESTIMATE THIS WAS AT ROUGHLY 3:46 A.M. FROM WHAT WE CAN GATHER, BIG BEN ARRIVED IN THE BUNKER UNNOTICED AT APPROXIMATELY 3:42 A.M.
"IT IS OUR OPINION THAT HE SAW THE PRECEEDING VIDEO SEQUENCE IN ITS ENTIRETY. IT CONTAINED MUCH INFORMATION PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN TO HIM, HENCE HIS CURRENT CONDITION."

"ALTHOUGH, AS I HAVE SAID, WE CANNOT BE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN WHICH PIECE OF INFORMATION PREFACED THE MONSTER'S ERUPTION, THE SEQUENCE EMBARKED UPON AT 3:48 SEEMS A STRONG CONTENDER...
"THE SEQUENCE IN QUESTION DESCRIBES THE PARA-REALITY PROGRAMMING PROCESS."
...ORDER TO FULLY CONTROL THE THOUGHT PROCESSES AND MOTIVATIONS OF THESE POTENTIALLY CATASTROPHIC CREATURES, AN ENTIRELY ARTIFICIAL REALITY SET IS CONSTRUCTED.
THE REALITY SET IS THEN FED DIRECTLY INTO THEIR UNCONSCIOUS MINDS WHILE THEY LAY UNDER THE EFFECTS OF POWERFUL SEDATIVES. BRIEFLY, THE PROCESS IS AS FOLLOWS:
THE DREAM WORLD WHICH WE HAVE CONSTRUCTED IS ONE IN WHICH A PSEUDO-RATIONAL EXPLANATION EXISTS FOR THESE BEINGS AND THEIR ABHUMAN ABILITIES.
IT IS A JUVENILE BUT EFFECTIVE SCENARIO IN WHICH THE CREATURES BELIEVE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN MADE INTO "SUPER-HEROES" BY A SEMI-MYSTICAL BEING NAMED "GUNTAG BORGHELM."
SOME OF THE FANTASIES WE PROJECT CONTAIN DELIBERATE CONTRADICTIONS, SOME CONTAIN EVENTS TO STRETCH THE SUBJECT'S CREDIBILITIES TO THE FULLEST.
AS THEY LAY UPON THE SOMATIC-INDUCER COUCHES, THESE FANTASIES ARE PUMPED INTO THEIR SLEEPING CONSCIOUSNESS BY OUR VISITOR-DERIVED TECHNOLOGY.
WE ARE THUS ABLE TO FULLY TEST THEIR RESPONSES AND REACTIONS WITH A TOTALLY SAFE HALLUCINATORY "DRY RUN," RATHER LIKE A FLIGHT SIMULATOR.
WE ARE ATTEMPTING TO DETERMINE HOW OUR ARTIFICIAL BELIEF-SYSTEM WILL ENDURE UNDER STRESS.
MILE
WITH CREATURES OF THIS CAPABILITY, WE CAN AFFORD NO ERROR. THUS, OUR PROGRAMMING HAS BEEN LENGTHY AND EXHAUSTIVE. THE DATE OF THIS RECORDING IS JANUARY 1962...
...AND THE CREATURES HAVE LAIN DREAMING FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS, THEIR ENTIRE EXISTENCE A COMPUTER-DESIGNED FANTASY.
IN ORDER TO EXPLAIN THE FINER DETAILS OF THIS ALL-IMPORTANT MIND PROGRAMMING, HERE IS THE CONTROLLER AND ORIGINATOR OF THE ZARATHUSTRA PROJECT...

...DR. EMIL GARGUNZA.
GREETINGS.
AS YOU HAVE SEEN, BY EMPLOYING THE TECHNOLOGY GLEANED FROM THE VISITOR AND HIS CRAFT WE HAVE COMPLETELY PROGRAMMED THE MINDS OF THESE NEAR-DIVINE CREATURES...
...PROVIDING THEM IN THE PROCESS WITH AN UTTERLY MANUFACTURED IDENTITY WHICH IS OURS TO MANIPULATE AT WILL. TO WHIT: THE IDENTITY OF A CHILDREN'S COMIC BOOK CHARACTER.
GAAARRR-GUNZAAAAAA!
"IT WAS AT 3:56 THAT THE VIDEO MACHINE MALFUNCTIONED AND JAMMED.
"IT WAS AT 3:56 THAT THE MONSTER WENT BERSERK."
...COMIC BOOK CHARACTER...
"THE DAMAGE WAS EXTENSIVE.
"WE CAN ONLY ASSUME THAT AFTER THE MONSTER'S INITIAL RAGE HAD ABATED, CREAM SOMEHOW MANAGED TO CALM HIM DOWN.
"FOR THAT, AT LEAST, WE CAN BE GRATEFUL TO HIM.
...COMIC BOOK CHARACTER...
"WHATEVER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, CREAM AND THE SUPERHUMAN VACATED THE BUNKER AT 4:10 A.M.
"IT ONLY REMAINED FOR MYSELF AND THE CLEAN-UP CREW TO MOVE IN...
...COMIC BOOK CHARACTER...
"...AND PICK UP THE PIECES.
"REPORT ENDS."



END EPILOGUE


JULY 10, 1982.
THE CLEANERS ARRIVED EARLY ON SATURDAY MORNING, CRUNCHING THROUGH THE SCORCHED GRASS, STEPPING OVER THE UPROOTED, SHATTERED TREES.
OTHER CLEANERS HAD VISITED THIS PLACE BEFORE THEM, THAT WAS OBVIOUS. THERE WERE VERY FEW REMAINING BLOODSTAINS, AND MUCH OF THE REPORTED WRECKAGE HAD BEEN REMOVED.
THE CRATER WAS STILL THERE. THEY KEPT CLEAR OF IT. THE MASSIVE STEEL DOOR WAS STILL THERE, ALTHOUGH NOT WHERE IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN.
IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN SEALING THE ENTRANCE OF THE BUNKER, RATHER THAN LYING BUCKLED FORTY FEET AWAY. THEY PUZZLED OVER THAT FOR A MOMENT, BUT THEN WENT IN ANYWAY...
THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE CLEANING UP, BUT THEY KNEW IT WAS GOING TO TAKE A LONG TIME.
THAT'S WHY THEY CAME EARLY ON SATURDAY MORNING, TO DO THE CLEANING.
SATURDAY MORNING PICTURES

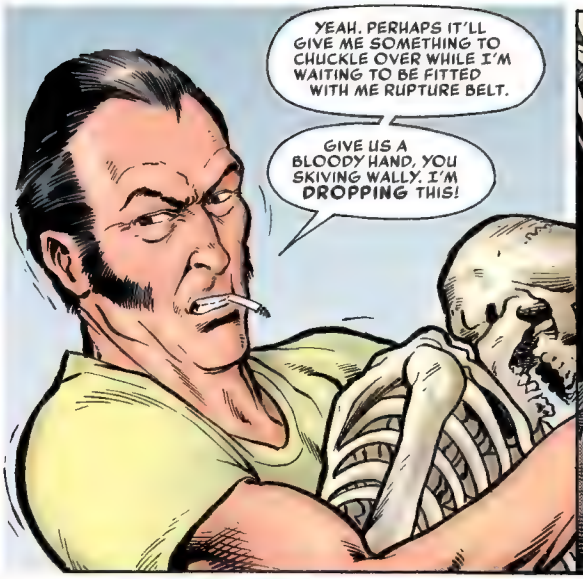
THIS IS A BIT "DAN DARE," ALL THIS STUFF, ENNIT? WHADJA RECKON THEY WERE DOING 'ERE, THEN?
GOD KNOWS. BOMBS MOST LIKELY, LOOKING AT THAT HOLE OUTSIDE.
'ERE... SEEN THIS?
WASSAT? A SKELLINGTON?
NAH. IT'S A MODEL. YOU CAN SEE IT'S A MODEL. THERE'S TWO OF THEM STUCK TOGETHER.
BLOODY SCIENTISTS. LIKE A LOT OF BLOODY KIDS WITH AIRFIX KITS.
NICE VIDEO KIT, THOUGH...OUR MISSUS WOULD GO BARMY OVER ONE OF THESE.
YEAH. LOOK AT THIS STUFF, EH? ALL THIS RECREATION EQUIPMENT FOR A LOT OF SCIENTISTS. WHO'S PAYIN' FOR IT ALL, EH?
YOU AND ME, MATE. THAT'S WHO.
YEAH, MAKES YOU WANNA SPIT, DUNNIT?
AY, THEY GOT A LOAD OF VIDEOS 'ERE. SHALL I SHOVE ONE ON WHILE WE MOP THIS PLACE OUT?
YEAH. WHY NOT. HAVE THEY GOT "DRILLER KILLER"? I WOULDN'T MIND SEEING THAT AGAIN.
1956-1957
1957-1958
1958-1959
1959-1960
HMMM. NO TITLES ON ANY OF 'EM. MUST BE PIRATE JOBS.
JUST DATES. WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE POT LUCK.
THERE YOU ARE. CROSS YOUR FINGERS AND HOPE IT'S NOT BLOODY "ANNIE" OR SOMETHING.
PERHAPS IT'LL BE "I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE." THAT WAS GOOD. WIFE 'ATED IT.
OH, TRIFFIC.
IT'S MIGHTY MOUSE.

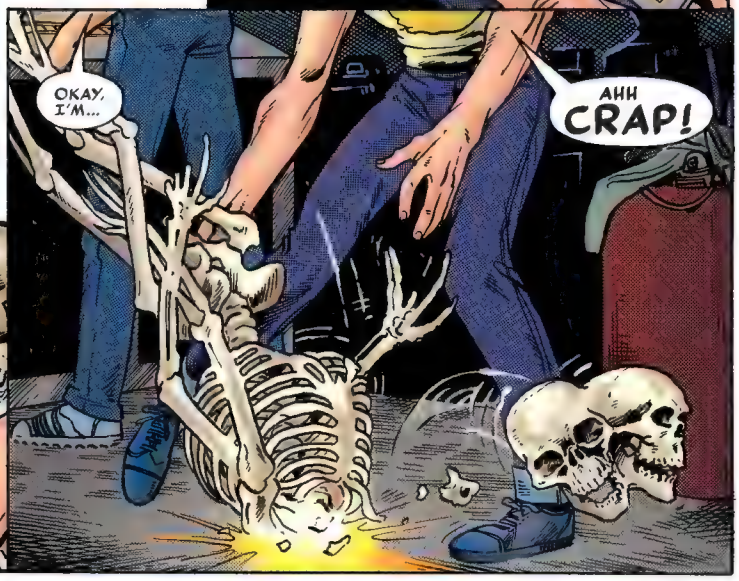
WHAT A LOADA DRIVEL. MY FOUR YEAR OLD WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO WATCH THAT WITHOUT WEEPING.

NAH! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? THAT WAS GREAT.
NO, REALLY, IT WAS A GOOD LAUGH I THOUGHT.
COBBLERS. GIVE US A HAND WITH THIS, WILLYA? IT'S HEAVIER THAN IT LOOKS.

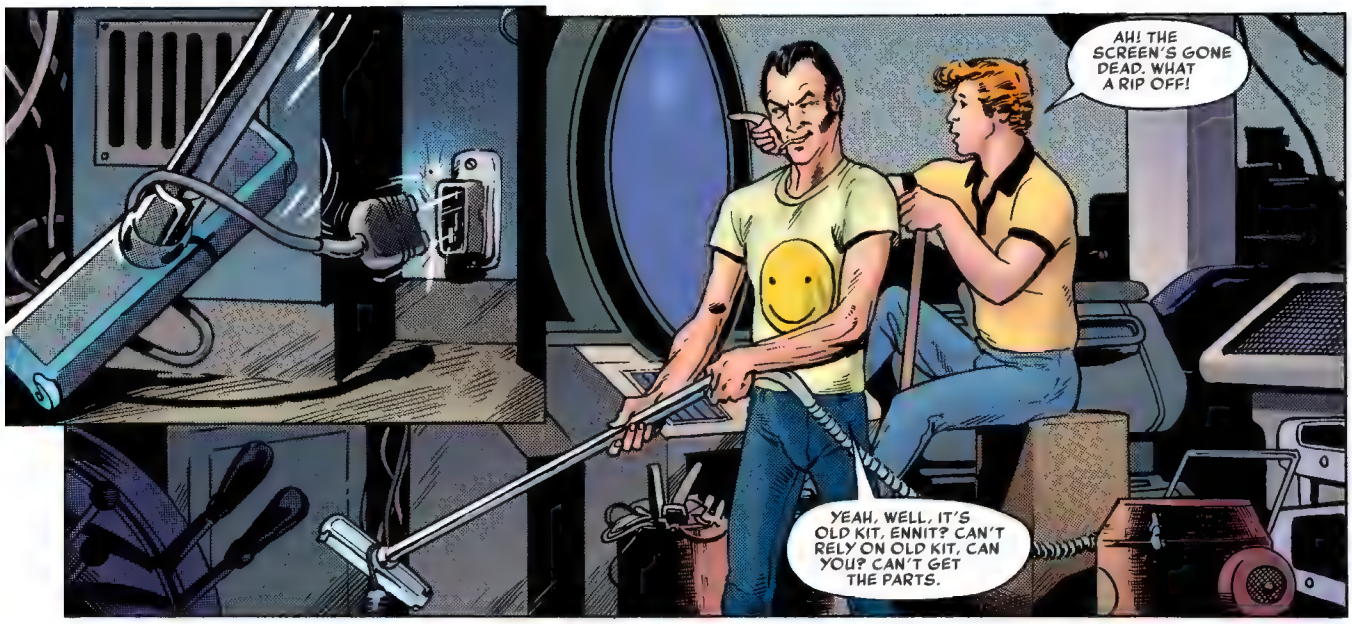
GISSA MINUTE. I JUST WANNA SLIP ANOTHER OF THESE ON.
AW, C'MON, BOB! WE'VE GOTTA GET THIS PLACE SORTED BY TONIGHT.

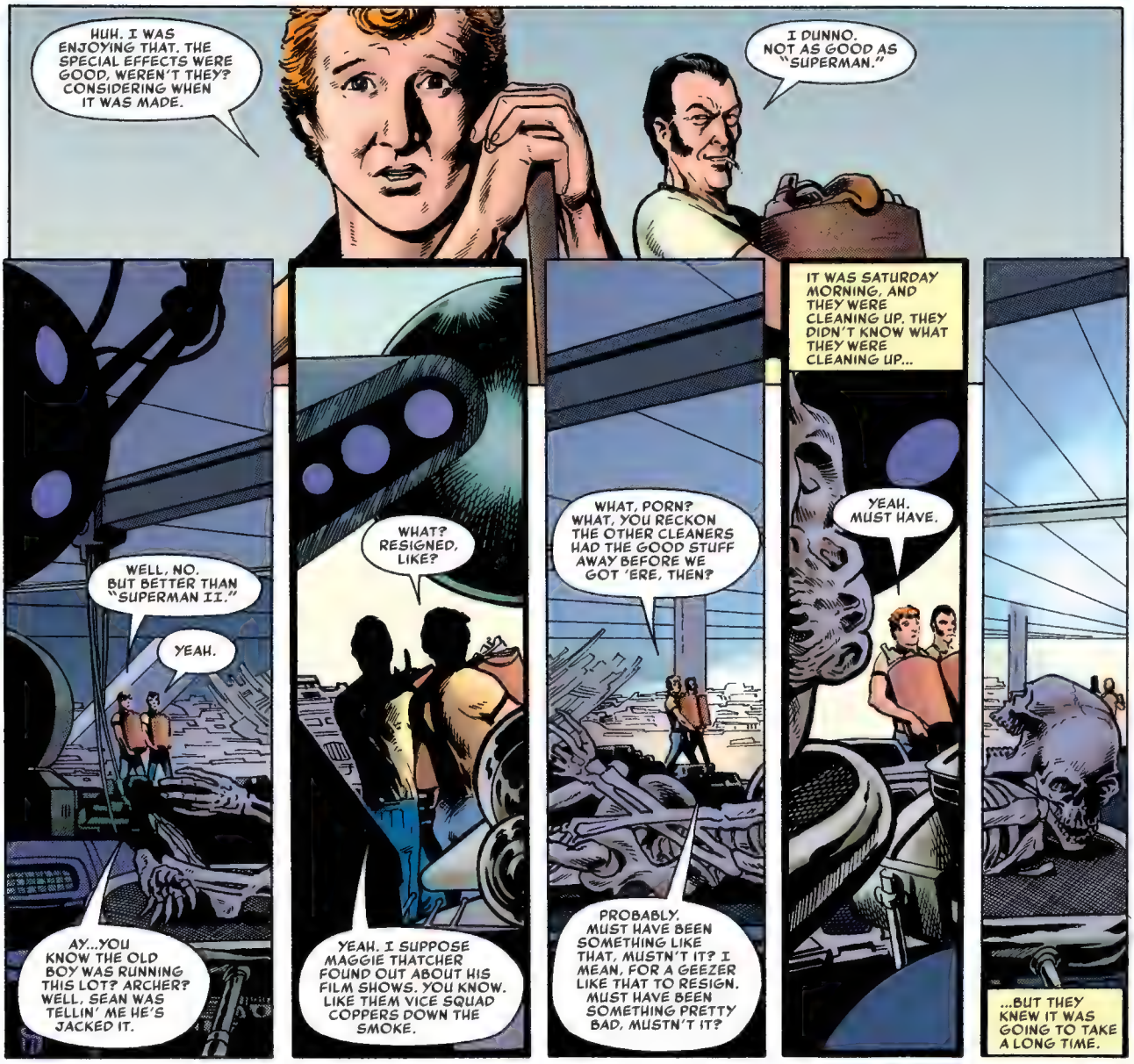
I'LL ONLY BE A SECOND.
AY...HERE'S ONE THAT WAS MADE LATER THAN THE OTHERS. IN THE SIXTIES. PERHAPS YOU'LL LIKE THIS ONE...
1968-1969


YEAH. PERHAPS IT'LL GIVE ME SOMETHING TO CHUCKLE OVER WHILE I'M WAITING TO BE FITTED WITH ME RUPTURE BELT.
GIVE US A BLOODY HAND, YOU SKIVING WALLY. I'M DROPPING THIS!

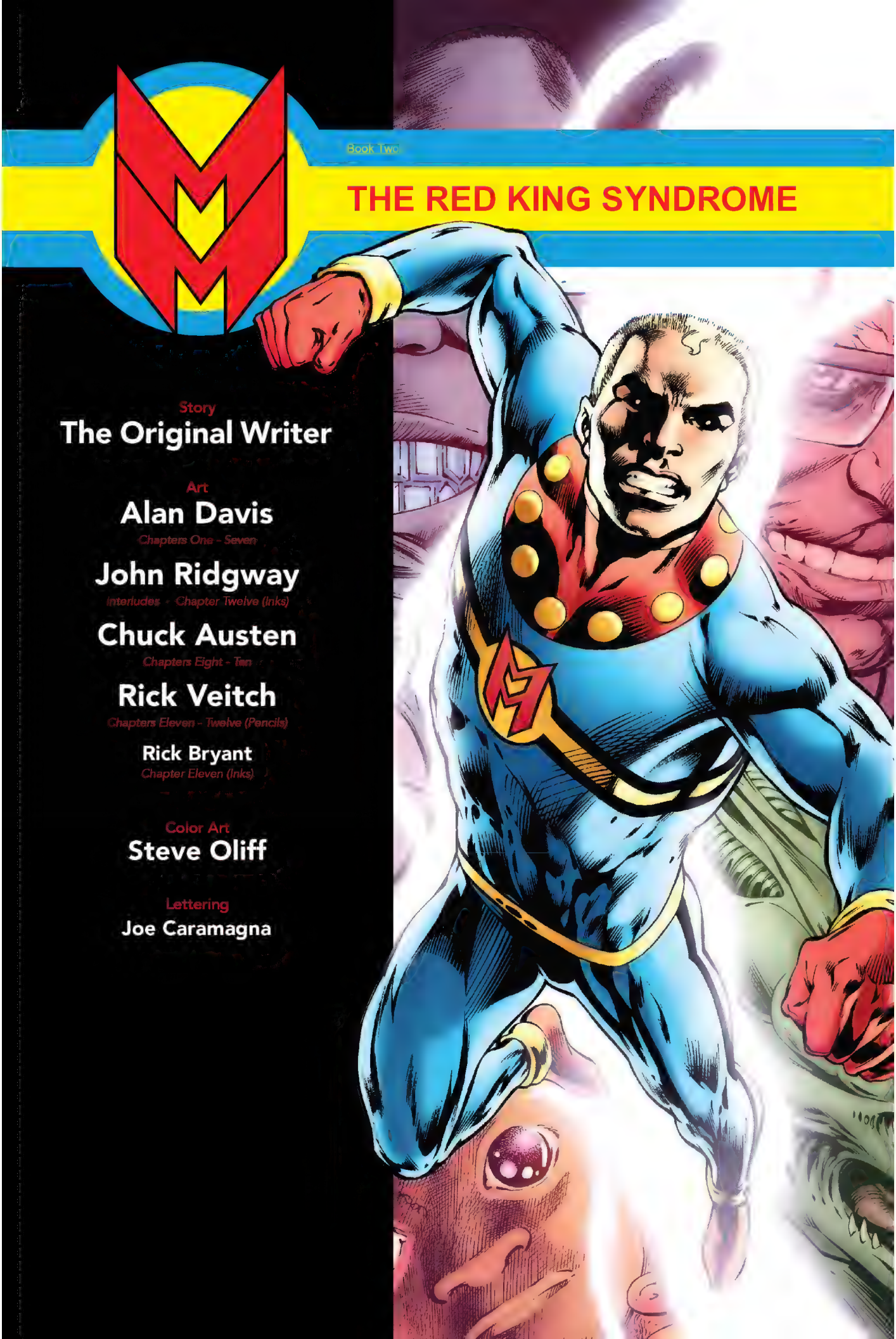

OKAY, I'M...
AHH CRAP!

OH. SORRY.
HEY! LOOK AT THIS! I THINK WE'RE IN LUCK. I THINK IT'S "THE AVENGERS."





END OF BOOK ONE



Book Two

THE RED KING SYNDROME

Story
The Original Writer

Art
Alan Davis
Chapters One - Seven

John Ridgway
Interludes - Chapter Twelve (Inks)

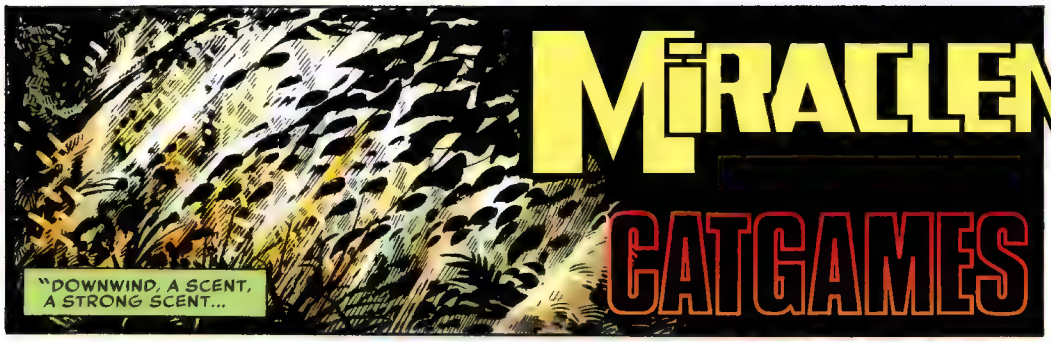
Chuck Austen
Chapters Eight - Ten

Rick Veitch
Chapters Eleven - Twelve (Pencils)

Rick Bryant
Chapter Eleven (Inks)

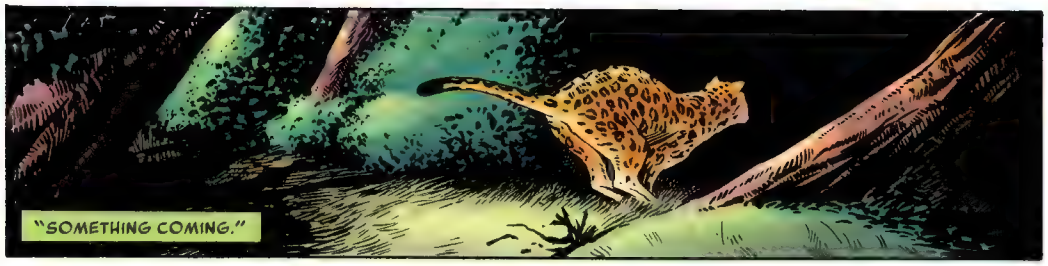
Color Art
Steve Oliff

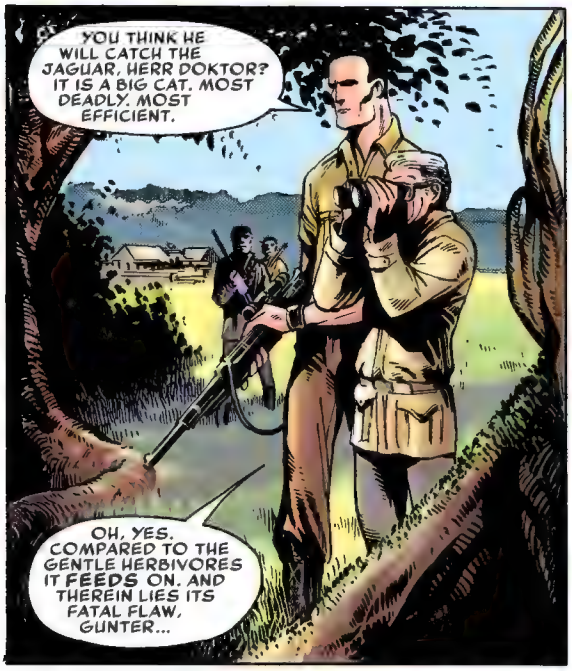
Lettering
Joe Caramagna

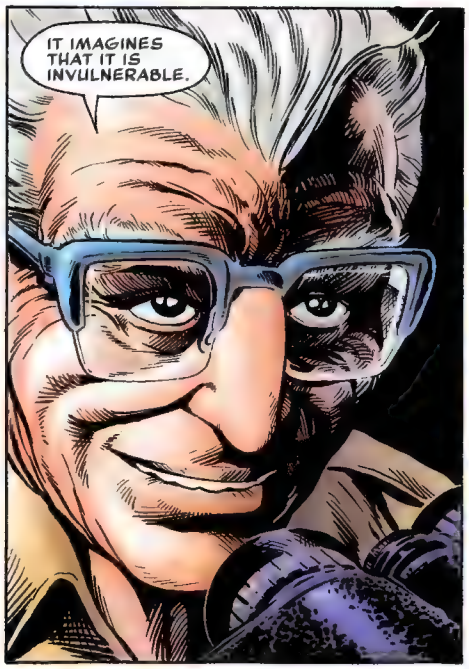

MIRACLEMAN
CATGAMES
"DOWNWIND, A SCENT, A STRONG SCENT...

"A WRONG SCENT.
"THICK, POWERFUL URINE, AND BITTER, ROTTING METAL...
"ROTTING METAL?

"SOMETHING BAD.
"SOMETHING BIG.

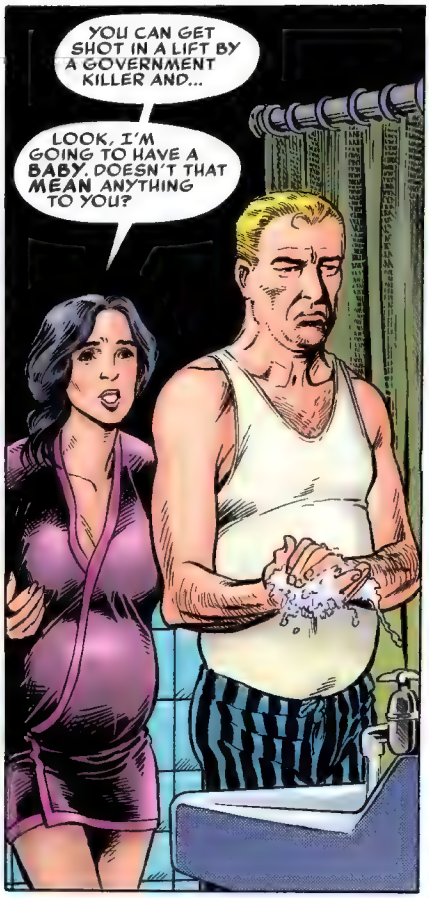

"SOMETHING COMING."


YOU THINK HE WILL CATCH THE JAGUAR, HERR DOKTOR? IT IS A BIG CAT. MOST DEADLY. MOST EFFICIENT.
OH, YES. COMPARED TO THE GENTLE HERBIVORES IT FEEDS ON. AND THEREIN LIES ITS FATAL FLAW, GUNTER...


IT IMAGINES THAT IT IS INVULNERABLE.

"...AND IT ISN'T."

OH, SURE... MIRACLEMAN CAN'T BE HURT.
BUT YOU CAN.


YOU CAN GET SHOT IN A LIFT BY A GOVERNMENT KILLER AND...
LOOK, I'M GOING TO HAVE A BABY. DOESN'T THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

YES! CHRIST, LIZ, OF COURSE IT DOES.
BUT THIS ISN'T MY FAULT. BEING MIRACLEMAN ISN'T MY FAULT. IT WAS SOMETHING THAT WAS DONE TO ME.
AND NOW I'M MIRACLEMAN, AND IT'S A DANGEROUS WORLD ALL OF A SUDDEN.

"DOWNWIND, A SOUND NOW, A SPLINTERING. HAMMERING VIBRATION BENEATH THE PAWS. DEATH COMING.
"HUNGRY DEATH."

I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING THAT WILL REASSURE YOU, LIZ.
YOU'D BETTER TALK TO HIM...
BUT THAT'S JUST RUNNING AWAY FROM IT, MIKE. WE'VE GOT TO...

MIKE? WHERE ARE YOU...

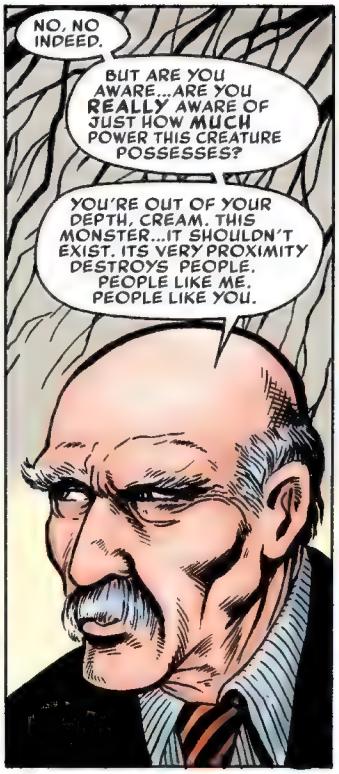
...GOING?

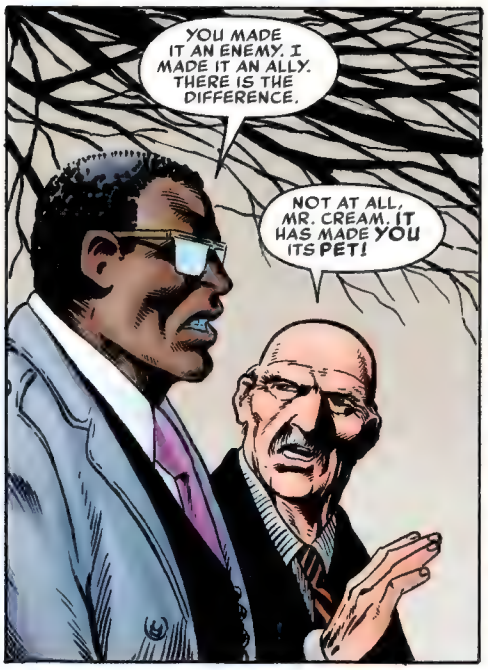
WHAT'S THE MATTER? NOT HUNGRY TODAY?
LOOK...JUST ONE MORE MOUTHFUL. COME ON...GOBBLE IT UP. JUST FOR ME...
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GOBBLE HER UP, EH, JOHNNY BOY?
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SINK YOUR TEETH INTO THAT AND LET THE JUICE RUN DOWN YOUR CHIN?
YOU'D LOVE IT, WOULDN'T YOU?
YOU COULD HAVE HER, JOHNNY. ANY WAY YOU LIKED.
ANY... WAY...YOU... LIKED.
YOU ONLY HAVE TO SAY THE WORD.
LET ME OUT, JOHNNY. JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE.
SHE'S GOT TERRIFIC BREASTS. DON'T YOU THINK SO, JOHNNY? AND LOOK AT HER LEGS...
SHUT UP! I WON'T LET YOU OUT!! I WON'T!
UH...I MEAN... I CAN'T LET YOU OUT. I DON'T HAVE THE POWER ANYMORE.
THAT'S WHAT I MEANT TO SAY... I CAN'T.
NOT UNTIL A SECOND AGO.
TO BE HONEST, JOHNNY, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD...
"A TRAP.
"A TRAP THAT SMELLS OF WIRE AND BLOOD AND SPRING-LOADED JAWS. A TRAP. A TRAP THAT RUNS AND SNIFFS AND BREATHES...
"...AND FOLLOWS."

IT SEEMS YOU HAVE ME WHERE YOU WANT ME, MR. CREAM. WHAT ARE YOUR TERMS?
OH, THEY ARE NOT SEVERE ONES, SIR DENNIS.

I SIMPLY REQUIRE THAT NEITHER I NOR MY UNNAMED ASSOCIATES SHOULD BE MOLESTED IN ANY WAY, AND THAT ALL INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE ZARATHUSTRA PROJECT BE SUSPENDED FORTHWITH.
AS I HAVE STATED, SHOULD ANY HARM COME TO ME, SEVERAL NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS WILL BE RECEIVING LARGE AND POTENTIALLY EMBARRASSING WADS OF DOCUMENTATION.

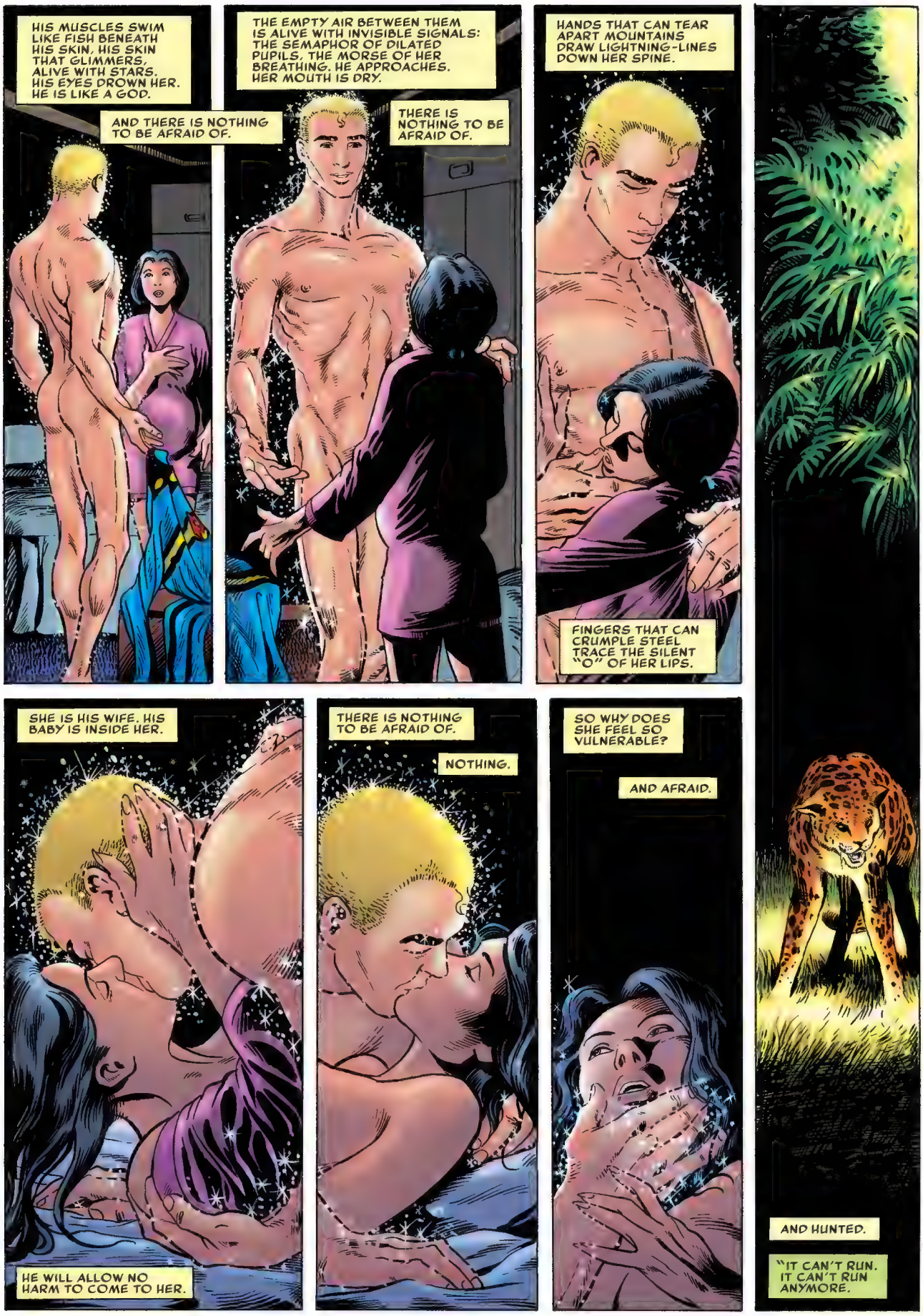
CREAM... WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO GAIN FROM ALL THIS?
WHY, POWER, SIR DENNIS. POWER. SURELY THIS IS NOT A FOREIGN CONCEPT TO YOU?


NO, NO INDEED.
BUT ARE YOU AWARE...ARE YOU REALLY AWARE OF JUST HOW MUCH POWER THIS CREATURE POSSESSES?
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR DEPTH, CREAM. THIS MONSTER...IT SHOULDN'T EXIST. ITS VERY PROXIMITY DESTROYS PEOPLE. PEOPLE LIKE ME. PEOPLE LIKE YOU.


YOU MADE IT AN ENEMY. I MADE IT AN ALLY. THERE IS THE DIFFERENCE.
NOT AT ALL, MR. CREAM. IT HAS MADE YOU ITS PET!

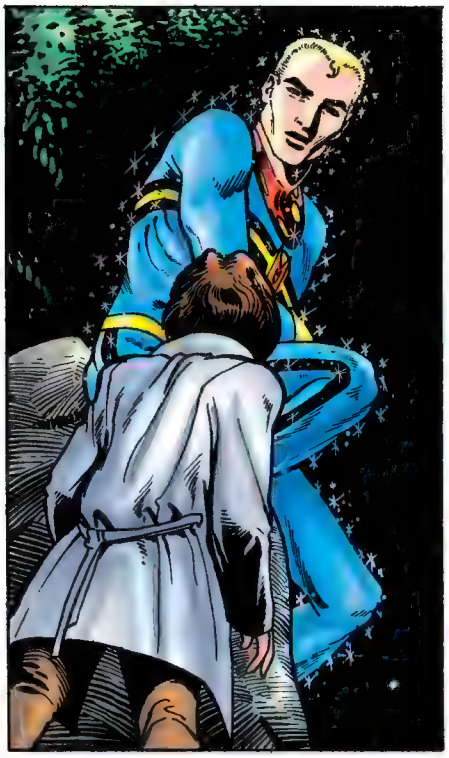
HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT HOW LITTLE HE MUST CARE ABOUT US? AS A SPECIES? HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT WHAT WE MUST LOOK LIKE TO HIM?
LIKE ANIMALS, CREAM...

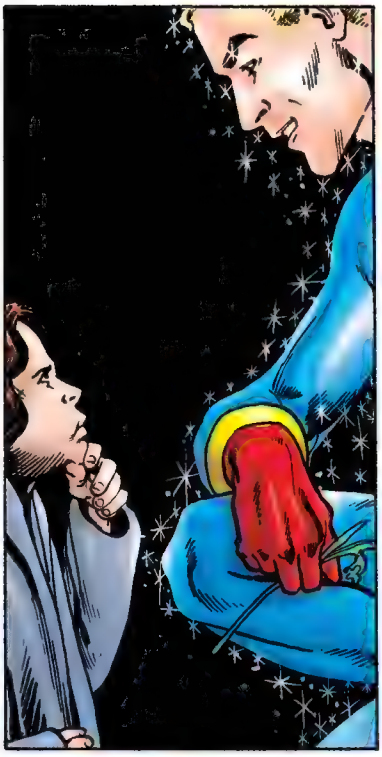
"LIKE FRIGHTENED, STUPID ANIMALS."

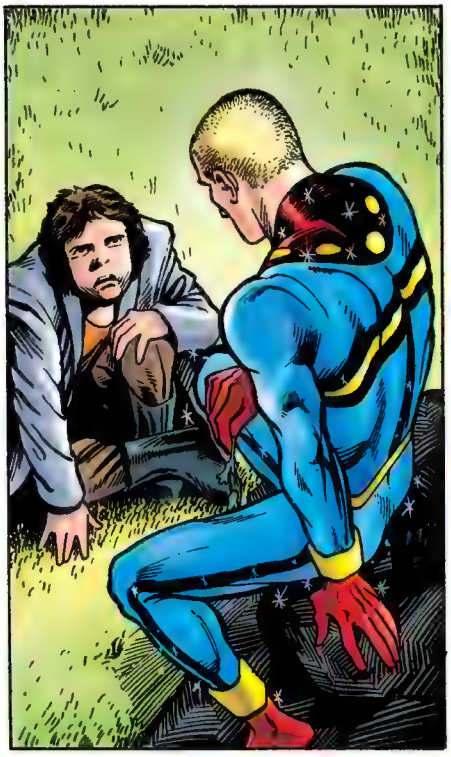

HIS MUSCLES SWIM LIKE FISH BENEATH HIS SKIN, HIS SKIN THAT GLIMMERS, ALIVE WITH STARS. HIS EYES DROWN HER. HE IS LIKE A GOD.
AND THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.
THE EMPTY AIR BETWEEN THEM IS ALIVE WITH INVISIBLE SIGNALS: THE SEMAPHOR OF DILATED PUPILS, THE MORSE OF HER BREATHING. HE APPROACHES. HER MOUTH IS DRY.
THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.
HANDS THAT CAN TEAR APART MOUNTAINS DRAW LIGHTNING-LINES DOWN HER SPINE.
FINGERS THAT CAN CRUMPLE STEEL TRACE THE SILENT "O" OF HER LIPS.
SHE IS HIS WIFE. HIS BABY IS INSIDE HER.
HE WILL ALLOW NO HARM TO COME TO HER.
THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.
NOTHING.
SO WHY DOES SHE FEEL SO VULNERABLE?
AND AFRAID.
AND HUNTED.
"IT CAN'T RUN. IT CAN'T RUN ANYMORE.

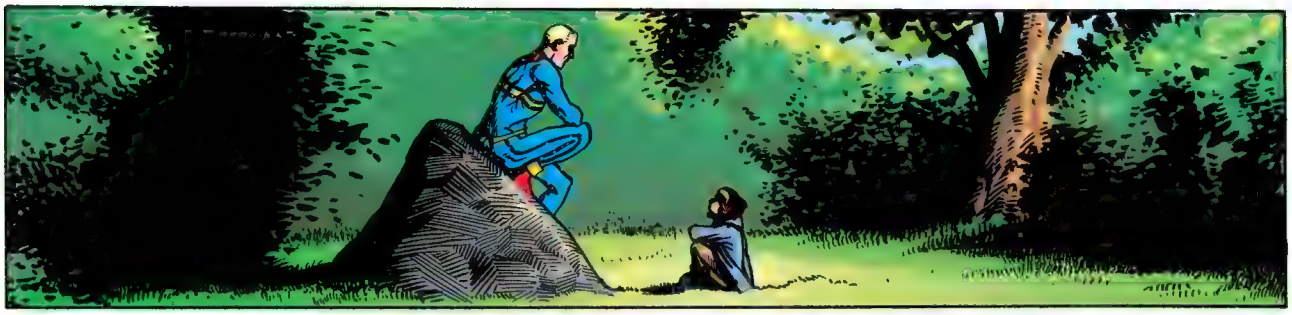
"IT WILL HAVE TO TURN.
"IT WILL HAVE TO FIGHT.
"HERE IT COMES.
"NOW."
NOW...
NOW...
NOW!!

JASON OAKEY: NINE YEARS OLD, ALSO KNOWN AS "ANNIE" BECAUSE OF ANNIE OAKLEY WHICH HAS AN "L" SO IT'S A STUPID NICKNAME ANYWAY AND HE WISHES GARRY WATTS WOULD LEAVE IT OUT...
CURRENT WHEREABOUTS: EPPING FOREST, INSPECTING HIS EMERGENCY SUPPLIES, SECRETED THUS AGAINST THE CONTINGENCY OF A THERMO-NUCLEAR WAR.
OVEN FOIL
(1 SPRING-LOADED GUN THAT FIRED DRIED PEAS, 1 PKT. CUSTARD CREAMS NOT YET QUITE SOFT ENOUGH TO EAT, 2 COPIES "HEALTH AND EFFICIENCY," 1 PKT. DRIED PEAS, 4 ROTHMANS.)
HE IS CONSIDERING WAYS IN WHICH TO MAKE AN ANTI-RADIATION SUIT OUT OF OVEN FOIL...
...WHEN HE NOTICES THE GLITTERING.
MIRACLEMAN
ONE OF THOSE QUIET MOMENTS

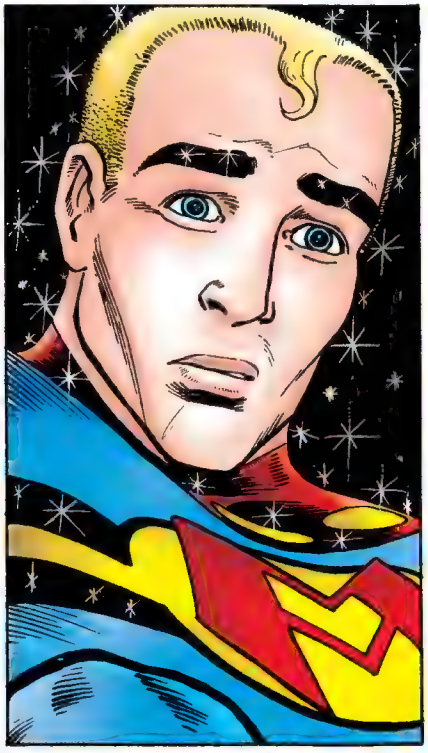




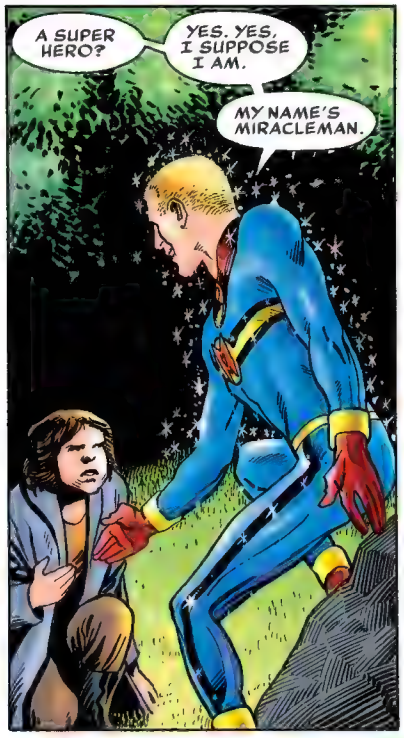




ARE YOU A POUF?
OR ARE YOU A NERO?



YOU KNOW.
A NERO.
A SOUP-ARREARO.

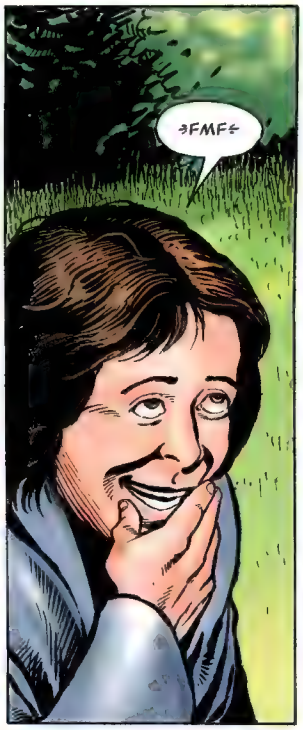

A SUPER HERO?
YES. YES, I SUPPOSE I AM.
MY NAME'S MIRACLEMAN.

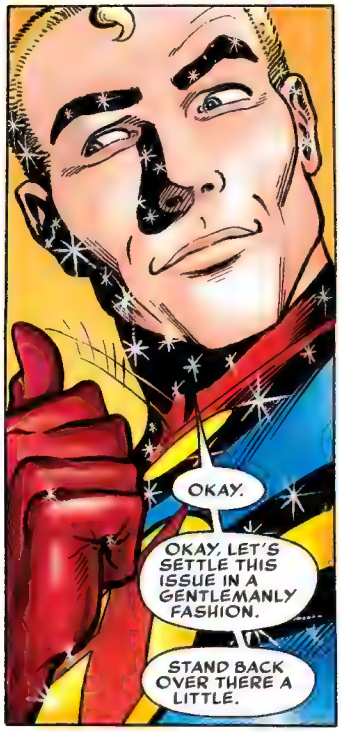
JASON OAKEY.
NICE TO MEET YOU.
WHAT'S ALL THAT SHINY STUFF?

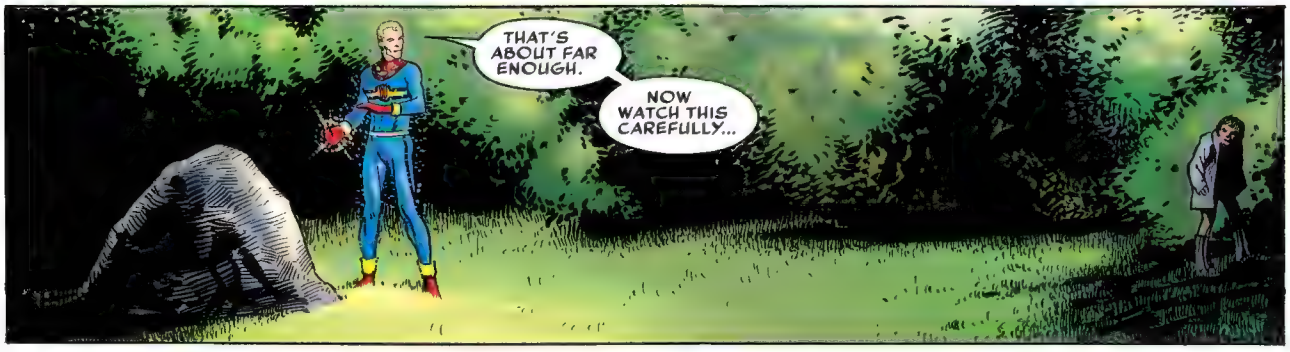
IT'S MY FORCE FIELD.
I CALL IT THE "TINKERBELL EFFECT."
TINKERBELL IN PETER PAN. YOU KNOW PETER PAN?

NOT PERSONALLY.

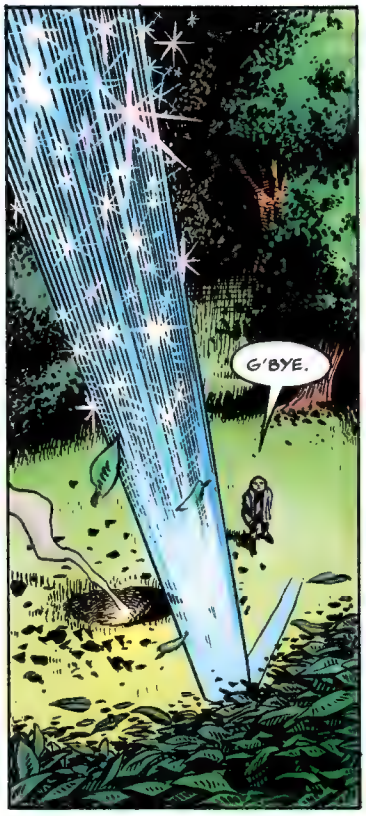
NO.
WELL, TINKERBELL FOLLOWED PETER PAN AROUND. TINKERBELL WAS A FAIRY. AND...

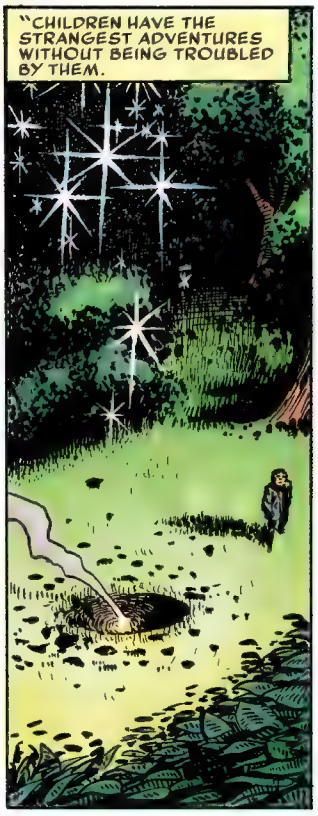

FMF

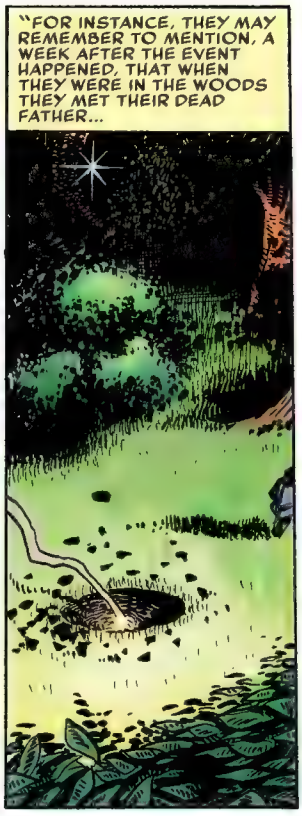

OKAY.
OKAY, LET'S SETTLE THIS ISSUE IN A GENTLEMANLY FASHION.
STAND BACK OVER THERE A LITTLE.

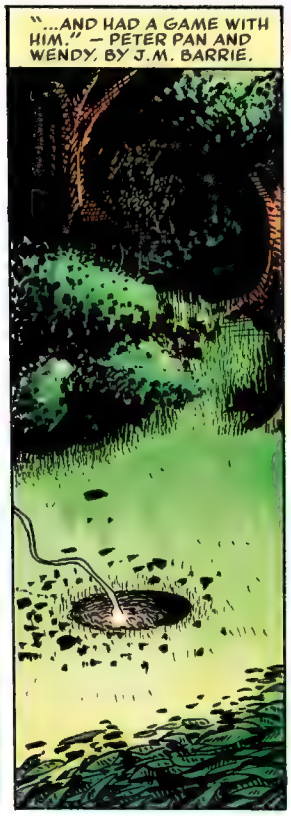

THAT'S ABOUT FAR ENOUGH.
NOW WATCH THIS CAREFULLY...

SORRY I CALLED YOU A POUF.
THAT'S ALRIGHT.
IT WAS THE BLACK EYEBROWS. I THOUGHT YOUR HAIR WAS DYED.
IT ISN'T.
IF YOU GIVE ME SOME CHEMICALS TO DRINK THAT MAKE ME HAVE SUPER-POWERS, CAN I BE YOUR BOY PARTNER?
NO.
COULD YOU SAVE THE WORLD, OR AT LEAST ME AND MY MATES, IF THEY HAD A NUCLEAR WAR?
I WOULDN'T LIKE TO PROMISE...
...BUT I'D DO MY BEST.
ALRIGHT. CAN'T SAY FAIRER THAN THAT.
I GOTTA GO HOME NOW.
ME, TOO. GOODBYE, JASON.

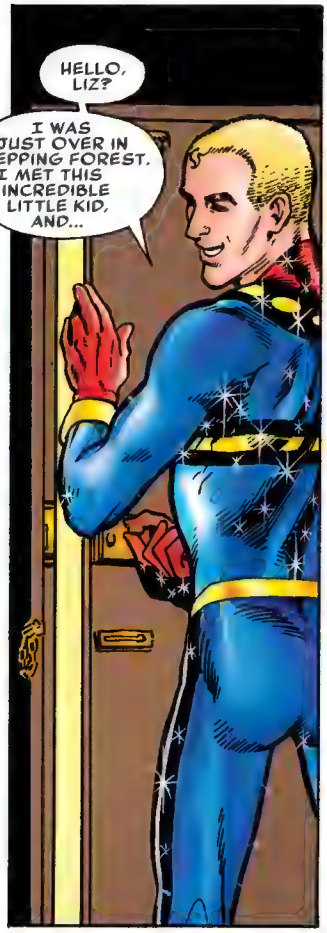

G'BYE.

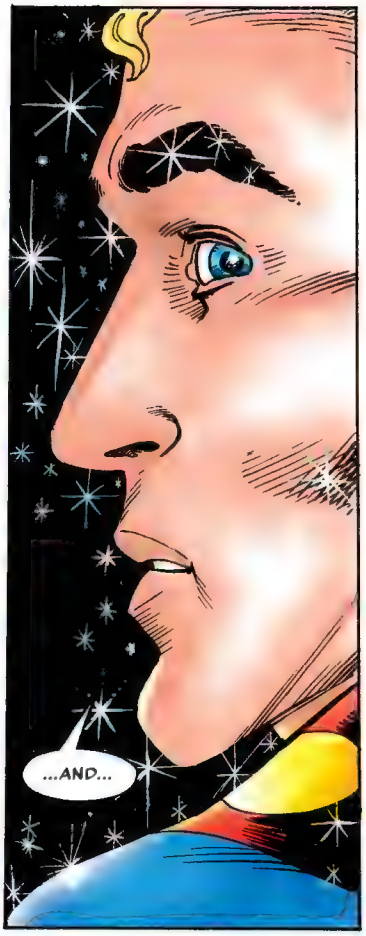

"CHILDREN HAVE THE STRANGEST ADVENTURES WITHOUT BEING TROUBLED BY THEM.


"FOR INSTANCE, THEY MAY REMEMBER TO MENTION, A WEEK AFTER THE EVENT HAPPENED, THAT WHEN THEY WERE IN THE WOODS THEY MET THEIR DEAD FATHER...


"...AND HAD A GAME WITH HIM." — PETER PAN AND WENDY, BY J.M. BARRIE.

LATER.


HELLO, LIZ?
I WAS JUST OVER IN EPPING FOREST. I MET THIS INCREDIBLE LITTLE KID, AND...

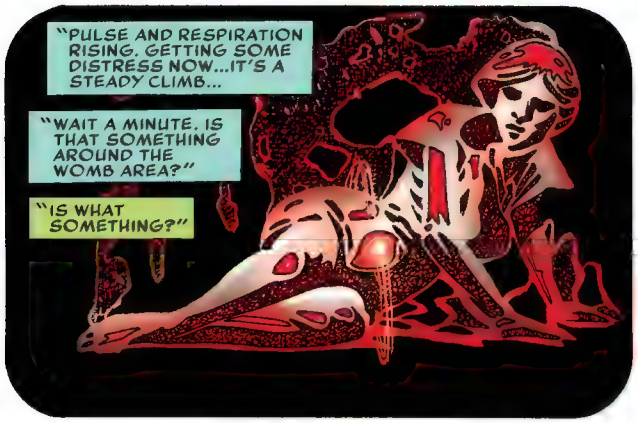

...AND...

LIZ?
IT WAS ONE OF THOSE QUIET MOMENTS.

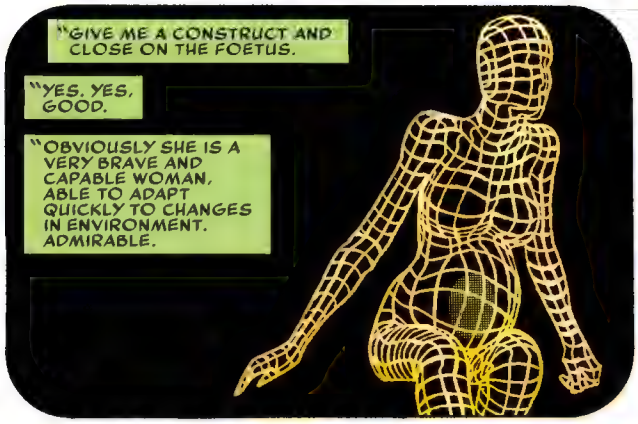
THROUGH THE GARDEN OF BARON SATURDAY HE RUNS, WITH HEAVY LEGS AND A CARPET OF INSECTS THAT TWISTS AND THRASHES BENEATH HIS NAKED FEET.
THROUGH THE CORPSE-ORCHARD. THROUGH THE BONEYARDS...
STRANGE FRUIT BRUISES HIS CHEEKS. THE SKINLESS ARISTOCRAT OF THE CEMETERIES FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND, WHITE HEAD NODDING, SMILING, TOP HAT FALLEN OVER ONE SOCKET...
SOMEWHERE, A BIRD SCREAMS.
AND SCREAMS AGAIN.
AND SCREAMS AGAIN.
AND SCREAMS AGAIN.
UH, HELLO?
YES. THIS IS EVELYN CREAM.
WHO IS...
THEY'VE TAKEN HER, CREAM.
THEY'VE TAKEN MY WIFE.
COME NOW.
KOIK!
MIRACLEMAN
NIGHTMARES

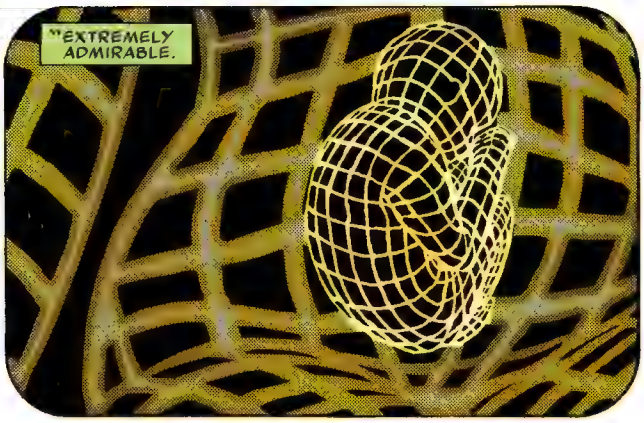
"WELL?"
"PULSE AND RESPIRATION RATE INCREASING. SHE'S WAKING UP."
"GIVE ME A TRANSPARENCY."

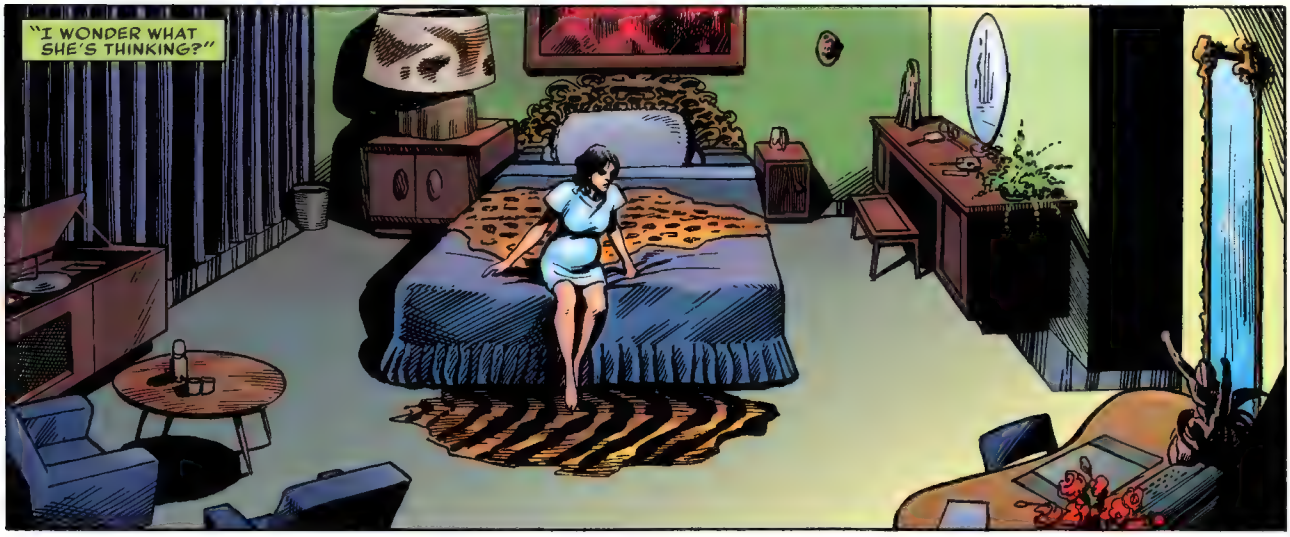
"SHE'S AWAKE. PULSE STILL NORMAL... STARTING TO RISE A LITTLE NOW..."
"ANY DISTRESS?"
"NO. NOTHING YET."
"HMM. CUT TO RED."


"PULSE AND RESPIRATION RISING. GETTING SOME DISTRESS NOW...IT'S A STEADY CLIMB...
"WAIT A MINUTE. IS THAT SOMETHING AROUND THE WOMB AREA?"
"IS WHAT SOMETHING?"

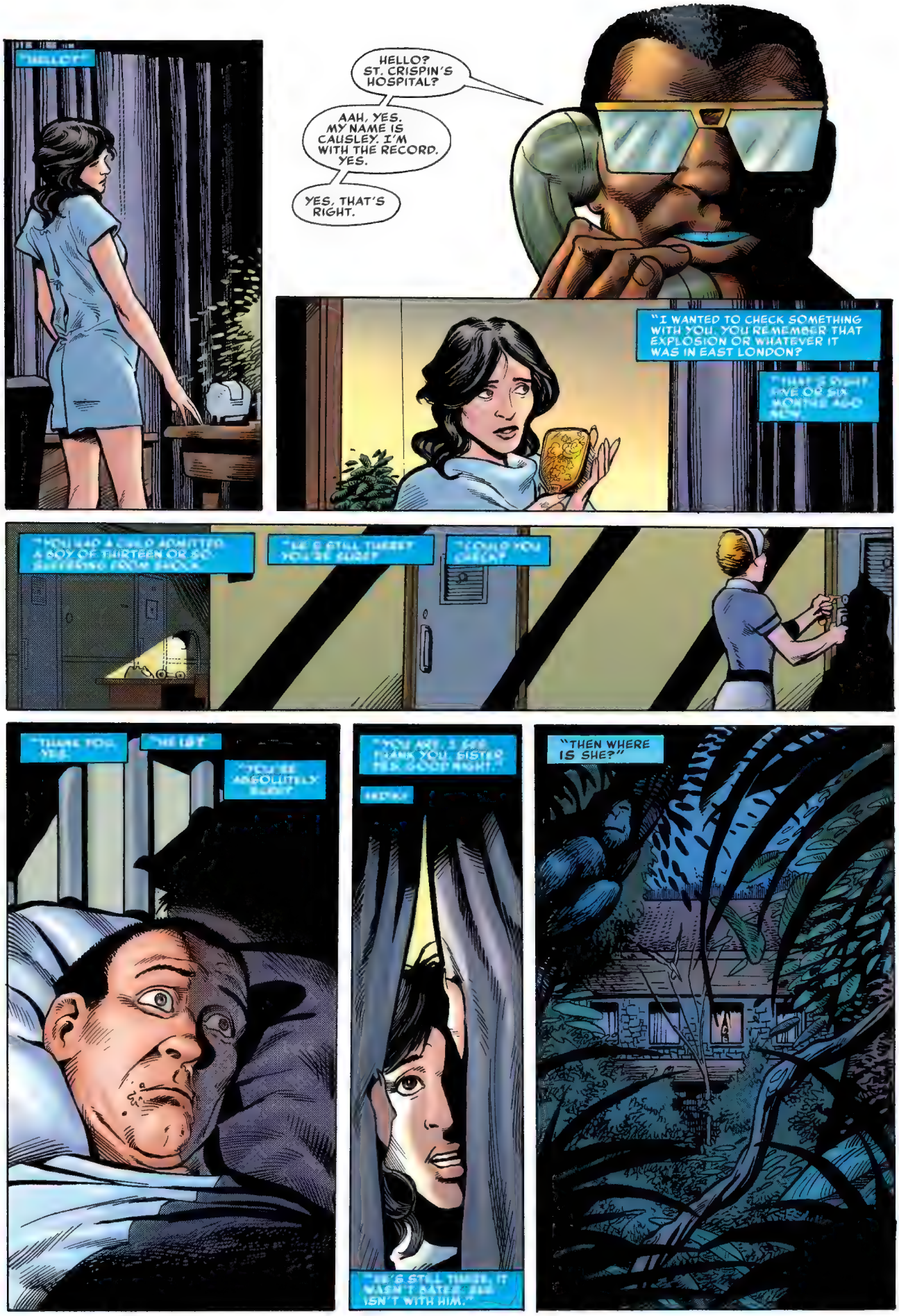
"OH...OH, IT CAN'T HAVE BEEN ANYTHING. NOTHING. IT'S GONE NOW. I THOUGHT I HAD A READING THERE, BUT..."
"YES, YES. IS THERE ANY DISTRESS?"
"UH...NO. NO, PULSE AND RESPIRATION NORMAL AGAIN. THAT'S VERY SUDDEN ISN'T IT?"


"GIVE ME A CONSTRUCT AND CLOSE ON THE FOETUS.
"YES, YES, GOOD.
"OBVIOUSLY SHE IS A VERY BRAVE AND CAPABLE WOMAN, ABLE TO ADAPT QUICKLY TO CHANGES IN ENVIRONMENT. ADMIRABLE.

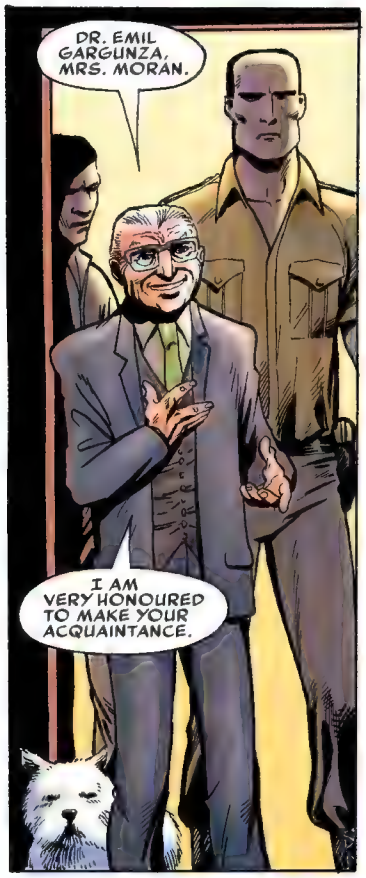

"EXTREMELY ADMIRABLE.


"I WONDER WHAT SHE'S THINKING?"

I KNOW WHAT YOU MUST BE THINKING.
MIRACLEMAN... I ASK YOU TO BELIEVE ME...
I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS.
CREAM...
IF I DIDN'T ALREADY BELIEVE THAT, WOULD YOU STILL BE IN ONE PIECE?
WHO ELSE, BESIDES YOU, KNOWS THAT MORAN AND I SHARE OUR EXISTENCE?
NO ONE. MY FORMER EMPLOYERS WERE GIVEN A FICTIOUS NAME.
IS THERE ANYONE ELSE WHO KNEW OF YOUR IDENTITY?
OF COURSE NOT! NO ONE EXCEPT YOU...
...AND BATES.


"HELLO?"
HELLO? ST. CRISPIN'S HOSPITAL?
AAH, YES. MY NAME IS CAUSLEY. I'M WITH THE RECORD. YES.
YES, THAT'S RIGHT.
"I WANTED TO CHECK SOMETHING WITH YOU. YOU REMEMBER THAT EXPLOSION OR WHATEVER IT WAS IN EAST LONDON?
"THAT'S RIGHT. FIVE OR SIX MONTHS AGO NOW."
"YOU HAD A CHILD ADMITTED. A BOY OF THIRTEEN OR SO SUFFERING FROM SHOCK."
"HE'S STILL THERE? YOU'RE SURE?"
"COULD YOU CHECK?"
"THANK YOU, YES."
"HE IS?"
"YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY SURE?"
"YOU ARE. I SEE. THANK YOU. SISTER YES. GOOD NIGHT."
"HE'S STILL THERE. IT WASN'T BATES. SHE ISN'T WITH HIM."
"THEN WHERE IS SHE?"

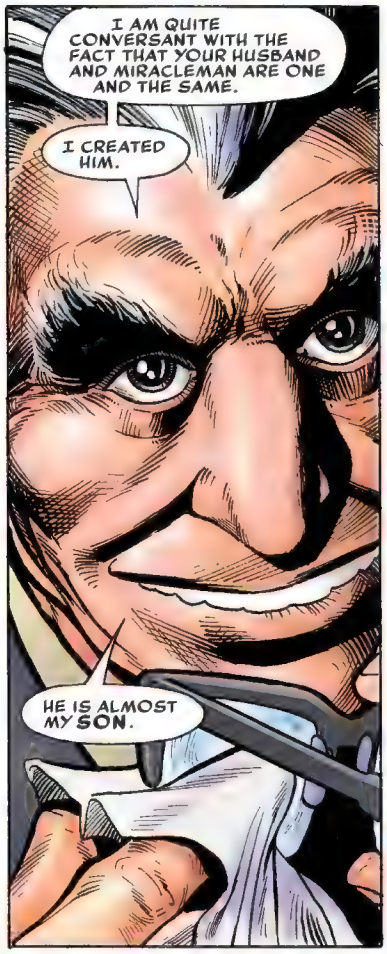
"MY FORMER EMPLOYERS AGREED NOT TO TROUBLE US FURTHER.
"PERHAPS THEY HAVE DONE BACK UPON THEIR WORD. PERHAPS THEY HAVE DISCOVERED YOUR IDENTITY INDEPENDENTLY.
"LET US SEE..."
HELLO? SIR DENNIS ARCH...
CREAM?
WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU MEAN BY RINGING ME AT...
LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY, SIR DENNIS. I AM WITH MY...CLIENT AT THE MOMENT.
HE IS VERY UPSET. HIS WIFE HAS BEEN ABDUCTED.
BUT THEN YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU?
WHAT? HIS WIFE...?
CREAM, YOU AREN'T SUGGESTING THAT I...
CREAM, LISTEN, IN GOD'S NAME...
I SUGGEST YOU LISTEN, SIR DENNIS.
UNLESS SHE IS DELIVERED UNHARMED WITHIN THE NEXT HOUR, MY CLIENT WILL DEVASTATE LONDON.
AN HOUR AFTER THAT HE WILL REDUCE BIRMINGHAM TO POWDER.
THEN LIVERPOOL. THEN MANCHESTER. THEN SHEFFIELD...
CREAM NO! WE HAVEN'T GOT HER. PLEASE, HE MUST BELIEVE US...
CREAM, UPON MY OATH IN THE SIGHT OF GOD, WE HAVEN'T GOT HER! PLEASE...
THEY HAVEN'T GOT HER.
CREAM? ARE YOU THERE? LISTEN, IF SOMEONE'S ABDUCTED THE CREATURE'S WIFE, THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON IT CAN BE...


DR. EMIL GARGUNZA, MRS. MORAN.
I AM VERY HONOURED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.

GARGUNZA?
GARGUNZA, AND HOW IS YOUR HUSBAND?
HOW IS MIRACLEMAN?

MY HUSBAND?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
LOOK, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HEH.
MRS. MORAN, PLEASE...
...DO NOT PLAY THE STUPID COW.

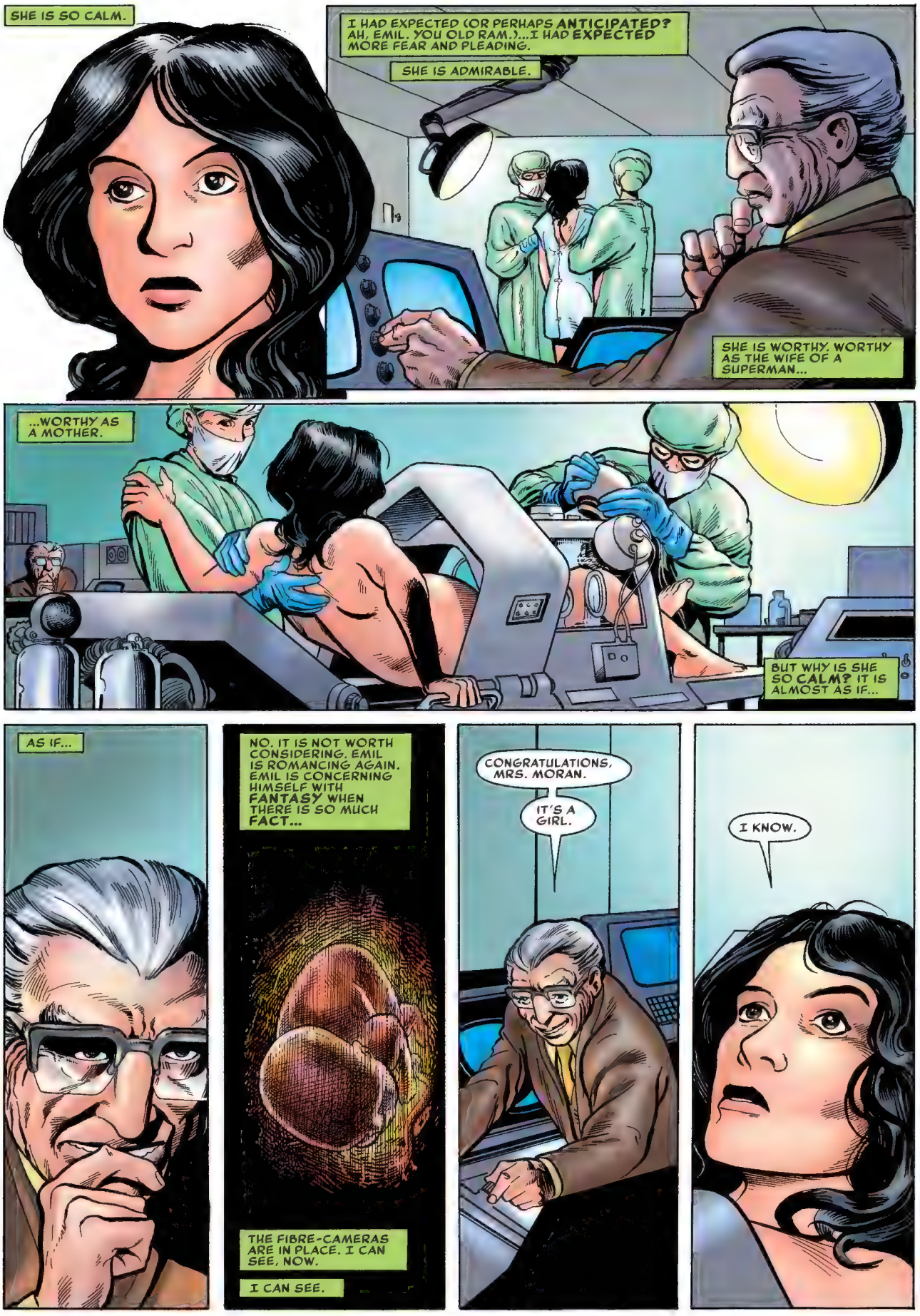

I AM QUITE CONVERSANT WITH THE FACT THAT YOUR HUSBAND AND MIRACLEMAN ARE ONE AND THE SAME.
I CREATED HIM.
HE IS ALMOST MY SON.

AND SHORTLY, MRS. MORAN...
VERY SHORTLY...

...HE WILL BE MY FATHER.

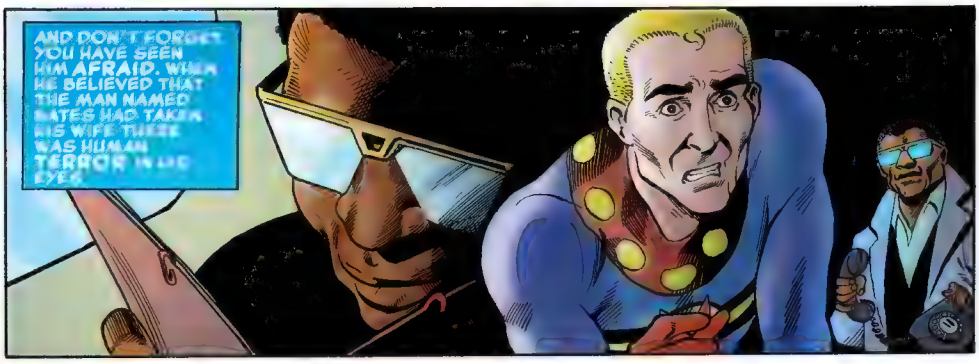
MIRACLEMAN

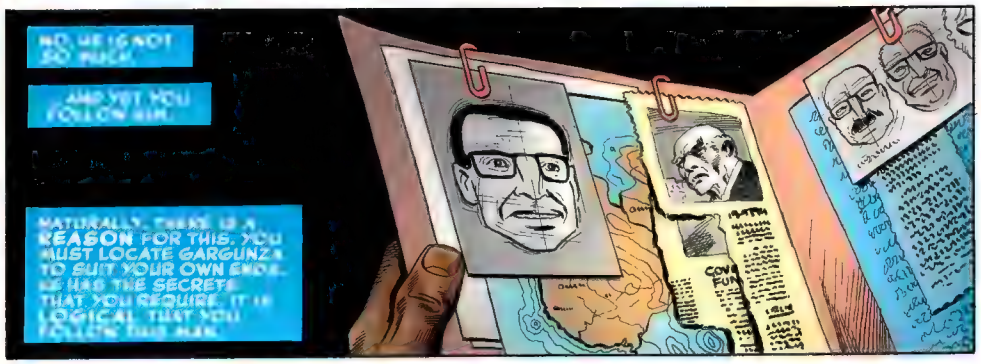
THE APPROACHING LIGHT


SHE IS SO CALM.
I HAD EXPECTED (OR PERHAPS ANTICIPATED? AH, EMIL. YOU OLD RAM.)...I HAD EXPECTED MORE FEAR AND PLEADING.
SHE IS ADMIRABLE.
SHE IS WORTHY. WORTHY AS THE WIFE OF A SUPERMAN...
...WORTHY AS A MOTHER.
BUT WHY IS SHE SO CALM? IT IS ALMOST AS IF...
AS IF...
NO. IT IS NOT WORTH CONSIDERING. EMIL IS ROMANCING AGAIN. EMIL IS CONCERNING HIMSELF WITH FANTASY WHEN THERE IS SO MUCH FACT...
THE FIBRE-CAMERAS ARE IN PLACE. I CAN SEE, NOW.
I CAN SEE.
CONGRATULATIONS, MRS. MORAN.
IT'S A GIRL.
I KNOW.

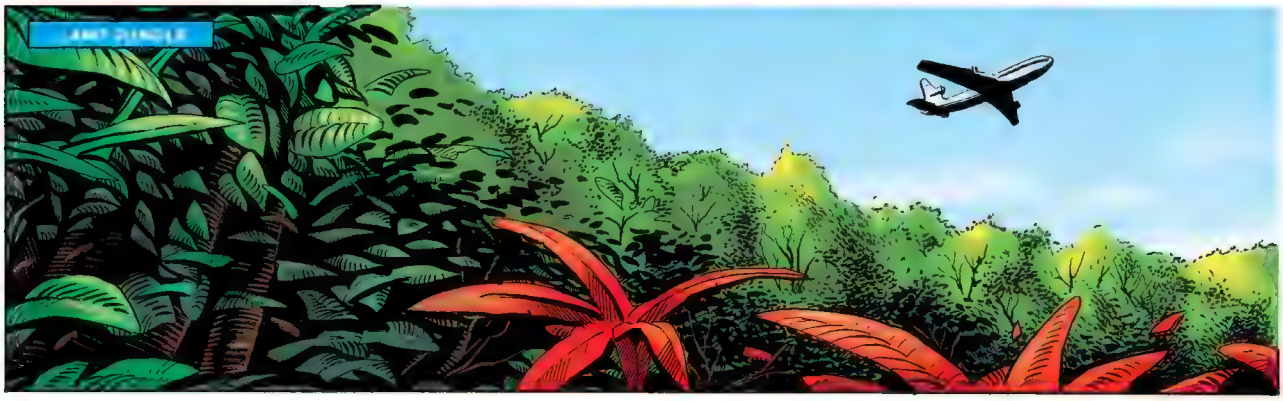
HE DOESN'T LOOK SO SPECIAL. DOES HE? NOT QUITE THE GREAT MURMING JUJU AFTER ALL, BUT

ALMOST.
ALMOST A MAN.


AND DON'T FORGET YOU HAVE SEEN HIM AFRAID. WHEN HE BELIEVED THAT THE MAN NAMED BATES HAD TAKEN HIS WIFE THERE WAS HUMAN TERROR IN HIS EYES.


NO, HE IS NOT SO MUCH.
AND YET YOU FOLLOW HIM.
NATURALLY, THERE IS A REASON FOR THIS. YOU MUST LOCATE GARGUNZA TO SUIT YOUR OWN ENDS. HE HAS THE SECRETS THAT YOU REQUIRE. IT IS LOGICAL THAT YOU FOLLOW THIS MAN.

...AS IF YOU HAD A CHOICE.
BELOW US NOW, SOUTH AMERICA SMOULDERING WITH THE PROBLEMS THAT BESET ITS COCAINE INDUSTRY. THRASHING IN A MORASS OF LOST WARS, AND ECONOMIC RUIN AND LIGHT...
AND SHADOW...


AND JUNGLE.

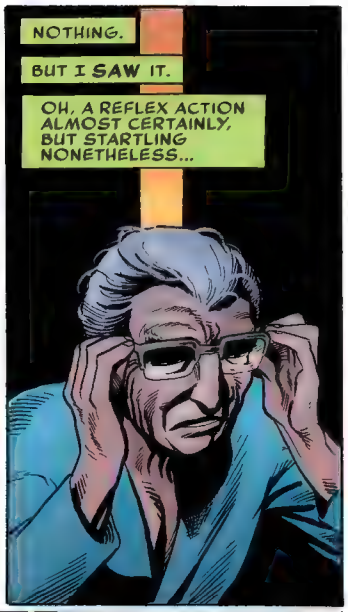
SO BEAUTIFUL.
SO INFINITELY STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL...
SWAYING IN THE FIBRE-LIGHT, ADRIFT IN HER AMNIOTIC OCEAN.
AND HER FACE...
SO BARELY FORMED AND UNAWARE.
SO BEAUTIFUL. SO...
...STRANGE.
AA!
HERR DOKTOR? YOU CRIED OUT?
UH?
NO...NO, A SNEEZE. I HAVE A COLD. PERHAPS WE HAD BEST CONCLUDE OUR EXPLORATIONS FOR TODAY.
EXCUSE ME.
I NEED REST.

HE SLEEPS.
THE HEAT OF THE HOTEL ROOM DOESN'T BOTHER HIM.
BUT MY SKIN GLISTENS. IT IS THE HEAT. IT IS THE HEAT THAT KEEPS ME AWAKE.
NO IT ISN'T.
IT IS THE SUPERSTITION, THE MYSTICISM. YOU ARE AFRAID, MR. CREAM.
WHY NOT SIT AND ROLL YOUR EYES IN THE DARK, MR. CREAM? WHY NOT SHIVER AND SAY "LAWSY! I'SE SPOOKED!"
YOU ARE A FOOL. GO TO SLEEP.
INSECT BODIES CRUNCHING UNDERFOOT.
I RUN THROUGH A FOREST OF HANGED MEN.
I FLEE THE TERROR THAT FOLLOWS BEHIND.
ONLY TO FIND
...THAT IT IS IN FRONT OF ME.

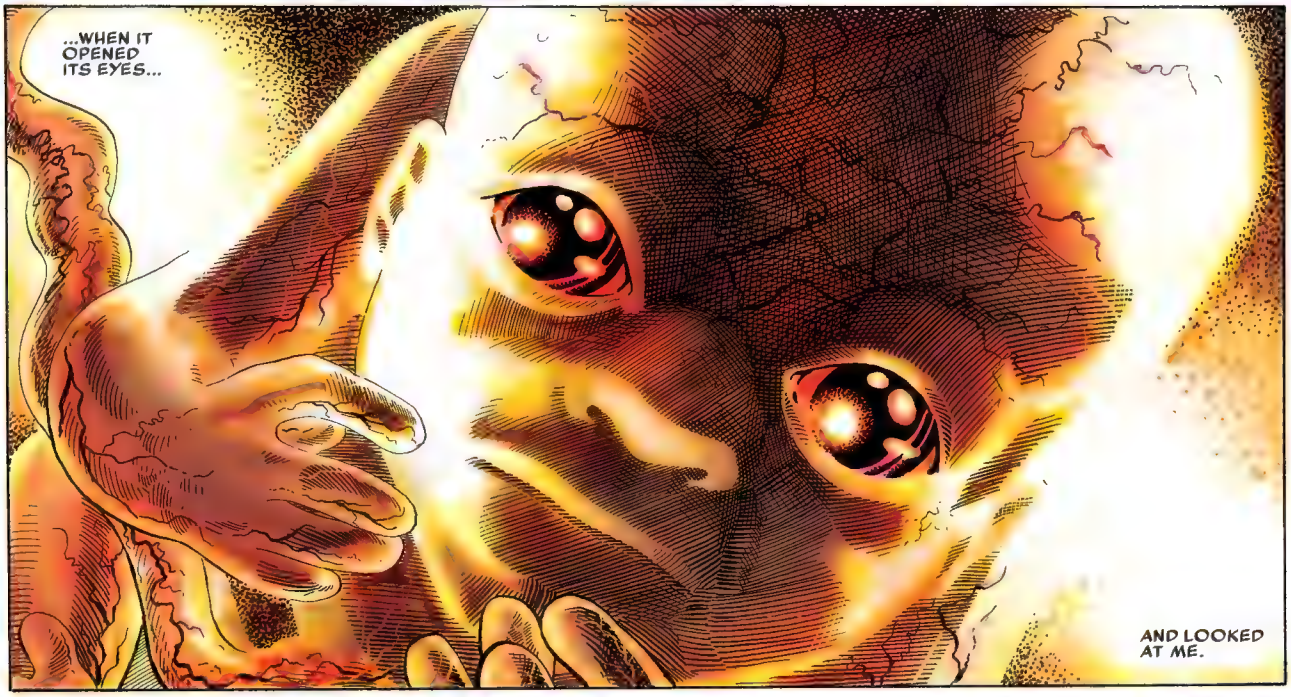
AAAAAAA!

HERR DOKTOR?

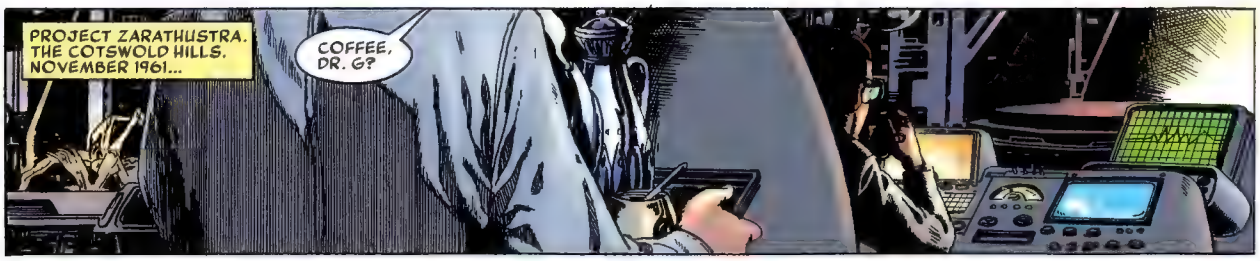
NOTHING, GUNTER. A DREAM.
NOTHING.
RETURN TO YOUR BED.

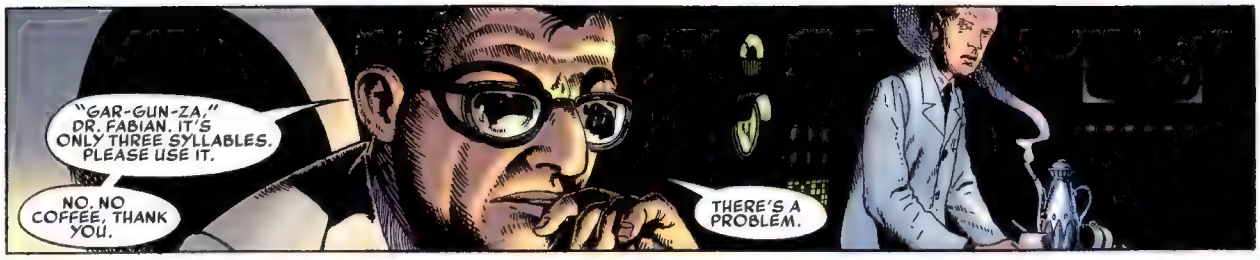

NOTHING.
BUT I SAW IT.
OH, A REFLEX ACTION ALMOST CERTAINLY, BUT STARTLING NONETHELESS...

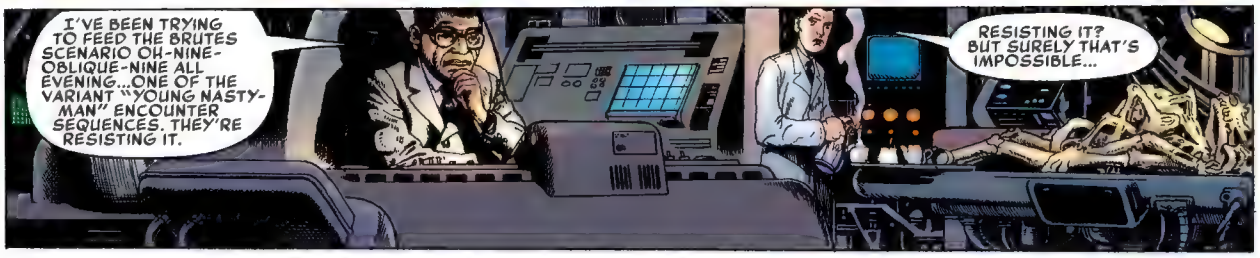
THAT MOMENT...
THAT LURCHING, VERTIGINOUS MOMENT...

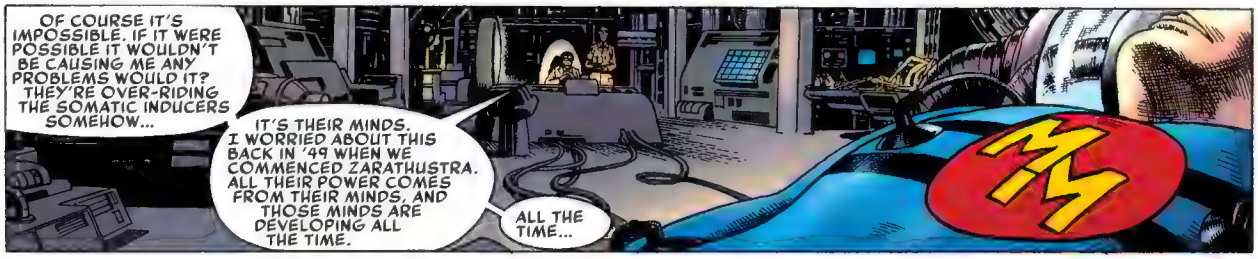

...WHEN IT OPENED ITS EYES...
AND LOOKED AT ME.

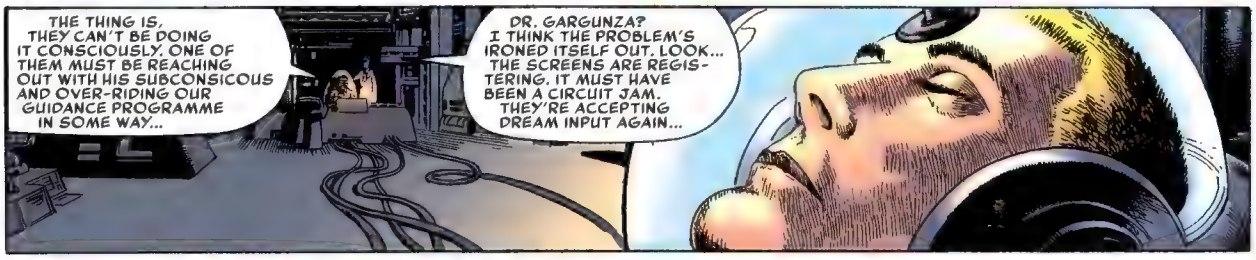
I WILL NOT GET TO SLEEP AGAIN TONIGHT. I AM TOO OLD.
DAWN INFECTS THE SKY.
AN APPROACHING LIGHT.

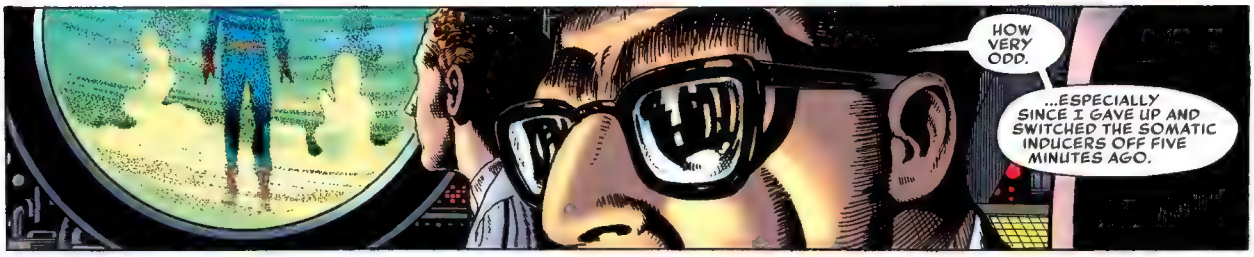

PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA. THE COTSWOLD HILLS. NOVEMBER 1961...
COFFEE, DR. G?

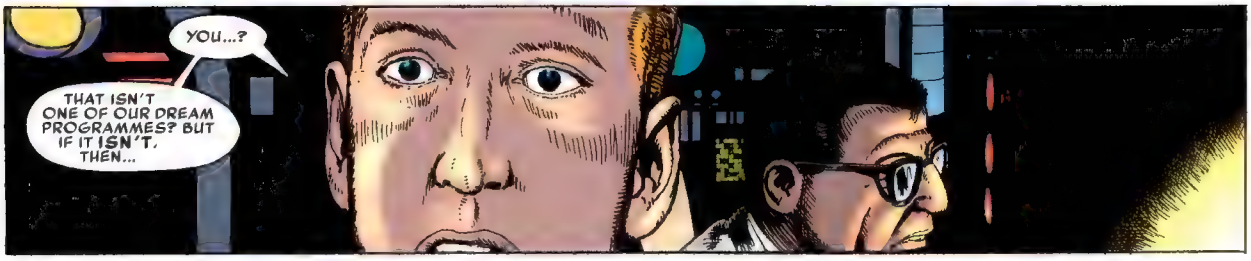

"GAR-GUN-ZA," DR. FABIAN. IT'S ONLY THREE SYLLABLES. PLEASE USE IT.
NO. NO COFFEE, THANK YOU.
THERE'S A PROBLEM.

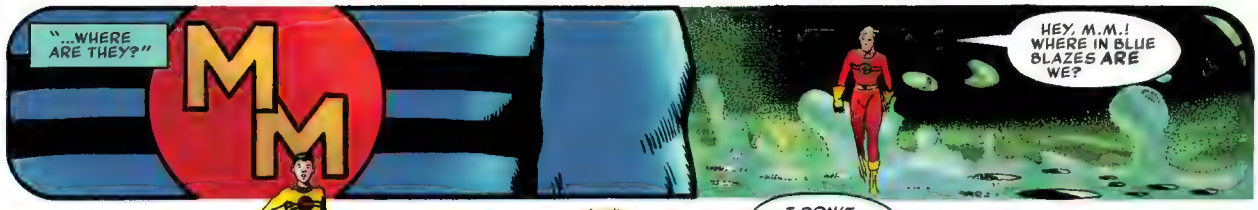

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FEED THE BRUTES SCENARIO OH-NINE-OBLIQUE-NINE ALL EVENING...ONE OF THE VARIANT "YOUNG NASTY-MAN" ENCOUNTER SEQUENCES. THEY'RE RESISTING IT.
RESISTING IT? BUT SURELY THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE...

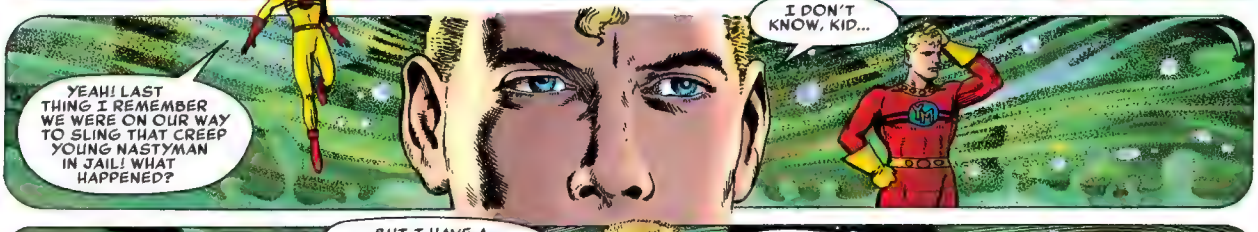

OF COURSE IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. IF IT WERE POSSIBLE IT WOULDN'T BE CAUSING ME ANY PROBLEMS WOULD IT? THEY'RE OVER-RIDING THE SOMATIC INDUCERS SOMEHOW...
IT'S THEIR MINDS. I WORRIED ABOUT THIS BACK IN '49 WHEN WE COMMENCED ZARATHUSTRA. ALL THEIR POWER COMES FROM THEIR MINDS, AND THOSE MINDS ARE DEVELOPING ALL THE TIME.
ALL THE TIME...


THE THING IS, THEY CAN'T BE DOING IT CONSCIOUSLY. ONE OF THEM MUST BE REACHING OUT WITH HIS SUBCONSICOUS AND OVER-RIDING OUR GUIDANCE PROGRAMME IN SOME WAY...
DR. GARGUNZA? I THINK THE PROBLEM'S IRONED ITSELF OUT. LOOK... THE SCREENS ARE REGIS-TERING. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A CIRCUIT JAM. THEY'RE ACCEPTING DREAM INPUT AGAIN...

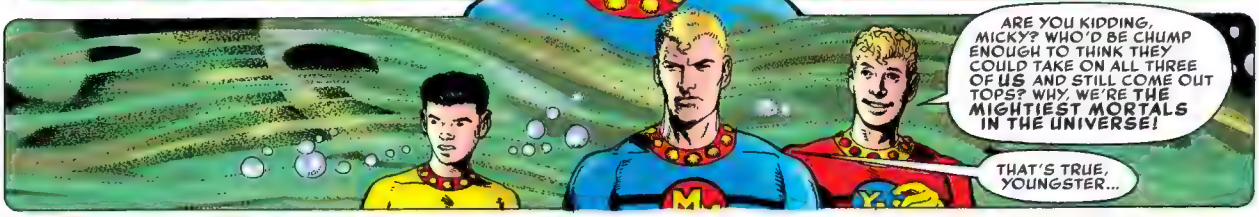

HOW VERY ODD.
...ESPECIALLY SINCE I GAVE UP AND SWITCHED THE SOMATIC INDUCERS OFF FIVE MINUTES AGO.


YOU...?
THAT ISN'T ONE OF OUR DREAM PROGRAMMES? BUT IF IT ISN'T, THEN...


"...WHERE ARE THEY?"
MM
HEY, M.M.! WHERE IN BLUE BLAZES ARE WE?


YEAH! LAST THING I REMEMBER WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO SLING THAT CREEP YOUNG NASTYMAN IN JAIL! WHAT HAPPENED?
I DON'T KNOW, KID...

...BUT I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING THAT THINGS AREN'T QUITE AS THEY SEEM. SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT WE'RE PLAYING A GAME FOR HIGH STAKES AGAINST A DEADLY ENEMY.
WE'D BEST BE ON OUR GUARD...

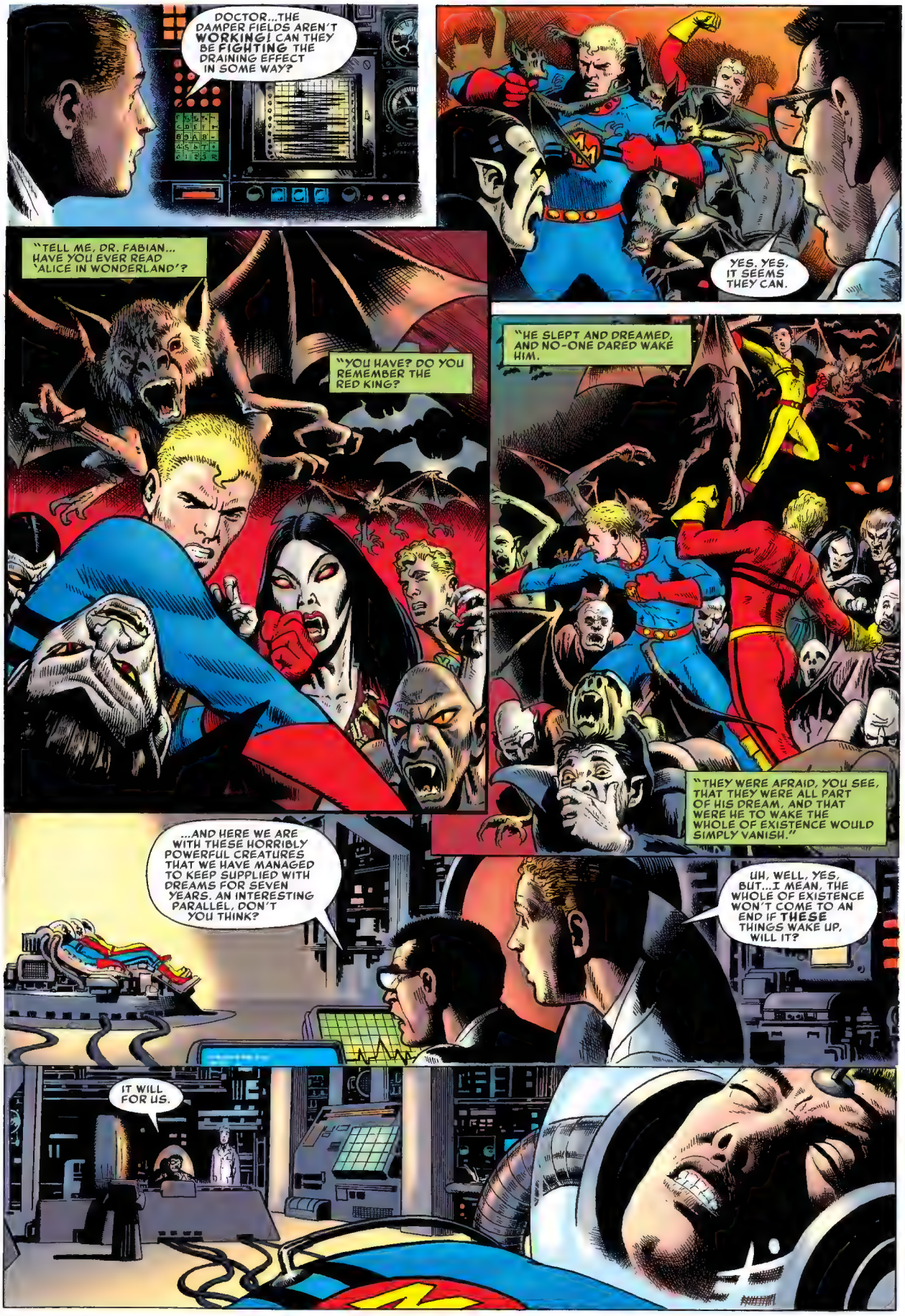

ARE YOU KIDDING, MICKY? WHO'D BE CHUMP ENOUGH TO THINK THEY COULD TAKE ON ALL THREE OF US AND STILL COME OUT TOPS? WHY, WE'RE THE MIGHTIEST MORTALS IN THE UNIVERSE!
THAT'S TRUE, YOUNGSTER...

MIRACLEMAN FAMILY
THE RED KING SYNDROME
...BUT WHICH UNIVERSE?

MAYBE WE'LL FIND SOME ANSWERS OVER THERE, M.M.!
SLEEPYTOWN
HOLY MACARONI.
IT'S SOME SORT OF PALACE... BUT IT'S SO BIG! IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A CRAZY DREAM...
...OR A NIGHTMARE! ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, M.M.?
CHECK! WHOEVER IT IS SKULKING IN THAT OVERGROWN FUNHOUSE HAD BETTER PREPARE FOR A VISIT...
...FROM THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY!

I DON'T LIKE THIS.
I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL.
ALL THESE REFERENCES TO DREAMS... THIS "SLEEPYTOWN"...THEIR SUB-CONSCIOUS MINDS ARE TRYING TO TELL THEM THAT WHAT THEY'RE EXPERIENCING ISN'T REAL.
DO YOU KNOW, I THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO WAKE UP.
DOCTOR...
NOBODY AROUND. THIS PLACE SEEMS PRETTY QUIET...
HMMM. ALMOST TOO QUIET. LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN THAT HANGAR DOWN THERE...
H-HEY, PALS?
I THINK YOU BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS...
WHAT IS IT, K.M.? WHAT DO YOU SEE?
JEEPERS! WHAT TH...?
M-MICKY? MICKY, WHAT ARE THEY?
THEY'RE GIANTS. HUGE SLUMBERING GIANTS ENSNARED WITH WIRES AND CABLES...
...AND THEY LOOK LIKE US!
M.M., THIS IS GETTING SPOOKY. LET'S MOVE ON TO SOMEWHERE ELSE...
THIS IS ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING.
THEIR SUBCONSCIOUS MINDS ARE TRYING TO OVERLOAD ON ABSURDITY, TO SHOCK THE BRAIN INTO WAKEFULNESS BY CROSSING THE THRESHOLD OF DISBELIEF...

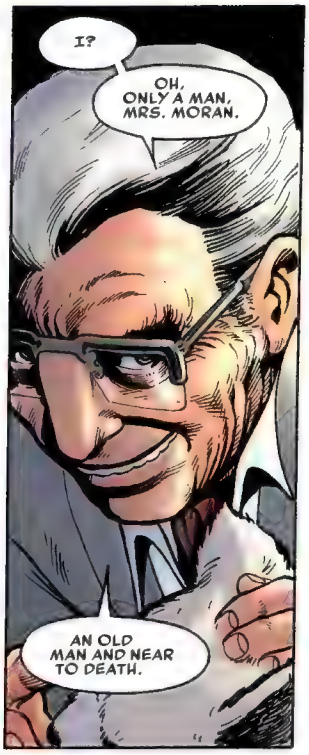
THROUGH HERE...
FORTUNATELY, DR. FABIAN, I AM NOT KNOWN AS A GENIUS FOR THE MANNER IN WHICH I BRUSH MY TEETH. I FORESAW THIS EVENTUALITY. WE ARE QUITE SECURE.
BUT IF THEY WAKE...
IN 1952 I INSTALLED A FAIL-SAFE DEVICE AGAINST THE DAY WHEN OUR SUBJECTS WOULD BEGIN TO PERCEIVE THE BARS OF THEIR MENTAL PRISON...
IT...IT LOOKS LIKE A DUNGEON OF SOME SORT...
IT IS THE POWER OF THEIR MINDS WHICH IS THWARTING OUR GUIDANCE PROGRAMMES. THESE DAMPER FIELDS WILL REDUCE THAT POWER GRADUALLY...
...UNTIL THEY ARE COMPLETELY DRAINED.
KID! YOUNG! LOOK OUT!
VAMPIRES!!
VAMPIRES?


DOCTOR...THE DAMPER FIELDS AREN'T WORKING! CAN THEY BE FIGHTING THE DRAINING EFFECT IN SOME WAY?
YES, YES, IT SEEMS THEY CAN.
"TELL ME, DR. FABIAN... HAVE YOU EVER READ 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND'?
"YOU HAVE? DO YOU REMEMBER THE RED KING?
"HE SLEPT AND DREAMED, AND NO-ONE DARED WAKE HIM.
"THEY WERE AFRAID, YOU SEE, THAT THEY WERE ALL PART OF HIS DREAM. AND THAT WERE HE TO WAKE THE WHOLE OF EXISTENCE WOULD SIMPLY VANISH."
...AND HERE WE ARE WITH THESE HORRIBLY POWERFUL CREATURES THAT WE HAVE MANAGED TO KEEP SUPPLIED WITH DREAMS FOR SEVEN YEARS. AN INTERESTING PARALLEL, DON'T YOU THINK?
UH, WELL, YES, BUT...I MEAN, THE WHOLE OF EXISTENCE WON'T COME TO AN END IF THESE THINGS WAKE UP, WILL IT?
IT WILL FOR US.

PARAGUAY, EVENING:
A BISCUIT, PLUTO?
YOU WANT A BISCUIT?

THERE...
YOU WILL BE A FAT LITTLE DOG, PLUTO!
HA HA!

DR. GARGUNZA...
WHAT ARE YOU?


I?
OH, ONLY A MAN, MRS. MORAN.
AN OLD MAN AND NEAR TO DEATH.

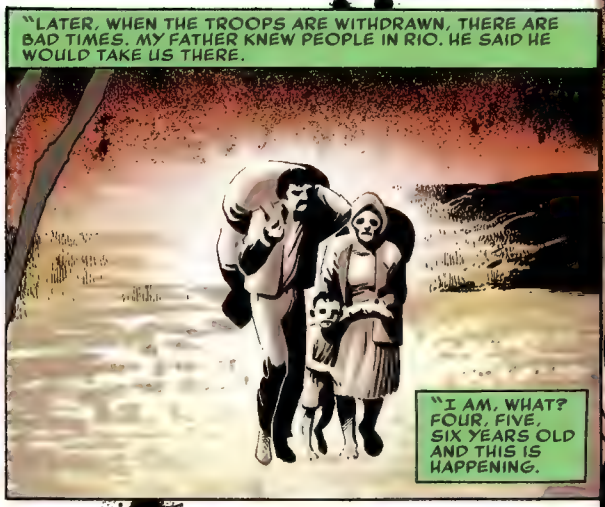
NO.
WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

MIRACLEMAN
VERA CRUZ.
"I HEARD WOODROW WILSON'S GUNS ..."

1910, I WAS BORN, UNDER THE VOLCANO ORIZABA. PORFIRIO DIAZ FELL THE FOLLOWING YEAR...
...BUT YOU DO NOT WISH TO HEAR THIS.

YES I DO.

DIAZ FELL IN 1911. YOU KNOW MEXICAN HISTORY?
AH WELL. THERE IS LITTLE TO KNOW. JUST DUST AND BLOOD.
DIAZ FELL IN 1911 AND PRESIDENT TAFT SENT HIS AMERICAN SOLDIERS TO KEEP THE PEACE...

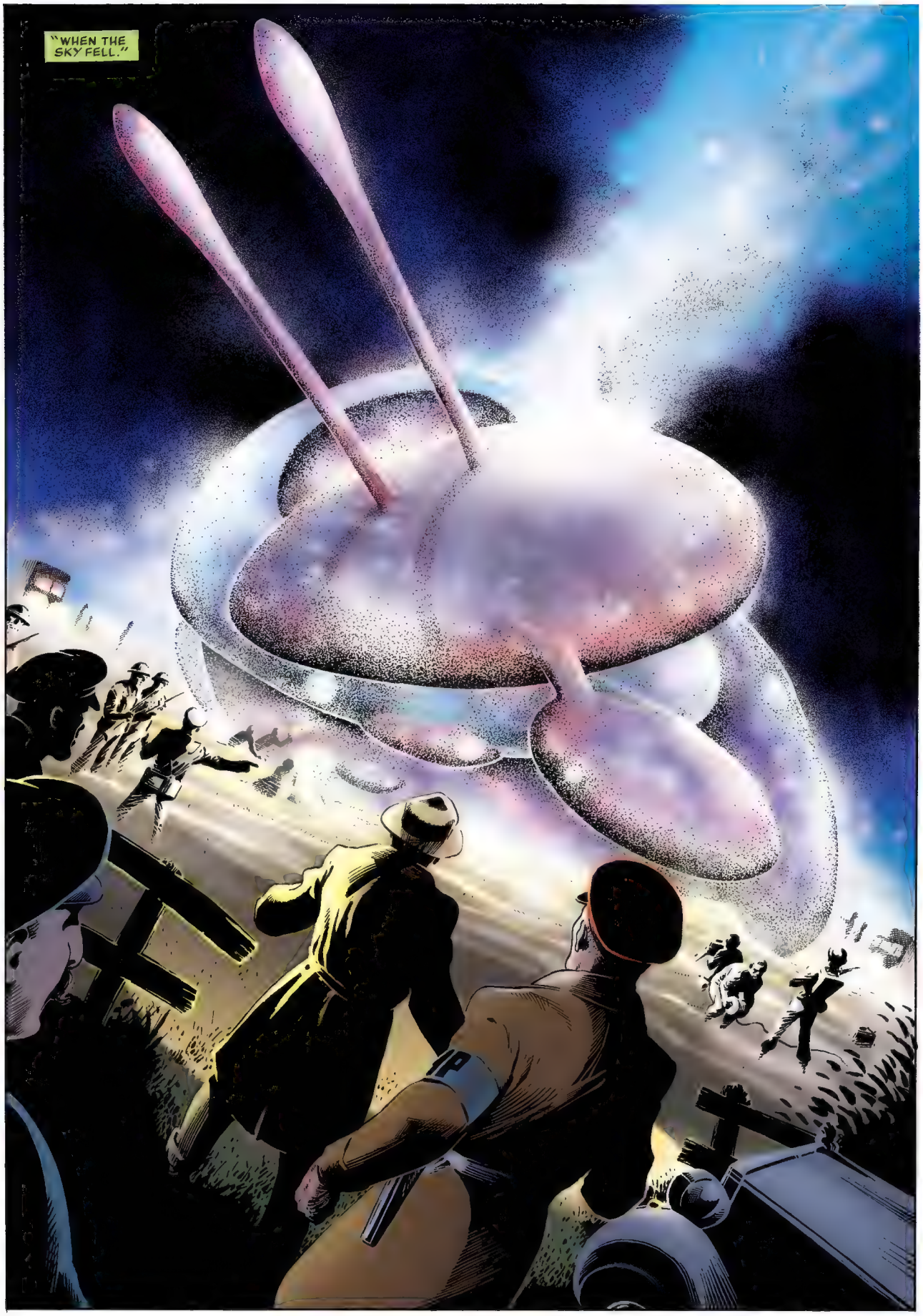

"LATER, WHEN THE TROOPS ARE WITHDRAWN, THERE ARE BAD TIMES. MY FATHER KNEW PEOPLE IN RIO. HE SAID HE WOULD TAKE US THERE.
"I AM, WHAT? FOUR, FIVE, SIX YEARS OLD AND THIS IS HAPPENING.

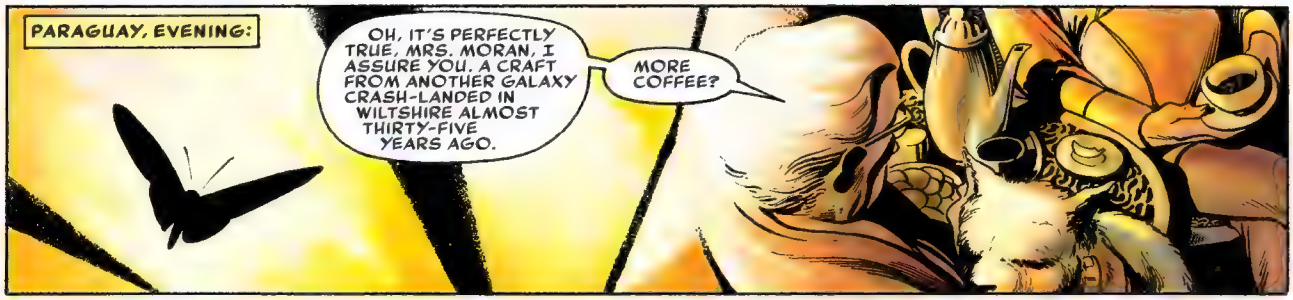
"IN RIO, WE WERE POOR. MY FATHER, IN 1919, DIED OF FOOD POISONING. MOTHER HAD NOT EVEN THE MONEY FOR A RESPECTABLE FUNERAL.
"'I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, MAMA.'
"...THIS FROM ME, NINE YEARS OLD.

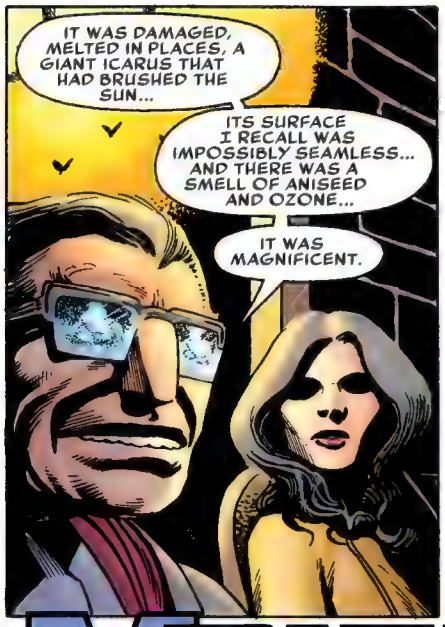
"BUT I DID.
"MY I.Q., YOU SEE, WAS ALMOST 190.
"...AND I KNEW THAT THERE WAS LITTLE HONEST MONEY TO BE MADE IN RIO.
"THERE WAS A LOCAL GANGSTER, A MAN NAMED AURELIO. BECAUSE I WAS A SMALL AND UGLY CHILD WHO POSED NO THREAT, HE ADOPTED ME. I WAS HIS MASCOT.
"HIS GOOD LUCK PIECE.
"HIS JOKE.
"SOMETIMES, HE LET ME MAKE SUGGESTIONS.
"MY SUGGESTIONS SERVED AURELIO VERY WELL. BY AGE THIRTEEN, I RAN MUCH OF HIS BUSINESS FOR HIM.
"HE DAMNED ME FOR A EUNUCH, AND MY MOTHER FOR A WHORE.
"THEN ONE NIGHT, DRUNK, HE TRIED TO INTERFERE WITH ME, SEXUALLY. I RESISTED. I WAS BEATEN.
"POOR AURELIO. HE DIDN'T KNOW.
"HE WAS AN UNEDUCATED MAN WITH NO HEAD FOR FIGURES. HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND HOW UNNECESSARY HE HAD BECOME.
"I EARNED FAR MORE MONEY THAN HE DID. I OWNED HIS MEN. THEY WORKED FOR ME.
"I HAD HIM TAKEN FROM HIS BED ONE NIGHT.
"HE WATCHED WHILE I RAPED HIS WOMAN.
"AND THEN I BEAT HIM TO DEATH WITH A BASEBALL BAT.
"I WAS FOURTEEN.

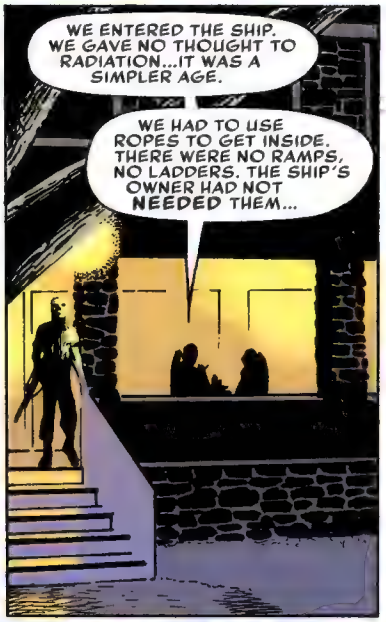
"BY THE TIME I WAS EIGHTEEN, I HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO ENSURE MY MOTHER'S COMFORT DURING THIS LIFE, AND A LITTLE MORE BESIDES.
"IT WAS EUROPE THAT I WISHED TO SEE NOW. I HAD GROWN TIRED OF DUST AND BLOOD.
"EUROPE IN 1928 WAS AN INTELLECTUAL'S PARADISE. I MET MARTIN HEIDEGGER, THE PHILOSOPHER. I STAYED WITH HIM AT FREIBURG FOR A WHILE...
"SUCH TALKS WE HAD. HE WAS NOT YET FORTY, THEN. A YOUNG MAN...
"I BEGAN TO STUDY SCIENCE SERIOUSLY...GENETICS IN PARTICULAR. SO LITTLE WAS KNOWN, YOU SEE. THE CHROMOSOME'S EXISTENCE HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED LESS THAN TWENTY YEARS BEFORE.
"AS MY REPUTATION EXPANDED, I MET MANY SIGNIFICANT PEOPLE.
"ONE OF THEM WAS REICH-CHANCELLOR HITLER."
SO MUCH HAS BEEN SAID ABOUT HIM. MY IMPRESSION WAS OF A MAN WHO BELIEVED VERY STRONGLY IN WHAT HE DID, BUT WITH A DANGEROUS WEAKNESS FOR MYSTICISM.
HE WAS NO LESS SANE THAN MANY I HAVE ENCOUNTERED.
IN 1934 I WAS GIVEN A POSITION WITHIN THE REICH, RESEARCHING GENETICS AMONGST OTHER THINGS.
IN 1941, I REALISED THAT THE AXIS COULD NOT WIN THE WAR AND I DEFECTED TO ENGLAND.
I WAS MADE VERY WELCOME. BEFORE MY DEFECTION I HAD WORKED UPON THE THEN-EXPERIMENTAL V2.
ON THE STRENGTH OF THIS, I WAS GIVEN A POSITION WITHIN AIR FORCE INTELLIGENCE.

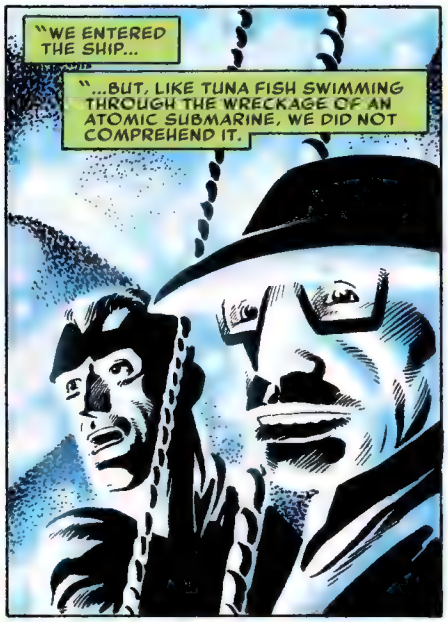
"MY IMMEDIATE SUPERIOR WAS A MAN CALLED SIR DENNIS ARCHER, A HEREDITARY PEER AND AN INFLEXIBLE CHRISTIAN MORALIST.
"HE WAS A PRIG AND A BORE, BUT EASY TO MANIPULATE.
"IN 1947, MY MOTHER DIED.
"I HAD KILLED MY FIRST MAN ALMOST BEFORE I HAD GROWN A MAN'S HAIR. AND YET THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD UNDERSTOOD MORTALITY.
"I THOUGHT OF MARTIN HEIDEGGER AND HIS IDEA THAT TRUE HUMANITY COMES WITH NOT BOWING TO THE EXTERNAL WORLD.
"I DECIDED THEN THAT I SHOULD NEVER BOW TO MY OWN MORTALITY.
"IN 1948, I WAS GIVEN THE MEANS BY WHICH THIS MIGHT BE ACCOMPLISHED.
"IT WAS A NIGHT IN MARCH. I WAS ROUSED FROM MY BED WITH NEWS OF A POISON GAS SCARE IN WILTSHIRE.
"NEVER DIE.
"I DID NOT SEE WHY I SHOULD BE INVOLVED IN THIS, BUT IT WAS INSISTED THAT I BE DRIVEN DOWN TO SEE FOR MYSELF.
"THE POISON GAS WAS A FABRICATION, OF COURSE. THAT WAS JUST TO EXPLAIN THE NECESSARY EVACUATION OF THE AREA.
"IT WAS A BITTERLY COLD NIGHT. I RECALL IT PERFECTLY.
"MARCH 15TH, 1948...


"WHEN THE SKY FELL."







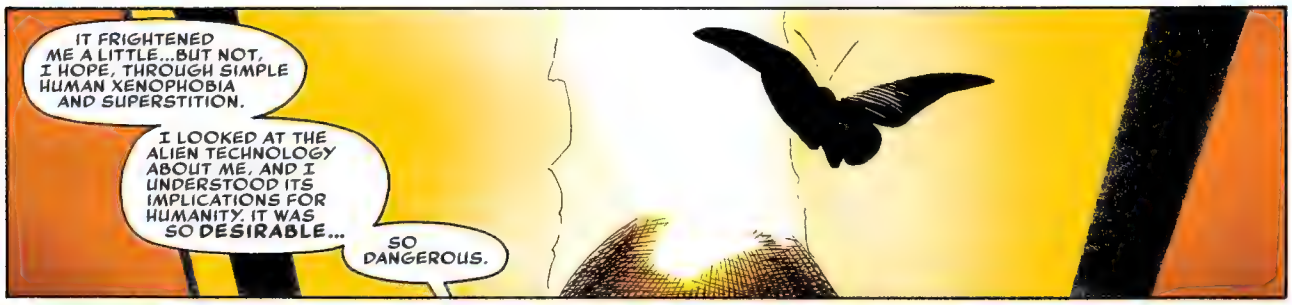


MIRACLEMAN

"WE COULD NOT.

"IT WAS FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE..."

A LITTLE PIECE OF HEAVEN

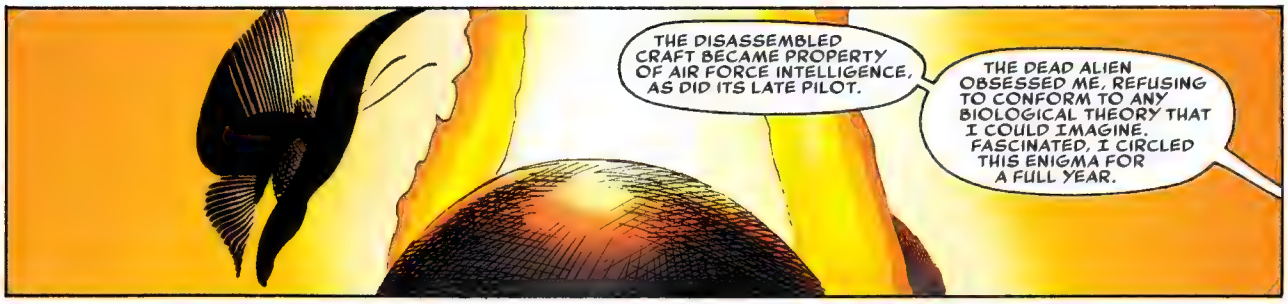

IT FRIGHTENED ME A LITTLE...BUT NOT, I HOPE, THROUGH SIMPLE HUMAN XENOPHOBIA AND SUPERSTITION.
I LOOKED AT THE ALIEN TECHNOLOGY ABOUT ME, AND I UNDERSTOOD ITS IMPLICATIONS FOR HUMANITY. IT WAS SO DESIRABLE...
SO DANGEROUS.

"THE LIGHT WAS SOURCELESS, AND OF AN INDEFINABLE COLOUR. THE GRAVITY WAS FALSE.
"AFTER THIRTY SECONDS INSIDE THE CRAFT, ONE OF THE JUNIOR OFFICERS REPRODUCED SYMPTOMS OF VIOLENT EPILEPSY...

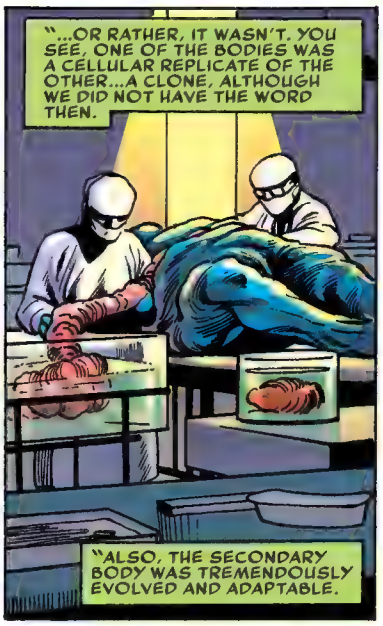
"FOR MY PART, I WAS SICK. I MANAGED IT WITH AS MUCH DIGNITY AS I COULD MUSTER, BUT THERE WAS THE SENSATION OF FOULING SOMETHING SACRED, NONETHELESS.
"WE CONTINUED, INTO THE SHIP.

"WE FOUND A MASSIVE ARRANGEMENT OF POLYHEDRONS THAT WERE PERHAPS OUR VISITOR'S LIBRARY, OR ARMOURY, OR LARDER.
"WE FOUND A MACHINE THAT HAD INTESTINES. WE FOUND CIRCUITRY THAT SEEMED TO BE MADE OF WATER.

"AND, FINALLY, WE FOUND THE VISITOR..."

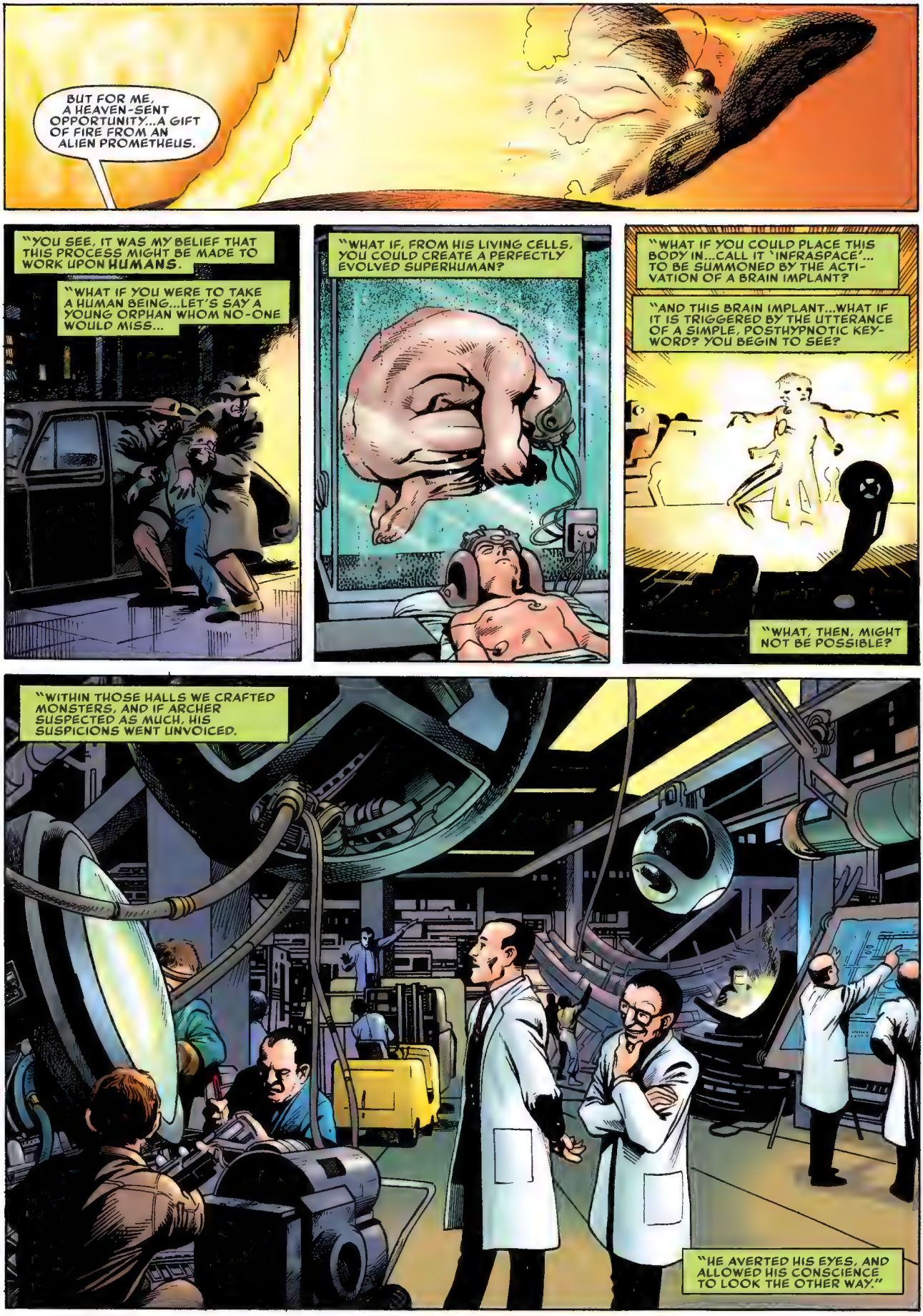

THE DISASSEMBLED CRAFT BECAME PROPERTY OF AIR FORCE INTELLIGENCE, AS DID ITS LATE PILOT.
THE DEAD ALIEN OBSESSED ME, REFUSING TO CONFORM TO ANY BIOLOGICAL THEORY THAT I COULD IMAGINE. FASCINATED, I CIRCLED THIS ENIGMA FOR A FULL YEAR.

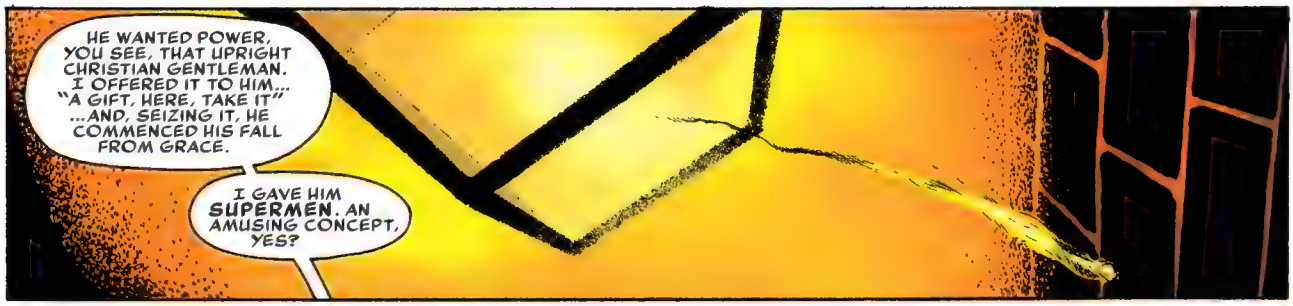
"IT HAD TWO OF EVERYTHING...TWO HEADS, INTERSECTING WITH EACH OTHER, TWO BRAINS CRUSHED TOGETHER INTO AN AMORPHOUS BROWN-GREY MASS...
"...AND YET IT WAS ONE CREATURE. ITS CELL STRUCTURE CONSISTENT THROUGHOUT.


"...OR RATHER, IT WASN'T. YOU SEE, ONE OF THE BODIES WAS A CELLULAR REPLICATE OF THE OTHER...A CLONE, ALTHOUGH WE DID NOT HAVE THE WORD THEN.
"ALSO, THE SECONDARY BODY WAS TREMENDOUSLY EVOLVED AND ADAPTABLE.

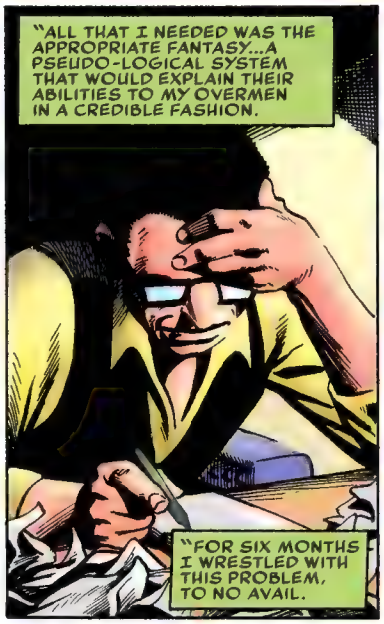
"DO YOU SEE?
"THEY WERE MINDS WITH MORE THAN ONE BODY. I SUPPOSE IT MADE SPACESUITS REDUNDANT... JUST SELECT THE APPROPRIATE FORM FROM YOUR...WHAT SHALL WE CALL IT?...YOUR 'BODY WARDROBE'...AND PUT IT ON.

"BUT, ONE NIGHT OVER WILTSHIRE, SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG...AN ENGINE MELTDOWN, PERHAPS...SOME ACCIDENT THAT CAUSED BOTH BODIES TO OCCUPY THE SAME SPACE AT ONCE.
"I IMAGINE IT WAS VERY MUCH LIKE HELL..."

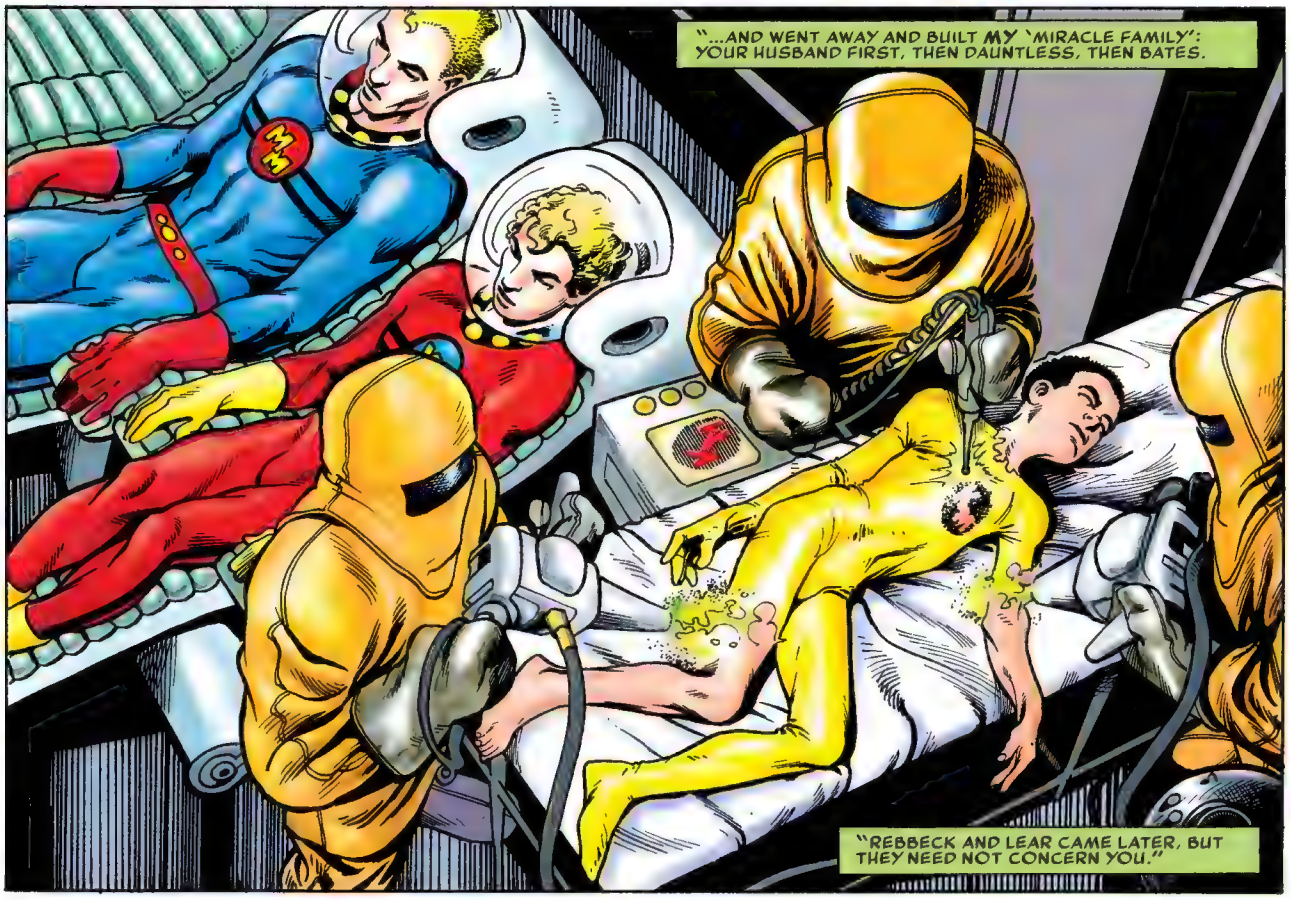

BUT FOR ME, A HEAVEN-SENT OPPORTUNITY...A GIFT OF FIRE FROM AN ALIEN PROMETHEUS.
"YOU SEE, IT WAS MY BELIEF THAT THIS PROCESS MIGHT BE MADE TO WORK UPON HUMANS.
"WHAT IF YOU WERE TO TAKE A HUMAN BEING...LET'S SAY A YOUNG ORPHAN WHOM NO-ONE WOULD MISS...
"WHAT IF, FROM HIS LIVING CELLS, YOU COULD CREATE A PERFECTLY EVOLVED SUPERHUMAN?
"WHAT IF YOU COULD PLACE THIS BODY IN...CALL IT 'INFRASPACE'... TO BE SUMMONED BY THE ACTIVATION OF A BRAIN IMPLANT?
"AND THIS BRAIN IMPLANT...WHAT IF IT IS TRIGGERED BY THE UTTERANCE OF A SIMPLE, POSTHYPNOTIC KEY-WORD? YOU BEGIN TO SEE?
"WHAT, THEN, MIGHT NOT BE POSSIBLE?
"WITHIN THOSE HALLS WE CRAFTED MONSTERS, AND IF ARCHER SUSPECTED AS MUCH, HIS SUSPICIONS WENT UNVOICED.
"HE AVERTED HIS EYES, AND ALLOWED HIS CONSCIENCE TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY."

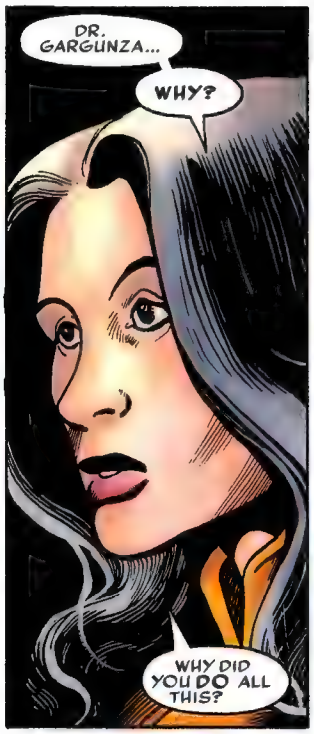

HE WANTED POWER, YOU SEE, THAT UPRIGHT CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN. I OFFERED IT TO HIM... "A GIFT, HERE, TAKE IT" ...AND, SEIZING IT, HE COMMENCED HIS FALL FROM GRACE.
I GAVE HIM SUPERMEN. AN AMUSING CONCEPT, YES?

"THE IDEA GREW FROM MY NEED TO FIND A MEANS OF CONTROLLING THESE BEINGS. I HAD DECIDED TO ENSLAVE THEIR MINDS WITH DREAMS.
"WITH STOLEN ALIEN SCIENCE, I CONSTRUCTED A DEVICE THAT WOULD SHAPE THEIR DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES.


"ALL THAT I NEEDED WAS THE APPROPRIATE FANTASY...A PSEUDO-LOGICAL SYSTEM THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THEIR ABILITIES TO MY OVERMEN IN A CREDIBLE FASHION.
"FOR SIX MONTHS I WRESTLED WITH THIS PROBLEM, TO NO AVAIL.

"ONE DAY, IN THE CANTEEN, I CHANCED UPON A FLIMSY, BLACK-AND-WHITE CHILDREN'S PAPER, LEFT THERE BY SOME SEMI-LITERATE ENGINEER. I PICKED IT UP. I READ.
"...AND THEN, MRS. MORAN, I LAUGHED AND LAUGHED AND LAUGHED.


"...AND WENT AWAY AND BUILT MY 'MIRACLE FAMILY': YOUR HUSBAND FIRST, THEN DAUNTLESS, THEN BATES.
"REBBECK AND LEAR CAME LATER, BUT THEY NEED NOT CONCERN YOU."


DR. GARGUNZA...
WHY?
WHY DID YOU DO ALL THIS?

TO LIVE FOREVER.
TO LIVE FOREVER IN A PERFECT BODY.

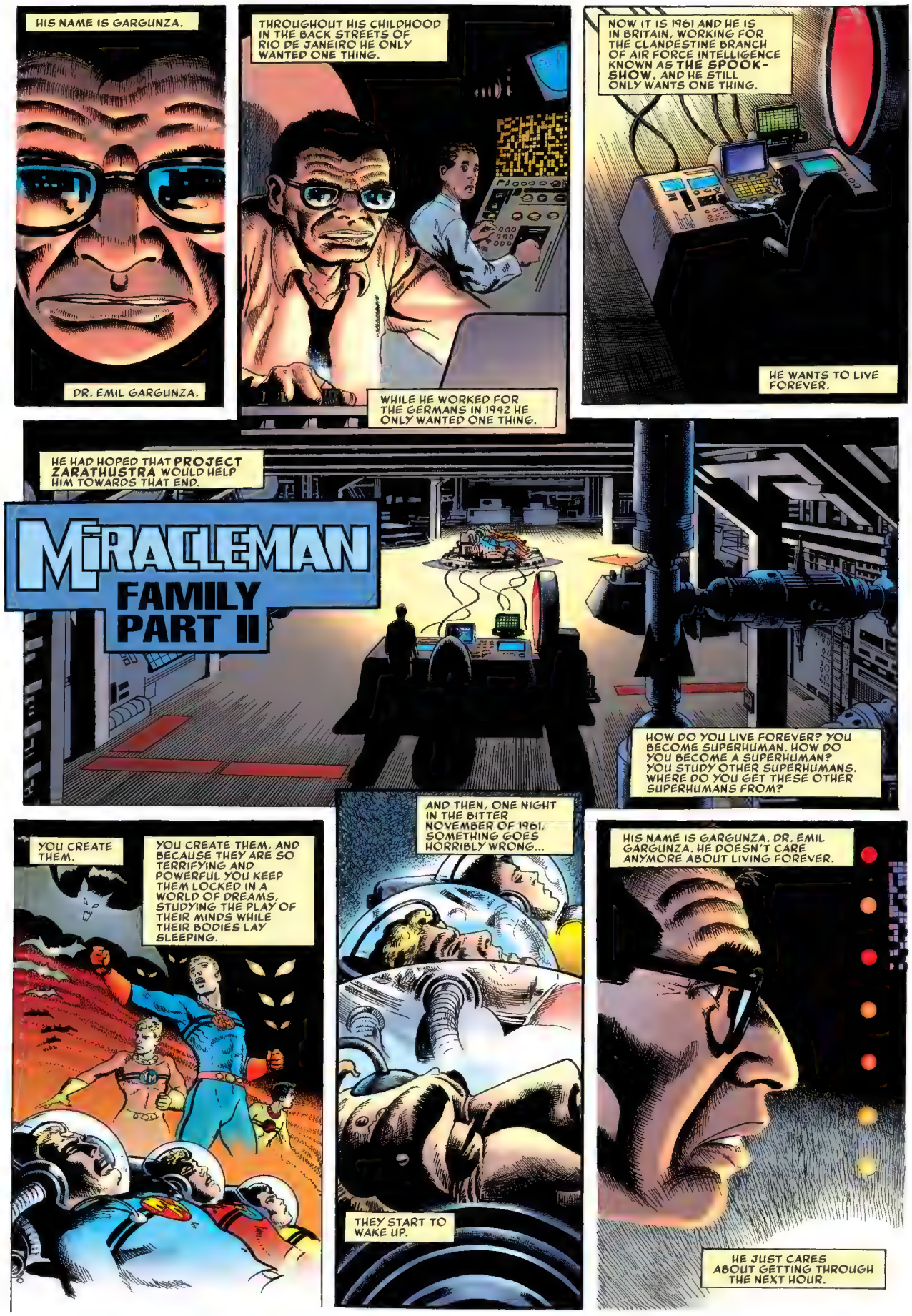
BUT, YOU SEE, THAT WAS THE TRAGEDY. WE LEARNED THAT THE PROCESS DID NOT WORK UPON THOSE ABOVE A CERTAIN AGE.
MYSELF, APPROACHING FORTY, I WAS EXCLUDED. UNDETERRED I CONSIDERED ALTERNATIVES.

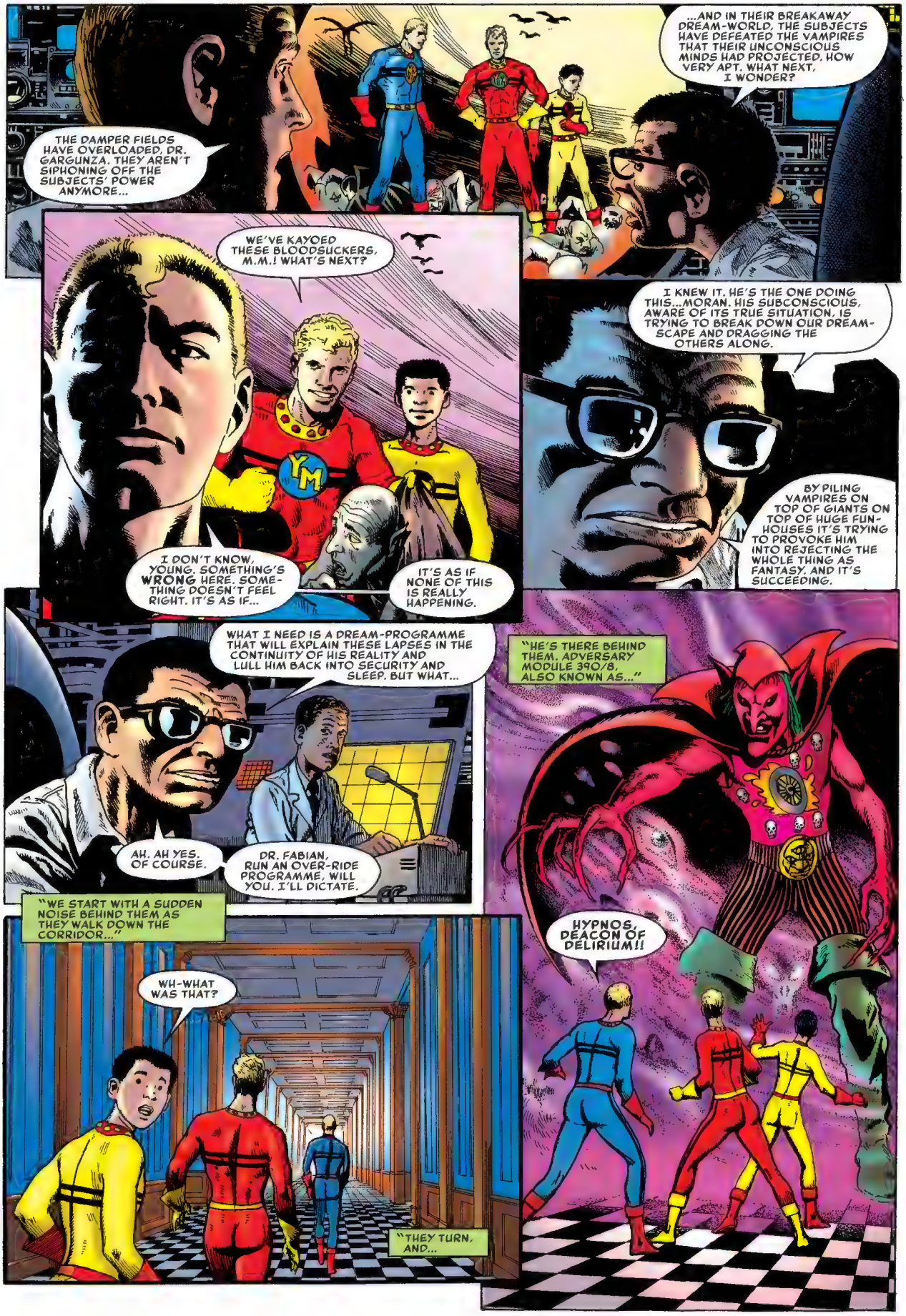
I CONSIDERED WIPING CLEAN YOUR HUSBAND'S BRAIN AND IMPRINTING MY OWN INTELLIGENCE UPON IT, STEALING HIS BODY WITH A SCIENTIFICALLY APPROVED FORM OF DEMONIC POSSESSION...
THAT'S HORRIBLE. EVEN SUPPOSING THAT YOU COULD DO IT.

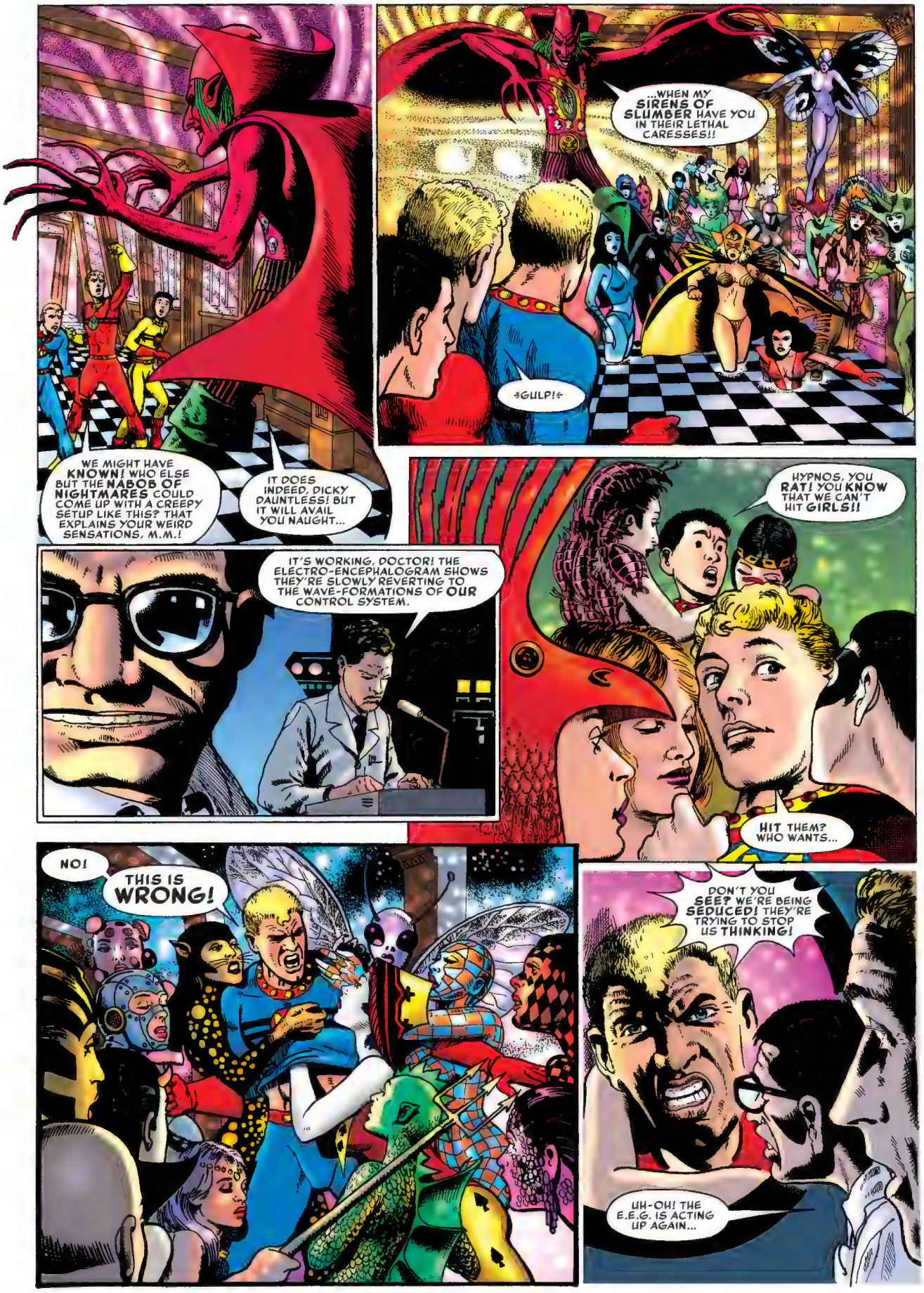
OH, I COULD HAVE DONE IT. I HAD THE MEANS. BUT, NO, IT WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED...
...NOT ON AN ARTIFICIALLY CREATED BEING WITH AN ALREADY EXISTENT BRAIN IMPLANT. NOT ON SUCH A MATURE AND POWERFUL PERSONALITY.

...BUT OF COURSE, IF THAT BEING WERE TO BREED, AND PRODUCE A BABY...
A BABY THAT DUPLICATED HIS POWERS NATURALLY, WITHOUT THE NEED FOR SAID BRAIN IMPLANT...
AHH, BUT I HAVE BORED YOU FOR TOO LONG ALREADY.

MORE COFFEE, MRS. MORAN?


HIS NAME IS GARGUNZA.
DR. EMIL GARGUNZA.
THROUGHOUT HIS CHILDHOOD IN THE BACK STREETS OF RIO DE JANEIRO HE ONLY WANTED ONE THING.
WHILE HE WORKED FOR THE GERMANS IN 1942 HE ONLY WANTED ONE THING.
NOW IT IS 1961 AND HE IS IN BRITAIN, WORKING FOR THE CLANDESTINE BRANCH OF AIR FORCE INTELLIGENCE KNOWN AS THE SPOOK-SHOW, AND HE STILL ONLY WANTS ONE THING.
HE WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER.
HE HAD HOPED THAT PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA WOULD HELP HIM TOWARDS THAT END.
MIRACLEMAN
FAMILY
PART II
HOW DO YOU LIVE FOREVER? YOU BECOME SUPERHUMAN. HOW DO YOU BECOME A SUPERHUMAN? YOU STUDY OTHER SUPERHUMANS. WHERE DO YOU GET THESE OTHER SUPERHUMANS FROM?
YOU CREATE THEM.
YOU CREATE THEM, AND BECAUSE THEY ARE SO TERRIFYING AND POWERFUL YOU KEEP THEM LOCKED IN A WORLD OF DREAMS, STUDYING THE PLAY OF THEIR MINDS WHILE THEIR BODIES LAY SLEEPING.
AND THEN, ONE NIGHT IN THE BITTER NOVEMBER OF 1961, SOMETHING GOES HORRIBLY WRONG...
THEY START TO WAKE UP.
HIS NAME IS GARGUNZA. DR. EMIL GARGUNZA. HE DOESN'T CARE ANYMORE ABOUT LIVING FOREVER.
HE JUST CARES ABOUT GETTING THROUGH THE NEXT HOUR.


THE DAMPER FIELDS HAVE OVERLOADED, DR. GARGUNZA. THEY AREN'T SIPHONING OFF THE SUBJECTS' POWER ANYMORE...
...AND IN THEIR BREAKAWAY DREAM-WORLD, THE SUBJECTS HAVE DEFEATED THE VAMPIRES THAT THEIR UNCONSCIOUS MINDS HAD PROJECTED. HOW VERY APT. WHAT NEXT, I WONDER?
WE'VE KAYOED THESE BLOODSUCKERS, M.M.! WHAT'S NEXT?
I DON'T KNOW, YOUNG. SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE. SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT. IT'S AS IF...
IT'S AS IF NONE OF THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING.
I KNEW IT. HE'S THE ONE DOING THIS...MORAN. HIS SUBCONSCIOUS, AWARE OF ITS TRUE SITUATION, IS TRYING TO BREAK DOWN OUR DREAMSCAPE AND DRAGGING THE OTHERS ALONG.
BY PILING VAMPIRES ON TOP OF GIANTS ON TOP OF HUGE FUN-HOUSES IT'S TRYING TO PROVOKE HIM INTO REJECTING THE WHOLE THING AS FANTASY. AND IT'S SUCCEEDING.
WHAT I NEED IS A DREAM-PROGRAMME THAT WILL EXPLAIN THESE LAPSES IN THE CONTINUITY OF HIS REALITY AND LULL HIM BACK INTO SECURITY AND SLEEP. BUT WHAT...
AH. AH YES. OF COURSE.
DR. FABIAN, RUN AN OVER-RIDE PROGRAMME, WILL YOU. I'LL DICTATE.
"WE START WITH A SUDDEN NOISE BEHIND THEM AS THEY WALK DOWN THE CORRIDOR..."
WH-WHAT WAS THAT?
"THEY TURN, AND...
"HE'S THERE BEHIND THEM. ADVERSARY MODULE 390/8, ALSO KNOWN AS..."
HYPNOS, DEACON OF DELIRIUM!!


WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! WHO ELSE BUT THE NABOB OF NIGHTMARES COULD COME UP WITH A CREEPY SETUP LIKE THIS? THAT EXPLAINS YOUR WEIRD SENSATIONS, M.M.!
IT DOES INDEED, DICKY DAUNTLESS! BUT IT WILL AVAIL YOU NAUGHT...
...WHEN MY SIRENS OF SLUMBER HAVE YOU IN THEIR LETHAL CARESSES!!
GULP!
IT'S WORKING, DOCTOR! THE ELECTRO-ENCEPHALOGRAM SHOWS THEY'RE SLOWLY REVERTING TO THE WAVE-FORMATIONS OF OUR CONTROL SYSTEM.
HYPNOS, YOU RAT! YOU KNOW THAT WE CAN'T HIT GIRLS!!
HIT THEM? WHO WANTS...
NO!
THIS IS WRONG!
DON'T YOU SEE? WE'RE BEING SEDUCED! THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP US THINKING!
UH-OH! THE E.E.G. IS ACTING UP AGAIN...

HOW DID HYPNOS KNOW YOUR SECRET IDENTITY, Y.M.? HE CALLED YOU DICKY DAUNTLESS! HOW DID HE KNOW??
AND THIS CASTLE. THESE POWERS! HE WASN'T LIKE THIS THE LAST TIME WE ENCOUNTERED HIM! NONE OF THIS IS REAL!
NONE OF IT!
THE CONSOLE! OUT OF MY BLOODY WAY, FABIAN...
I...I LEARNED OF YOUR YOUNG FRIEND'S IDENTITY WITH A SECRET MIND-SCANNING DEVICE, AND AS FOR MY NEW-FOUND ABILITIES, THEY...
...THEY WERE GIVEN TO ME BY THE MAYOR OF THE FIFTH DIMENSION IN RETURN FOR SAVING HIS DAUGHTER'S LIFE, AND...
NO! YOU'RE LYING! LOOK AT THIS CHAMBER...
IT'S CHANGING! EVERYTHING'S CHANGING! EVEN MY COSTUME!
DOCTOR... LOOK AT THIS...
MY GOD. CAN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS BE THAT POWERFUL? I NEVER DREAMED...
IF HE SHOULD WAKE...IF HE REALLY IS THAT POWERFUL, THEN...
THEN HE'LL KILL US, FABIAN. BE SURE OF THAT. JUST LOOK UP AT THAT SCREEN...

"HE WANTS TO KILL US."
I'M TIRED OF YOUR LIES, HYPNOS!
LET'S SEE WHO'S REALLY HIDING BEHIND THAT MASK!

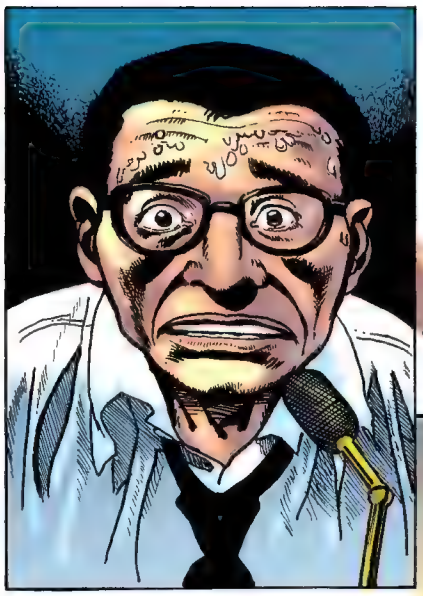
GARGUNZA!
"OH, GOD."

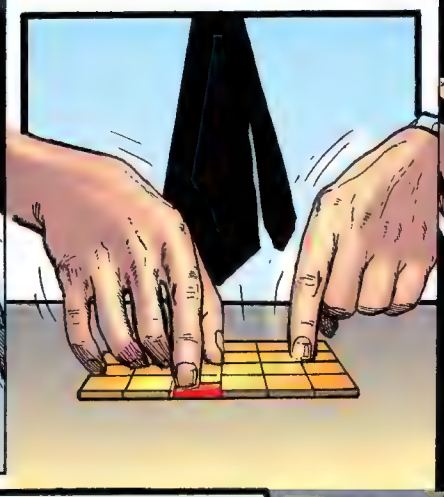
HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND...IT KNOWS.
HE KNOWS!

THERE'S GOT TO BE A PROGRAMME! THERE'S GOT TO BE AN END-SEQUENCE THAT WILL RESOLVE THE INSOLUBLE MESS THAT HIS MIND HAS WOVEN!
THERE'S GOT TO BE!
DOCTOR... H-HE'S STARTING TO MOVE...

GIVE ME THE ANSWERS, GARGUNZA! GIVE ME THE ANSWERS OR I'LL KILL YOU!

WELL, GARGUNZA? WHAT'S IT TO BE?



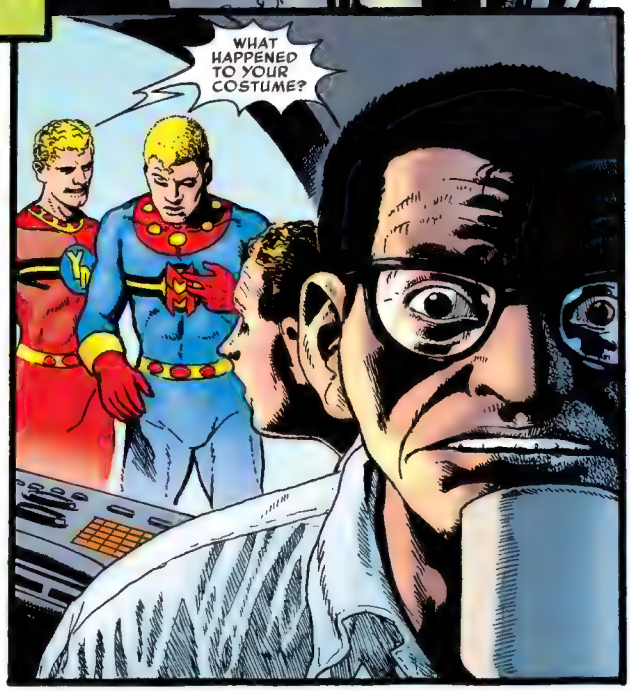


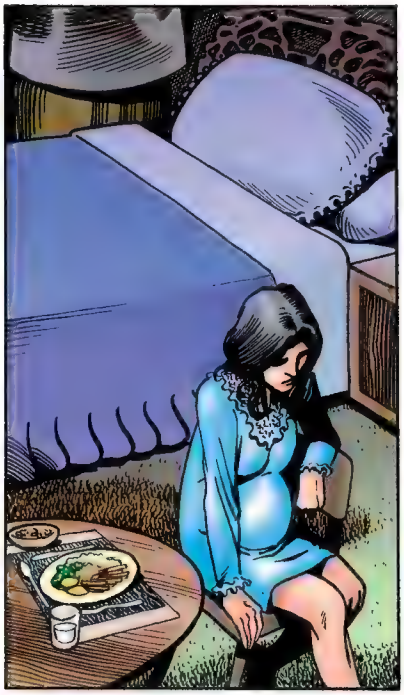
AND THEN THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY WOKE UP...

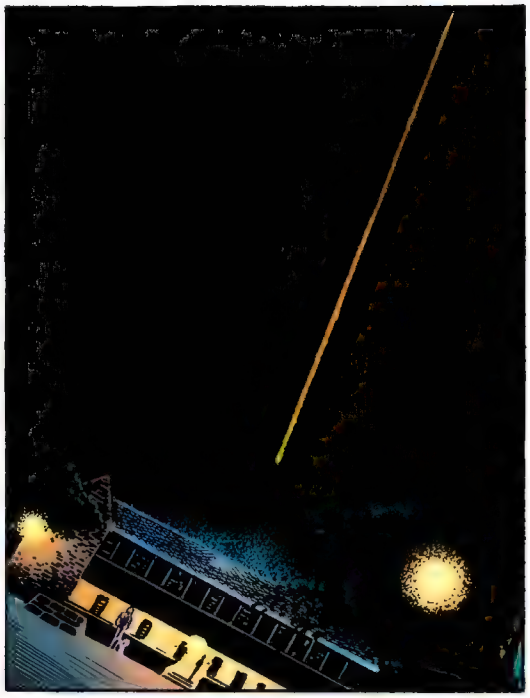
"...AND IT HAD ALL BEEN A DREAM."
WHEW! HEY, M.M.. KID! I JUST HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM.
HMMM. FUNNY... SO DID I. THANK GOODNESS IT WAS ONLY THAT...JUST AN INSANE NIGHTMARE...

NORMAL DREAM PATTERNS RE-ESTABLISHED COMPLETELY, AND ALL THE LOOSE ENDS TIED UP.
YOU'RE A GENIUS, DR. GARGUNZA.
YES, I SUPPOSE I AM.

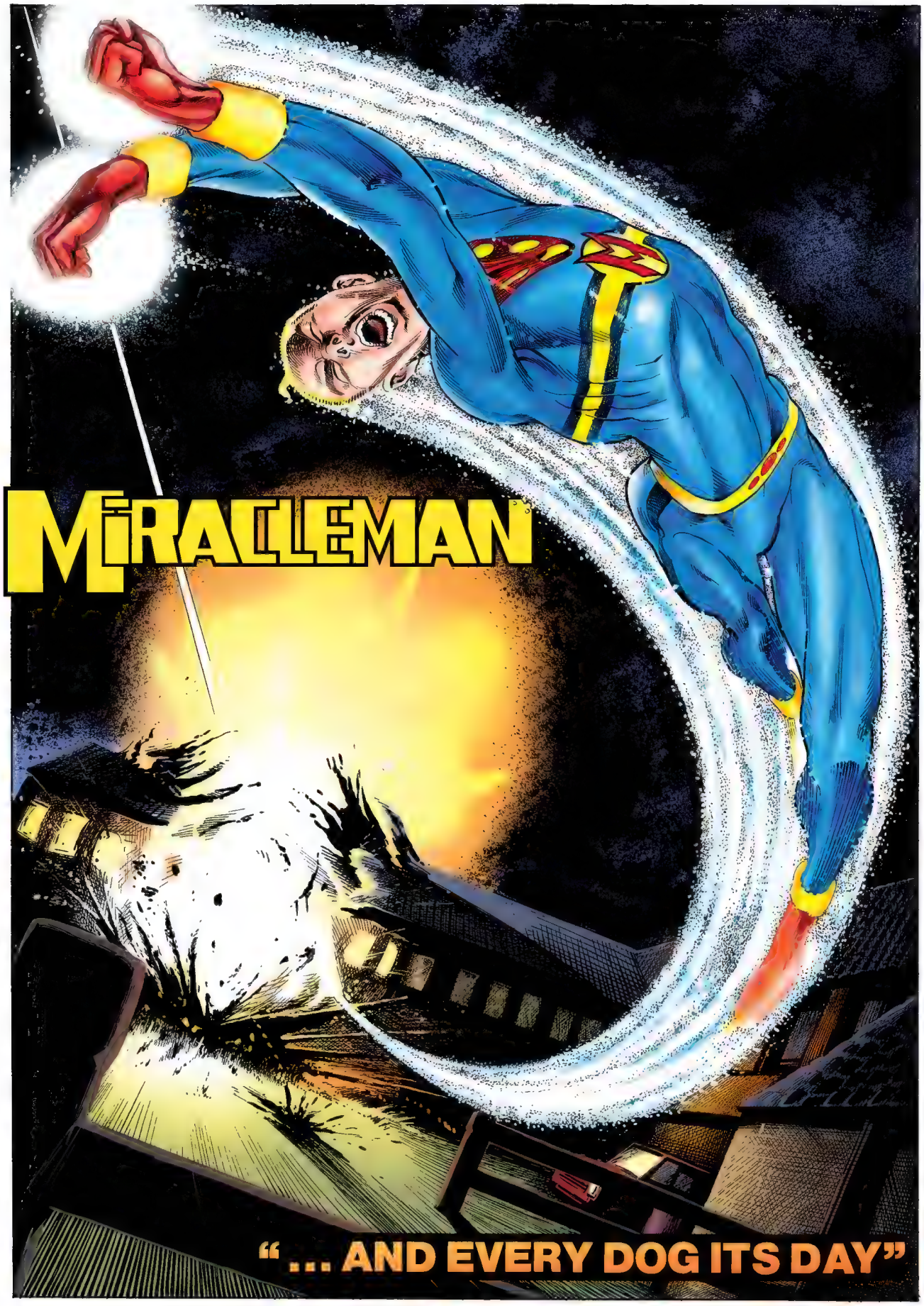
WHO KNOWS? POSSIBLY EVEN AN IMMORTAL GENIUS. HA HA HA.
SAY, BY THE WAY, M.M....


WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR COSTUME?





MRS. MORAN, PLEASE DO NOT BE ALARMED. I AM A FRIEND.
YOUR HUSBAND WILL BE ARRIVING SHORTLY...


MIRACLEMAN
"... AND EVERY DOG ITS DAY"

"IT IS AS YOU SAID, HERR DOKTOR. HE IS HERE.
"HERR DOKTOR?"
"MMM?
"OH...FORGIVE ME, GUNTER...
"I HAD FORGOTTEN JUST HOW MAGNIFICENT...
"NO MATTER.
"BRING PLUTO TO ME, AND ALSO MY TINTED SPECTACLES.
"WE MAY NOT HAVE MUCH TIME."
GARGUNZA...
I'VE COME TO KILL YOU.

NO.
HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!
NO YOU HAVEN'T.
QUITE THE REVERSE, IN FACT.
ABRAXAS.
K-KIMOTA.
KIMOTA!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? I'VE USED A POSTHYPNOTIC KEYWORD OF MY OWN TO OVER-RIDE YOUR TRIGGER MECHANISM.
A FAIL-SAFE THAT I THOUGHT TO INCLUDE AFTER A LITTLE INCIDENT IN 1961. YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER...

CREAM?
THE EFFECTS ONLY LAST FOR AN HOUR...

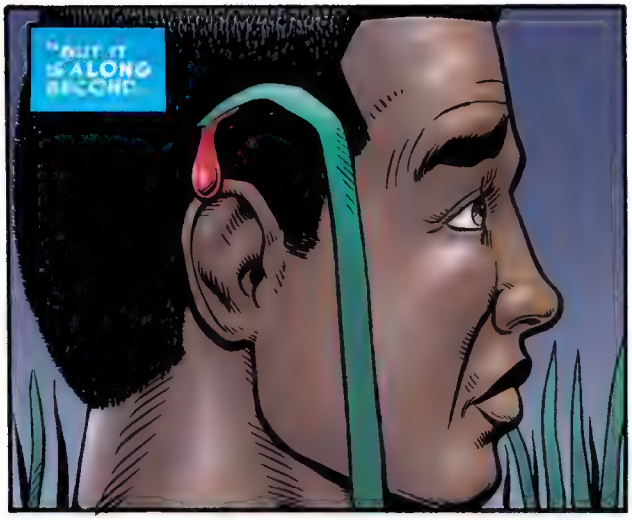
CREEEEAM!
...BUT THEN, HE DOESN'T HAVE AN HOUR, DOES HE PLUTO?

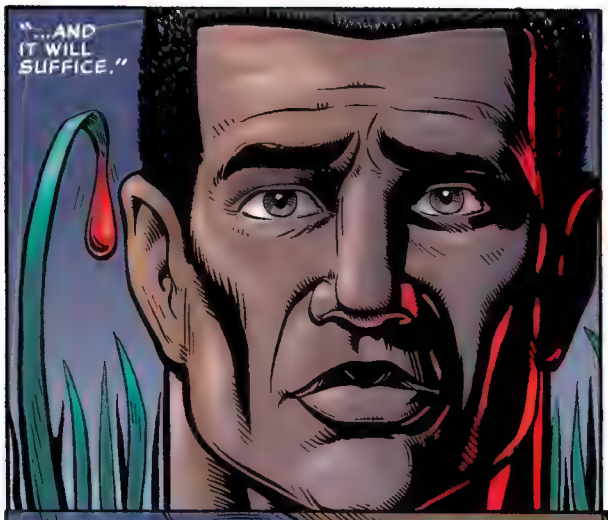
PLUTO? LISTEN CAREFULLY...
STEPPENWOLF.

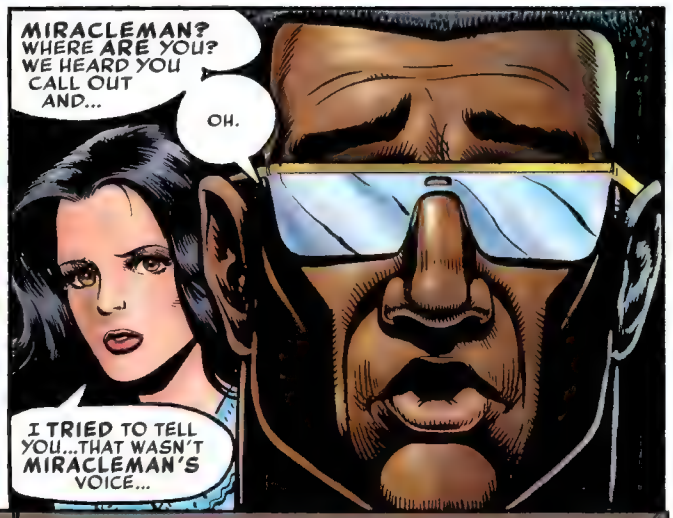
THERE, MR. MORAN...
DO YOU LIKE HIM?
I GIVE YOU...

...MIRACLEDOG!
HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA...

"I HAVE SO BIG A THING TO TELL. I HAVE A SECOND IN WHICH TO TELL IT.
"ONLY A SECOND...


"BUT IT IS A LONG SECOND.


"...AND IT WILL SUFFICE."


MIRACLEMAN? WHERE ARE YOU? WE HEARD YOU CALL OUT AND...
OH.
I TRIED TO TELL YOU...THAT WASN'T MIRACLEMAN'S VOICE...

MIRACLEMAN
All Heads Turn as the Hunt Goes By
...IT WAS MIKE'S.

WHERE'S MIRACLEMAN?
WHERE IS HE?
GARGUNZA... USED A WORD TO TRIGGER THE CHANGE. EFFECTS LAST AN HOUR...
OH GOD, THAT CREATURE...

OH, COME NOW...SURELY THE DOG ISN'T THAT MUCH OF A SURPRISE?
WE ALWAYS EXPERIMENT UPON ANIMALS FIRST, DON'T WE?
INCIDENTALLY, GOOD EVENING, MR. CREAM. A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU...

...AND I AM GENUINELY SORRY THAT IT MUST BE SO BRIEF. I'M SURE WE WOULD HAVE FOUND MUCH TO TALK ABOUT.
MRS. MORAN, IF YOU'D STEP AWAY FROM THE GENTLEMEN NOW, PLEASE...

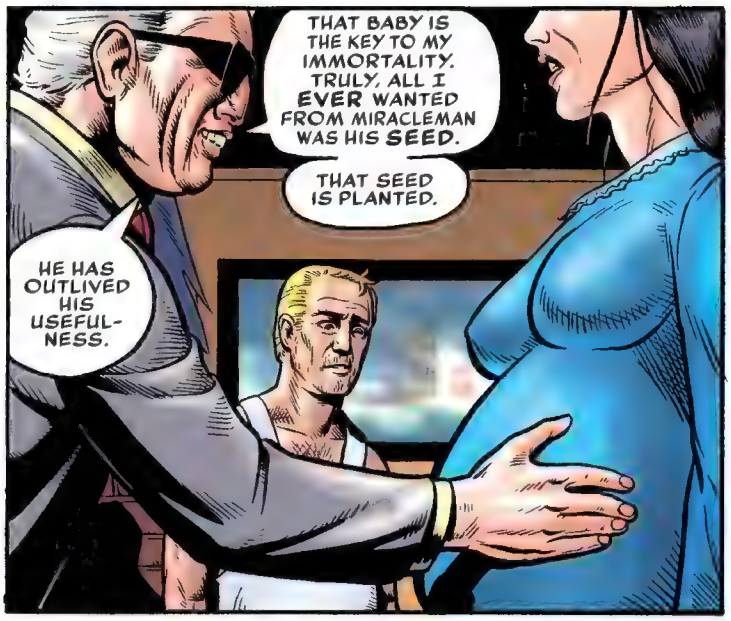
NO! OH GOD, MIKE...
I...I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU DO AS HE SUGGESTS, MRS. MORAN.
LIZ, I...

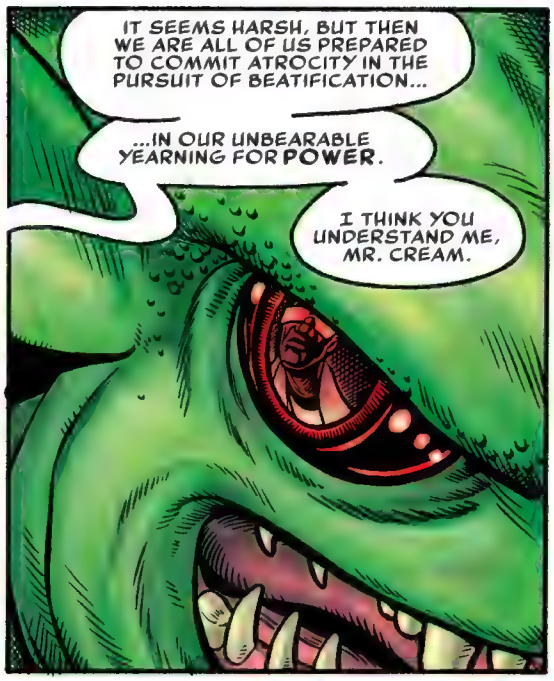
LIZ...THE BABY...
YOU'VE GOT TO GO.
LIZ, I LOVE YOU...

THERE.

NOW...YOU WILL BE GIVEN THREE MINUTES' START...
DR. GARGUNZA, THERE IS NO POINT TO THIS...

THERE IS EVERY POINT.
I HAVE FOLLOWED THIS COUPLE'S PROGRESS FOR ALMOST TWENTY YEARS, USING EMPLOYEES WITHIN YOUR COUNTRY.
I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR THEM TO PRODUCE A BABY.

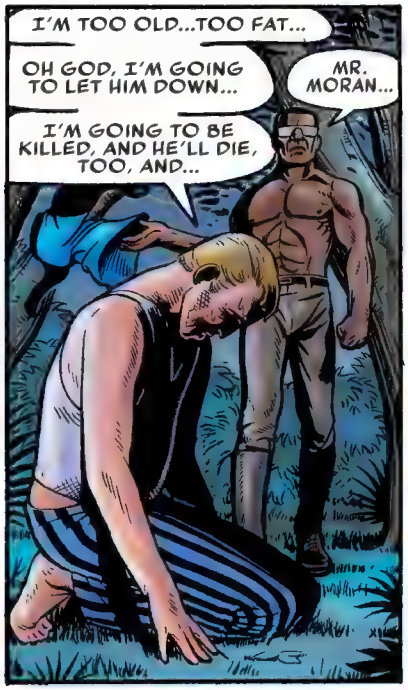

THAT BABY IS THE KEY TO MY IMMORTALITY. TRULY, ALL I EVER WANTED FROM MIRACLEMAN WAS HIS SEED.
THAT SEED IS PLANTED.
HE HAS OUTLIVED HIS USEFUL-NESS.


IT SEEMS HARSH, BUT THEN WE ARE ALL OF US PREPARED TO COMMIT ATROCITY IN THE PURSUIT OF BEATIFICATION...
...IN OUR UNBEARABLE YEARNING FOR POWER.
I THINK YOU UNDERSTAND ME, MR. CREAM.

YES.
COME, MR. MORAN...
WE HAVE THREE MINUTES.

"AND I RAN FOR MY LIFE WITH A FALLEN GOD
"...AND FOR ONCE HE FOLLOWED ME

"HE HAD FALLEN VERY FAR."
CREAM...
CREAM, I CUH... CAN'T RUN...


I'M TOO OLD...TOO FAT...
OH GOD, I'M GOING TO LET HIM DOWN...
MR. MORAN...
I'M GOING TO BE KILLED, AND HE'LL DIE, TOO, AND...

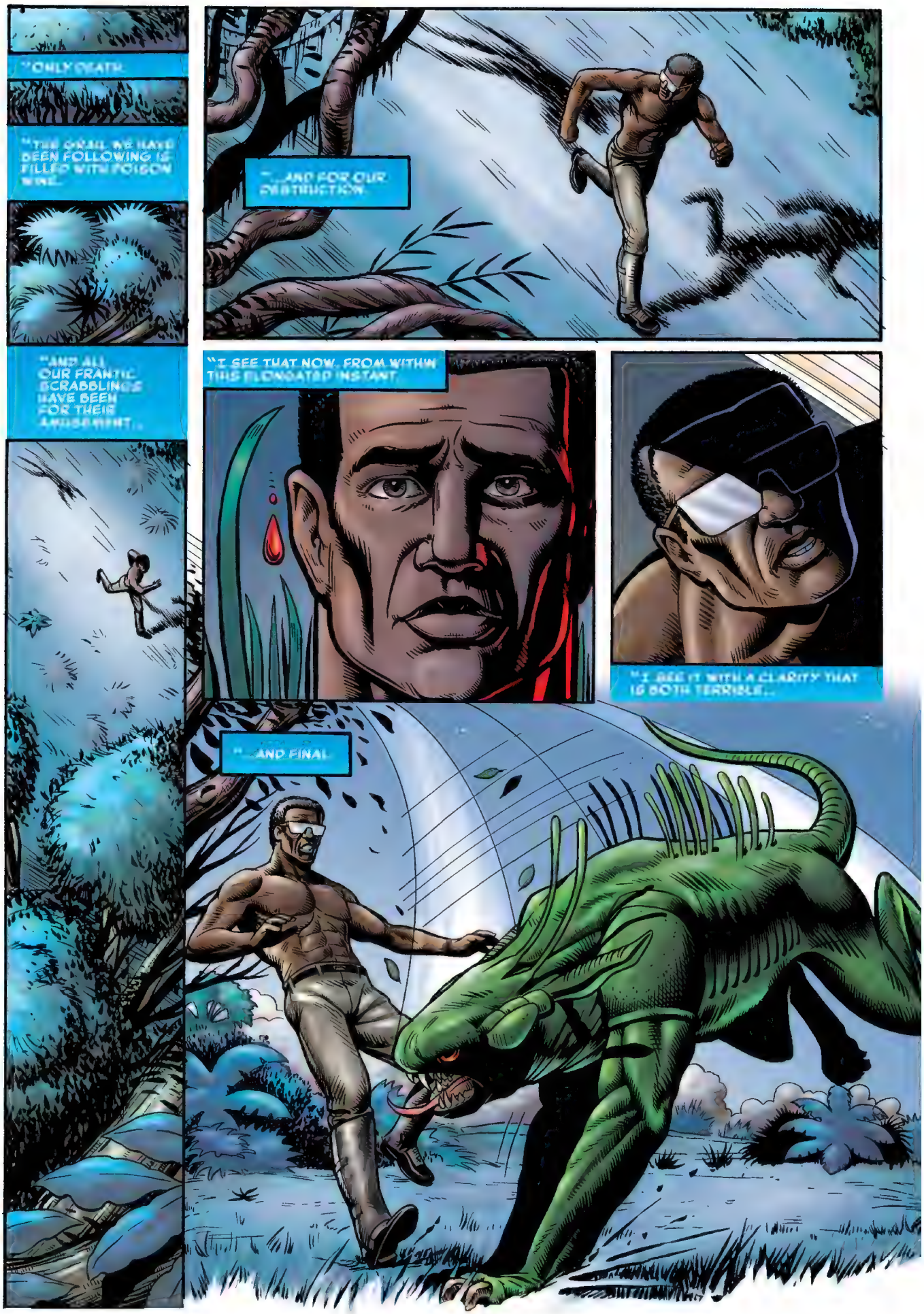
LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY...
YOU ARE A FOOL.
YOU ARE A WEAKLING AND A COWARD...

BUT INSIDE YOU THERE IS A GOD.
INSIDE YOU THERE IS SOME-ONE BETTER THAN US...
...AND WHATEVER THE COST, YOU MUST PROTECT HIM.

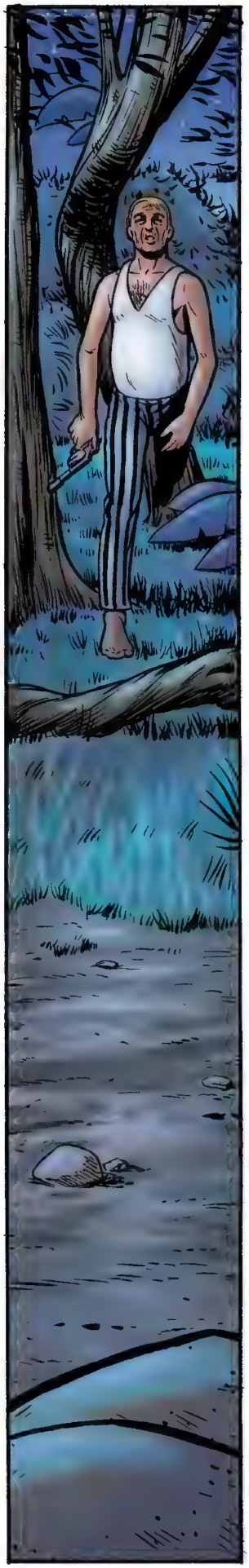
TAKE THIS.
WE WILL SPLIT UP HERE. I DOUBT WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.
GOODBYE, MR. MORAN.

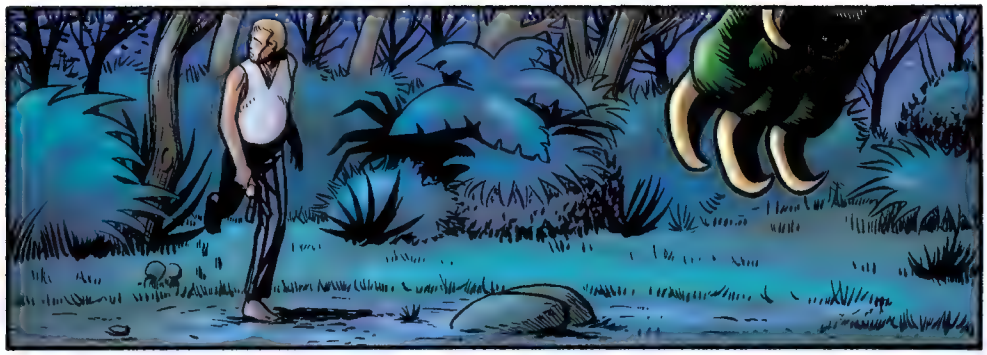
THEY'RE SPLITTING UP.
OFF YOU GO, PLUTO.
"FAR BEHIND ME I HEARD THE HAMMER OF PAWS, LOUD AS RITUAL DRUMS...

"...AND THE JUNGLE DREAM YAWNED WITH DISLOCATED JAWS, SWALLOWING ME WHOLE.
"HOW HAD I COME HERE, TO THIS CARCASS-FOREST? WAS IT A THIRST FOR POWER ALONE THAT LED ME TO DRINK AT THIS TAINTED WELL?
"NO. NOT POWER ALONE.
"I WANTED THE WHITE MIRACLE.
"I WANTED TO TOUCH THE PALE GOD THAT THEY HAD BIRTHED IN THEIR MACHINERY.
"THE THING THEY HAD WHICH WE HAD NOT.
"AND THUS I REACHED OUT FOR THAT IVORY PROMISE, AS DID MY FATHER, AS DID HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM...
"...AND I LEARNED THAT THING WHICH I MUST TELL:
"THAT WHITENESS WHICH WE PURSUE THROUGH THE DARK TREES OF OUR INNER CONTINENT...
"IT IS NOT THE WHITENESS OF HOT STEEL, OR OF SANCTITY...
"IT IS THE WHITENESS OF BONE.
"IT IS DEATH.


"ONLY DEATH...
"THE GRAIL WE HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING IS FILLED WITH POISON WINE...
"AND ALL OUR FRANTIC SCRABBLINGS HAVE BEEN FOR THEIR AMUSEMENT...
"...AND FOR OUR DESTRUCTION.
"I SEE THAT NOW, FROM WITHIN THIS ELONGATED INSTANT.
"I SEE IT WITH A CLARITY THAT IS BOTH TERRIBLE...
"...AND FINAL.

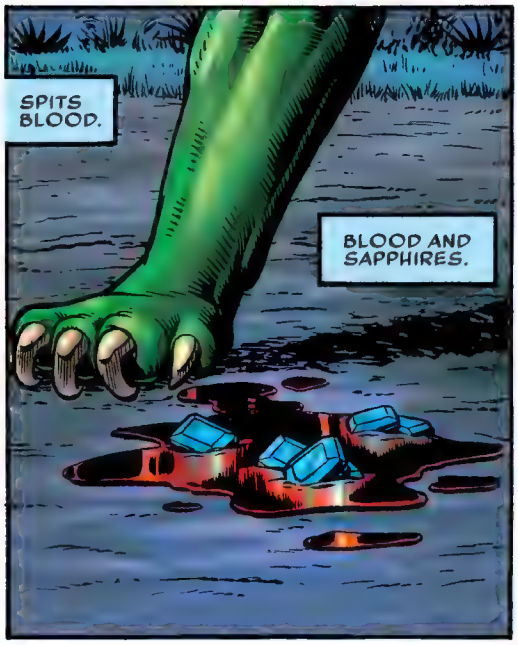
"IT LEAPT THEN, ITS BREATH SLAMMING INTO MY FACE, A HOT AND RANCID WALL...
"AND THEN THERE WAS A MOVEMENT TOO FAST TO SEE, A PAIN TOO SWIFT TO EXPERIENCE...
"...AND ALL THAT WAS A SECOND AGO.
"WHERE AM I NOW? I FEEL...
"OW."





IT STARES.

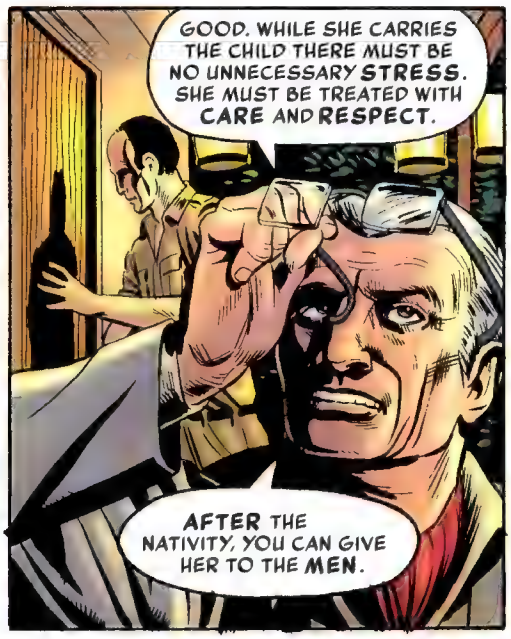
IT LOWERS ITS HEAD.
IT SPITS.
PFUH PTUHH

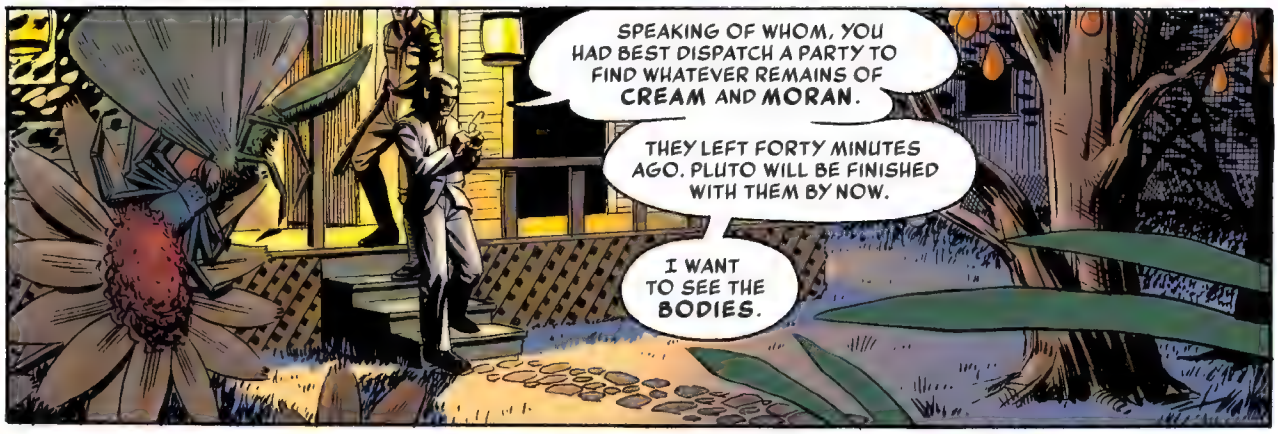

SPITS BLOOD.
BLOOD AND SAPPHIRES.

MY SOFT BODY JUST STANDS HERE, INNARDS PROTECTED BY NOTHING MORE STURDY THAN SKIN, USELESS AS PAPER.
I CAN'T MOVE. MY MIND'S LIKE A DANCEHALL FIRE, A CROWD OF TERRIFIED VOICES ALL SCREAMING INSTRUCTIONS AT ONCE...
(THE DOG DRIPS BLOODY SLOBBER AND CRUNCHES ITS MOUTHFUL OF RAZORS TOGETHER.)
ONE VOICE SCREAMS "RUN," ANOTHER BELLOWS "SHOOT IT! SHOOT IT!", A THIRD PLEADS WITH ME TO REMAIN STILL...
A DOZEN FRANTIC OPTIONS, ALL HOPELESSLY UNWORKABLE. IN THE BURNING DANCEHALL THEY'RE HAMMERING AND POUNDING, BUT THE FIREDOORS ARE LOCKED.
(THE DOG CROUCHES, AND ITS MUSCLES HUMP AND GRIND LIKE RUTTING BEASTS BENEATH THE STEAMING LEATHER SHEETS OF ITS FLANKS.)
IT'S GOING TO JUMP.
I RAISE CREAM'S GUN...
(IT HAS FURIOUS EYES, AND AN ERECTION. IT HAS A DEAD MAN ON ITS BREATH...)

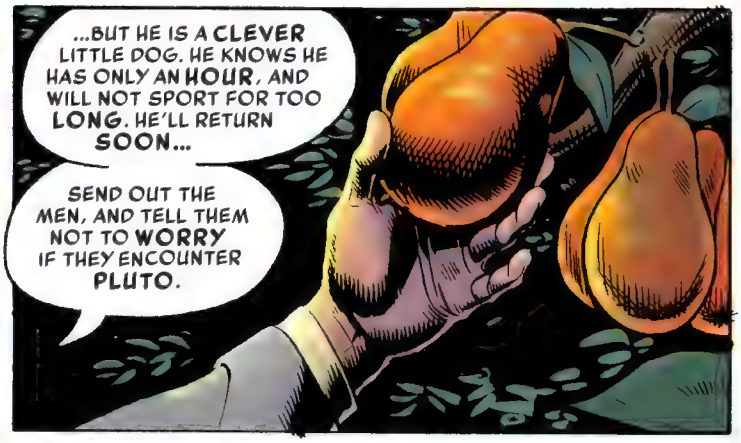
...AND THEN THE GUN IS GONE...
...AND TWO OF THE FINGERS THAT WERE HOLDING IT...
AAAA! AAAAAAA!
...AND MY SOFT BODY JUST STANDS HERE, MAKING ITS SOFT NOISES.
MIRACLEMAN
BODIES

WELL? HAS SHE CEASED WHIMPERING YET?
THE SEDATIVES HAVE TAKEN EFFECT, HERR DOKTOR. SHE SLEEPS.

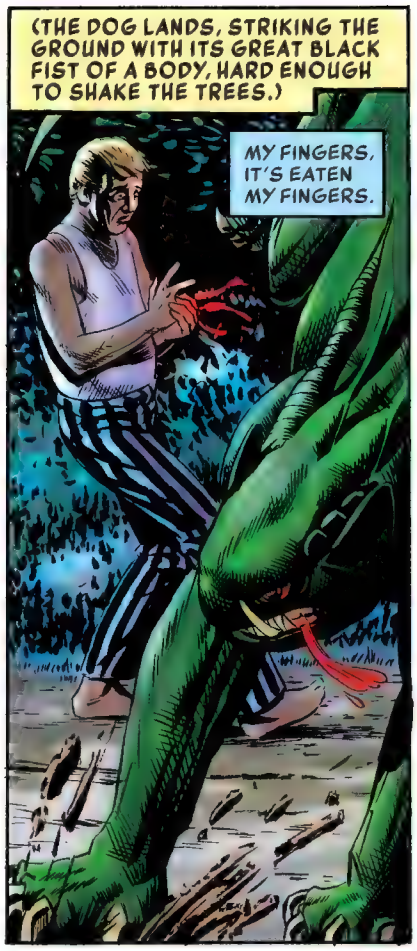

GOOD. WHILE SHE CARRIES THE CHILD THERE MUST BE NO UNNECESSARY STRESS. SHE MUST BE TREATED WITH CARE AND RESPECT.
AFTER THE NATIVITY, YOU CAN GIVE HER TO THE MEN.


SPEAKING OF WHOM, YOU HAD BEST DISPATCH A PARTY TO FIND WHATEVER REMAINS OF CREAM AND MORAN.
THEY LEFT FORTY MINUTES AGO. PLUTO WILL BE FINISHED WITH THEM BY NOW.
I WANT TO SEE THE BODIES.

IS IT SAFE TO SEND OUT MEN? THE DOG IS NOT BACK YET, HERR DOKTOR...
AH, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW HE IS. HE LIKES TO PLAY...


...BUT HE IS A CLEVER LITTLE DOG. HE KNOWS HE HAS ONLY AN HOUR, AND WILL NOT SPORT FOR TOO LONG. HE'LL RETURN SOON...
SEND OUT THE MEN, AND TELL THEM NOT TO WORRY IF THEY ENCOUNTER PLUTO.

HE'LL HAVE EATEN.

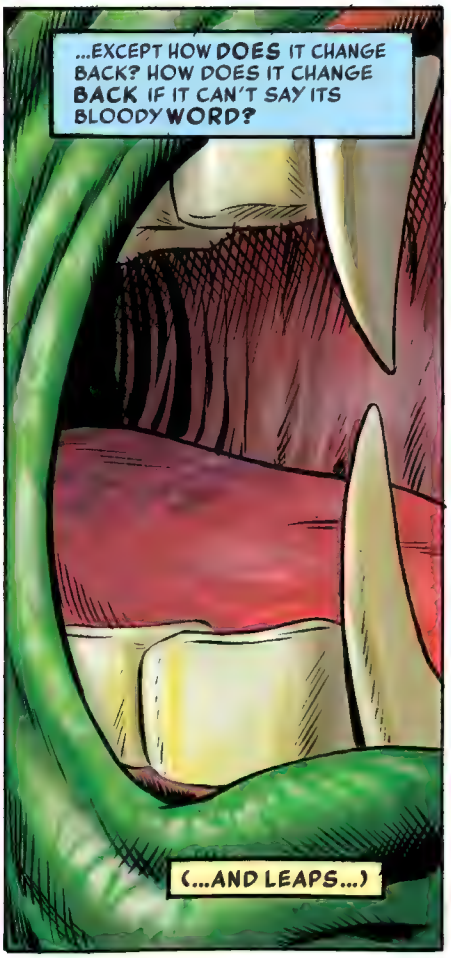

(THE DOG LANDS, STRIKING THE GROUND WITH ITS GREAT BLACK FIST OF A BODY, HARD ENOUGH TO SHAKE THE TREES.)
MY FINGERS, IT'S EATEN MY FINGERS.

(THE DOG SPITS, A SPRAY OF CRIMSON, A SHOWER OF IRON CONFETTI, THEN GRUNTS AND ROLLS ITS EYES.)

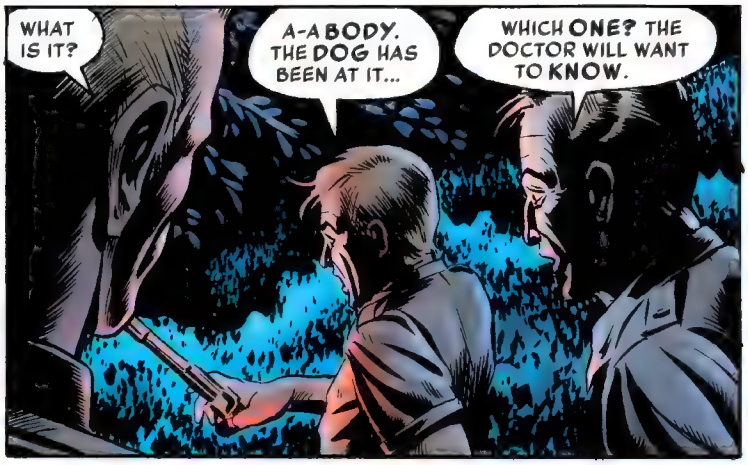
THE GUN. IT CHEWED UP THE GUN! IS IT TELLING ME HOW HELPLESS I AM? OH GOD, IS IT PLAYING WITH ME?
(THE DOG GNAWS A FINGERNAIL THOUGHTFULLY AND CONSIDERS. A FOOT NEXT, PERHAPS? A WHOLE LEG?)

I'M FINISHED. IT'LL NEVER ALLOW ME TIME TO WAIT OUT GARGUNZA'S OVER-RIDE AND CHANGE TO MIRACLEMAN...
(THE DOG DECIDES: BOTH FOREARMS, TO THE ELBOW. IT FLATTENS ITS BELLY AGAINST THE GRASS, TAIL WAGGING.)

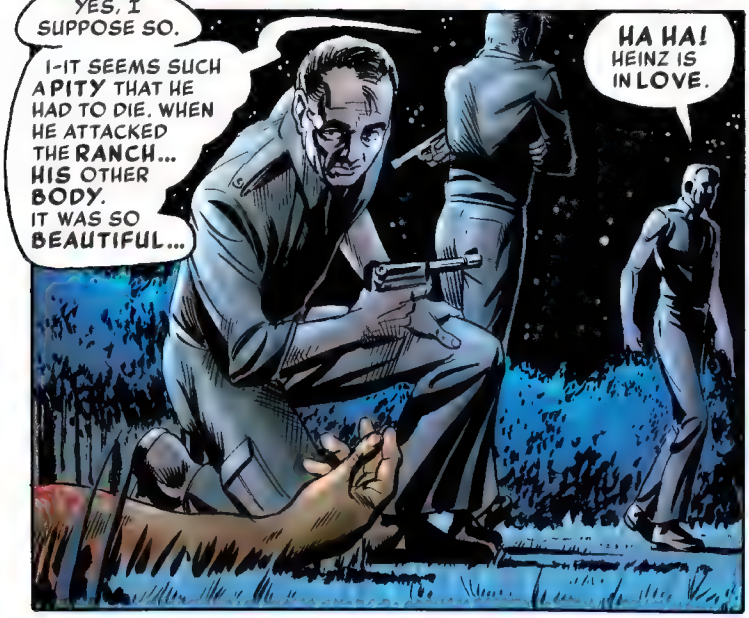
IT'S EVEN MORE HOPELESS THAN WITH JOHNNY BATES. THERE'S NO CHANCE THAT THIS CREATURE WILL SAY ITS KEYWORD ACCIDENTALLY. IT CAN'T SPEAK. EXCEPT...
(THE DOG TENSES...)

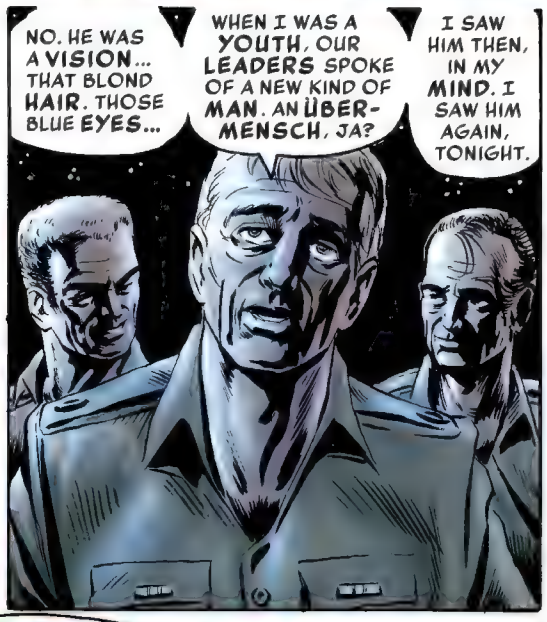

...EXCEPT HOW DOES IT CHANGE BACK? HOW DOES IT CHANGE BACK IF IT CAN'T SAY ITS BLOODY WORD?
(...AND LEAPS...)

AAAAAAAA!


WHAT IS IT?
A-A BODY. THE DOG HAS BEEN AT IT...
WHICH ONE? THE DOCTOR WILL WANT TO KNOW.

I...I DO NOT KNOW. THE HEAD IS MISSING...
IDIOT! IS IT THE BLACK ONE OR THE WHITE ONE?
IT'S THE BLACK. THE WHITE ONE NO DOUBT LIES DEAD NEARBY.

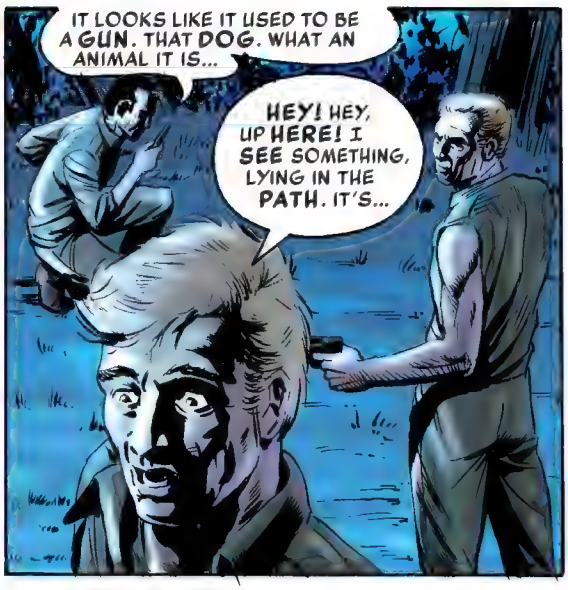

YES, I SUPPOSE SO.
I-IT SEEMS SUCH A PITY THAT HE HAD TO DIE. WHEN HE ATTACKED THE RANCH... HIS OTHER BODY. IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL...
HA HA! HEINZ IS IN LOVE.


NO. HE WAS A VISION... THAT BLOND HAIR. THOSE BLUE EYES...
WHEN I WAS A YOUTH, OUR LEADERS SPOKE OF A NEW KIND OF MAN. AN ÜBER-MENSCH, JA?
I SAW HIM THEN, IN MY MIND. I SAW HIM AGAIN, TONIGHT.

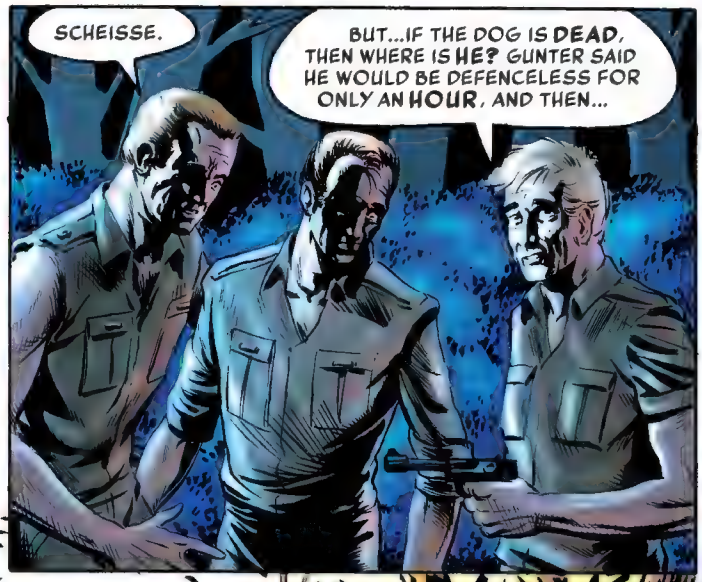
WE WAITED FOR HIM TO COME FOR FORTY YEARS...AND THEN WE KILLED HIM.
IT IS ALWAYS THE WAY, HEINZ...
IT IS ALWAYS THE WAY.

IT'S COMING. ONLY SECONDS LEFT NOW...
THE DOG CAN'T SAY ITS OWN KEYWORD. GARGUNZA HAS TO SAY IT FOR HIM. WHAT WAS IT? WHAT WAS THE WORD? WHAT DID HE SAY?
UHHFF
IT WAS SOMETHING FROM HERMANN HESSE. DEMIAN? NO. SIDDHARTHA? NO...
STEPPENWOLF.
WOOM
AAAAA!
I CAN'T HEAR, AND MY FACE AND CHEST ARE ALL BURNED, BUT THE DOG... THE DOG HAS CHANGED. IT STANDS THERE IN THE SMOKE, GROGGY AND CONFUSED.
I PICK UP A ROCK FROM THE GRASS AT MY FEET...
...AND THEN I SMASH ITS BRAINS OUT.
THE SMELL IS TERRIBLE, AND ONCE THE ADRENALINE RUSH HAS PASSED I THROW UP.
AFTER THAT I WAIT.
JUST WAIT.

HEINZ? ERNST? WAIT A MINUTE...
I'VE FOUND SOMETHING.
WHAT IS IT?


IT LOOKS LIKE IT USED TO BE A GUN. THAT DOG. WHAT AN ANIMAL IT IS...
HEY! HEY, UP HERE! I SEE SOMETHING, LYING IN THE PATH. IT'S...

THE WHITE MAN? IS IT THE ÜBERMENSCH?
N-NO. NO, NOT ÜBERMENSCH.
ÜBERHUND.


SCHEISSE.
BUT...IF THE DOG IS DEAD, THEN WHERE IS HE? GUNTER SAID HE WOULD BE DEFENCELESS FOR ONLY AN HOUR, AND THEN...

VUHVOOOM

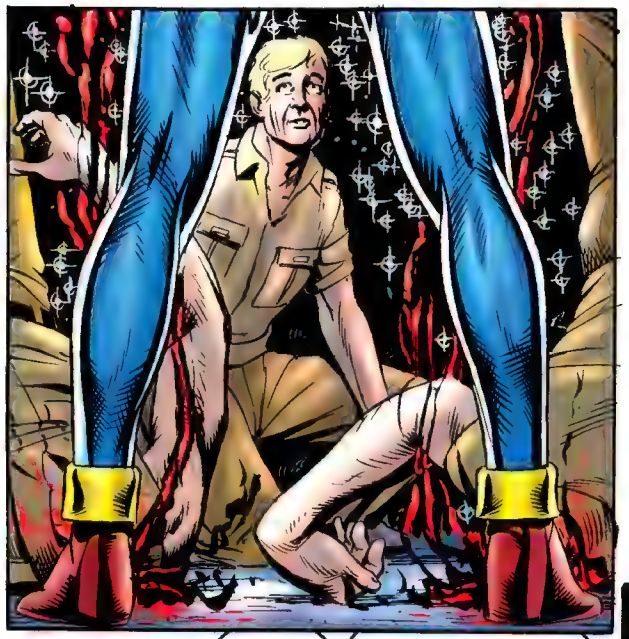
OH NO. OH NO.
WHAT'S HAPPENING? I CAN'T SEE! OH GOD, THAT NOISE! WHAT DID IT MEAN...?

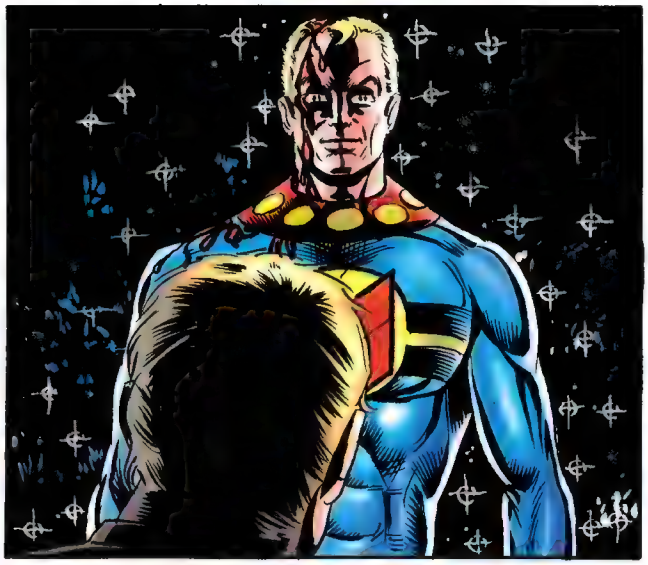
IT MEANT THAT MY TIME IS UP, GENTLE-MEN.

YOURS TOO.

STAR LIGHT
STAR BRIGHT
FIRST STAR
I SEE TONIGHT
I WISH I MAY
I WISH I MIGHT

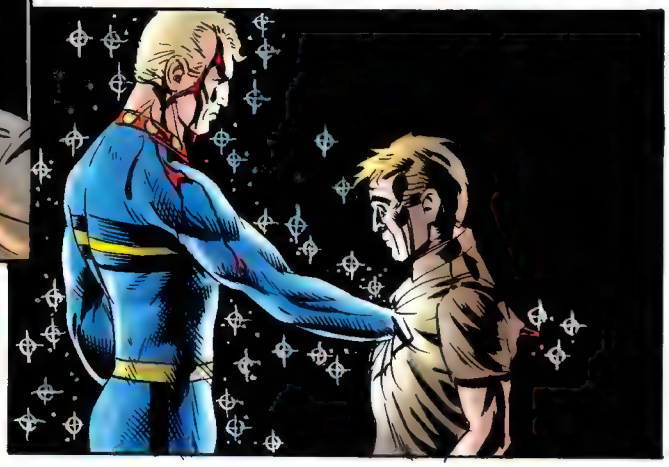
MIRACLEMAN
HAVE THE WISH I WISH TONIGHT.
The WISH I WISH TONIGHT
BECKHAM





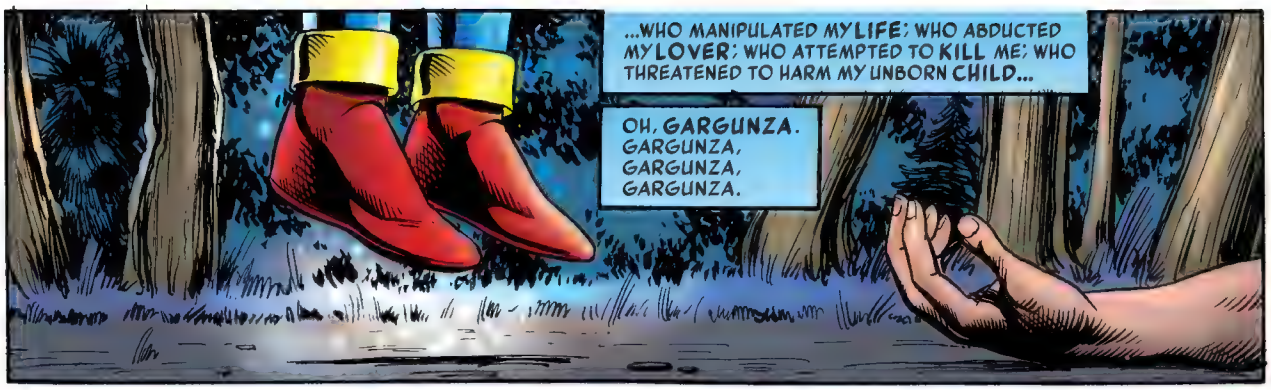
FORTY YEARS.
FORTY YEARS WE HAVE WAITED FOR YOU, FOR THE FIRST OF THE BLOND GODS THAT WOULD REPLACE US.
OVERMAN.
YOU HAVE COME AT LAST.

YES.
YOU CAN GO NOW.



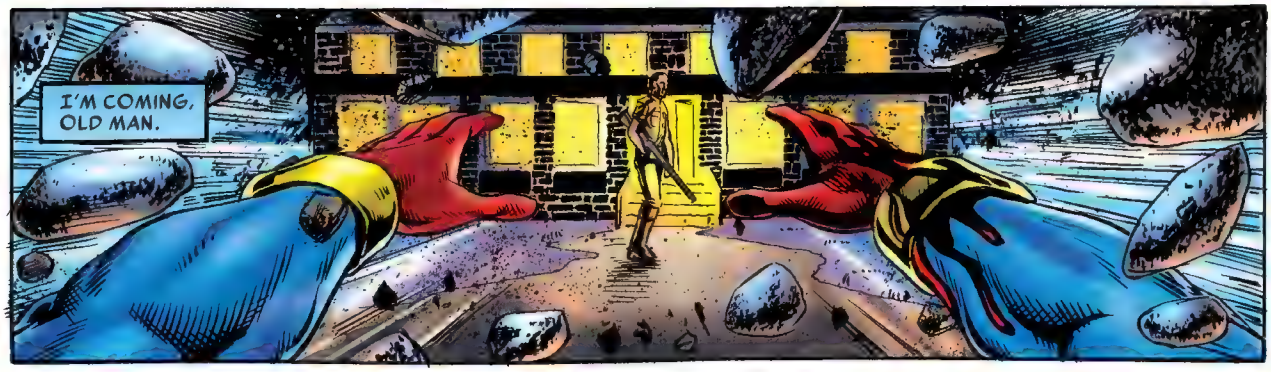
I DO NOT WISH TO INHERIT THE WORLD. IN IT, THERE ARE ONLY TWO THINGS THAT I DESIRE...
ONE IS MY WIFE,
THE OTHER IS YOU.

YOU, GARGUNZA.
YOU.

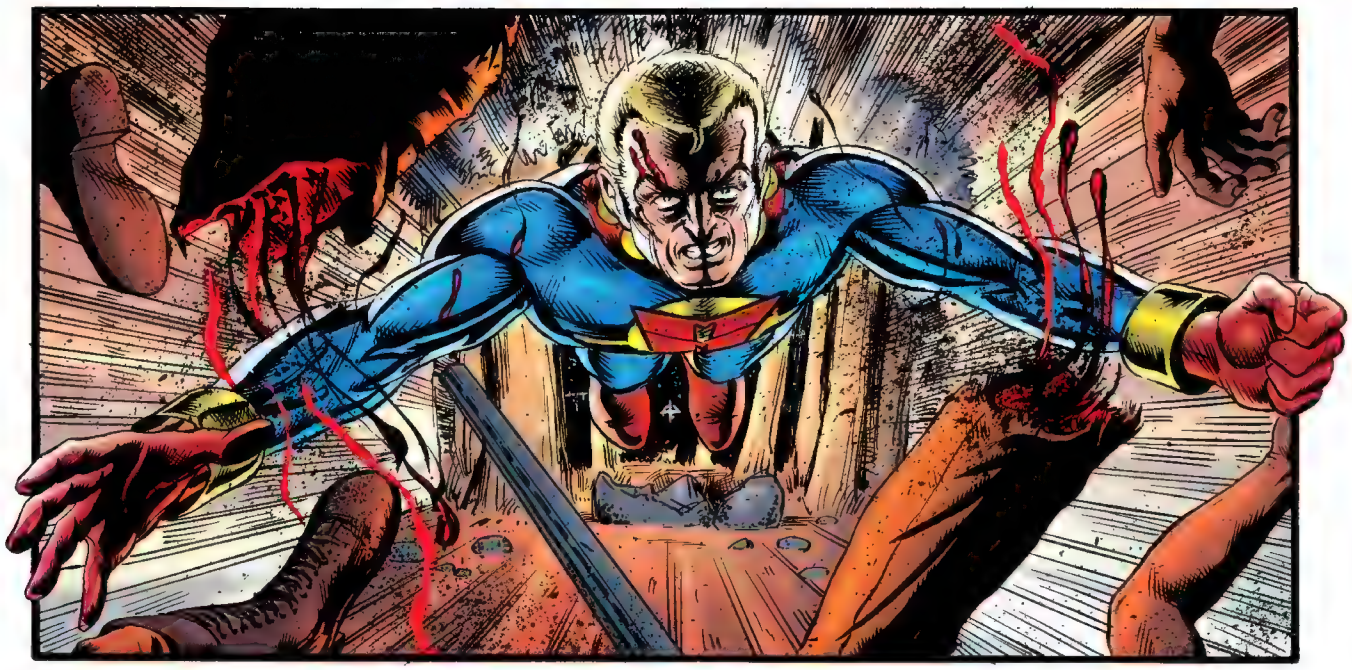

...WHO MANIPULATED MY LIFE; WHO ABDUCTED MY LOVER; WHO ATTEMPTED TO KILL ME; WHO THREATENED TO HARM MY UNBORN CHILD...
OH, GARGUNZA. GARGUNZA, GARGUNZA, GARGUNZA.

I BEGIN TO MOVE.

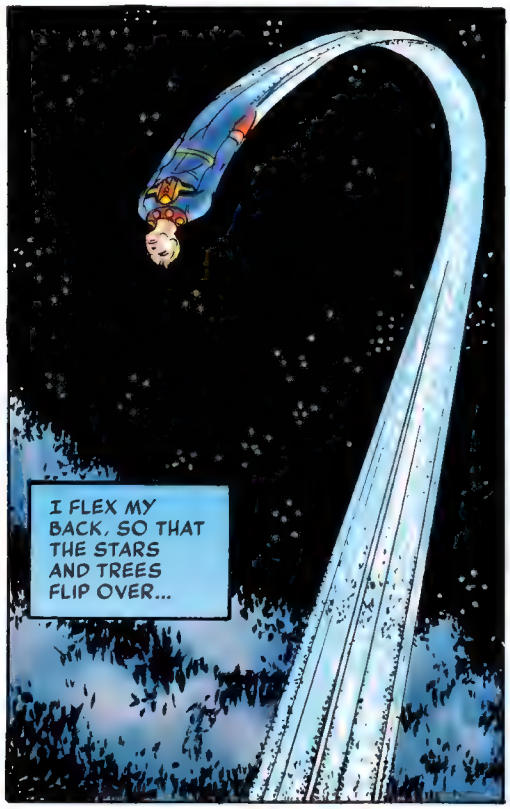
TO MOVE; FAST AND HARD THROUGH THIS FRAGILE PLACE, THIS PAPER WORLD MEN LIVE IN.
THE HOUSE OF MY ENEMY HAS BRIGHT LIGHTS. I SEE THEM THROUGH THE BRITTLE TREES.

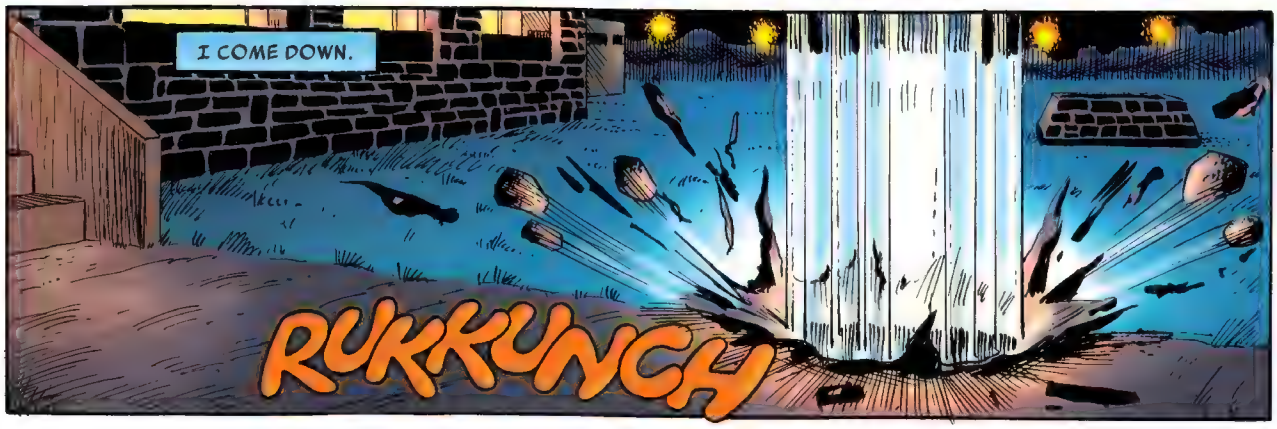

I'M COMING, OLD MAN.

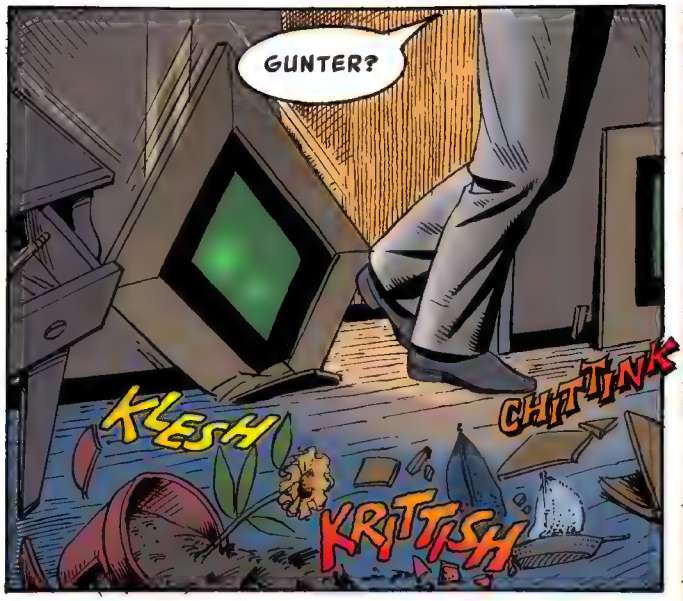
I'M COMING.



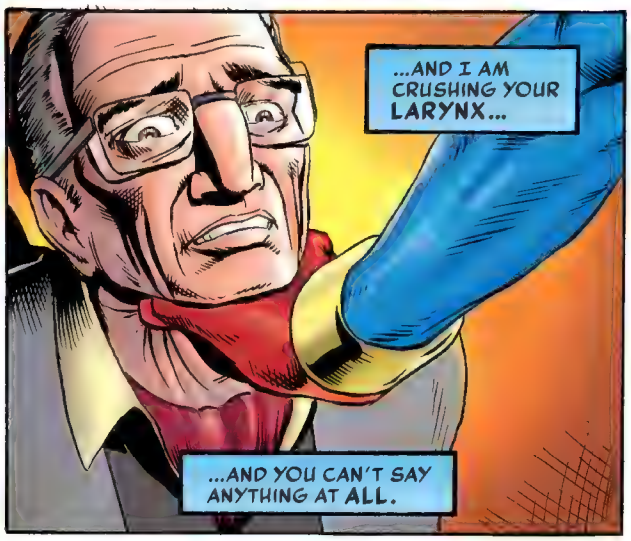
RED JEWELS CRAWL DOWN MY ARMS, ACROSS MY FACE, PROPELLED BY THE SLIPSTREAM.
I GO UP.

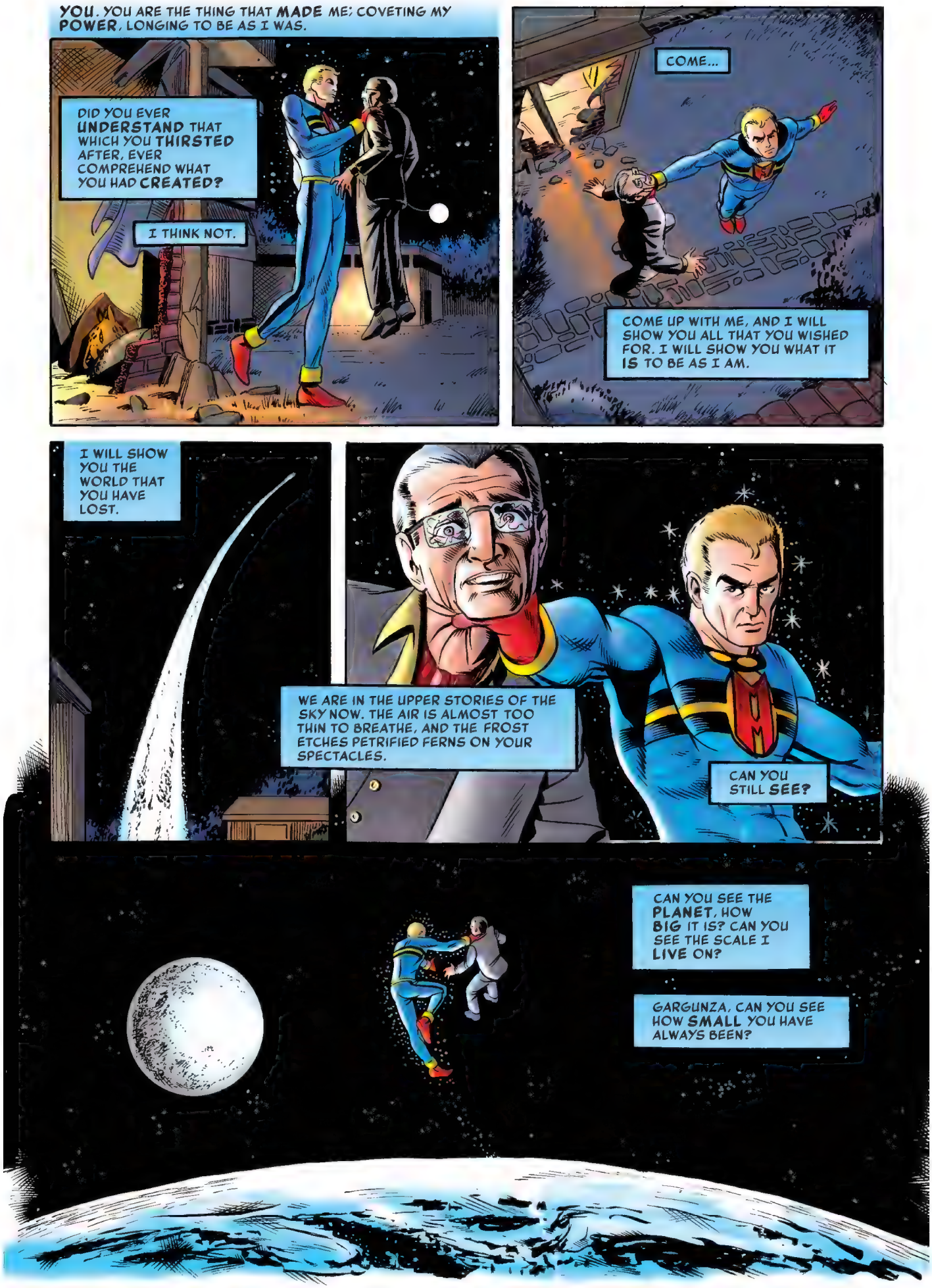

I FLEX MY BACK, SO THAT THE STARS AND TREES FLIP OVER...

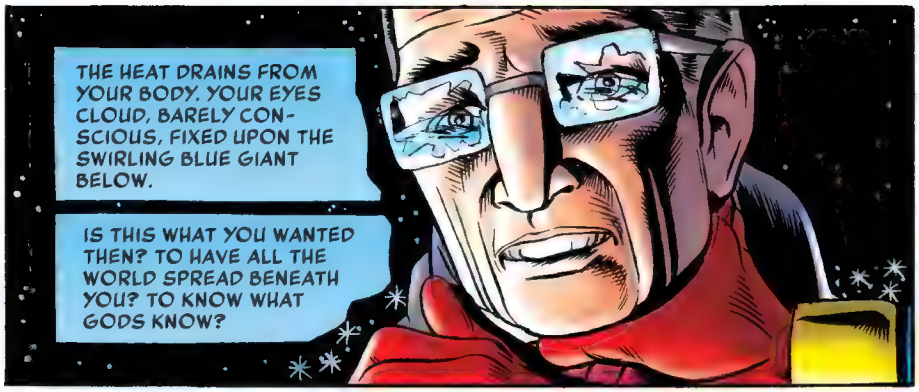

I COME DOWN.
RUKKUNCH

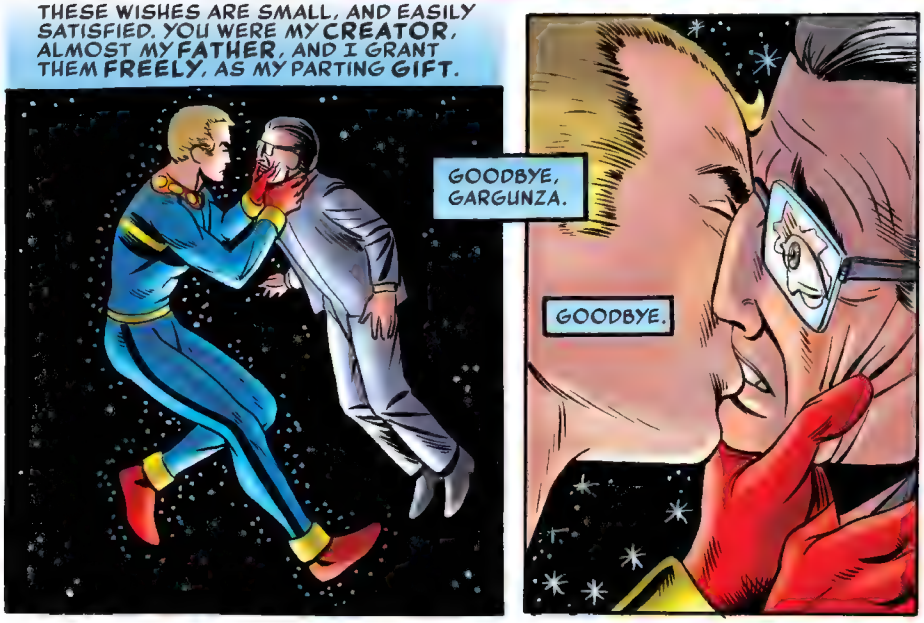


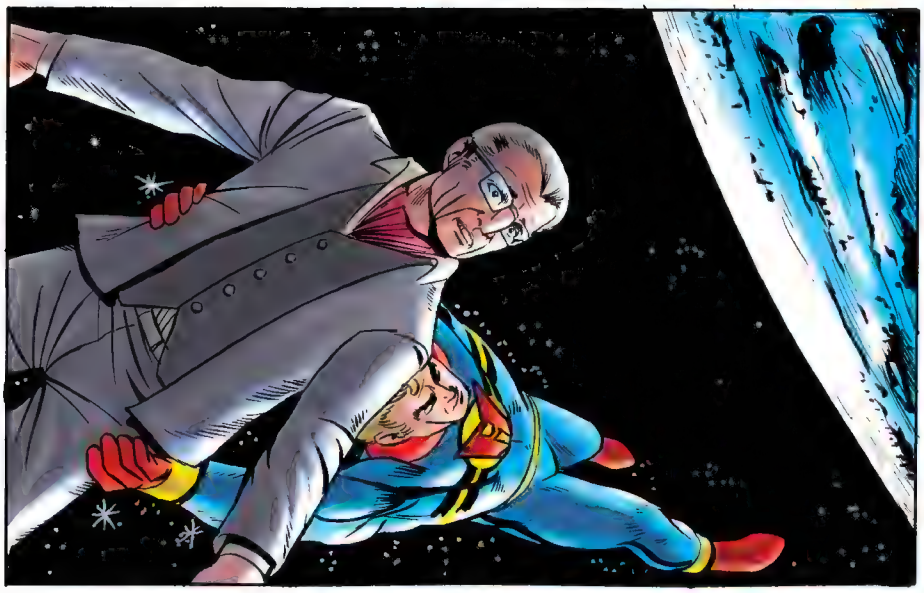
...BUT THEN MY HAND IS ABOUT YOUR THROAT...

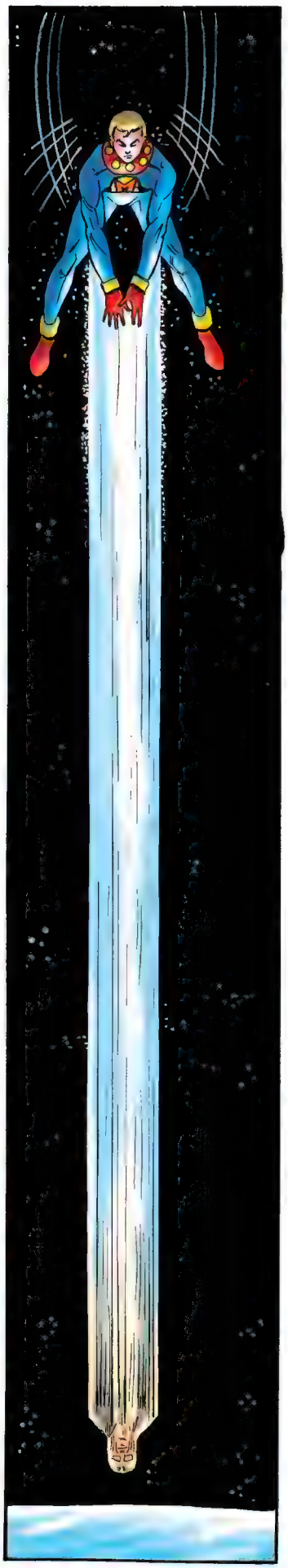



YOU. YOU ARE THE THING THAT MADE ME; COVETING MY POWER, LONGING TO BE AS I WAS.
DID YOU EVER UNDERSTAND THAT WHICH YOU THIRSTED AFTER, EVER COMPREHEND WHAT YOU HAD CREATED?
I THINK NOT.
COME...
COME UP WITH ME, AND I WILL SHOW YOU ALL THAT YOU WISHED FOR. I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS TO BE AS I AM.
I WILL SHOW YOU THE WORLD THAT YOU HAVE LOST.
WE ARE IN THE UPPER STORIES OF THE SKY NOW. THE AIR IS ALMOST TOO THIN TO BREATHE, AND THE FROST ETCHES PETRIFIED FERNS ON YOUR SPECTACLES.
CAN YOU STILL SEE?
CAN YOU SEE THE PLANET, HOW BIG IT IS? CAN YOU SEE THE SCALE I LIVE ON?
GARGUNZA, CAN YOU SEE HOW SMALL YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN?


THE HEAT DRAINS FROM YOUR BODY. YOUR EYES CLOUD, BARELY CONSCIOUS, FIXED UPON THE SWIRLING BLUE GIANT BELOW.
IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED THEN? TO HAVE ALL THE WORLD SPREAD BENEATH YOU? TO KNOW WHAT GODS KNOW?


THESE WISHES ARE SMALL, AND EASILY SATISFIED. YOU WERE MY CREATOR, ALMOST MY FATHER, AND I GRANT THEM FREELY, AS MY PARTING GIFT.
GOODBYE, GARGUNZA.
GOODBYE.





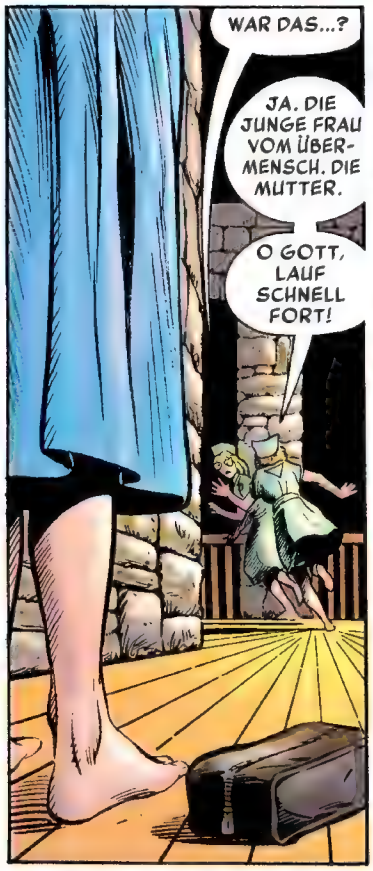
STAR LIGHT
FWOOMF
STAR BRIGHT
FIRST STAR THAT I SEE TONIGHT
I WISH I MAY
I WISH I MIGHT
PTOK
HAVE THE WISH
I WISH TONIGHT.

WAKE UP.
WAKE UP NOW.
IT'S TIME.
TIME...?
WHU...
OWWW.
MIKE...?
THE CONTRACTIONS ARE...
OH, GOD.
MIKE.

OWWW.

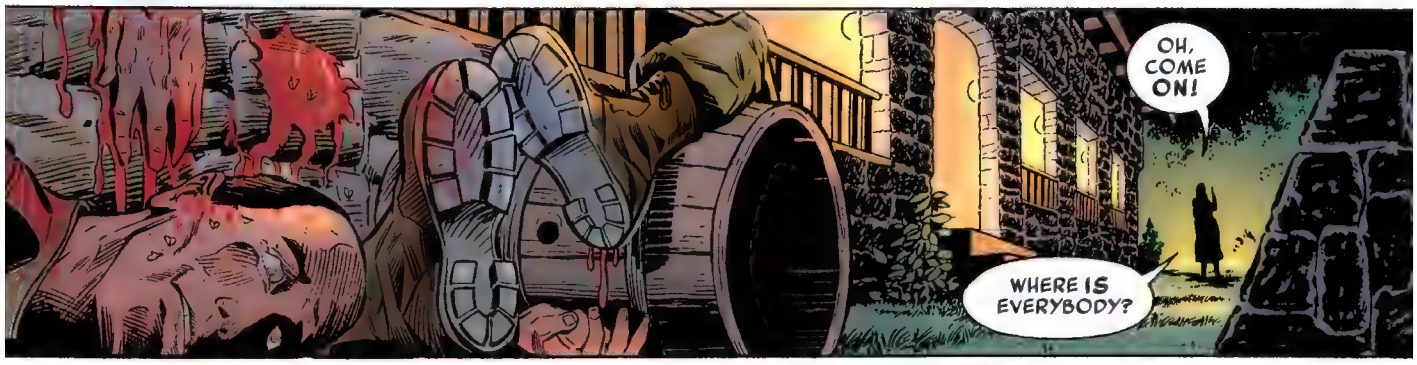
ICH KANN'S NICHT VERSTEHEN. WO IST DER DOKTOR?
ICH WEISS ES NICHT! HINAUS– SCHNELL!

W-WAIT. WHERE'S EVERYBODY GOING?
ACH, NEIN! ICH HAB' DICH NICHT VERLETZT! ICH WAR NICHT SCHULD DARAN!
LASS' MICH LOS!


WAR DAS...?
JA. DIE JUNGE FRAU VOM ÜBER-MENSCH. DIE MUTTER.
O GOTT, LAUF SCHNELL FORT!

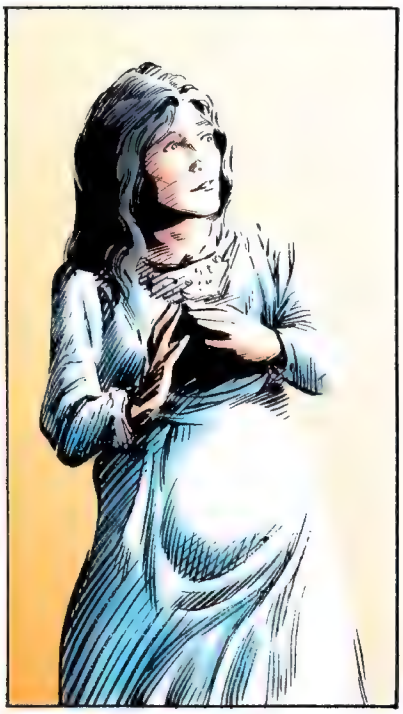
OOOWW!
OOH, SHIT...

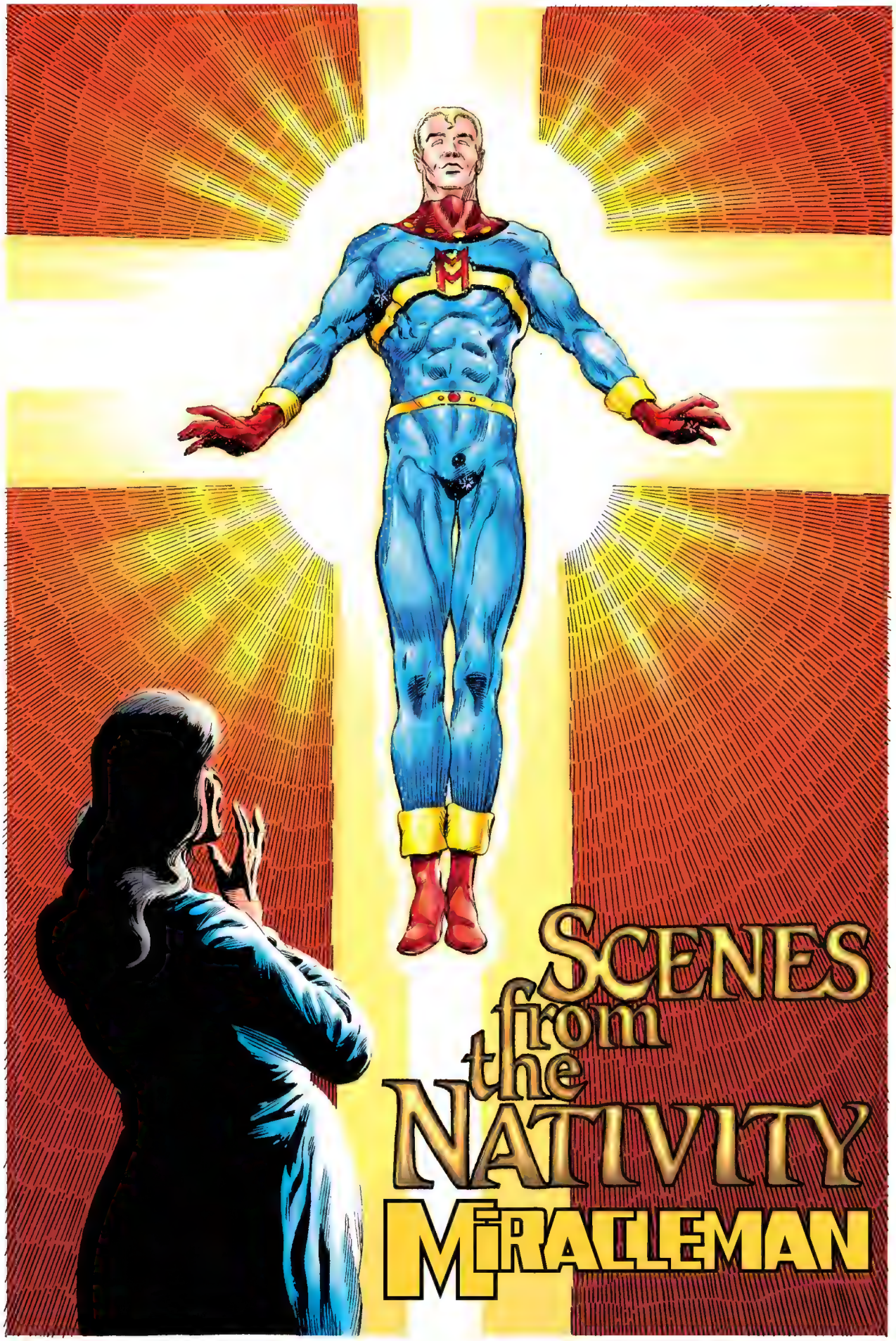
HELLO?
LOOK, FOR GOD'S SAKE, I'M HAVING A BLOODY BABY...

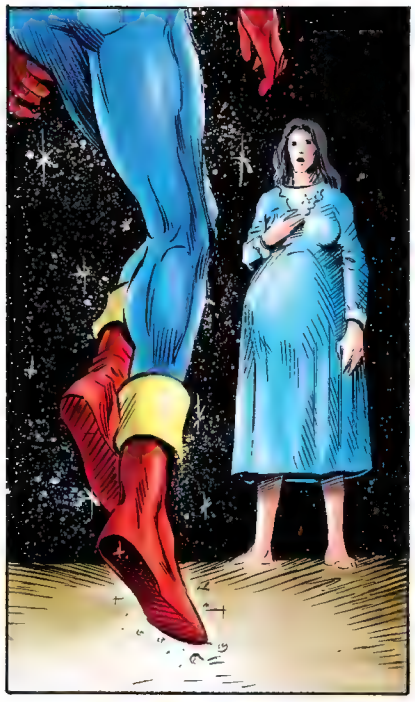

OH, COME ON!
WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

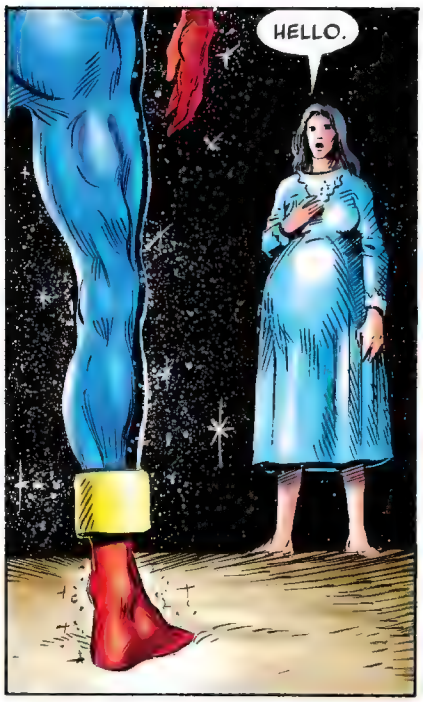
OWWWWW!
OH, HELL. WHAT AM I GOING TO...

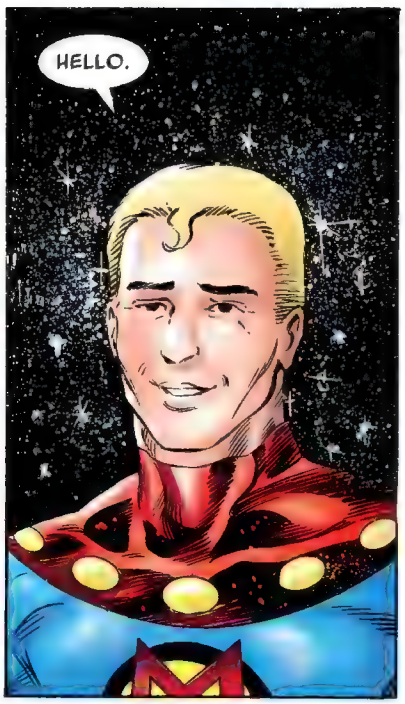
UH...




SCENES
from
the
NATIVITY
MIRACLEMAN

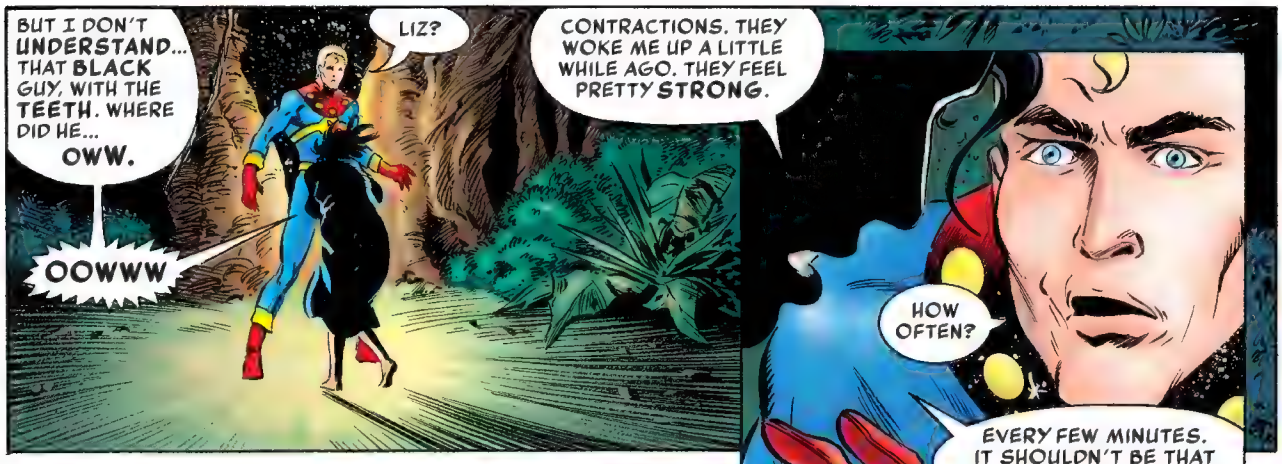


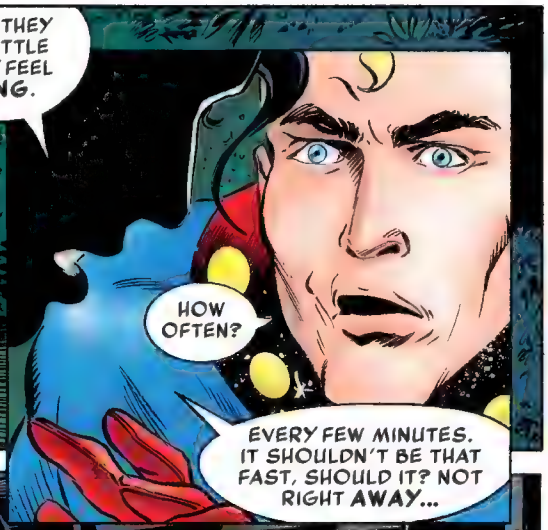

HELLO.

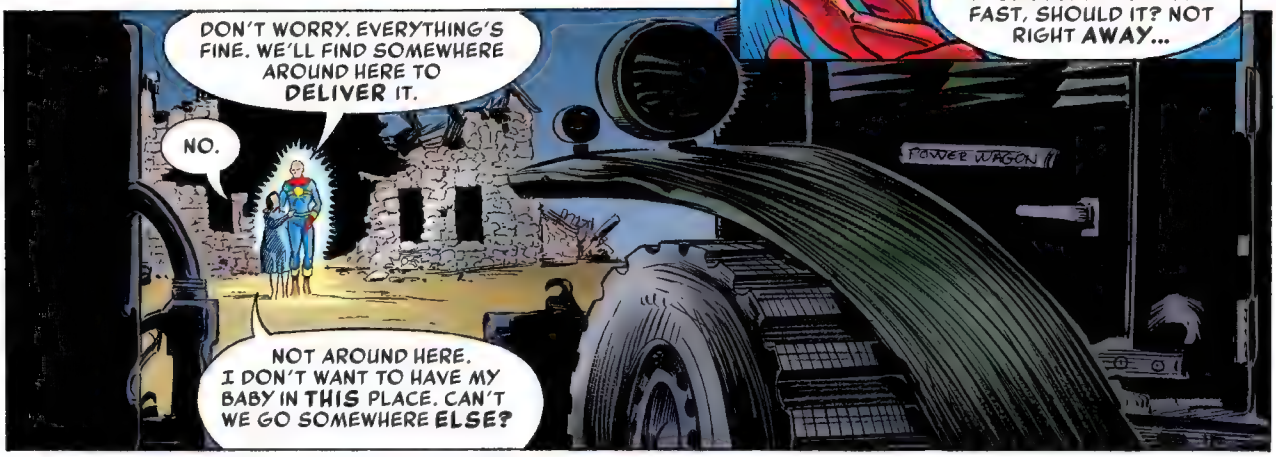

HELLO.

OH, MIKE. OH, GOD, THAT DOG!
AND GARGUNZA... HE WANTED TO... THE BABY. HE WANTED TO...
SHHH. DON'T WORRY, MY LOVE. NOT ABOUT THE DOG OR GARGUNZA OR ANYONE, THEY CAN'T HARM YOU. THEY'RE GONE NOW.

ALL GONE AWAY.

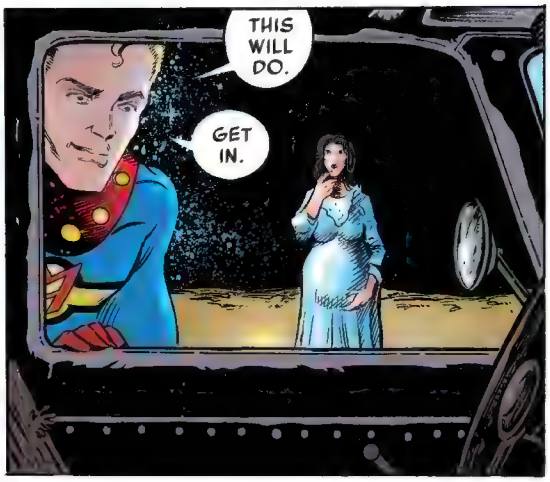

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND... THAT BLACK GUY, WITH THE TEETH. WHERE DID HE... OWW.
OOWWW
LIZ?
CONTRACTIONS. THEY WOKE ME UP A LITTLE WHILE AGO. THEY FEEL PRETTY STRONG.

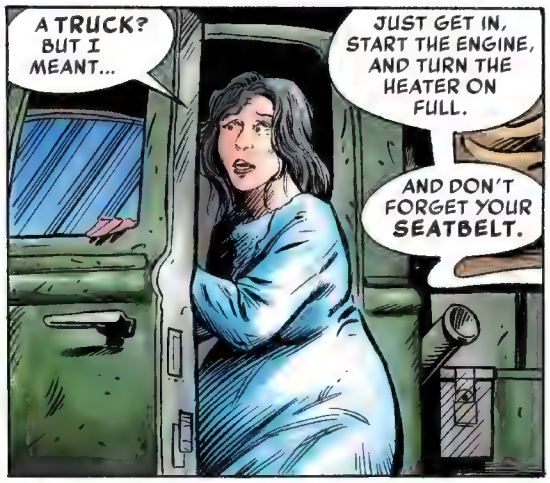

HOW OFTEN?
EVERY FEW MINUTES. IT SHOULDN'T BE THAT FAST, SHOULD IT? NOT RIGHT AWAY...


DON'T WORRY. EVERYTHING'S FINE. WE'LL FIND SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE TO DELIVER IT.
NO.
NOT AROUND HERE. I DON'T WANT TO HAVE MY BABY IN THIS PLACE. CAN'T WE GO SOMEWHERE ELSE?
POWER WAGON

I DON'T SEE HOW. IF I WERE TO CARRY YOU YOU'D BE TOO COLD AND UNCOMFORTABLE. YOU'D PROBABLY FREEZE BEFORE I...

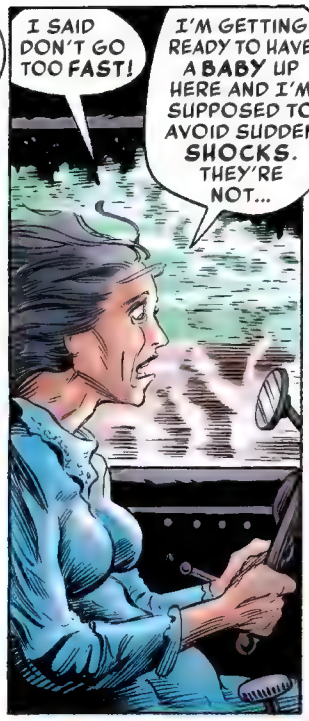
WAIT A MINUTE.

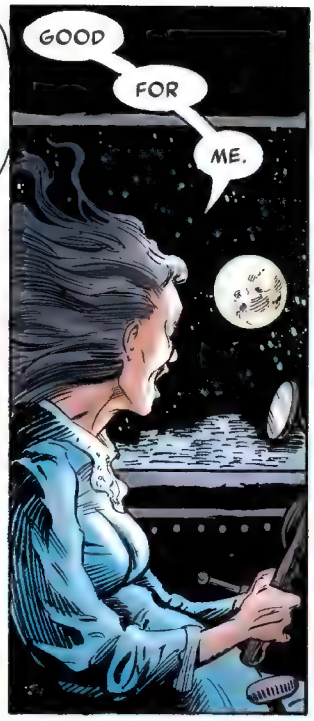

THIS WILL DO.
GET IN.


A TRUCK? BUT I MEANT...
JUST GET IN, START THE ENGINE, AND TURN THE HEATER ON FULL.
AND DON'T FORGET YOUR SEATBELT.

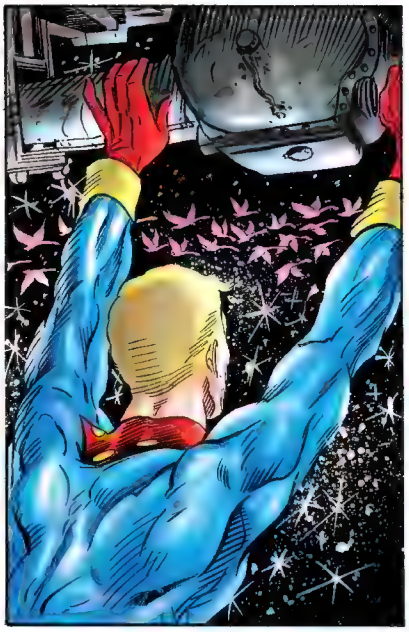
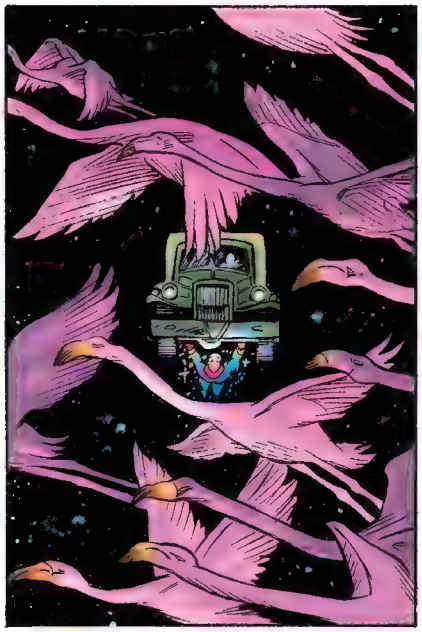
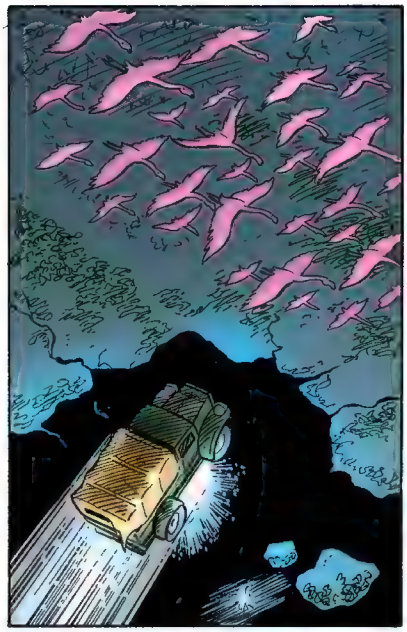
MIKE, I... OOWWW.
AHUHH AHUHH AHUHH... I DON'T THINK THIS IS THE SORT OF TRANSPORT I NEED.
IT'S NOT...
TAKE THE HANDBRAKE OFF.

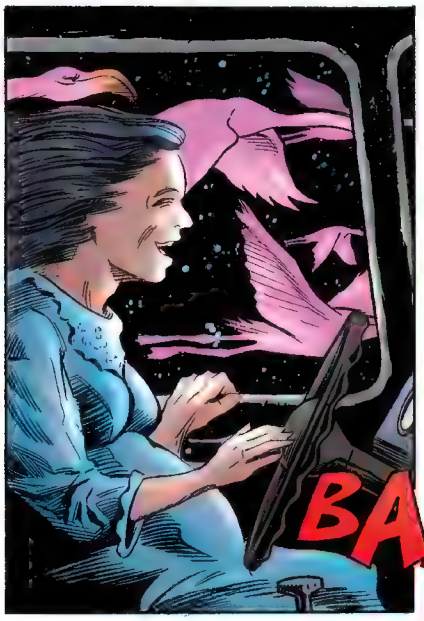
WELL, OKAY, BUT I DON'T...
MIKE? MIKE, WE'RE MOVING. ARE YOU DOING THAT?
DON'T GO TOO FAST...


I SAID DON'T GO TOO FAST!
I'M GETTING READY TO HAVE A BABY UP HERE AND I'M SUPPOSED TO AVOID SUDDEN SHOCKS. THEY'RE NOT...


GOOD
FOR
ME.

JESUS.



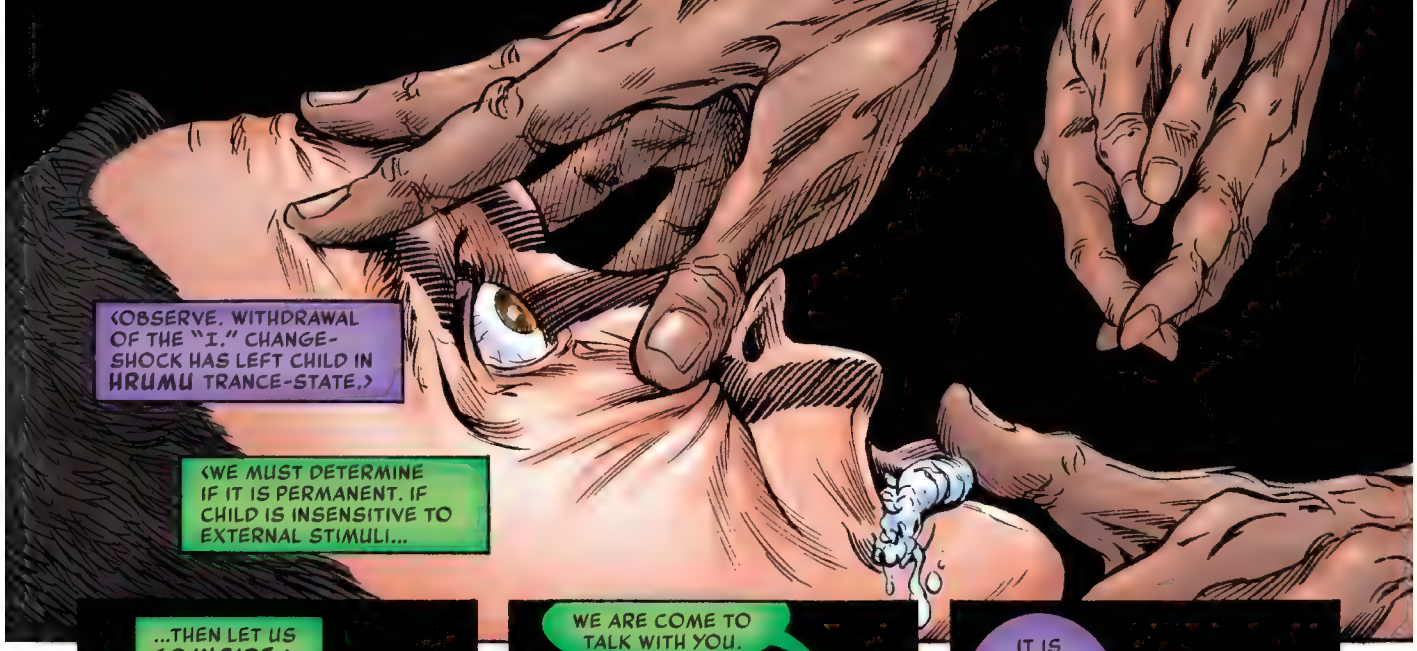
BAAAAAAP

MIKE?
YOU SAID GARGUNZA WAS GONE.
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?

I THREW HIM AT A PLANET.

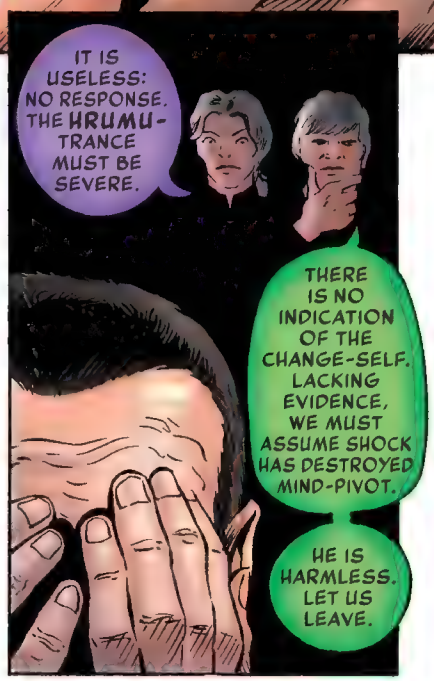
OH.

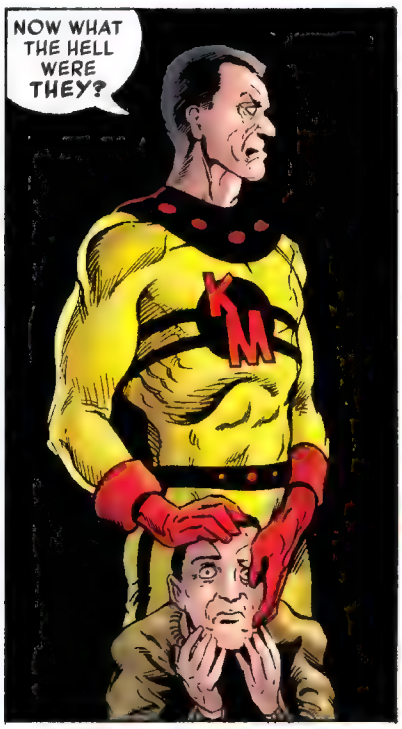
INTERLUDE:
SAINT CRISPIN'S HOSPITAL FOR THE MENTALLY ILL CHILDREN'S WARD
ALL VISITORS MUST CHECK IN AT REGISTRATION DESK
FIRE HOSE
<FIRST OF FIVE CUCKOOS WE MUST INSPECT IS WITHIN, BROTHER. DOES THIS DESTABILISE YOUR PSYCHO-CHEMIC BALANCE?>
<NO. MERELY WISH THIS DONE AND HINDWARDS, AND WE HOME WITH OUR WIVES. LET US ENTER.>
HELLO, MISS. WE ARE WORK FOR AIR FORCE. WE WISH TO SEE CHILD BATES.
WHAT?
NO...NO VISITORS JUST NOW, LOVE. NOT UNLESS YOU'VE GOT SOME IDENTIFICATION...
YES, YES. IDENTIFICATION IS HERE...
LOOK:
YOU DO NOT SEE PENCIL.
YOU SEE IDENTIFICATION FOR AIR FORCE.
NOW: TELL US THAT WE CAN ENTER.
MNH?
UHH, OH, WELL, THAT ALL SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER. PLEASE GO RIGHT IN.
ROYAL AIR FORCE
JERRY'S KIDS
FIRE HOSE

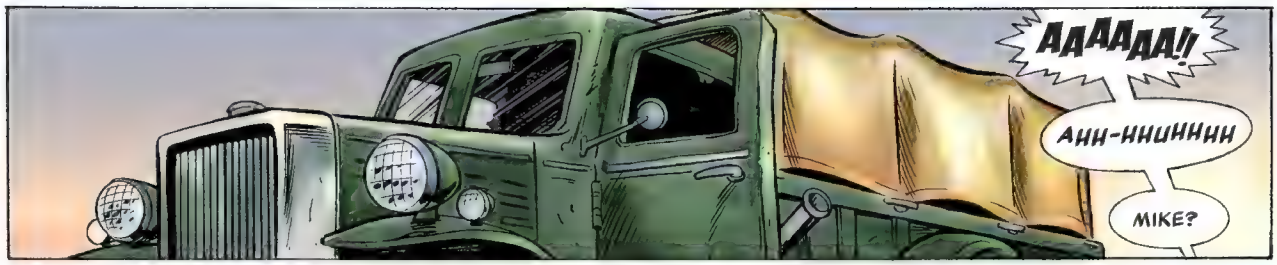

<OBSERVE. WITHDRAWAL OF THE "I." CHANGE-SHOCK HAS LEFT CHILD IN HRUMU TRANCE-STATE.>
<WE MUST DETERMINE IF IT IS PERMANENT. IF CHILD IS INSENSITIVE TO EXTERNAL STIMULI...

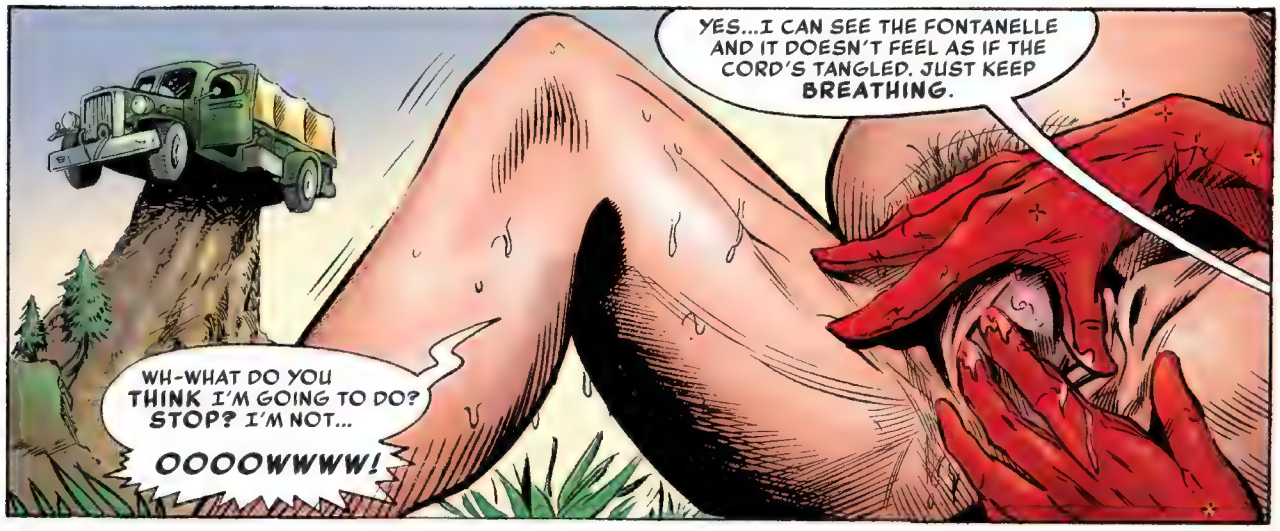
...THEN LET US GO INSIDE.>
CHILD BATES?

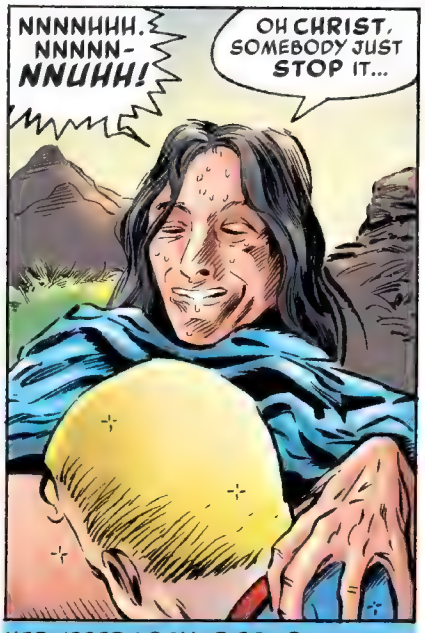
WE ARE COME TO TALK WITH YOU.
WE WISH INFORMATION OF YOUR CHANGE-SELF. IS HE STILL VIABLE IN THESE SPACES?


IT IS USELESS: NO RESPONSE. THE HRUMU-TRANCE MUST BE SEVERE.
THERE IS NO INDICATION OF THE CHANGE-SELF. LACKING EVIDENCE, WE MUST ASSUME SHOCK HAS DESTROYED MIND-PIVOT.
HE IS HARMLESS. LET US LEAVE.

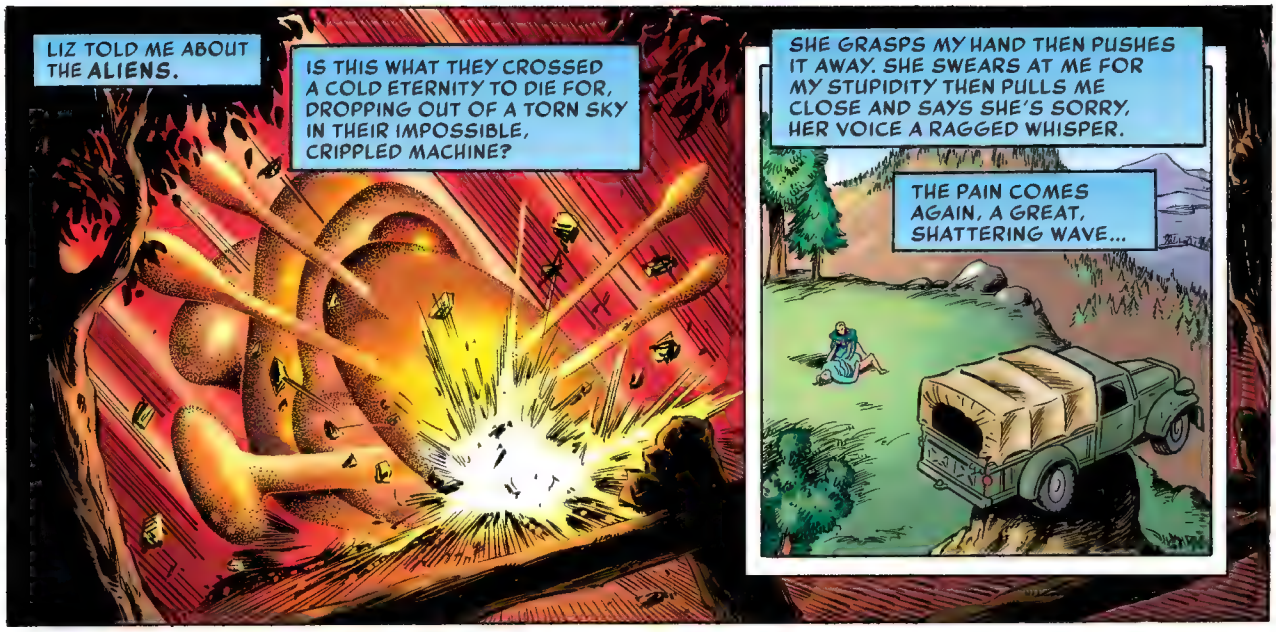

NOW WHAT THE HELL WERE THEY?
KM

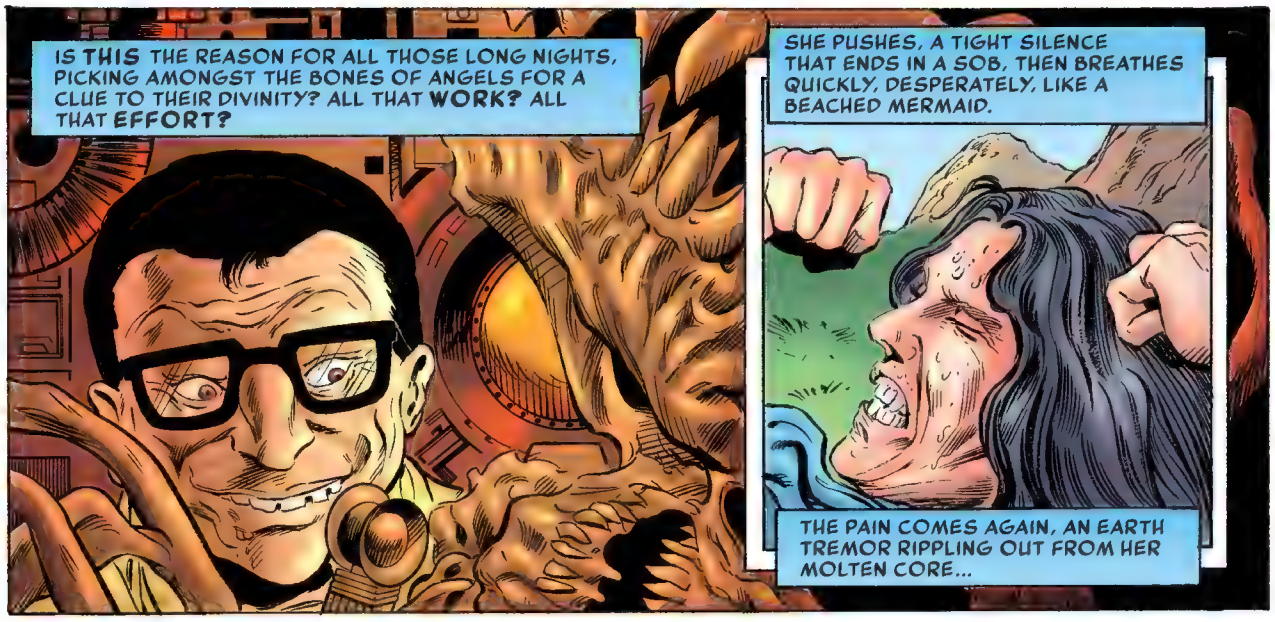


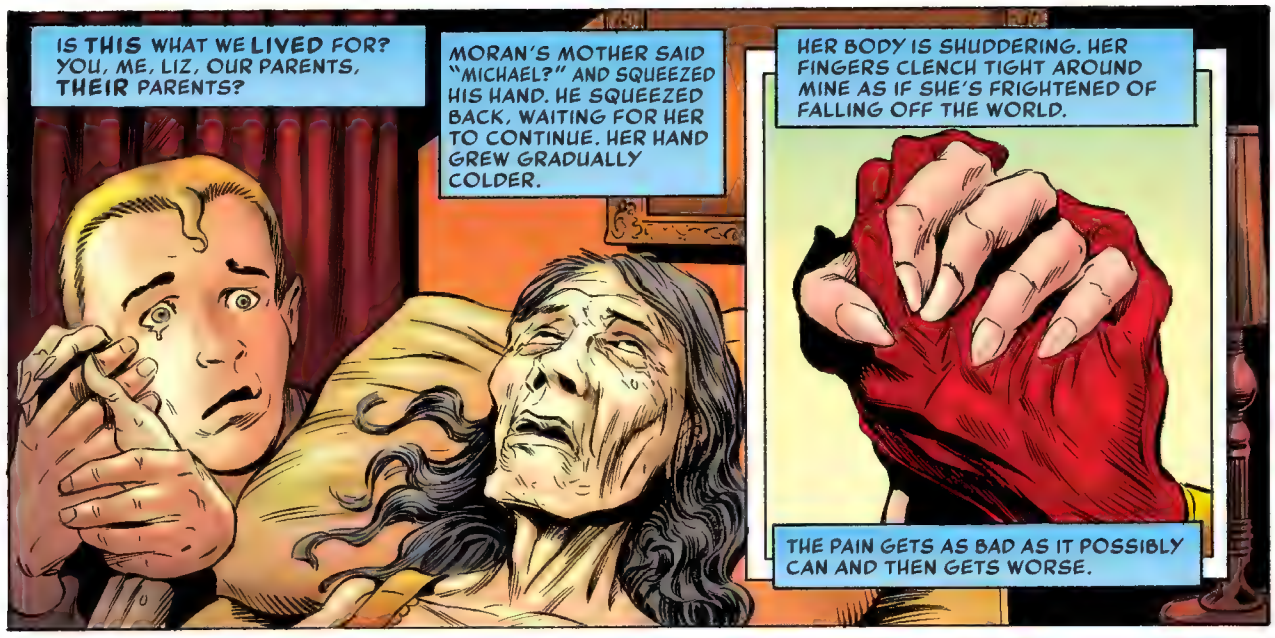


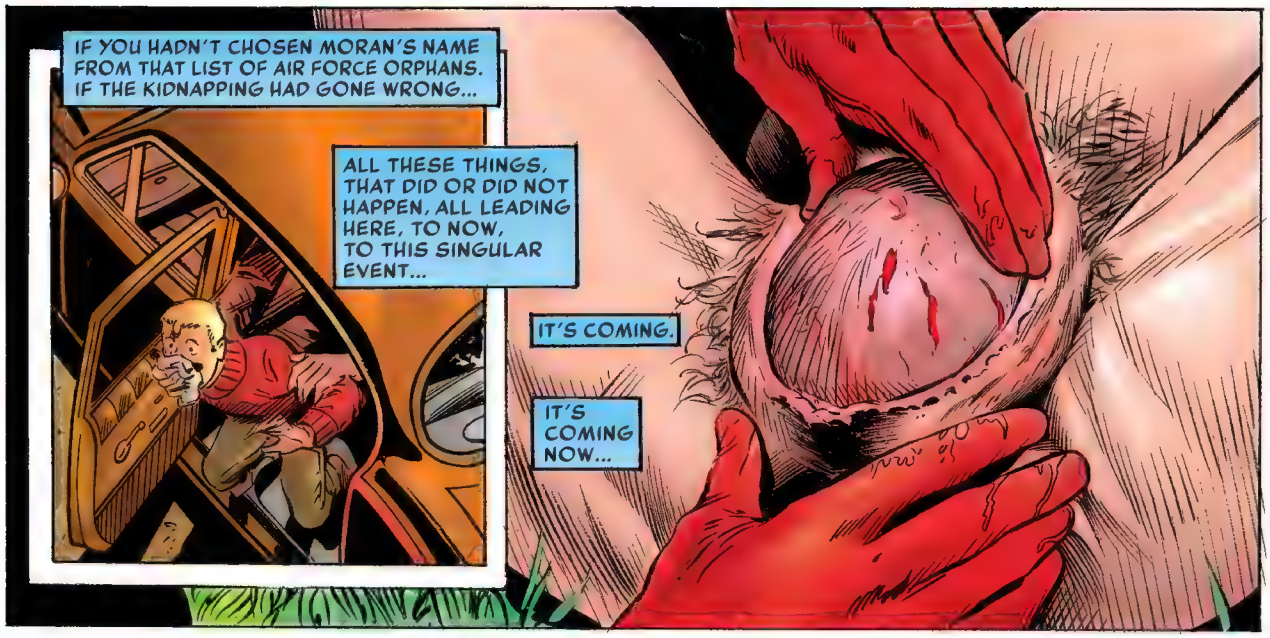


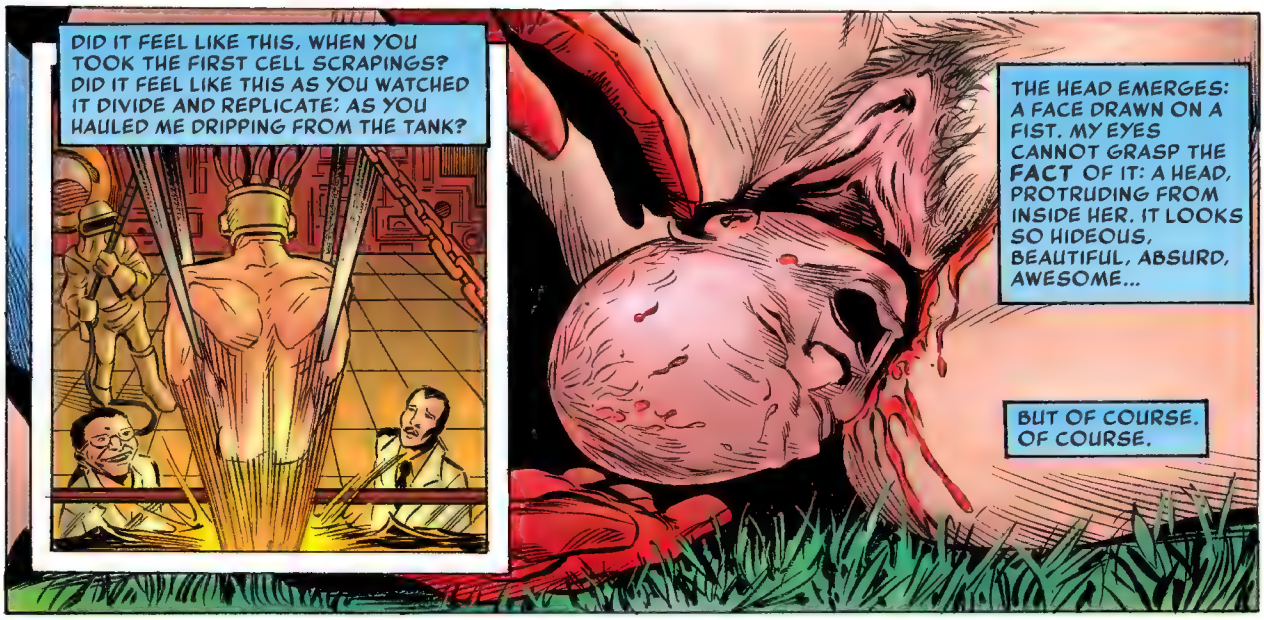
HER UPPER BODY TRIES TO SCRABBLE BACKWARDS AWAY FROM THE PAIN I CANNOT REMOVE. BETWEEN HER LEGS THE SOFT SKULL PULSES, GRAY WITH MUCOUS.

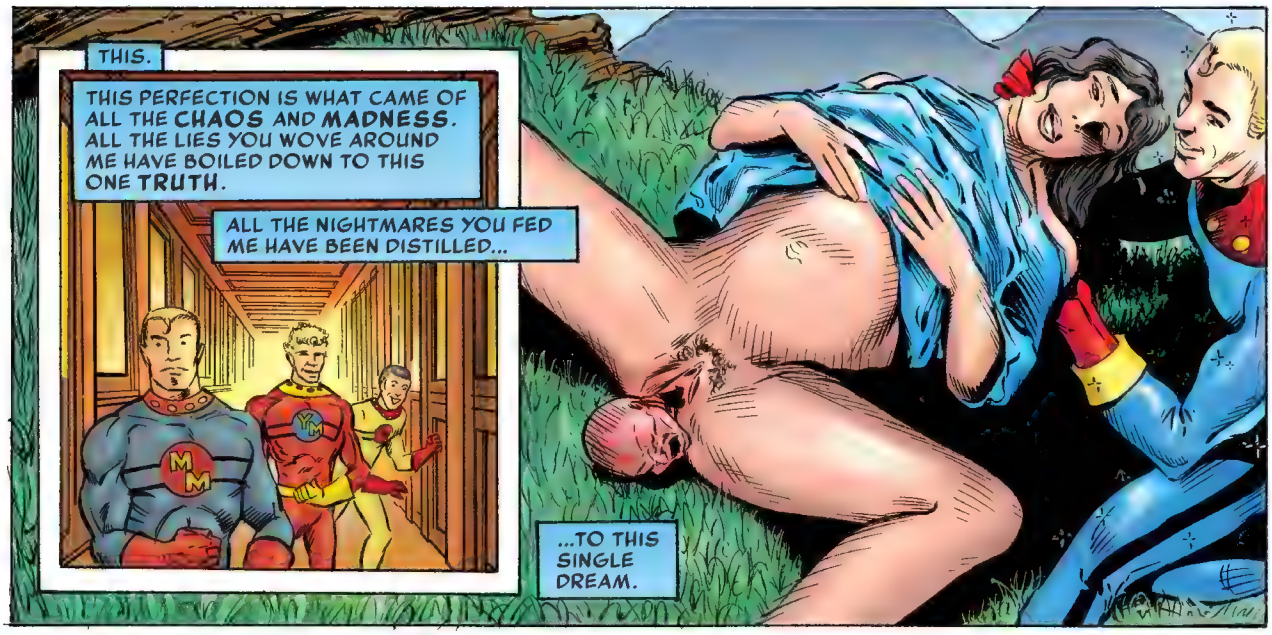

LIZ TOLD ME ABOUT THE **ALIENS.**
IS THIS WHAT THEY CROSSED A COLD ETERNITY TO DIE FOR, DROPPING OUT OF A TORN SKY IN THEIR IMPOSSIBLE, CRIPPLED MACHINE?
SHE GRASPS MY HAND THEN PUSHES IT AWAY. SHE SWEARS AT ME FOR MY STUPIDITY THEN PULLS ME CLOSE AND SAYS SHE'S SORRY, HER VOICE A RAGGED WHISPER.
THE PAIN COMES AGAIN, A GREAT, SHATTERING WAVE...

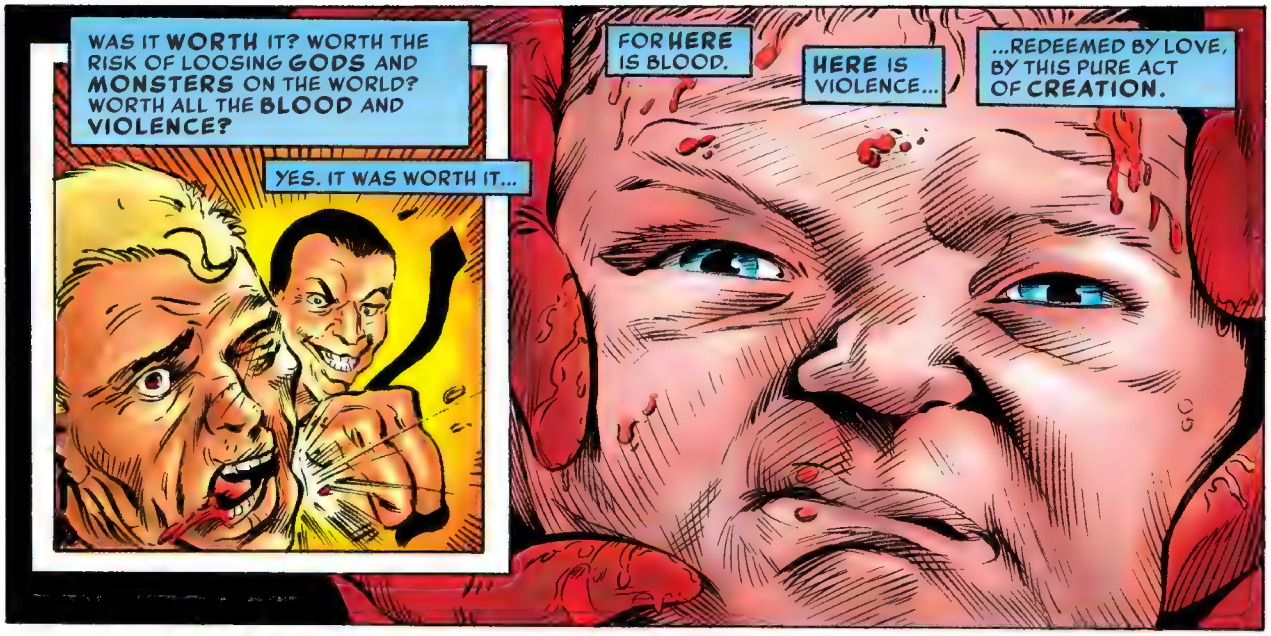

IS **THIS** THE REASON FOR ALL THOSE LONG NIGHTS, PICKING AMONGST THE BONES OF ANGELS FOR A CLUE TO THEIR DIVINITY? ALL THAT **WORK?** ALL THAT **EFFORT?**
SHE PUSHES, A TIGHT SILENCE THAT ENDS IN A SOB, THEN BREATHES QUICKLY, DESPERATELY, LIKE A BEACHED MERMAID.
THE PAIN COMES AGAIN, AN EARTH TREMOR RIPPLING OUT FROM HER MOLTEN CORE...

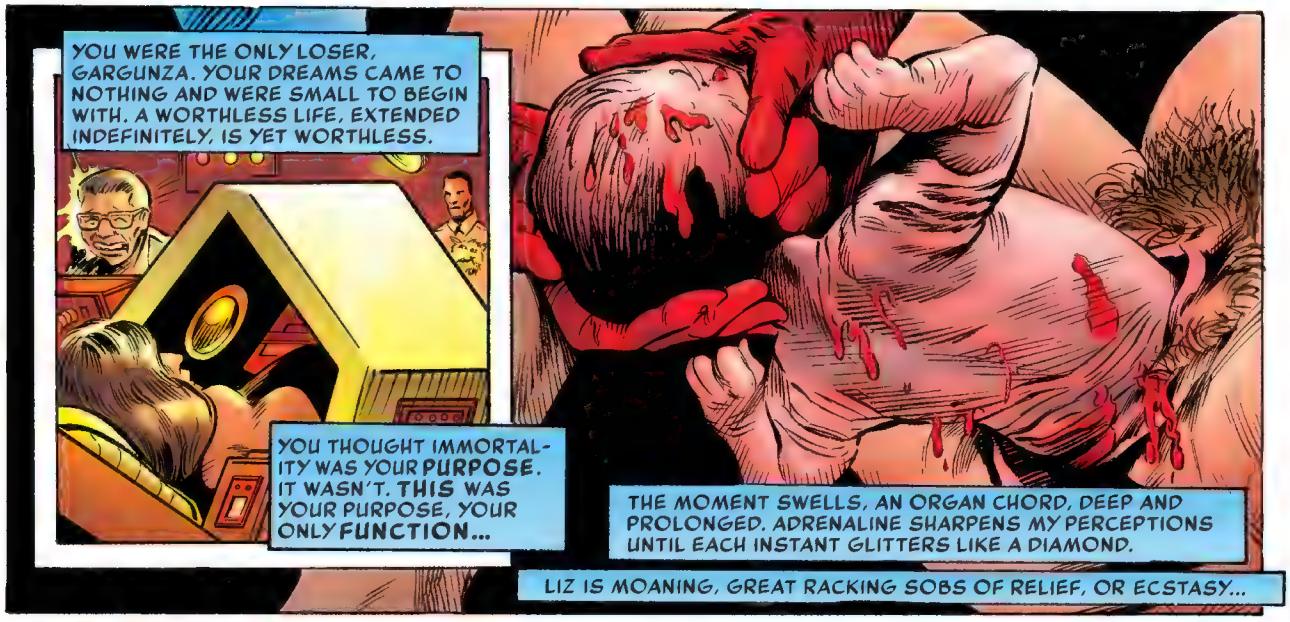

IS **THIS** WHAT WE **LIVED** FOR? YOU, ME, LIZ, OUR PARENTS, **THEIR** PARENTS?
MORAN'S MOTHER SAID "MICHAEL?" AND SQUEEZED HIS HAND. HE SQUEEZED BACK, WAITING FOR HER TO CONTINUE. HER HAND GREW GRADUALLY COLDER.
HER BODY IS SHUDDERING. HER FINGERS CLENCH TIGHT AROUND MINE AS IF SHE'S FRIGHTENED OF FALLING OFF THE WORLD.
THE PAIN GETS AS BAD AS IT POSSIBLY CAN AND THEN GETS WORSE.

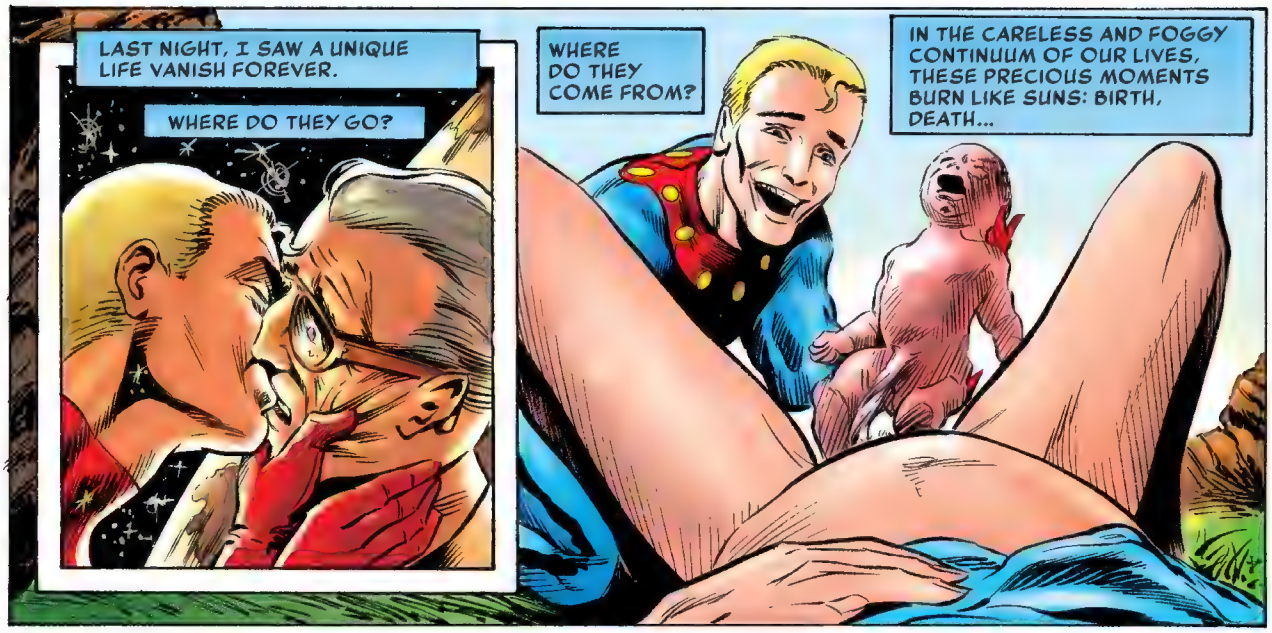

IF YOU HADN'T CHOSEN MORAN'S NAME FROM THAT LIST OF AIR FORCE ORPHANS. IF THE KIDNAPPING HAD GONE WRONG...
ALL THESE THINGS, THAT DID OR DID NOT HAPPEN, ALL LEADING HERE, TO NOW, TO THIS SINGULAR EVENT...
IT'S COMING.
IT'S COMING NOW...


DID IT FEEL LIKE THIS, WHEN YOU TOOK THE FIRST CELL SCRAPINGS? DID IT FEEL LIKE THIS AS YOU WATCHED IT DIVIDE AND REPLICATE; AS YOU HAULED ME DRIPPING FROM THE TANK?
THE HEAD EMERGES: A FACE DRAWN ON A FIST. MY EYES CANNOT GRASP THE FACT OF IT: A HEAD, PROTRUDING FROM INSIDE HER. IT LOOKS SO HIDEOUS, BEAUTIFUL, ABSURD, AWESOME...
BUT OF COURSE. OF COURSE.


THIS.
THIS PERFECTION IS WHAT CAME OF ALL THE CHAOS AND MADNESS. ALL THE LIES YOU WOVE AROUND ME HAVE BOILED DOWN TO THIS ONE TRUTH.
ALL THE NIGHTMARES YOU FED ME HAVE BEEN DISTILLED...
...TO THIS SINGLE DREAM.


WAS IT WORTH IT? WORTH THE RISK OF LOOSING GODS AND MONSTERS ON THE WORLD? WORTH ALL THE BLOOD AND VIOLENCE?
YES. IT WAS WORTH IT...
FOR HERE IS BLOOD.
HERE IS VIOLENCE...
...REDEEMED BY LOVE, BY THIS PURE ACT OF CREATION.


YOU WERE THE ONLY LOSER, GARGUNZA. YOUR DREAMS CAME TO NOTHING AND WERE SMALL TO BEGIN WITH. A WORTHLESS LIFE, EXTENDED INDEFINITELY, IS YET WORTHLESS.
YOU THOUGHT IMMORTALITY WAS YOUR PURPOSE. IT WASN'T. THIS WAS YOUR PURPOSE, YOUR ONLY FUNCTION...
THE MOMENT SWELLS, AN ORGAN CHORD, DEEP AND PROLONGED. ADRENALINE SHARPENS MY PERCEPTIONS UNTIL EACH INSTANT GLITTERS LIKE A DIAMOND.
LIZ IS MOANING, GREAT RACKING SOBS OF RELIEF, OR ECSTASY...

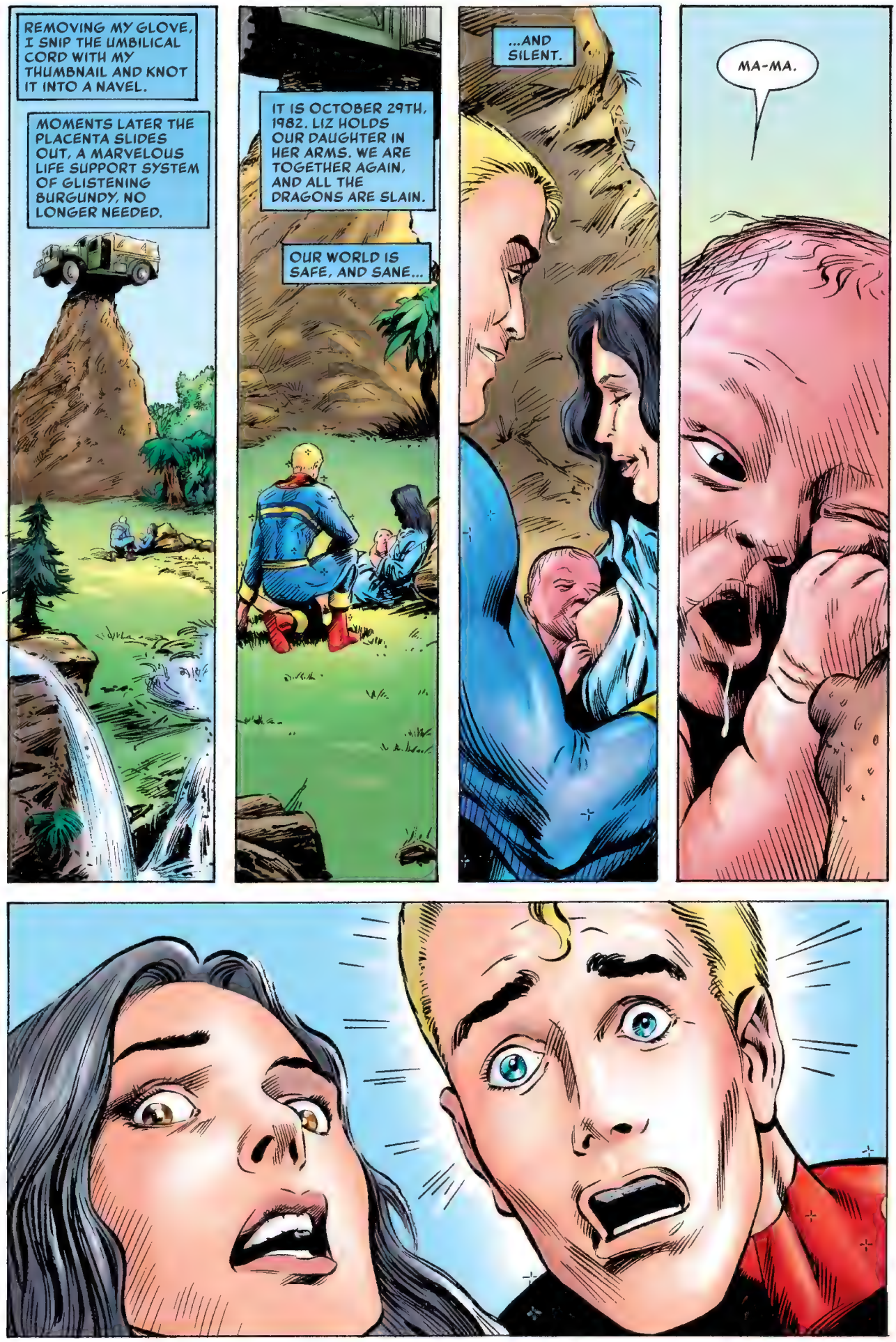

LAST NIGHT, I SAW A UNIQUE LIFE VANISH FOREVER.
WHERE DO THEY GO?
WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?
IN THE CARELESS AND FOGGY CONTINUUM OF OUR LIVES, THESE PRECIOUS MOMENTS BURN LIKE SUNS: BIRTH, DEATH...

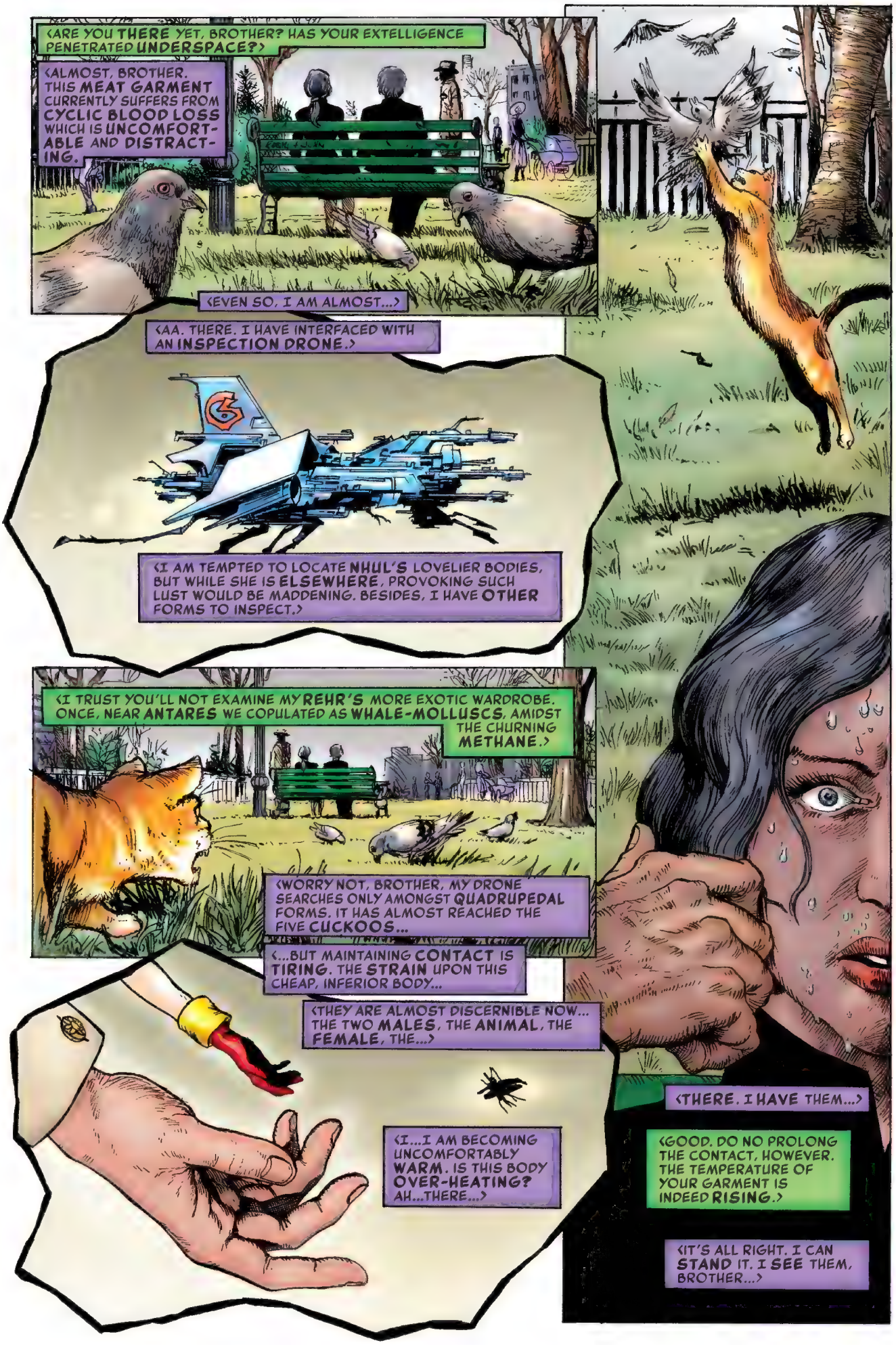
THESE ARE THE MOMENTS WHEN WE ARE **REAL**.

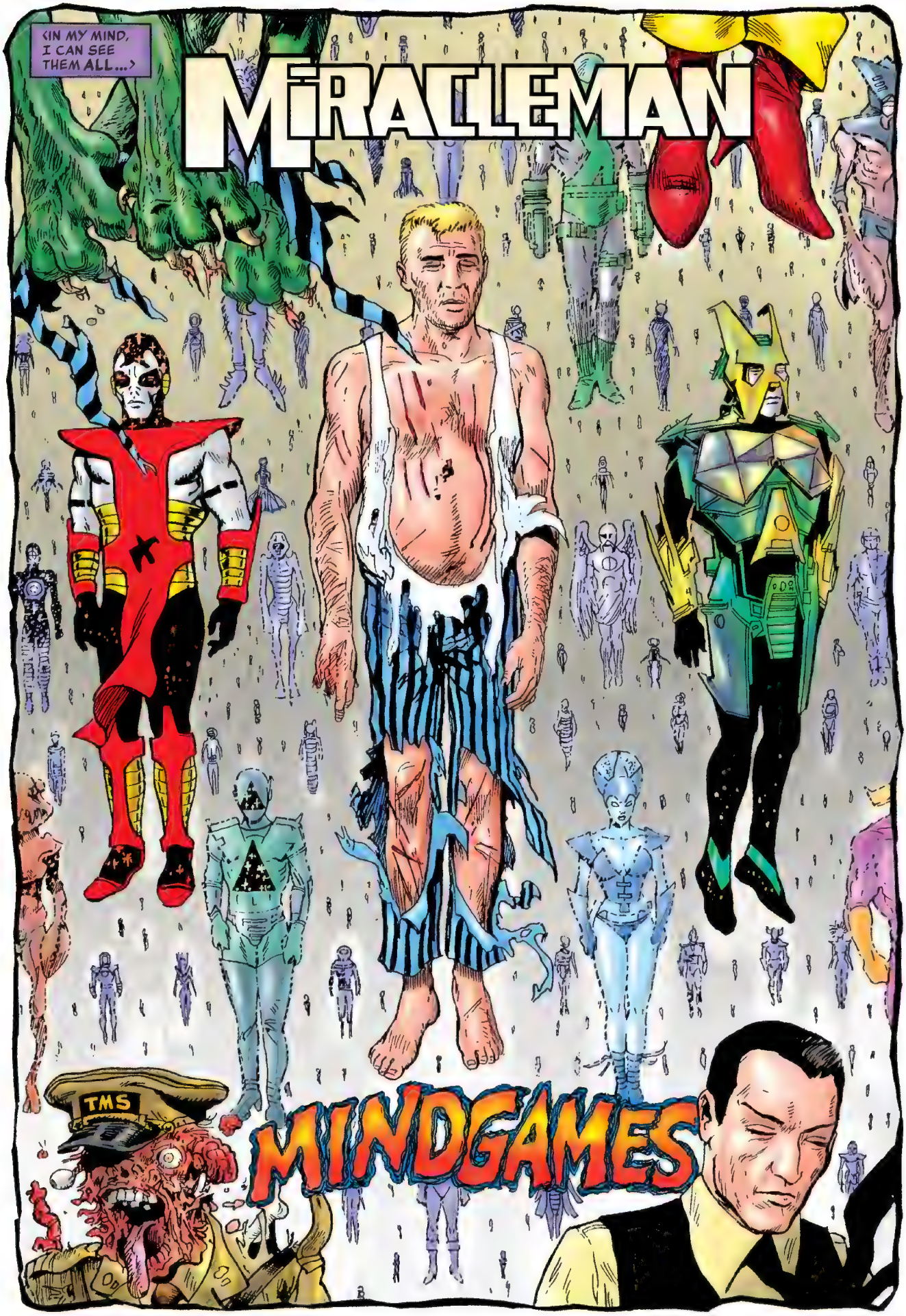
LIZ IS CRYING; LAUGHING; ASKING, "IS SHE ALL RIGHT? IS SHE ALL RIGHT?" OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

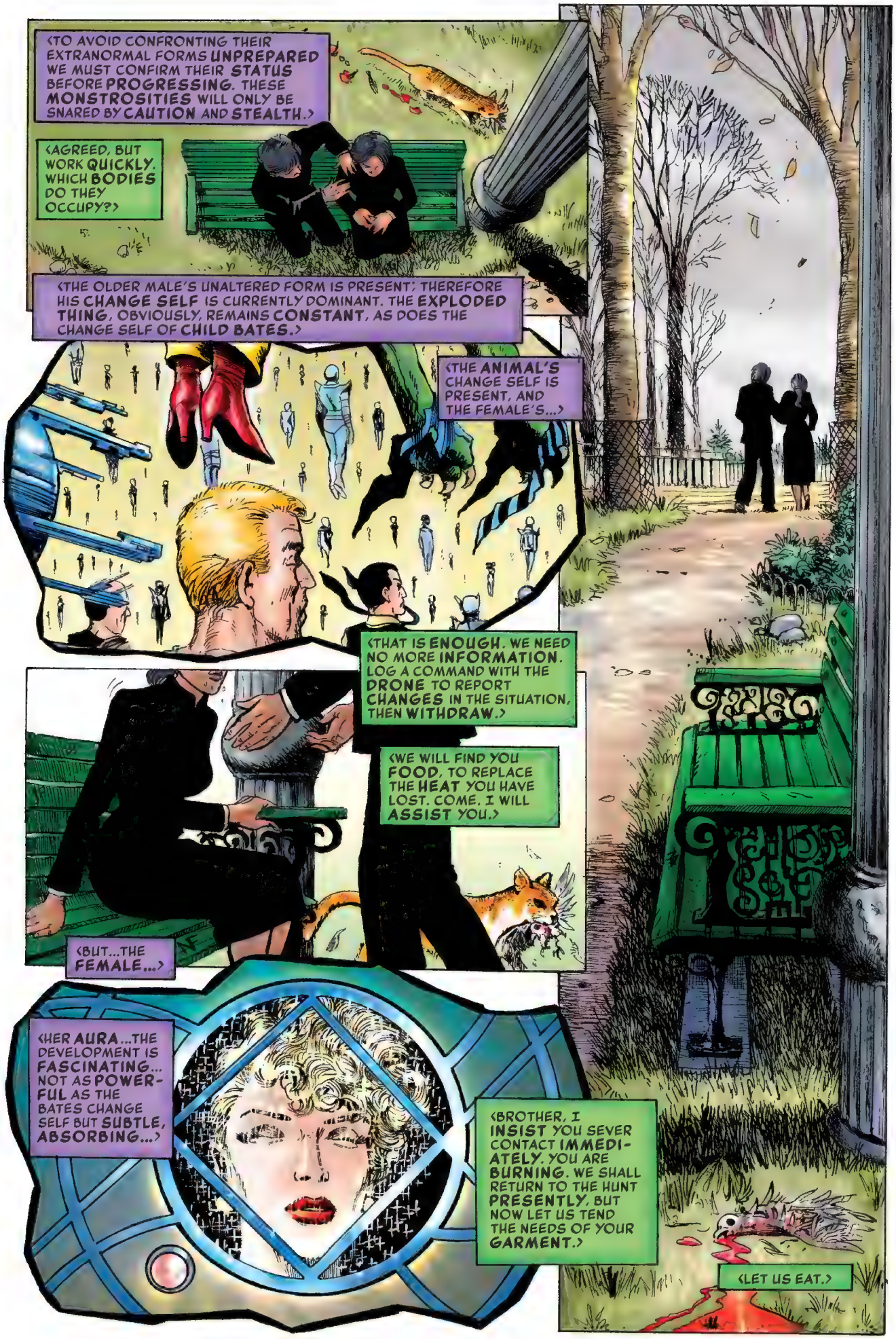
YES.

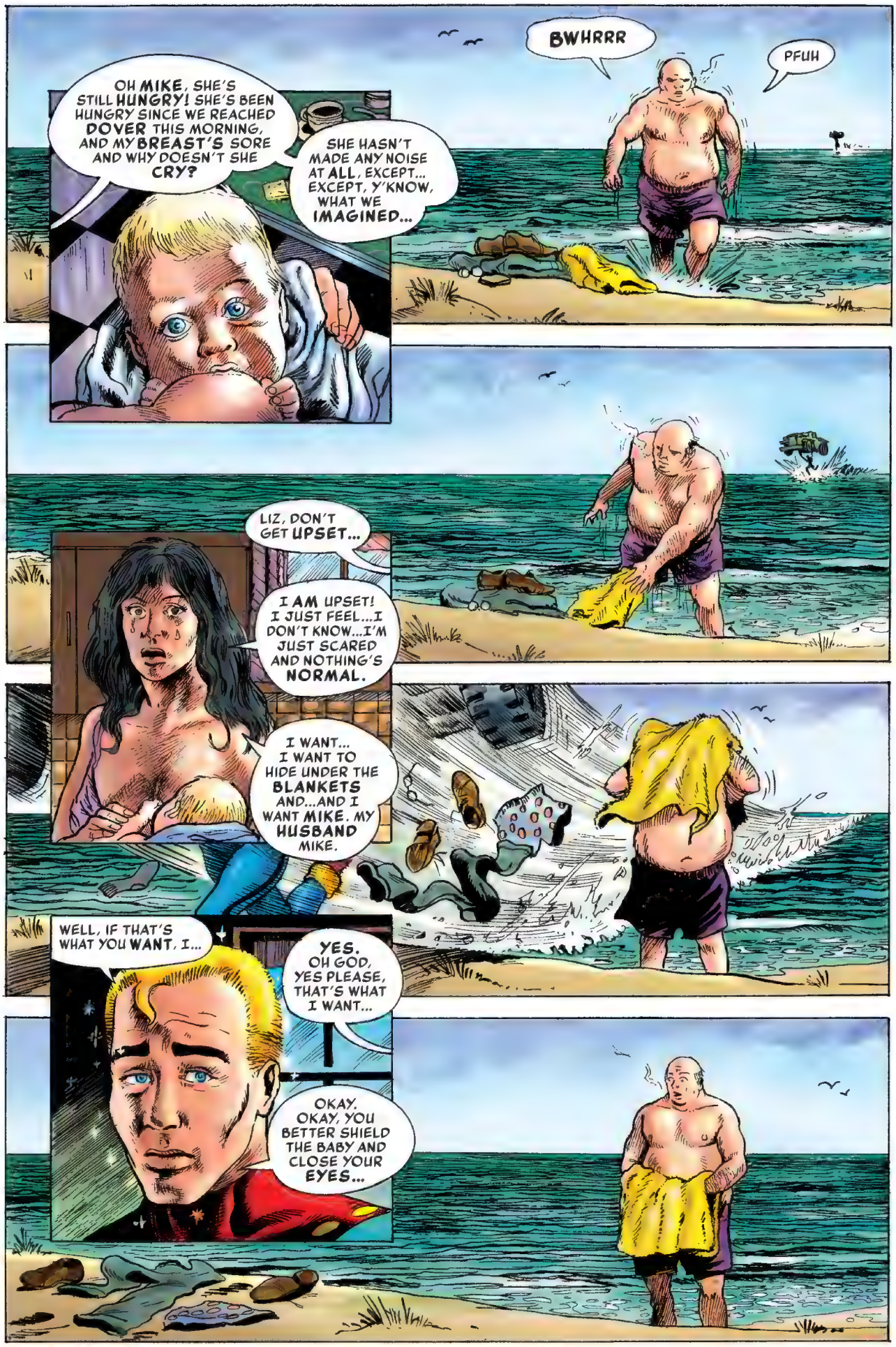
YES, SHE'S ALL RIGHT.

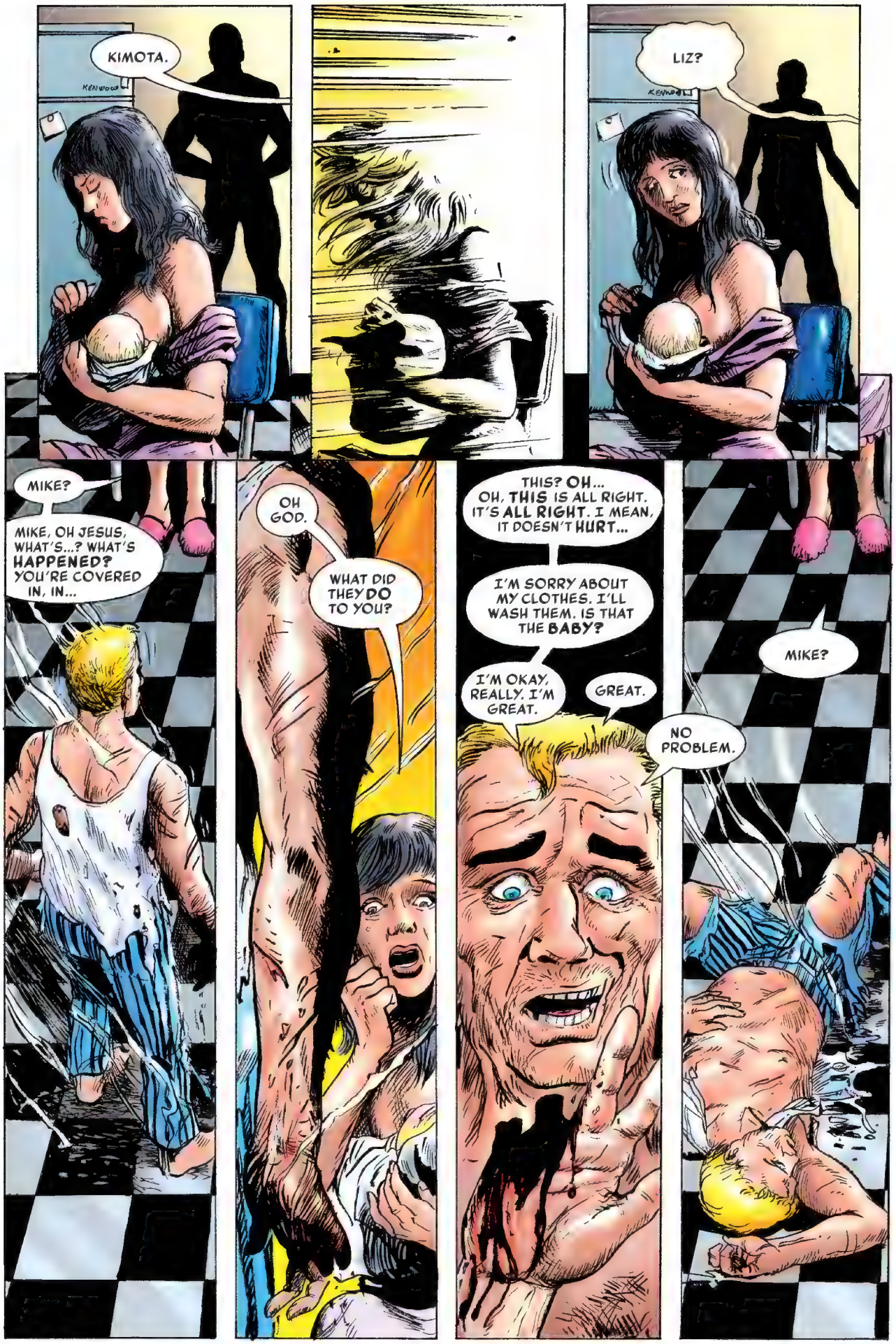

REMOVING MY GLOVE, I SNIP THE UMBILICAL CORD WITH MY THUMBNAIL AND KNOT IT INTO A NAVEL.
MOMENTS LATER THE PLACENTA SLIDES OUT, A MARVELOUS LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM OF GLISTENING BURGUNDY, NO LONGER NEEDED.
IT IS OCTOBER 29TH, 1982. LIZ HOLDS OUR DAUGHTER IN HER ARMS. WE ARE TOGETHER AGAIN, AND ALL THE DRAGONS ARE SLAIN.
OUR WORLD IS SAFE, AND SANE...
...AND SILENT.
MA-MA.

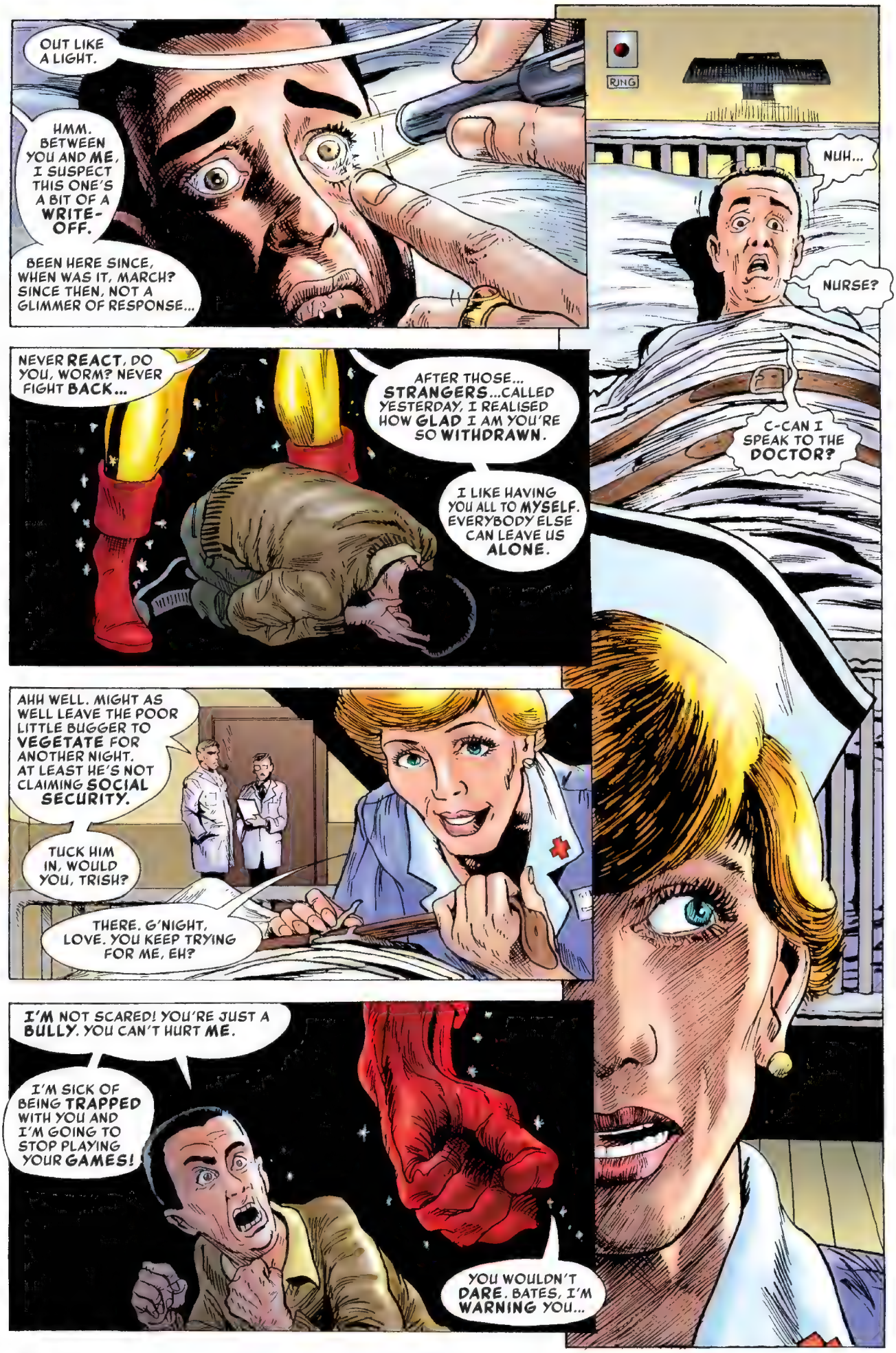

‹ARE YOU THERE YET, BROTHER? HAS YOUR EXTELLIGENCE PENETRATED UNDERSPACE?›
‹ALMOST, BROTHER. THIS MEAT GARMENT CURRENTLY SUFFERS FROM CYCLIC BLOOD LOSS WHICH IS UNCOMFORTABLE AND DISTRACTING.
‹EVEN SO, I AM ALMOST...›
‹AA. THERE. I HAVE INTERFACED WITH AN INSPECTION DRONE.›
‹I AM TEMPTED TO LOCATE NHUL'S LOVELIER BODIES, BUT WHILE SHE IS ELSEWHERE, PROVOKING SUCH LUST WOULD BE MADDENING. BESIDES, I HAVE OTHER FORMS TO INSPECT.›
‹I TRUST YOU'LL NOT EXAMINE MY REHR'S MORE EXOTIC WARDROBE. ONCE, NEAR ANTARES WE COPULATED AS WHALE-MOLLUSCS, AMIDST THE CHURNING METHANE.›
‹WORRY NOT, BROTHER, MY DRONE SEARCHES ONLY AMONGST QUADRUPEDAL FORMS. IT HAS ALMOST REACHED THE FIVE CUCKOOS...
‹...BUT MAINTAINING CONTACT IS TIRING. THE STRAIN UPON THIS CHEAP, INFERIOR BODY...
‹THEY ARE ALMOST DISCERNIBLE NOW... THE TWO MALES, THE ANIMAL, THE FEMALE, THE...›
‹I...I AM BECOMING UNCOMFORTABLY WARM. IS THIS BODY OVER-HEATING? AH...THERE...›
‹THERE. I HAVE THEM...›
‹GOOD. DO NO PROLONG THE CONTACT, HOWEVER. THE TEMPERATURE OF YOUR GARMENT IS INDEED RISING.›
‹IT'S ALL RIGHT. I CAN STAND IT. I SEE THEM, BROTHER...›


<IN MY MIND, I CAN SEE THEM ALL...>
MIRACLEMAN
TMS
MINDGAMES

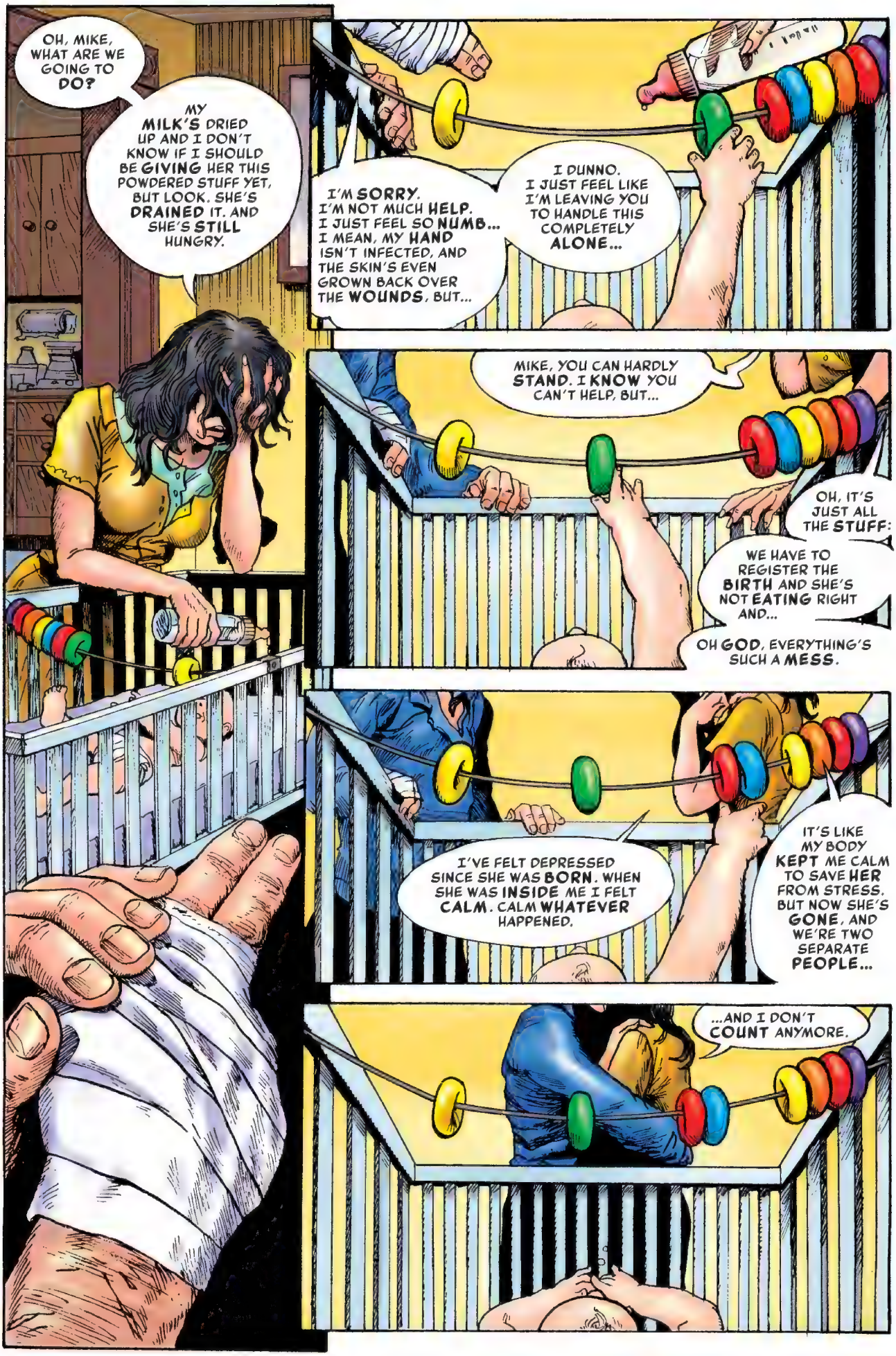

‹TO AVOID CONFRONTING THEIR EXTRANORMAL FORMS UNPREPARED WE MUST CONFIRM THEIR STATUS BEFORE PROGRESSING. THESE MONSTROSITIES WILL ONLY BE SNARED BY CAUTION AND STEALTH.›
‹AGREED, BUT WORK QUICKLY. WHICH BODIES DO THEY OCCUPY?›
‹THE OLDER MALE'S UNALTERED FORM IS PRESENT; THEREFORE HIS CHANGE SELF IS CURRENTLY DOMINANT. THE EXPLODED THING, OBVIOUSLY, REMAINS CONSTANT, AS DOES THE CHANGE SELF OF CHILD BATES.›
‹THE ANIMAL'S CHANGE SELF IS PRESENT, AND THE FEMALE'S...›
‹THAT IS ENOUGH. WE NEED NO MORE INFORMATION. LOG A COMMAND WITH THE DRONE TO REPORT CHANGES IN THE SITUATION, THEN WITHDRAW.›
‹WE WILL FIND YOU FOOD, TO REPLACE THE HEAT YOU HAVE LOST. COME. I WILL ASSIST YOU.›
‹BUT...THE FEMALE...›
‹HER AURA...THE DEVELOPMENT IS FASCINATING... NOT AS POWERFUL AS THE BATES CHANGE SELF BUT SUBTLE, ABSORBING...›
‹BROTHER, I INSIST YOU SEVER CONTACT IMMEDIATELY. YOU ARE BURNING. WE SHALL RETURN TO THE HUNT PRESENTLY, BUT NOW LET US TEND THE NEEDS OF YOUR GARMENT.›
‹LET US EAT.›


BWHRRR
PFUH
OH MIKE, SHE'S STILL HUNGRY! SHE'S BEEN HUNGRY SINCE WE REACHED DOVER THIS MORNING, AND MY BREAST'S SORE AND WHY DOESN'T SHE CRY?
SHE HASN'T MADE ANY NOISE AT ALL, EXCEPT... EXCEPT, Y'KNOW, WHAT WE IMAGINED...
LIZ, DON'T GET UPSET...
I AM UPSET! I JUST FEEL...I DON'T KNOW...I'M JUST SCARED AND NOTHING'S NORMAL.
I WANT... I WANT TO HIDE UNDER THE BLANKETS AND...AND I WANT MIKE. MY HUSBAND MIKE.
WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, I...
YES. OH GOD, YES PLEASE, THAT'S WHAT I WANT...
OKAY. OKAY, YOU BETTER SHIELD THE BABY AND CLOSE YOUR EYES...

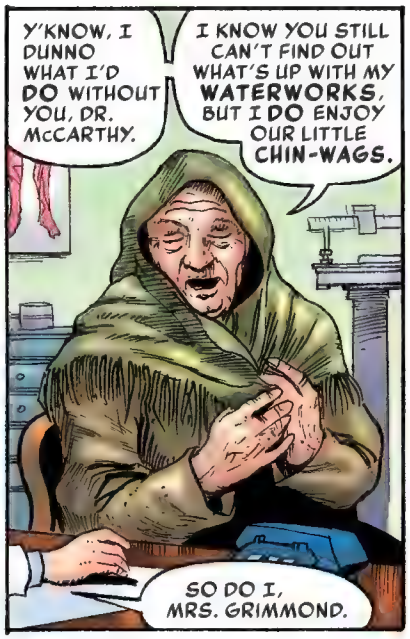

KIMOTA.
LIZ?
MIKE?
MIKE, OH JESUS, WHAT'S...? WHAT'S HAPPENED? YOU'RE COVERED IN, IN...
OH GOD.
WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU?
THIS? OH... OH, THIS IS ALL RIGHT. IT'S ALL RIGHT. I MEAN, IT DOESN'T HURT...
I'M SORRY ABOUT MY CLOTHES. I'LL WASH THEM. IS THAT THE BABY?
I'M OKAY, REALLY. I'M GREAT.
GREAT.
NO PROBLEM.
MIKE?

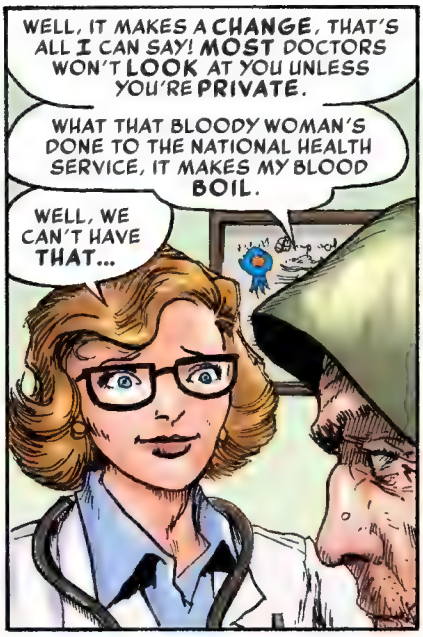

OUT LIKE A LIGHT.
HMM. BETWEEN YOU AND ME, I SUSPECT THIS ONE'S A BIT OF A WRITE-OFF.
BEEN HERE SINCE, WHEN WAS IT, MARCH? SINCE THEN, NOT A GLIMMER OF RESPONSE...
RING
NUH...
NURSE?
C-CAN I SPEAK TO THE DOCTOR?
NEVER REACT, DO YOU, WORM? NEVER FIGHT BACK...
AFTER THOSE... STRANGERS...CALLED YESTERDAY, I REALISED HOW GLAD I AM YOU'RE SO WITHDRAWN.
I LIKE HAVING YOU ALL TO MYSELF. EVERYBODY ELSE CAN LEAVE US ALONE.
AHH WELL. MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE THE POOR LITTLE BUGGER TO VEGETATE FOR ANOTHER NIGHT. AT LEAST HE'S NOT CLAIMING SOCIAL SECURITY.
TUCK HIM IN, WOULD YOU, TRISH?
THERE. G'NIGHT, LOVE. YOU KEEP TRYING FOR ME, EH?
I'M NOT SCARED! YOU'RE JUST A BULLY. YOU CAN'T HURT ME.
I'M SICK OF BEING TRAPPED WITH YOU AND I'M GOING TO STOP PLAYING YOUR GAMES!
YOU WOULDN'T DARE, BATES, I'M WARNING YOU...

NO! STOP IT!
YOU ARSE-KISSING LITTLE MAGGOT, STOP THIS IMMEDIATELY!
I...I'M FEELING BETTER NOW. I...
I'D LIKE TO BE MOVED IN...WITH SOME OTHER CHILDREN...
OH JESUS. I'LL, UH, I'LL GO AND TELL SOMEBODY. WAIT THERE AND, UH, KEEP TALKING...
SEE? I'VE BEATEN YOU! I CAN LEAVE YOU LOCKED HERE IN THE DARK ALONE AND FORGET ABOUT YOU!
YOU'RE NOTHING! NOTHING BUT TALK!
YOU BLOODY LITTLE BASTARD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE...
DOCTOR?
WHAT... HAVE...YOU... DONE?

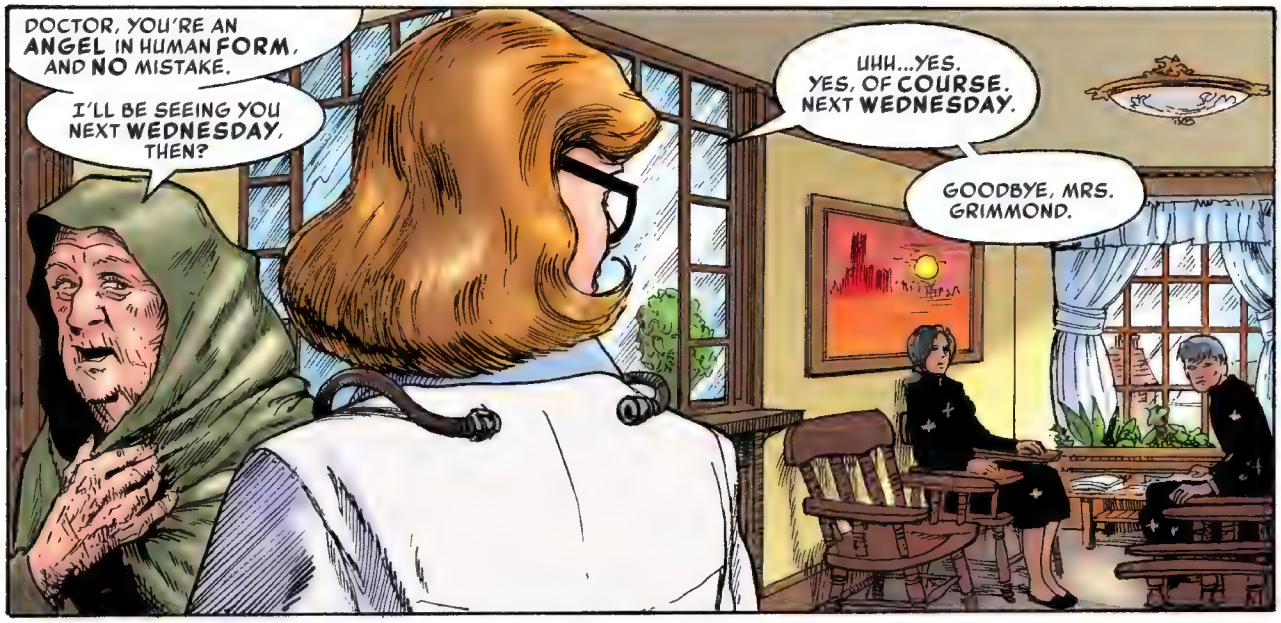

OH, MIKE, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
MY MILK'S DRIED UP AND I DON'T KNOW IF I SHOULD BE GIVING HER THIS POWDERED STUFF YET, BUT LOOK. SHE'S DRAINED IT. AND SHE'S STILL HUNGRY.
I'M SORRY. I'M NOT MUCH HELP. I JUST FEEL SO NUMB... I MEAN, MY HAND ISN'T INFECTED, AND THE SKIN'S EVEN GROWN BACK OVER THE WOUNDS, BUT...
I DUNNO. I JUST FEEL LIKE I'M LEAVING YOU TO HANDLE THIS COMPLETELY ALONE...
MIKE, YOU CAN HARDLY STAND. I KNOW YOU CAN'T HELP, BUT...
OH, IT'S JUST ALL THE STUFF:
WE HAVE TO REGISTER THE BIRTH AND SHE'S NOT EATING RIGHT AND...
OH GOD, EVERYTHING'S SUCH A MESS.
I'VE FELT DEPRESSED SINCE SHE WAS BORN. WHEN SHE WAS INSIDE ME I FELT CALM. CALM WHATEVER HAPPENED.
IT'S LIKE MY BODY KEPT ME CALM TO SAVE HER FROM STRESS. BUT NOW SHE'S GONE, AND WE'RE TWO SEPARATE PEOPLE...
...AND I DON'T COUNT ANYMORE.

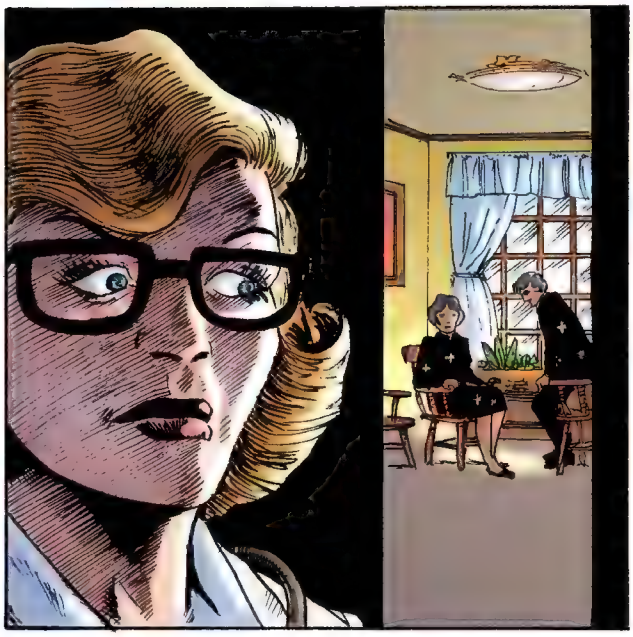
YOU COUNT TO ME. THIS THING WILL BRING US CLOSER TOGETHER THAN EVER. WE...
UH...
LIZ? ARE YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK SORT OF FAINT...
FAINT? NO, I...
I DON'T FEEL FAINT AT ALL. ALL OF A SUDDEN...I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE IT'S JUST TALKING TO YOU, BUT...
ALL OF A SUDDEN I FEEL REALLY HAPPY. THAT DOESN'T ADD UP, DOES IT?
UH, WELL, MAYBE...YOU HEAR ABOUT POST-NATAL MOOD SWINGS AND STUFF, ALTHOUGH THIS DOES SEEM RATHER...
NO. FORGET IT...IF YOU'RE HAPPY, THAT'S WHAT COUNTS.
OH, I AM! I'M AS HAPPY AS WHEN WINTER WAS INSIDE ME.
UH, YEAH. BUT, LIZ, YOU SEEM SO CHANGEABLE. MAYBE IF WE CALLED THE DOCTOR...
MIKE, I'VE GOT YOU. AND NOTHING WILL EVER COME BETWEEN US.
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A MIRACLE WORKER IN THE FAMILY, WHO NEEDS A DOCTOR?
WINTER?
THAT'S HER NAME. DIDN'T I TELL YOU? IT POPPED INTO MY HEAD FROM NOWHERE: WINTER MORAN.
OH MIKE, I FEEL SO CONFIDENT. WE'LL WORK THINGS OUT...IT'S JUST A LEARNING PROCESS, THAT'S ALL.


Y'KNOW, I DUNNO WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU, DR. McCARTHY.
I KNOW YOU STILL CAN'T FIND OUT WHAT'S UP WITH MY WATERWORKS, BUT I DO ENJOY OUR LITTLE CHIN-WAGS.
SO DO I, MRS. GRIMMOND.


WELL, IT MAKES A CHANGE, THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY! MOST DOCTORS WON'T LOOK AT YOU UNLESS YOU'RE PRIVATE.
WHAT THAT BLOODY WOMAN'S DONE TO THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE, IT MAKES MY BLOOD BOIL.
WELL, WE CAN'T HAVE THAT...

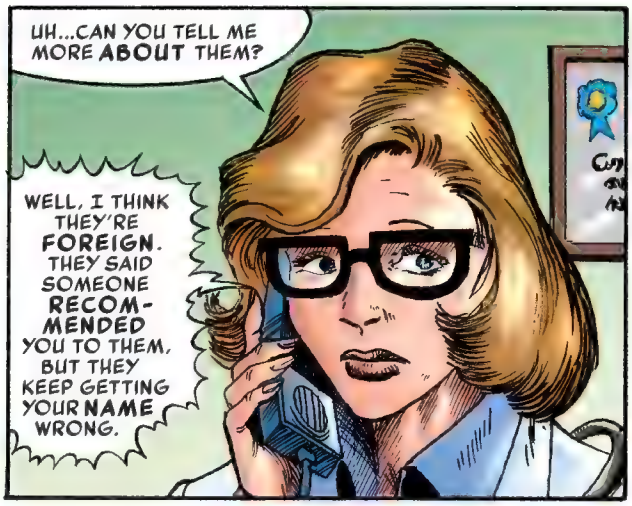
MY ADVICE IS TO GO HOME AND CALM DOWN IN FRONT OF CORONATION STREET. HERE'S A COUPLE OF QUID...GET YOURSELF A GUINNESS OR TWO...
OOH, DOCTOR, YOU SHOULDN'T.
RUBBISH. DOCTOR KNOWS BEST.
IT'S OKAY TO SAY NO

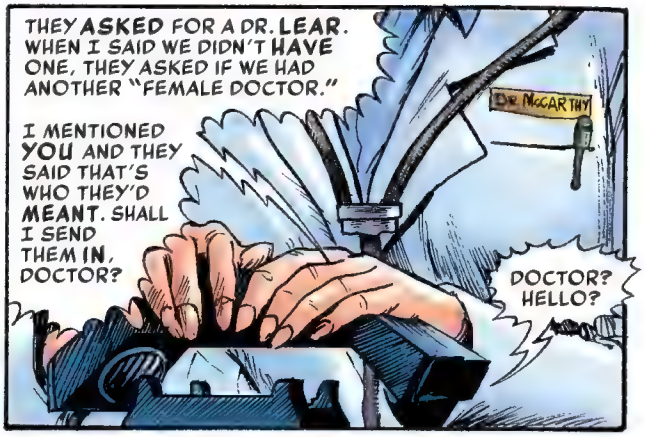

DOCTOR, YOU'RE AN ANGEL IN HUMAN FORM, AND NO MISTAKE.
I'LL BE SEEING YOU NEXT WEDNESDAY, THEN?
UHH...YES. YES, OF COURSE. NEXT WEDNESDAY.
GOODBYE, MRS. GRIMMOND.



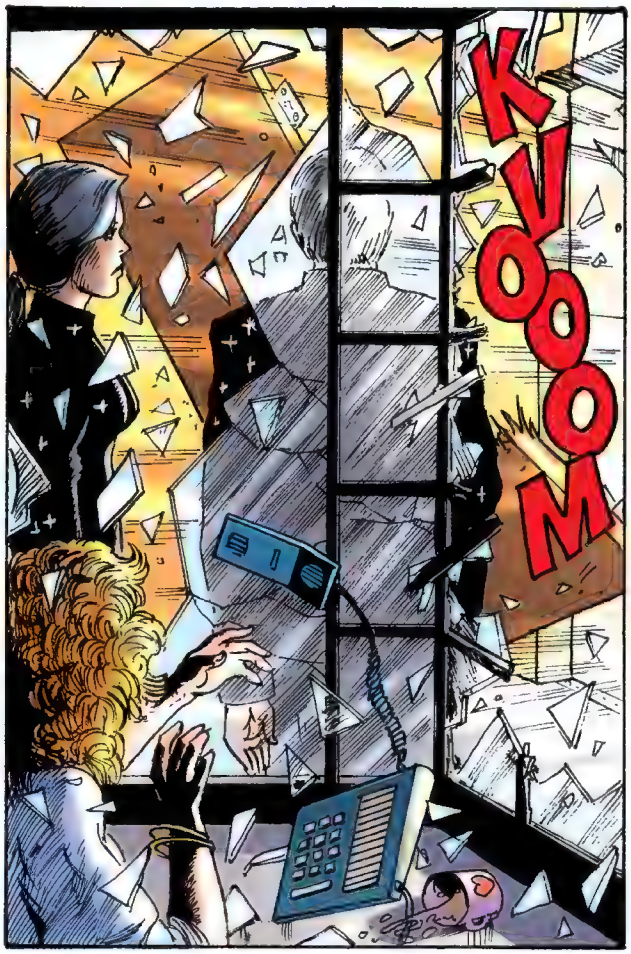
PLEASE TO EXCUSE ME: WILL FEMALE DOCTOR LEAR BE INSPECTING OUR SICKNESS NOW?
UM? OH, HANG ON A MO, I'LL SEE IF SHE'S READY...
...AND I TOLD YOU, IT'S DR. McCARTHY. I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'VE GOT "LEAR" FROM.

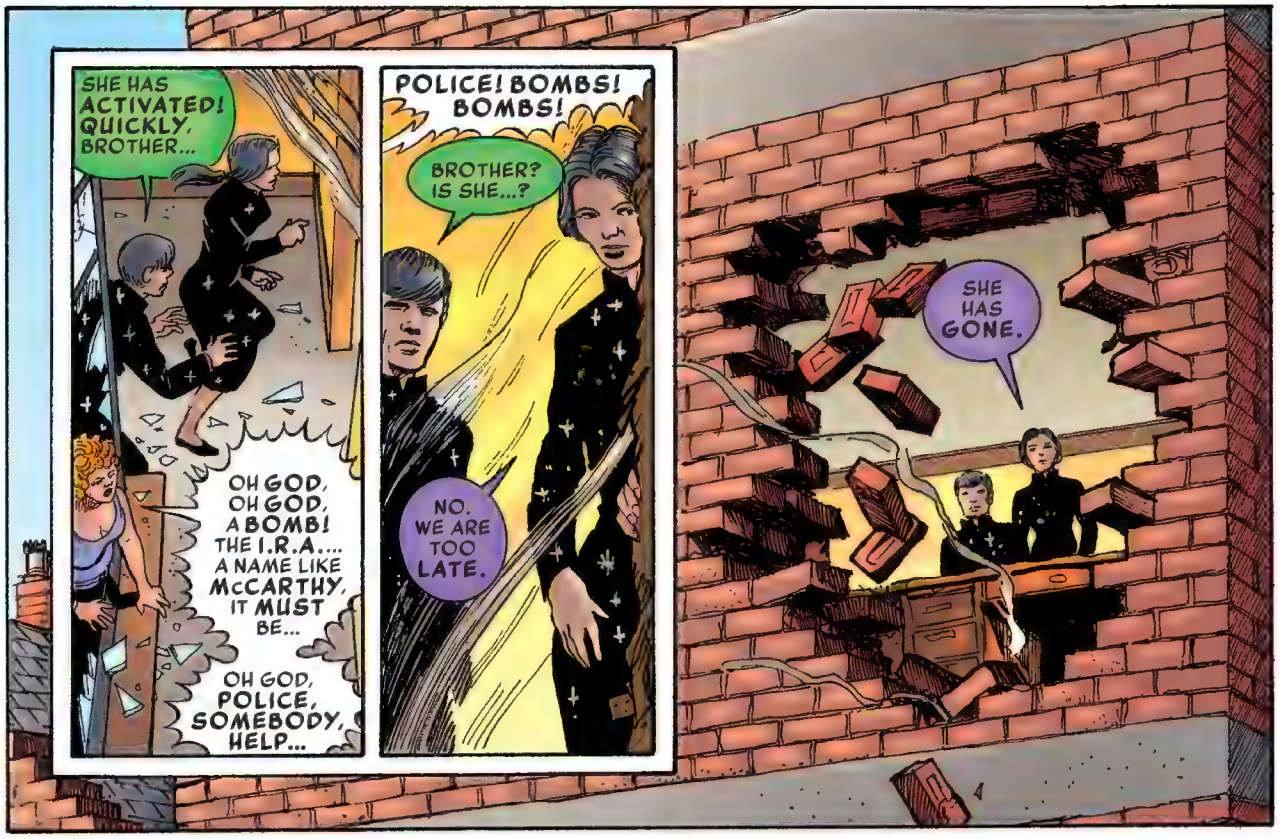
I AM MISTAKEN. PLEASE ASK IF SHE WILL INSPECT US.
YES, HANG ON, I'M BUZZING HER...
OH, HELLO, DOCTOR. I'VE GOT A MR. AND MRS. SMITH OUT HERE... NO. NO, THEY'RE NEW PATIENTS. SHALL I SEND THEM IN?


UH...CAN YOU TELL ME MORE ABOUT THEM?
WELL, I THINK THEY'RE FOREIGN. THEY SAID SOMEONE RECOMMENDED YOU TO THEM, BUT THEY KEEP GETTING YOUR NAME WRONG.

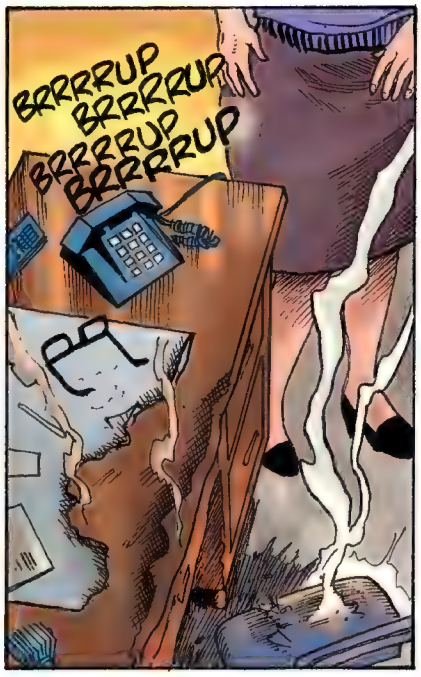

THEY ASKED FOR A DR. LEAR. WHEN I SAID WE DIDN'T HAVE ONE, THEY ASKED IF WE HAD ANOTHER "FEMALE DOCTOR."
I MENTIONED YOU AND THEY SAID THAT'S WHO THEY'D MEANT. SHALL I SEND THEM IN, DOCTOR?
DR. McCARTHY
DOCTOR? HELLO?

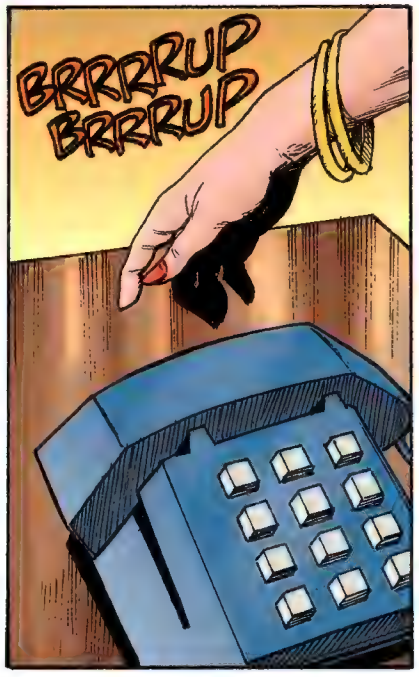
DR. McCARTHY?
WHAT WAS THAT? I DIDN'T CATCH...
KIM WHO?

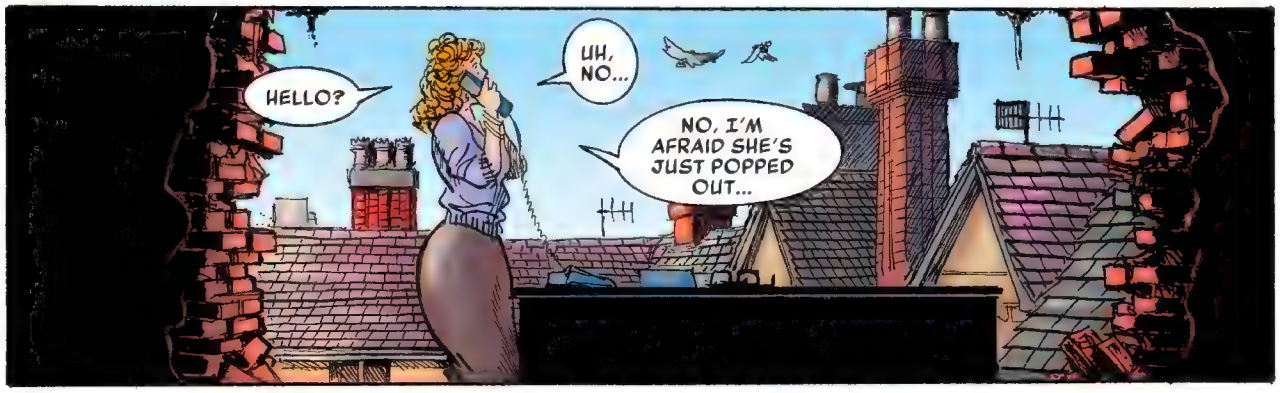

KVOOOM

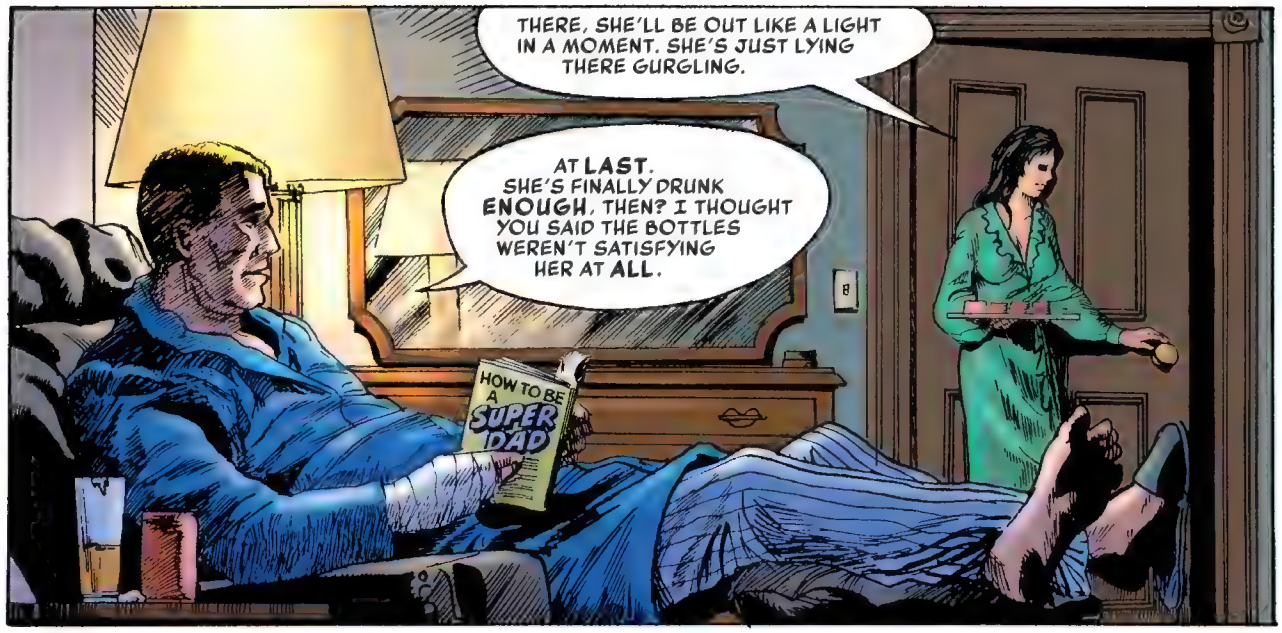

SHE HAS ACTIVATED! QUICKLY, BROTHER...
OH GOD, OH GOD, A BOMB! THE I.R.A.... A NAME LIKE McCARTHY, IT MUST BE...
OH GOD, POLICE, SOMEBODY, HELP...
POLICE! BOMBS! BOMBS!
BROTHER? IS SHE...?
NO. WE ARE TOO LATE.
SHE HAS GONE.

NO MATTER. HER EXISTENCE IS ESTABLISHED. WE WILL RELOCATE HER PRESENTLY.
COME...LET US LEAVE THIS PLACE. THE ANIMAL IS NEXT UPON OUR LIST.
IS SHE DEAD? OH GOD, LET ME THROUGH!
DR. McCARTHY?

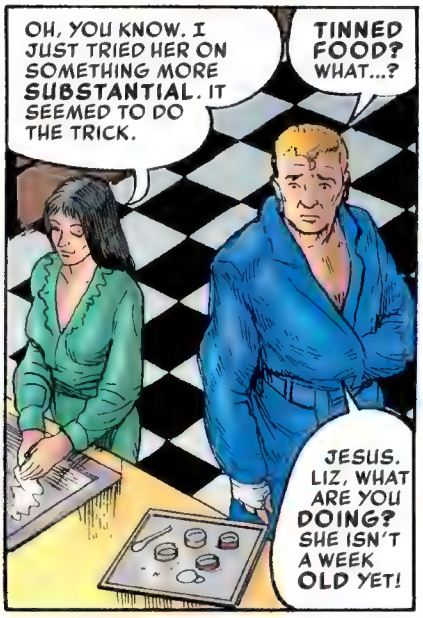

BRRRRUP BRRRRUP BRRRRUP BRRRRUP


BRRRRUP BRRRRUP


HELLO?
UH, NO...
NO, I'M AFRAID SHE'S JUST POPPED OUT...


THERE, SHE'LL BE OUT LIKE A LIGHT IN A MOMENT. SHE'S JUST LYING THERE GURGLING.
AT LAST. SHE'S FINALLY DRUNK ENOUGH, THEN? I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE BOTTLES WEREN'T SATISFYING HER AT ALL.
HOW TO BE A SUPER DAD

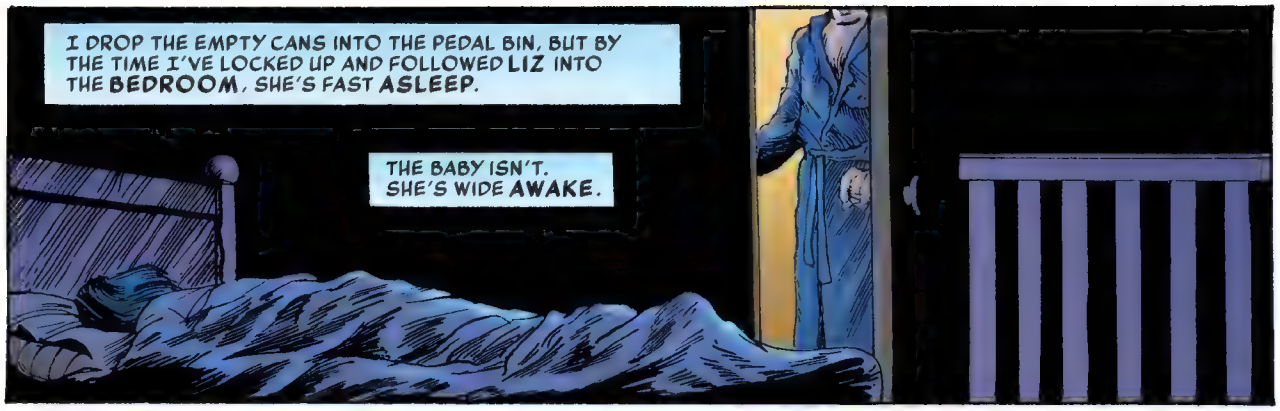
OH, THEY WEREN'T, SO I TRIED HER ON SOMETHING ELSE.
Y'KNOW, I'M REALLY TIRED. I THINK I'LL TURN IN AND GET SOME SLEEP BEFORE SHE NEEDS FEEDING AGAIN.
UH, SURE. WHAT WAS IT YOU GAVE HER, FINALLY?

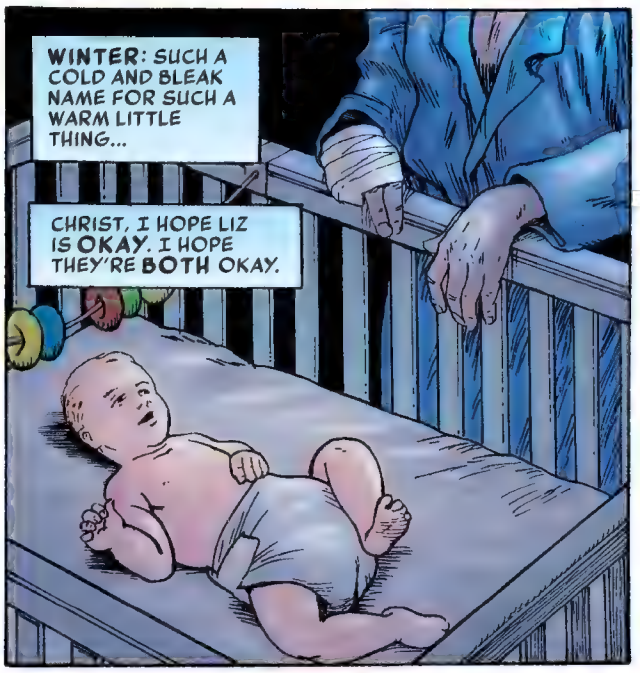

OH, YOU KNOW. I JUST TRIED HER ON SOMETHING MORE SUBSTANTIAL. IT SEEMED TO DO THE TRICK.
TINNED FOOD? WHAT...?
JESUS, LIZ, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? SHE ISN'T A WEEK OLD YET!

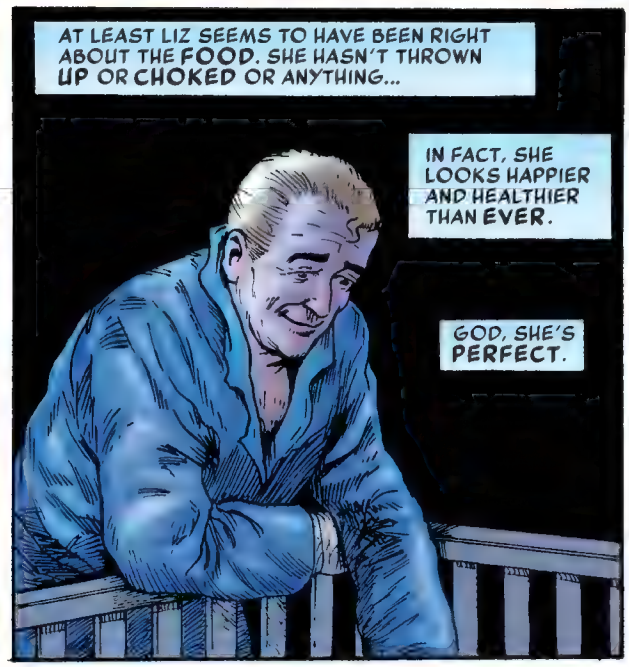
WELL, I DON'T KNOW, SOMETHING JUST TOLD ME IT WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO. MOTHER'S INSTINCT, I SUPPOSE. ANYWAY, SHE SEEMED TO ENJOY IT, SO WHAT'S THE HARM?
LIZ, THERE'S FOUR EMPTY TINS HERE!

MMM. WELL, SHE WAS HUNGRY.
GOODNIGHT, LOVE. I'LL TRY NOT TO WAKE YOU WHEN SHE GETS ME UP IN THE NIGHT.
HEINZ

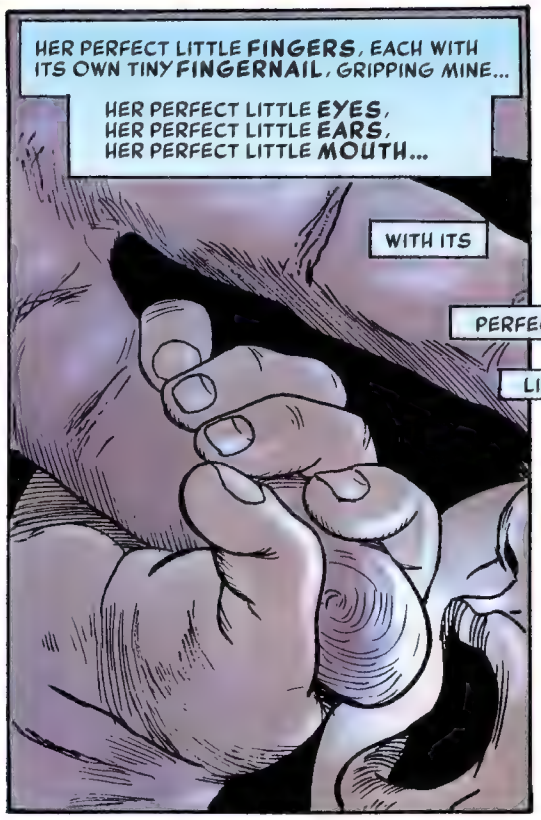
"SHE WAS HUNGRY"?
HEIN

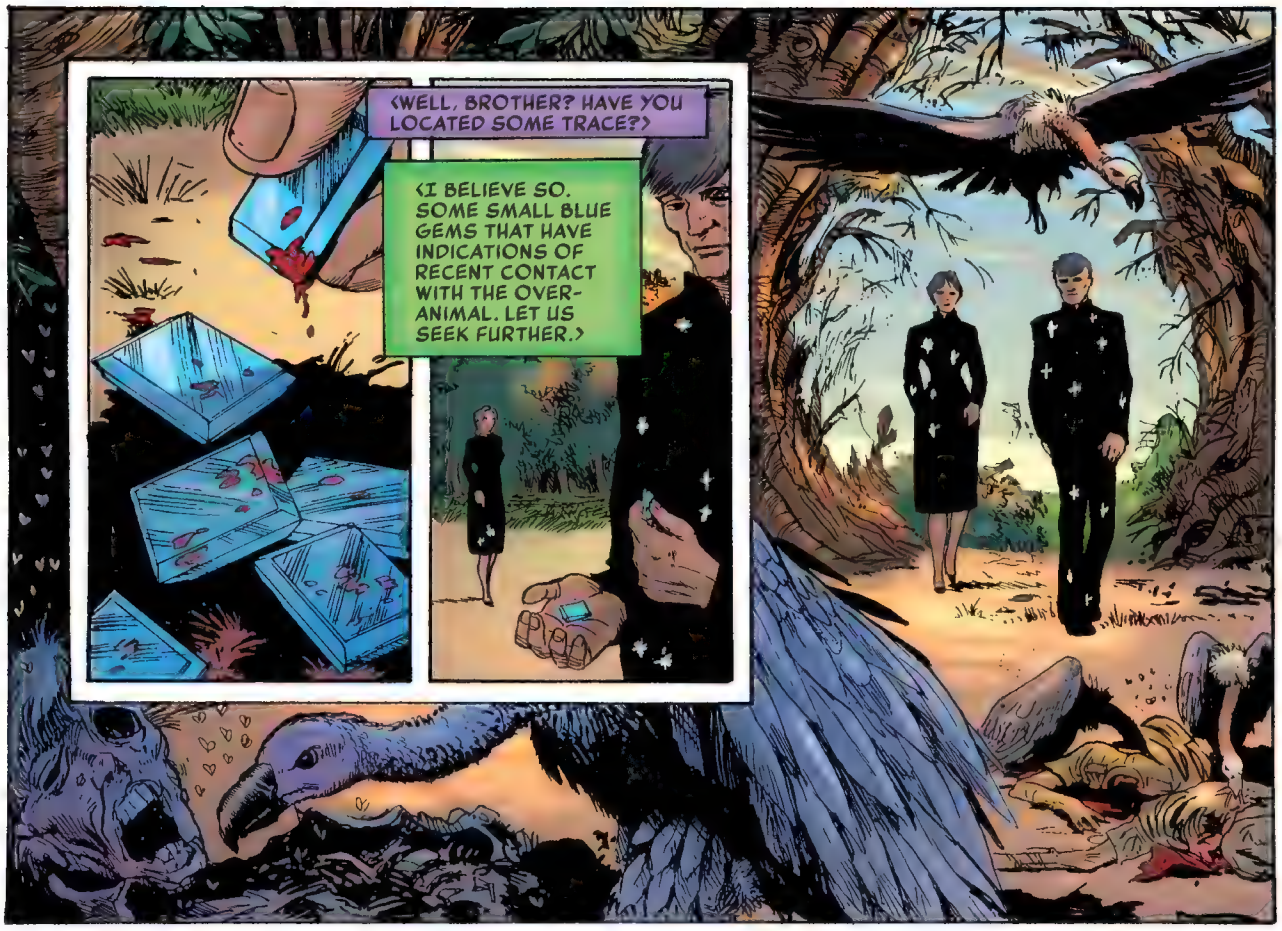


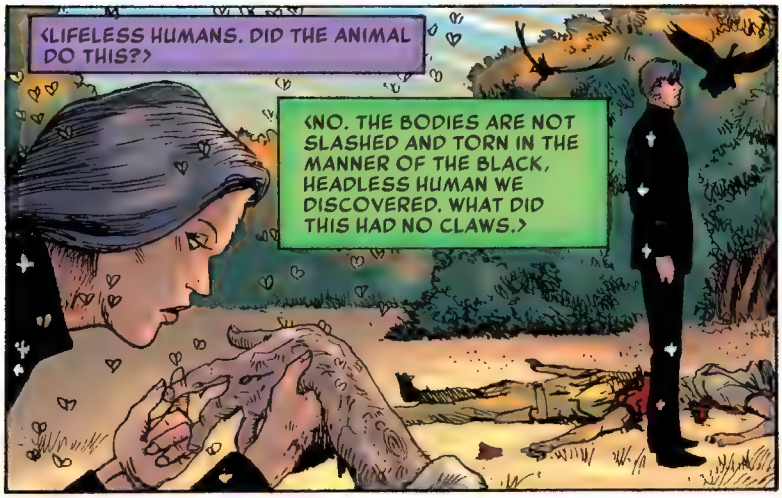


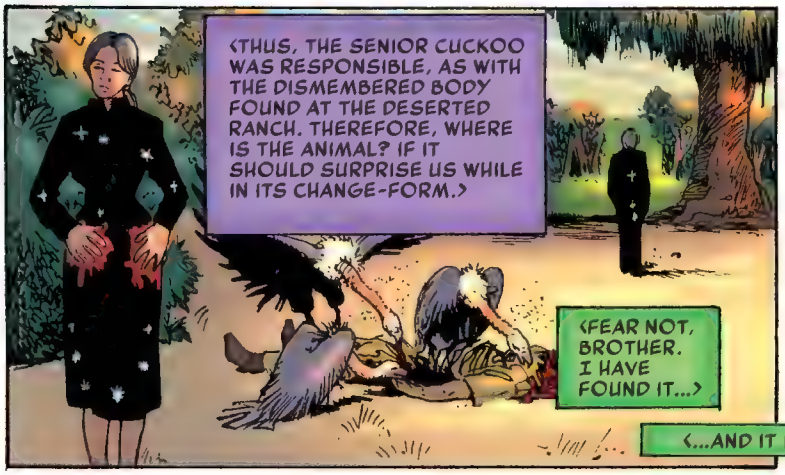


HOW CAN ANYTHING SO WONDERFULLY COMPLEX BE MADE SO SMALL, SO FLAWLESS IN EVERY DETAIL?









<...AND IT IS NO LONGER CAPABLE OF SURPRISES.>

END OF BOOK TWO

Book Three

OLYMPUS

Story
The Original Writer

Art
John Totleben
Chapters One - Six

with thanks to
Thomas Yeates
Chapter Six

Color Art
Steve Oliff

Lettering
Joe Caramagna

1987

THE JULY MORNING: BIG, HOT, EMPTY, NOT QUITE BROKEN.

THE TOY CITY: EMERGING STOREY BY STOREY FROM COOL GREY HAZE; BARELY AWAKE BUT DREAMING HARD...

DREAMING OF NEW MUSIC, NEW THOUGHTS, NEW PAINTINGS, A NEW WORLD EVERY DAY.

EVERY DAY.

SOMETIMES, TOY CITIZENS CLAMBER UP HERE ASKING FAVOURS; THIS DISEASE NEEDS CURING, THAT RIVER MOVING. SOMETIMES I SAY YES.

THEY WEAR HELMETS FOR THE THIN AIR; WEAR FEAR IN DAMP CRESCENTS BENEATH THEIR SHIRT ARMS.

FUNNY LITTLE BUBBLE-HEADS.

EVENTUALLY, ONE WILL SUFFER A HEART ATTACK WHILE IMPLORING ME TO SQUARE THE CIRCLE OR GRANT IMMORTALITY...

IMMORTALITY.

FATHER, HOW YOU WOULD HAVE LAUGHED TO SEE THIS.

YOUR FACE IS COLD NOW, TANNED SILVER BY THE SPOTLIGHTS.

THE JULY MORNING: BIG, HOT, EMPTY, SILENT.

CROSSING TO THE LECTERN, CLIMBING ITS STEPS RATHER THAN FLYING, I OPEN A BOOK WITH STEEL PAGES.

I HAVE LEGENDS TO WRITE; TALES OF HOW IT FEELS TO LIVE IN A MYTHOLOGY.

I SIT HERE, IN MY STILL, HIGH PLACE, AND TEST THE KEENNESS OF MY STYLUS AGAINST AN UPRAISED FINGERTIP.

THERE; A NEEDLE OF BLOODY LIGHT, AN AFTERTASTE OF OZONE...

I AM READY TO BEGIN.

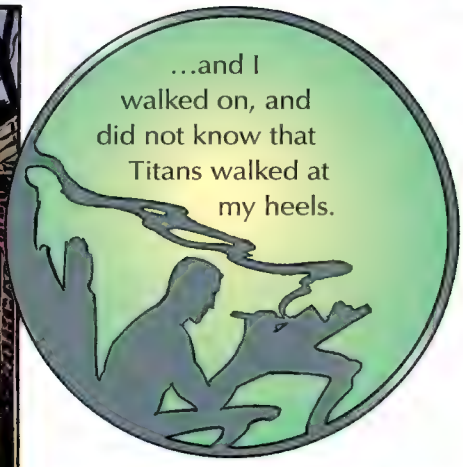
MIRACLEMAN
BOOK III
OLYMPUS
CHAPTER ONE
Cronos

After creation came a time when young gods fought their Titan fathers...
THE TIME WAS NOVEMBER 1982; THE PLACE, LESS CERTAIN. WHERE DID IT BEGIN? WITH ME? OR HER? WITH HIM, BATES, THE ADVERSARY?
YES.
YES, PERHAPS IT BEGAN WITH HIM.
...AND THEY ALL STARTED CALLING ME NAMES!
OH, JOHNNY, I'M SORRY. YOU WANTED TO MIX WITH OTHER CHILDREN, BUT SOME OF THEM ARE, WELL, DIFFICULT...
THEY S-SAID "HERE'S MASTER BATES..."
OH, DON'T. DON'T CRY.
LOOK, SINCE YOUR RECOVERY YOU'VE BEEN DOING SO WELL. YOU MUSTN'T LET THESE BULLIES SET YOU BACK. STAND UP TO THEM.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I WANTED TO! I WANTED TO...TO...
YES? IT'S OKAY, JOHNNY. YOU WANTED TO WHAT?
"NOTHING. NOTHING IMPORTANT. IT DOESN'T MATTER.
"I'D LIKE TO BE ON MY OWN NOW, PLEASE."
...and in the place of his confinement, the Adversary tested the shackles that bound him, tugging at them. They creaked, but did not break.

For my own part it was the frail human chain binding me to this world that seemed most in danger of snapping.
LIZ. I WAS AFRAID FOR LIZ.
I WAS SO AFRAID SHE WAS GOING TO CRACK UP...
LIZ...
LIZ...
MIKE, NOTHING'S WRONG, WITH ME OR WINTER. SHE'S JUST A HEALTHY BABY WITH A HEALTHY APPETITE...
...AND SHE'S PERFECTLY NORMAL. I'M HER MOTHER. I SHOULD KNOW.
LIZ, SHE'S A MONTH OLD AND SHE HAS TEETH. TWO WEEKS AGO, THAT WOULD HAVE WORRIED YOU SICK...
I...LOOK, I'M CONFUSED. SOMETIMES EVERYTHING'S FINE, I FEEL GREAT, BUT
SOMETIMES...
...SOMETIMES I FEEL SO WEIRD.
WEIRD?
AS IF MY FEELINGS AREN'T MY OWN ANYMORE. AS IF THEY GET SWITCHED ON AND OFF. IT'S...
...OH, IT'S PROBABLY JUST POST-NATAL DEPRESSION. LISTEN, LEAVE ME ALONE FOR A WHILE, OKAY? WE'LL TALK LATER.
...and I stepped out, and the November wind drove nails of rain into my brow, and in my heart I was afraid for all that I loved.

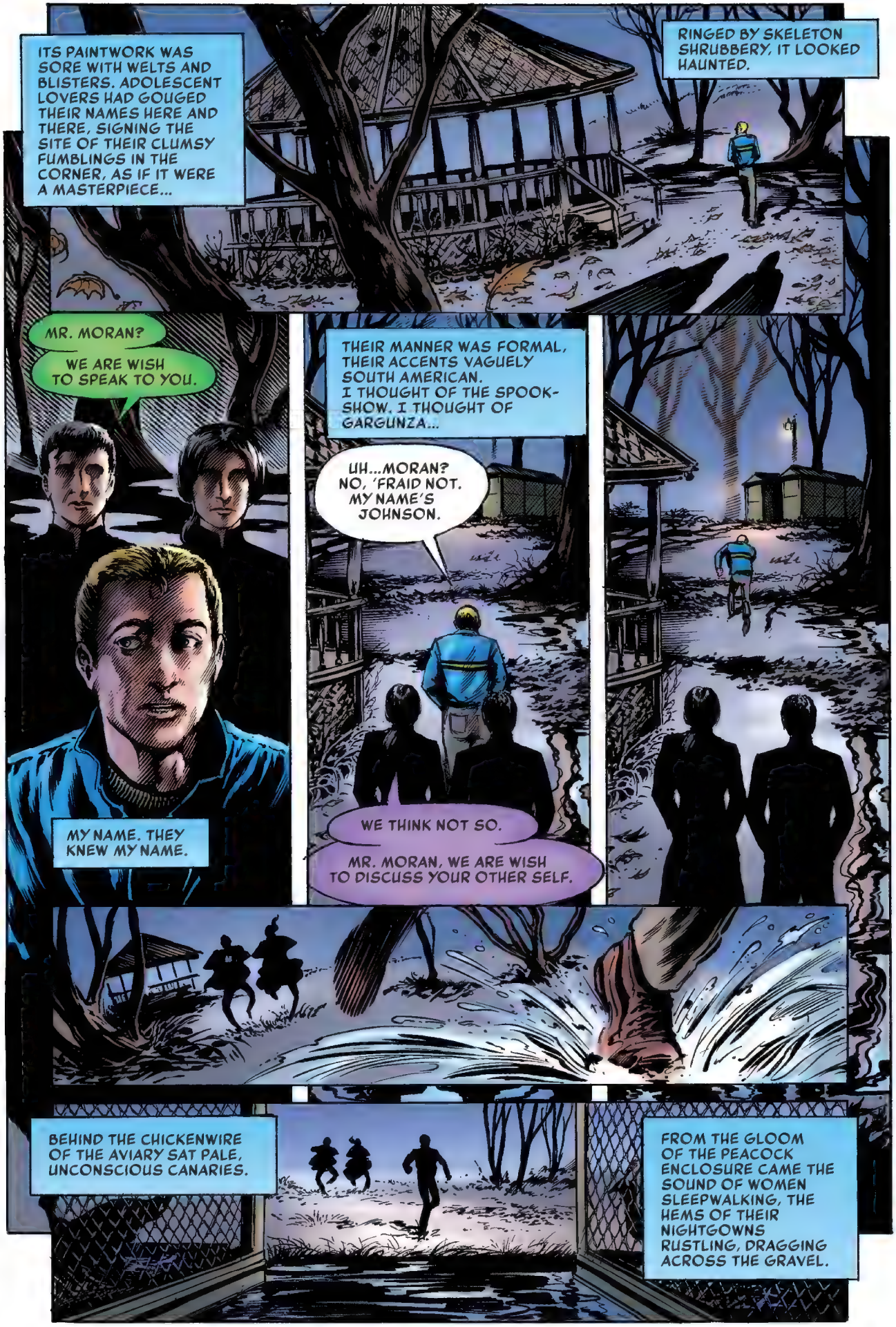
TURNING THE HEAVY PAGE, I CONTINUE.

OUT IN THE DARK, THE WINDSWEPT PARK OFFERED ITS BLEAK CONSOLATION...



NOT UNTIL IT WAS TOO **LATE**.

THE BANDSTAND. I REMEMBER I PAUSED AT THE **BANDSTAND**...


ITS PAINTWORK WAS SORE WITH WELTS AND BLISTERS. ADOLESCENT LOVERS HAD GOUGED THEIR NAMES HERE AND THERE, SIGNING THE SITE OF THEIR CLUMSY FUMBLINGS IN THE CORNER, AS IF IT WERE A MASTERPIECE...
RINGED BY SKELETON SHRUBBERY, IT LOOKED HAUNTED.
MR. MORAN?
WE ARE WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU.
MY NAME. THEY KNEW MY NAME.
THEIR MANNER WAS FORMAL, THEIR ACCENTS VAGUELY SOUTH AMERICAN. I THOUGHT OF THE SPOOK-SHOW. I THOUGHT OF GARGUNZA...
UH...MORAN? NO, 'FRAID NOT. MY NAME'S JOHNSON.
WE THINK NOT SO.
MR. MORAN, WE ARE WISH TO DISCUSS YOUR OTHER SELF.
BEHIND THE CHICKENWIRE OF THE AVIARY SAT PALE, UNCONSCIOUS CANARIES.
FROM THE GLOOM OF THE PEACOCK ENCLOSURE CAME THE SOUND OF WOMEN SLEEPWALKING, THE HEMS OF THEIR NIGHTGOWNS RUSTLING, DRAGGING ACROSS THE GRAVEL.

IN THE PEACOCK ENCLOSURE, AS IF FROM A SHARED NIGHTMARE, THE SLEEPWALKERS BEGAN TO SCREAM.
KIMOTA.

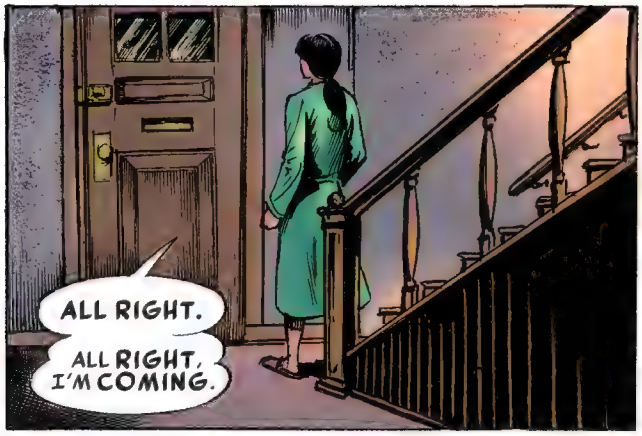
AND THEN THE LIGHT OF AN OLDER HEAVEN THAN THIS WAS IN MY EYES...
...AND WHEN AGAIN I SAW, I SAW TITANS.

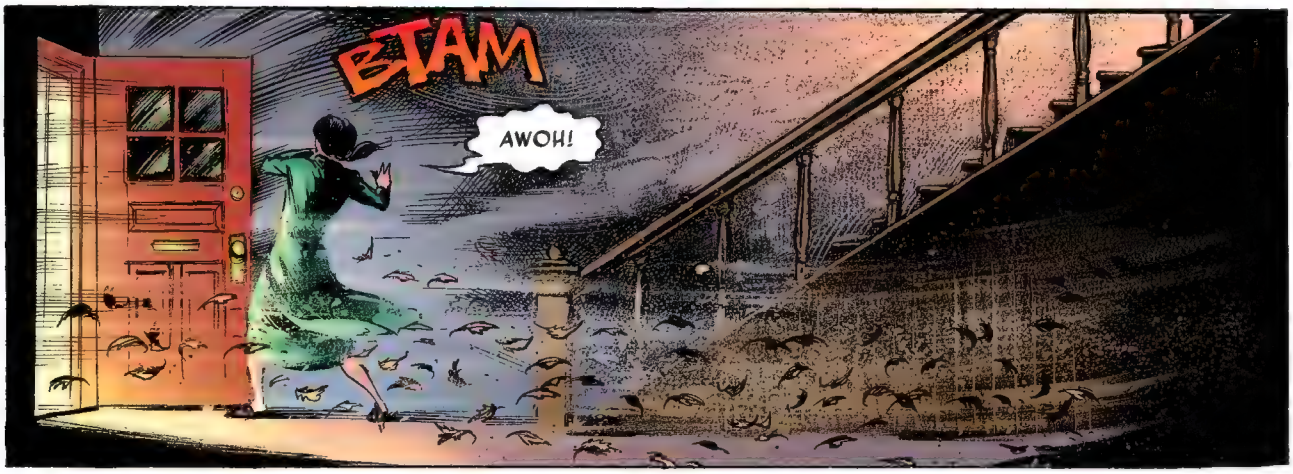
I knew them not for Titans then, knew not that Cronos was arrived to confiscate the thunderbolts of a delinquent Zeus.

This was before such concepts were defined, or inked, white hot, upon immortal steel.

THE NEARER ONE RUSHED AT ME, STINKING OF IODINE AND SQUEAKING AS IT MOVED. MOMENTS BEFORE, IT HAD BEEN A YOUNG WOMAN.
I BRACED MYSELF, A CLOCKWORK MAN POWERED BY ADRENALINE MAINSPRINGS, A DESPERATE AND VIOLENT ENGINE...
...THAT WAS ALMOST SUFFICIENT TO ITS TASK...
A TRAIN FROM HELL, IT CROUCHED IN THE SHUNTING-YARD SMOKE OF ITS TRANSFORMATION.
I HAD BUT TWO BODIES. APPARENTLY, THEY POSSESSED **MANY**.
I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND THE EXTENT OF MY PREDICAMENT...

...WHILE FAILING TO APPRECIATE ITS **BREADTH.**





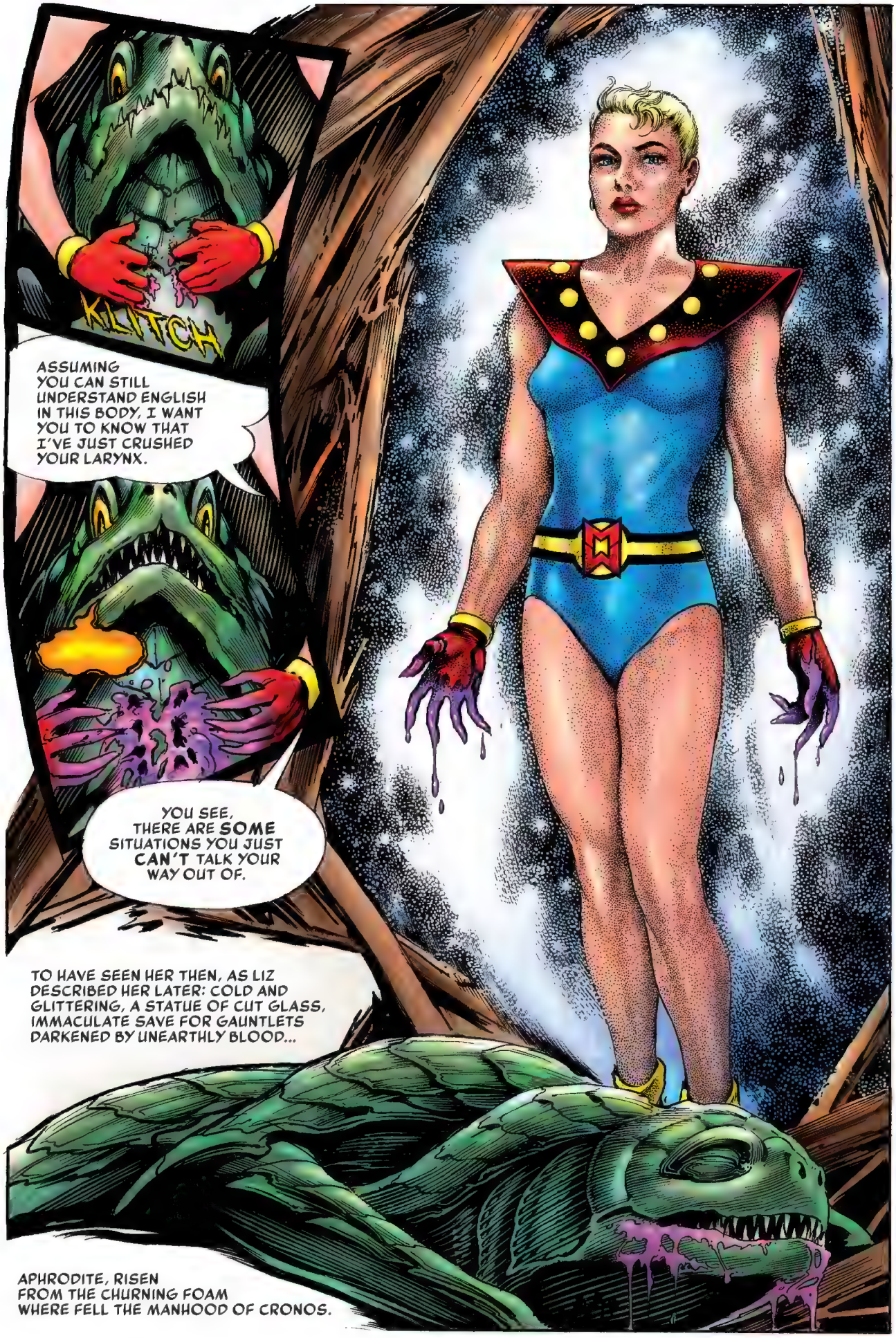
BACK THEN, MY PERSPECTIVE WAS LIMITED. I HAD NOT YET SEEN THE VIEW FROM OLYMPUS.

HAD I BEEN OLDER, I'D SURELY HAVE FELT THE STARS SHIFT AS A TERRIBLE NEW ZODIAC SIGN ALIGNED ITSELF.

AS IT WAS, I KNEW ONLY PAIN AND BRIGHT FEATHERS...
THUNDERBULLS, WARBRUTES, THEY TRAMPLED, SNORTING STEAM, AND WORKED MY FACE LIKE WARM, WET CLAY IN THEIR JACKHAMMER HANDS.
ASSAILED BY INCOMPREHENSIBLE BEASTS, I AWAITED A DEATH WITHOUT MEANING IN A PARK I'D FORGOTTEN THE NAME OF.
MORTALITY SMACKED MY FACE, ONCE, TWICE...
I WONDERED HOW LONG IT HAD BEEN SINCE I'D LAST TOLD LIZ I LOVED HER.
I WANTED, DESPERATELY, TO FEEL MY DAUGHTER'S HAIR, UNBELIEVABLY FINE, UNBELIEVABLY SOFT AGAINST MY CHEEK...
...AND THAT WAS MY ERROR.
THE SQUALL OF FISTS ABATED. THE MONSTERS REGARDED EACH OTHER AS IF SURPRISED. IN ENGLISH RECOGNISABLE DESPITE A VOICE THAT BUZZED, ONE VOICED IN A SINGLE WORD, THE MOST FRIGHTENING UTTERANCE I COULD IMAGINE:
"DAUGHTER?"
A NON-VERBAL EXCHANGE ENSUED, AFTER WHICH ONE RESUMED THE BEATING WHILE THE OTHER FLED ACROSS THE GREY NIGHT GRASS. I SCREAMED AFTER IT USELESSLY.
THEY READ MINDS...
...AND HADN'T KNOWN MY CHILD EXISTED BEFORE I'D TOLD THEM.

THE BRUTE CROUCHED UPON MY CHEST, GRINDING SPARKS FROM ITS JAWS. THEY SHOWERED HOT UPON MY CHEEK, UPON THE PETROL OF MY DESPERATE RAGE...
ITS ACCOMPLICE WOULD ALREADY HAVE LEFT THE PARK...
FRACTURING TWO OF MY OWN FINGERS I PUNCHED THROUGH ITS ABDOMEN, IMMEDIATELY DRENCHED IN ITS SCALDING FLUIDS, STEAMING AND PHOSPHORESCENT.
SHUDDERING IN THE WAY THAT PIGS DO UPON REALISING THEIR THROATS ARE CUT, IT PRONOUNCED FIVE DREADFUL SYLLABLES.
BUS STOP
BRIEFLY, I EMBRACED AN INFANT SUN THAT SCRIBBLED BRIGHT, AUTISTIC CRAYON LINES ACROSS EACH RETINA. IT BECAME SOMETHING LIKE A GIANT, SEVERED HAND; A STICKY MOUTH GLISTENING IN ITS PALM.
I PULVERISED ONE OF ITS KNUCKLES. THE BLACK LIPS WRITHED, INCONTINENT, ABOUT A PROFANITY COINED BENEATH OTHER CONSTELLATIONS.
I COULD NOT STAY THE RECITAL OF ITS BARE, INCENDIARY HAIKU. I COULD NOT SLAM THE COVERS SHUT UPON ITS HIDEOUS VOCABULARY.
IT SPOKE...
GOD CLAPPED HIS HANDS.
ITS NEW FORM LOOKED AND FELT LIKE A SHARK TURNED INSIDE-OUT. I PROMISED THAT MY WIFE SHOULD NOT FALL PREY TO THESE NOVEMBER HORRORS...
...KNOWING ALREADY THAT MY PROMISE WAS MEANINGLESS.
TSK.
NOT AGAIN.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, WINTER. I'LL BE BACK IN A SECOND.
IT'S ONLY THE SILLY WIND. IT'S BLOWN THE...
KRRACK
AAAAAAAAA
OH NO, OH GOD, JESUS, PLEASE...
WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU KEEP AWAY!
YOU GET AWAY FROM ME. OR...
OH.


KLITCH
ASSUMING YOU CAN STILL UNDERSTAND ENGLISH IN THIS BODY, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I'VE JUST CRUSHED YOUR LARYNX.
YOU SEE, THERE ARE SOME SITUATIONS YOU JUST CAN'T TALK YOUR WAY OUT OF.
TO HAVE SEEN HER THEN, AS LIZ DESCRIBED HER LATER: COLD AND GLITTERING, A STATUE OF CUT GLASS, IMMACULATE SAVE FOR GAUNTLETS DARKENED BY UNEARTHLY BLOOD...
APHRODITE, RISEN FROM THE CHURNING FOAM WHERE FELL THE MANHOOD OF CRONOS.

MY WORDS SMOULDER, COOLING UPON THE OPEN PAGE. I CROSS TO THE WINDOWS, HEELS DUSTED WITH SPARKS.

MORE THAN A THOUSAND FLOORS BELOW, WIND-DRIVEN CLOUDS DRAG ZEBRA SKINS OF SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW ACROSS THE WAKING CITY.

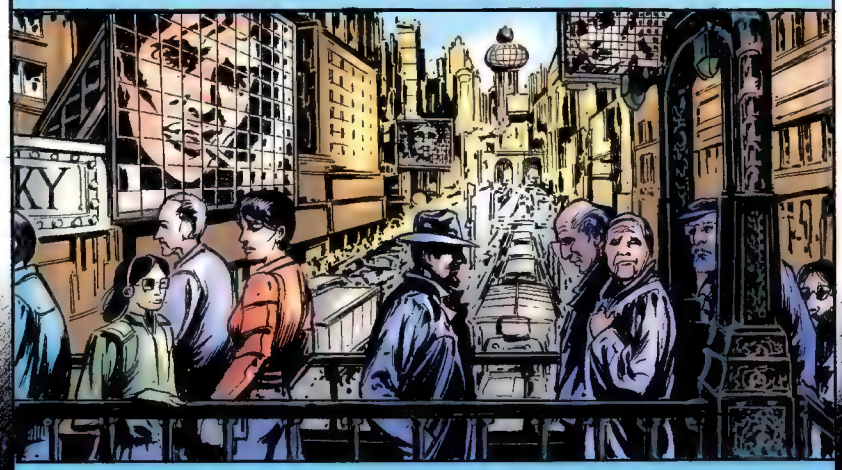
TO THE NORTH, THE SAME BREEZE DRIVES THE PAINTED SAILS OF WINDMILL FORESTS THAT WRING ELECTRICITY FROM CLEAR SKIES.

THE GREAT VANES TURN, SERENE AS KITES, GORGEOUS AND HYPNOTIC AS THE FANS OF GEISHAS.

LOOKING DOWN, LONDON BECOMES A COMPOSITION OF SMOKE-BLUES AND FORTIES-FILM-GREY, VIEWED BY AN ABSTRACT PAINTER, OR ONE SUFFERING FROM APHASIA.

THE MIRROR-WALLED BUILDINGS ARE SKY-AQUARIUMS, IMAGINARY CLOUDS SWIMMING UNDER GLASS.

ON A TRAFFIC-LOOM, NEEDLESTREAMS OF CARS DART NORTH-SOUTH ON GREEN, PAUSING ON RED WHILE THE SHUTTLE MOVES EAST-WEST.



FROM ANIMATED HOARDINGS, ROUGED BOYS SNEER AT PEDESTRIANS GROWN PALE IN THE SHADE OF A NEW FUJI.

EACH MORNING I WATCH THEM, MY MARVELOUS EYES PIERCING CLOTHING AND SKIN, ABLE TO SEE AT DIFFERENT SPEEDS. SLOW-MOTION LENDS THE OLDER ONES A BOVINE, ANIMAL DIGNITY.

EACH EVENING, I WALK THE AIRLESS BATTLEMENTS...

...AND SCATTER TO THE NIGHT'S COLD VECTORS THE ASHES OF THEIR UNOPENED PRAYERS.

"1987:
"UUWWWWWWWWW: THE 747'S BASS NOTE FALLS AWAY THROUGH THE DRIZZLE TOWARDS HEATHROW, A RED-HOT PRINTED CIRCUIT SIZZLING FAR BELOW.
"BY MOONLIGHT, LONDON'S A FLOODLIT ASYLUM. THE JET'S SHADOW SLIDES DOWN THE WESTERN FACE OF OLYMPUS LIKE THE CORPSE OF A BLACK PAPER BIRD, BORNE UPON A CHROME NIAGARA.
"THOUGH DIMINISHED BY JETS AND TELEPHONES, EACH DAY THE WORLD GROWS CONCEPTUALLY LARGER. AS A FOCAL POINT, THIS BIG WORLD DEMANDS A BIG HOUSE, WITH BIG PEOPLE TO FILL IT. WHEN POLITICIANS AND MOVIE STARS PROVE INADEQUATE, ONLY GODS REMAIN.
"1987: HEAVEN'S AN INFINITE DEPARTMENT STORE, A THOUSAND FLOORS OF PIPED-IN DEVOTIONAL MUSIC HAUNTING ITS CENTRE-WELL.
"WE SELL HUMANITY A LANGUAGE OF IDEAS TO ARTICULATE ITS TIMES; THE FAITH TO REMAIN UNAFRAID AS SOCIETY EXPLODES INTO INCREASINGLY CHIMERICAL SHAPES ABOUT THEM. WE DESCRIBE THE NEW THING THAT IS COMING, AND THEY WORSHIP US.
"RIDING AN INVISIBLE ELEVATOR, I DESCEND PAST ZOOS AND MUSEUMS. ALL HUMAN EXPERIENCE SPIRALS PAST ME, A WATER-SPOUT OF BI-PLANES, ORCHIDS, BEAUTIFUL UNIFORMS...
"...IN THE HIGH SEVEN-HUNDREDS, CHANNELS HAVE BEEN CUT THROUGH THE PYRAMID, PERMITTING INTERIOR WEATHER.
. . .
"A GODDESS LIVES HERE, THUNDER-STORMS PRESSING THEIR BRUISE-PURPLE LIPS AGAINST THE GLASS WALLS OF HER CHAMBER, SUSPENDED AMIDST CLOUDS AND RAIN.
"ON LOWER STOREYS, WISE AND TACTFUL MECHANISMS COORDINATE THIS PLANET'S PEACE.
. . .
"UP HERE, SHE COMPOSES ITS LOVE.

"THOUGH RARE AND IRIDESCENT PIGMENTS GLISTEN ON THE PALETTE OF MANKIND'S DESIRE, THEY OBSTINATELY CHOOSE TO SKETCH THEIR LOVE IN CHARCOAL, WHILE IN SECRET DREAMS THEY SMEAR THEIR FINGERS THROUGH FORBIDDEN VIOLETS, ORANGES AND BLUES.
"THEY MUST BE TAUGHT, THOUGH COLOURBLIND WITH GUILT, TO FATHOM THE IMPENDING BOREALIS; TAUGHT A NEW CHROMATIC SCALE OF PASSIONS AND DELIGHTS.
"HALF A MILLION CALLS EACH SECOND SING THROUGH HER COMPUTER SWITCHBOARD, FROM THE SHY, THE PLAIN, THE LONELY, SIFTED BY DISCREET AUTOMATA, PERSONAL DETAILS MATCHED, CONTACTS ARRANGED AND COMFORTS GIVEN, AN ELECTRIC SHOULDER OFFERED TO A HEARTSICK WORLD.
"IN THE SPERM BANKS, FROZEN SEED AWAITS BARREN RECIPIENTS SELECTED FROM ACROSS THE PLANET. TWO MORE GENERATIONS: THERE'LL BE THOUSANDS LIKE US.
. . .
"THOUSANDS.
"AS ZEUS LOVED MORTAL WOMEN IN THE FORM OF GOLDEN SPARKS, WE KNOW HUMANS IN A SHOWER OF PHOSPHOR-DOTS. AS OBJECTS OF MANKIND'S DESIRE, BOTH SPIRITUAL AND CARNAL, COUNTLESS SOLITARY CLIMAXES ARE REACHED EACH NIGHT, THEIR FEVERISH DEVOTIONS, EYES CLENCHED TIGHT, A CATECHISM OF GASPS.
A GUIDE TO HIGHER ECSTASIES
TANTRIC SEX I
"AS ICONS THERE ARE SILKSCREENS, VIDEOS AND, BY SATELLITE, SHE OPERATES A WORLDWIDE CABLE SYSTEM, NETWORK-SCHEDULED VISITATIONS TO THE CHOSEN, TO THE FAITHFUL, TO THE HARD AND TO THE ACHING...
"...GODDESS OF PULP LUST, COLD CHRYSLER GLAMOUR, I ASCEND INTO HER SOUNDTRACK OF FORGOTTEN HIGH-SCHOOL POP AND DIGITALLY SAMPLED TORCH-SONGS. I RISE UP TO EYES LIKE GLACIERS, LIPS LIKE FATE.

"I LEAVE SALIVA ON CHILL GLASS AND THINK OF WHEN I SAW HER FIRST, THIS STARK MADONNA OF THE QUANTUM AGE...
"...MY MUSE...
"...MY VENUS."
MIRACLEMAN
CHAPTER TWO
Aphrodite

"NOVEMBER 1982:

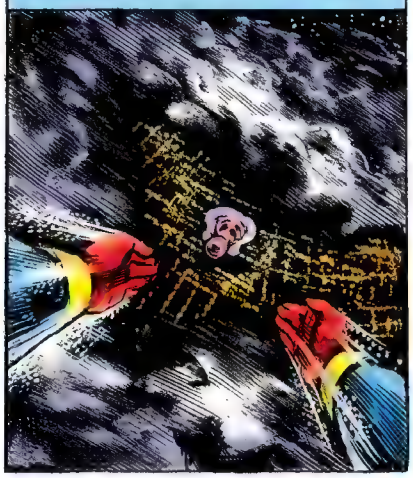
"THE MILL OF PUNISHMENT THAT GROUND MY BODY PAUSED, AND TURNED WHAT I ASSUMED TO BE ITS HEAD AS IF IT HEARD A MURDER IN THE GLOOM, WHERE I HEARD ONLY RAIN UPON DEAD LEAVES.

"THERE CAME A WORD WITH SYLLABLES THAT RATTLED LIKE A NIGHT TRAIN STEAMING NEARER THROUGH THE BLACKNESS WITH ITS CYCLOPS LANTERN GLARING, 'TIL IT HIT AND ALL THE WORLD WAS BURNED AWAY IN ONE WHITE MOMENT.

"HAVING EXCHANGED A FORM THAT PULVERISED FOR ONE THAT FLEW, IT LIFTED EERILY INTO THE RAIN, NO ANCHOR SAVE ITS SHADOW, DRAGGED ACROSS THE GRASS, DEFLATING AS IT WENT.

"GUESSING ITS PURPOSE, I GAVE CHASE.

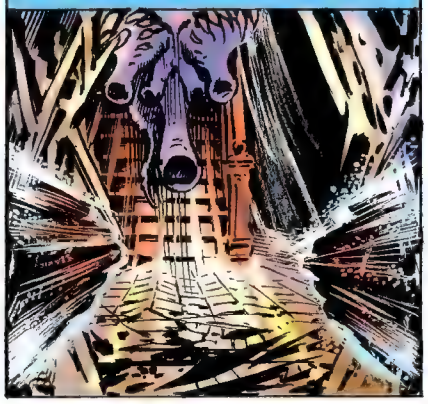
"TOO FAST TO BE SEEN EXCEPT BY EACH OTHER, WE WERE DANGEROUS BLURS IN A WORLD WITHOUT MOTION, DODGING BETWEEN THE FREEZE-FRAME BIRDS THAT HUNG TRAPPED IN A SOLID GLASS SKY.



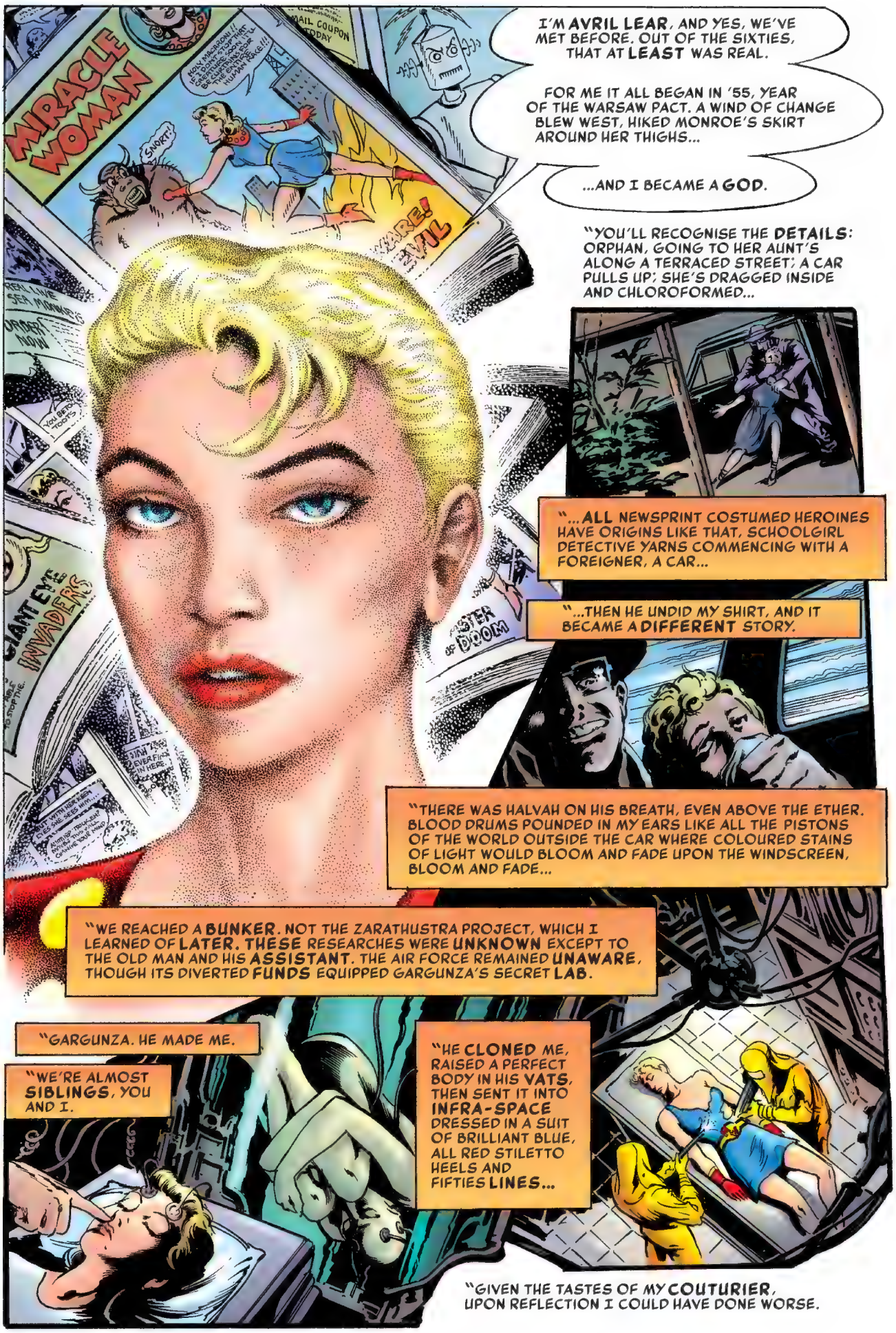
"WE DROPPED AS ONE, A NANO-SECOND'S BREADTH BETWEEN US, WHILE BELOW, THE STREET WHERE I LIVED AS A MAN GREW LARGER, CLOSER, RAPIDLY EMBROIDERING ITSELF WITH DETAIL ON APPROACH.

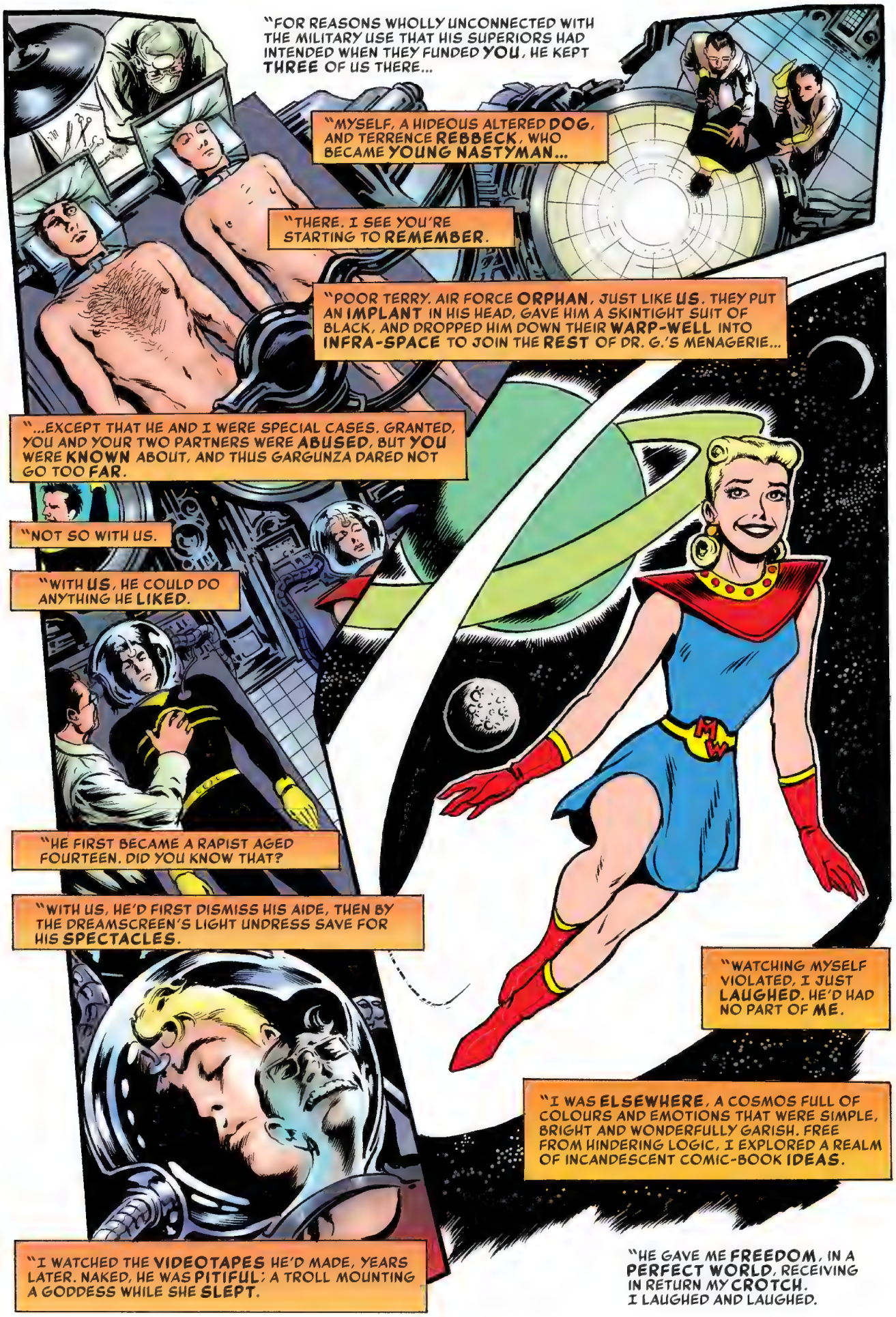
"THROUGH THE SPLINTERED DOOR.

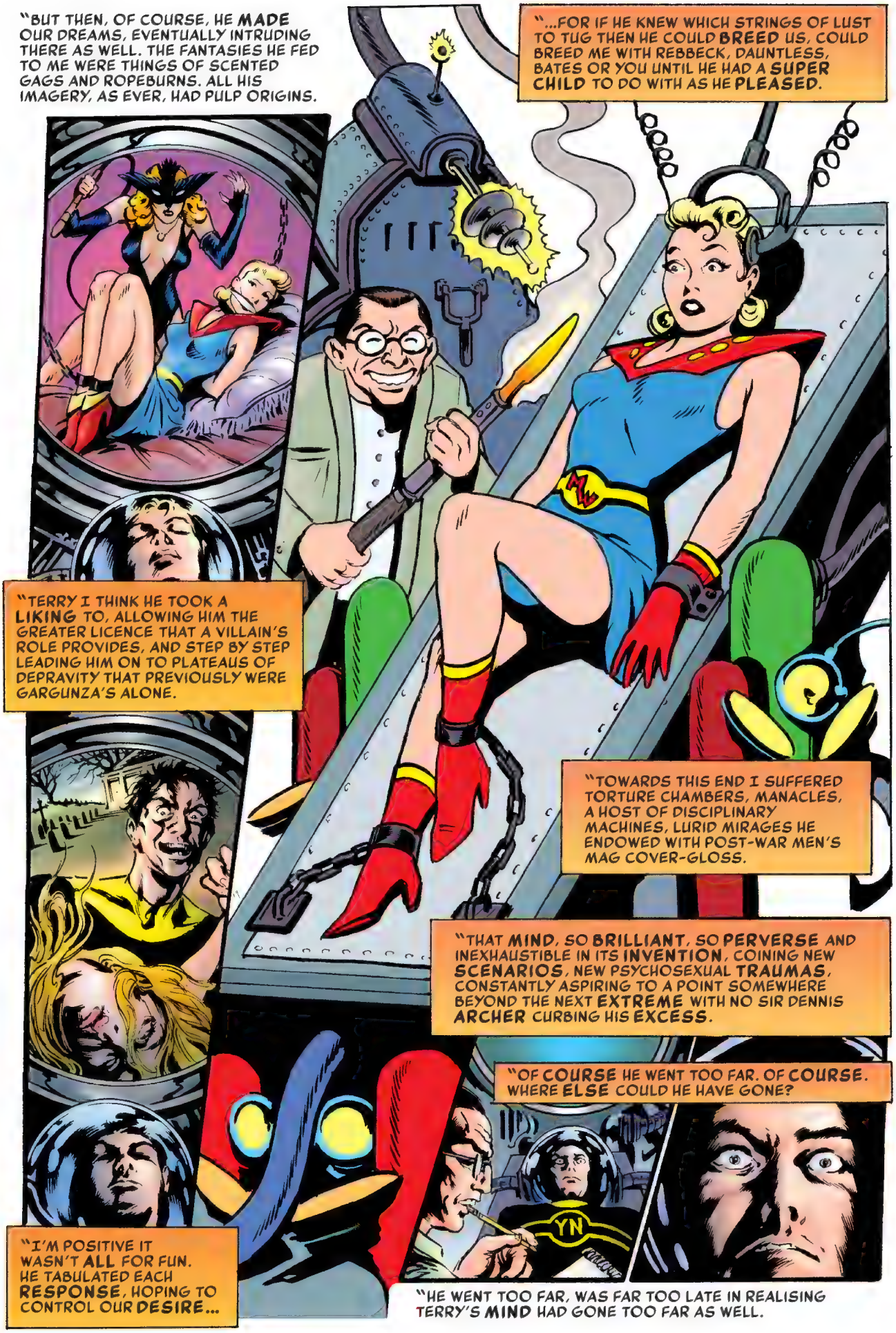
"THE DISTANT CARS AND INCIDENTAL NOISE, ALTERED BY VELOCITY, BECAME A VIOLIN CRESCENDO, SHRIEKING, RISING, AS I HURTLED UP THE STAIRS, ONLY TO BE CONFRONTED BY **BEREAVEMENT...**



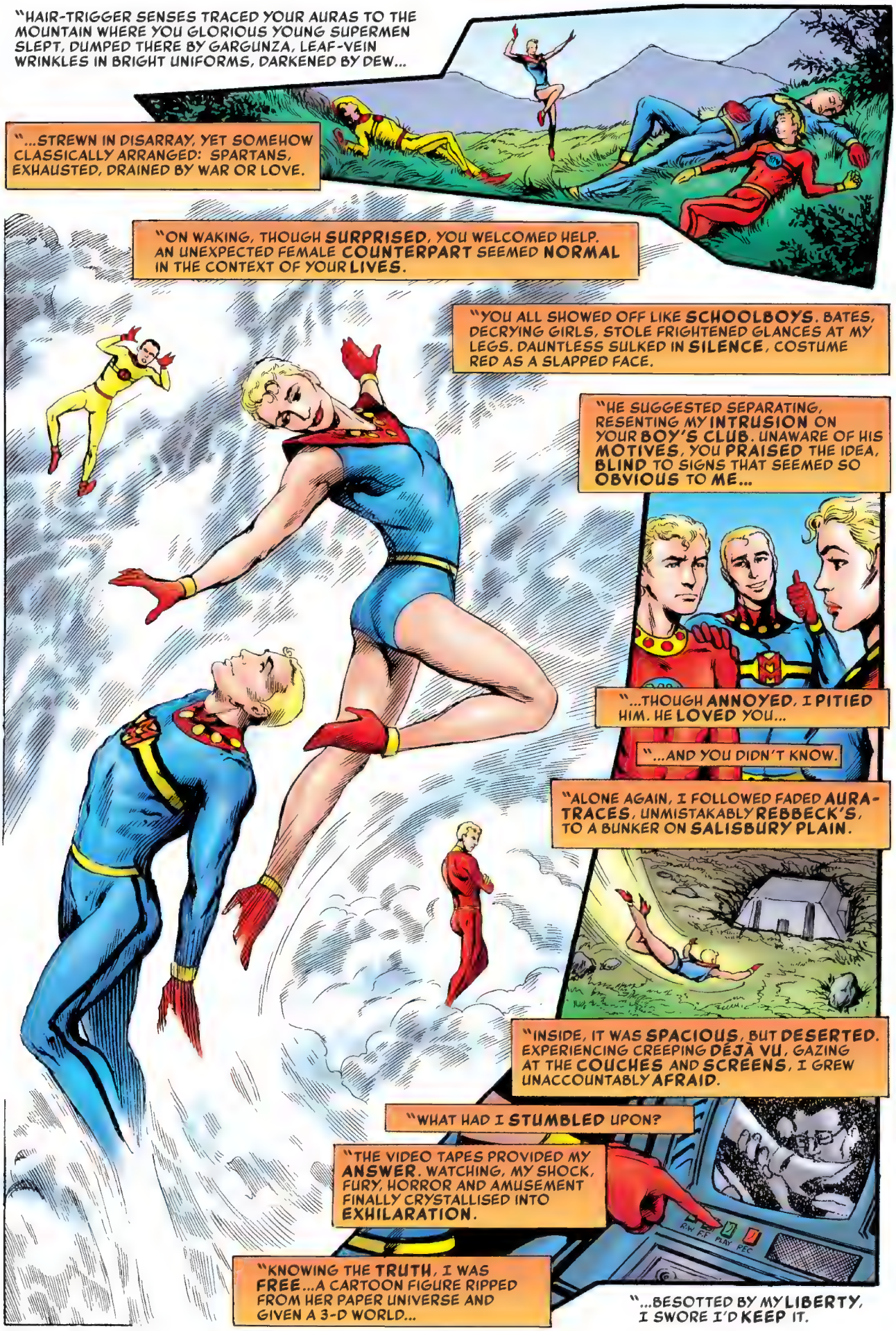
"NEARBY, SURROUNDED BY OUR REASSURING MESS OF DOMESTICITY, TWO DREAM-BEASTS LURKED, WHILE LIZ AND I SAT STUNNED AS ALL REALITY SEEPED FROM OUR LIVES, AND LISTENED TO THE ANGEL TELL HER TALE..."


I'M AVRIL LEAR, AND YES, WE'VE MET BEFORE. OUT OF THE SIXTIES, THAT AT LEAST WAS REAL.
FOR ME IT ALL BEGAN IN '55, YEAR OF THE WARSAW PACT. A WIND OF CHANGE BLEW WEST, HIKED MONROE'S SKIRT AROUND HER THIGHS...
...AND I BECAME A GOD.
"YOU'LL RECOGNISE THE DETAILS: ORPHAN, GOING TO HER AUNT'S ALONG A TERRACED STREET; A CAR PULLS UP; SHE'S DRAGGED INSIDE AND CHLOROFORMED...
"...ALL NEWSPRINT COSTUMED HEROINES HAVE ORIGINS LIKE THAT, SCHOOLGIRL DETECTIVE YARNS COMMENCING WITH A FOREIGNER, A CAR...
"...THEN HE UNDID MY SHIRT, AND IT BECAME A DIFFERENT STORY.
"THERE WAS HALVAH ON HIS BREATH, EVEN ABOVE THE ETHER. BLOOD DRUMS POUNDED IN MY EARS LIKE ALL THE PISTONS OF THE WORLD OUTSIDE THE CAR WHERE COLOURED STAINS OF LIGHT WOULD BLOOM AND FADE UPON THE WINDSCREEN, BLOOM AND FADE...
"WE REACHED A BUNKER. NOT THE ZARATHUSTRA PROJECT, WHICH I LEARNED OF LATER. THESE RESEARCHES WERE UNKNOWN EXCEPT TO THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASSISTANT. THE AIR FORCE REMAINED UNAWARE, THOUGH ITS DIVERTED FUNDS EQUIPPED GARGUNZA'S SECRET LAB.
"GARGUNZA. HE MADE ME.
"WE'RE ALMOST SIBLINGS, YOU AND I.
"HE CLONED ME, RAISED A PERFECT BODY IN HIS VATS, THEN SENT IT INTO INFRA-SPACE DRESSED IN A SUIT OF BRILLIANT BLUE, ALL RED STILETTO HEELS AND FIFTIES LINES...
"GIVEN THE TASTES OF MY COUTURIER, UPON REFLECTION I COULD HAVE DONE WORSE.
MIRACLE WOMAN
MAIL COUPON TODAY
SNORT!
GIANT EYE INVADERS
MASTER OF DOOM


"FOR REASONS WHOLLY UNCONNECTED WITH THE MILITARY USE THAT HIS SUPERIORS HAD INTENDED WHEN THEY FUNDED YOU, HE KEPT THREE OF US THERE...
"MYSELF, A HIDEOUS ALTERED DOG, AND TERRENCE REBBECK, WHO BECAME YOUNG NASTYMAN...
"THERE. I SEE YOU'RE STARTING TO REMEMBER.
"POOR TERRY. AIR FORCE ORPHAN, JUST LIKE US. THEY PUT AN IMPLANT IN HIS HEAD, GAVE HIM A SKINTIGHT SUIT OF BLACK, AND DROPPED HIM DOWN THEIR WARP-WELL INTO INFRA-SPACE TO JOIN THE REST OF DR. G.'S MENAGERIE...
"...EXCEPT THAT HE AND I WERE SPECIAL CASES. GRANTED, YOU AND YOUR TWO PARTNERS WERE ABUSED, BUT YOU WERE KNOWN ABOUT, AND THUS GARGUNZA DARED NOT GO TOO FAR.
"NOT SO WITH US.
"WITH US, HE COULD DO ANYTHING HE LIKED.
"HE FIRST BECAME A RAPIST AGED FOURTEEN. DID YOU KNOW THAT?
"WITH US, HE'D FIRST DISMISS HIS AIDE, THEN BY THE DREAMSCREEN'S LIGHT UNDRESS SAVE FOR HIS SPECTACLES.
"WATCHING MYSELF VIOLATED, I JUST LAUGHED. HE'D HAD NO PART OF ME.
"I WAS ELSEWHERE, A COSMOS FULL OF COLOURS AND EMOTIONS THAT WERE SIMPLE, BRIGHT AND WONDERFULLY GARISH. FREE FROM HINDERING LOGIC, I EXPLORED A REALM OF INCANDESCENT COMIC-BOOK IDEAS.
"I WATCHED THE VIDEOTAPES HE'D MADE, YEARS LATER. NAKED, HE WAS PITIFUL; A TROLL MOUNTING A GODDESS WHILE SHE SLEPT.
"HE GAVE ME FREEDOM, IN A PERFECT WORLD, RECEIVING IN RETURN MY CROTCH. I LAUGHED AND LAUGHED.


"BUT THEN, OF COURSE, HE MADE OUR DREAMS, EVENTUALLY INTRUDING THERE AS WELL. THE FANTASIES HE FED TO ME WERE THINGS OF SCENTED GAGS AND ROPEBURNS. ALL HIS IMAGERY, AS EVER, HAD PULP ORIGINS.
"...FOR IF HE KNEW WHICH STRINGS OF LUST TO TUG THEN HE COULD BREED US, COULD BREED ME WITH REBBECK, DAUNTLESS, BATES OR YOU UNTIL HE HAD A SUPER CHILD TO DO WITH AS HE PLEASED.
"TERRY I THINK HE TOOK A LIKING TO, ALLOWING HIM THE GREATER LICENCE THAT A VILLAIN'S ROLE PROVIDES, AND STEP BY STEP LEADING HIM ON TO PLATEAUS OF DEPRAVITY THAT PREVIOUSLY WERE GARGUNZA'S ALONE.
"TOWARDS THIS END I SUFFERED TORTURE CHAMBERS, MANACLES, A HOST OF DISCIPLINARY MACHINES, LURID MIRAGES HE ENDOWED WITH POST-WAR MEN'S MAG COVER-GLOSS.
"THAT MIND, SO BRILLIANT, SO PERVERSE AND INEXHAUSTIBLE IN ITS INVENTION, COINING NEW SCENARIOS, NEW PSYCHOSEXUAL TRAUMAS, CONSTANTLY ASPIRING TO A POINT SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE NEXT EXTREME WITH NO SIR DENNIS ARCHER CURBING HIS EXCESS.
"OF COURSE HE WENT TOO FAR. OF COURSE. WHERE ELSE COULD HE HAVE GONE?
YN
"I'M POSITIVE IT WASN'T ALL FOR FUN. HE TABULATED EACH RESPONSE, HOPING TO CONTROL OUR DESIRE...
"HE WENT TOO FAR, WAS FAR TOO LATE IN REALISING TERRY'S MIND HAD GONE TOO FAR AS WELL.

"GARGUNZA'S LUSTS SHAPED OUR REALITY, WITH EPISODES EMBELLISHED, ENDLESSLY REPEATED, ALL INTERNAL LOGIC DASHED ASIDE, IMPATIENT FOR THE NEXT SCENE OF HUMILIATION, THUMBING THROUGH THE PAGES OF OUR LIVES...
"...UNTIL, DERANGED BY INCONSISTENCY, REBBECK AWOKE; BURST SCREAMING FROM THE LAB; WAS GONE.
"THE WAKING WORLD HE TREATED AS ANOTHER DREAM, A PSYCHOPATHIC LANDSCAPE WHERE ONE'S ACTIONS HAD NO CONSEQUENCE.
"FROM FOREIGN PORTS CAME WORD OF AN INSATIABLE BRIGAND WITH HIDEOUS STRENGTHS AND HIDEOUS APPETITES.
"AFRAID, GARGUNZA KNEW HIS SECRET SUPERMEN WOULD SHORTLY STAND REVEALED.
"WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION, GARGUNZA SUGGESTED THE MIRACLEMEN TRACK AN 'IMAGINARY FOE' AND THEN RETURN, TESTING THEIR OBEDIENCE.
"HOPING YOU'D CAPTURE REBBECK DISCREETLY BUT FEARING EXPOSURE, GARGUNZA ACCELERATED HIS BREEDING PROGRAMME.
"HE'D WAKE ME TO JOIN YOUR HUNT, LETTING SUPER-NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE.
"GARGUNZA NEXT CONVEYED MY SLUMBERING FORM DOWN TO A BEACH. ADMINISTERING A STIMULANT, HE WOKE ME TO CONTINUE WHERE MY DREAMS HAD CEASED.
"AWAKE, I HAD BUT ONE CONCERN; YOUNG NASTYMAN WAS FREE.
"DESIGNED TO SEGUE WITH REALITY, GARGUNZA MADE MY LAST MIRAGE HIS FIERCEST:
"WET, COLOURFUL AND VIOLENT, FLYING FISH IN HEAT, REBBECK AND I FOUGHT WHILE COLD WAVES SLAPPED SALT IN RECENT WOUNDS. I DREAMED A HAIL OF LEATHER FISTS, THEN DREAMED UNCONSCIOUSNESS.
"THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY MUST BE WARNED.


"HAIR-TRIGGER SENSES TRACED YOUR AURAS TO THE MOUNTAIN WHERE YOU GLORIOUS YOUNG SUPERMEN SLEPT, DUMPED THERE BY GARGUNZA, LEAF-VEIN WRINKLES IN BRIGHT UNIFORMS, DARKENED BY DEW...
"...STREWN IN DISARRAY, YET SOMEHOW CLASSICALLY ARRANGED: SPARTANS, EXHAUSTED, DRAINED BY WAR OR LOVE.
"ON WAKING, THOUGH SURPRISED, YOU WELCOMED HELP. AN UNEXPECTED FEMALE COUNTERPART SEEMED NORMAL IN THE CONTEXT OF YOUR LIVES.
"YOU ALL SHOWED OFF LIKE SCHOOLBOYS. BATES, DECRYING GIRLS, STOLE FRIGHTENED GLANCES AT MY LEGS. DAUNTLESS SULKED IN SILENCE, COSTUME RED AS A SLAPPED FACE.
"HE SUGGESTED SEPARATING, RESENTING MY INTRUSION ON YOUR BOY'S CLUB. UNAWARE OF HIS MOTIVES, YOU PRAISED THE IDEA, BLIND TO SIGNS THAT SEEMED SO OBVIOUS TO ME...
"...THOUGH ANNOYED, I PITIED HIM. HE LOVED YOU...
"...AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW.
"ALONE AGAIN, I FOLLOWED FADED AURA-TRACES, UNMISTAKABLY REBBECK'S, TO A BUNKER ON SALISBURY PLAIN.
"INSIDE, IT WAS SPACIOUS, BUT DESERTED. EXPERIENCING CREEPING DÉJÀ VU, GAZING AT THE COUCHES AND SCREENS, I GREW UNACCOUNTABLY AFRAID.
"WHAT HAD I STUMBLED UPON?
"THE VIDEO TAPES PROVIDED MY ANSWER. WATCHING, MY SHOCK, FURY, HORROR AND AMUSEMENT FINALLY CRYSTALLISED INTO EXHILARATION.
"KNOWING THE TRUTH, I WAS FREE...A CARTOON FIGURE RIPPED FROM HER PAPER UNIVERSE AND GIVEN A 3-D WORLD...
"...BESOTTED BY MY LIBERTY, I SWORE I'D KEEP IT.
REW
FF
PLAY
REC

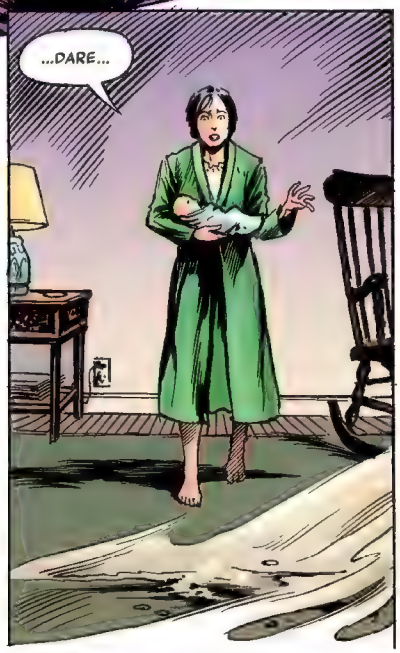
"SCANNING ACCELERATED VIDEOS, SKIMMING FILES, I SHOWERED IN PICTURES, WORDS, NEW NUMBERS, 'TIL MY SENSITISED MIND STUNG, UNBEARABLY, EXQUISITELY...
"...GARGUNZA AND CRASHED ALIENS ASIDE, I LEARNED ABOUT MY VALUE, TOO GREAT FOR GARGUNZA TO RELINQUISH WHILE I LIVED...
"...THUS I MUST DIE.
"RESUMED, MY SEARCH LED TO A BLEAK, ICELANDIC BROTHEL, UNSTAFFED SAVE FOR REBBECK'S WOMAN, THREE DAYS DEAD. I DOUBT HE KNEW OR CARED.
"I EXPLAINED EVERYTHING, SUGGESTED FAKING DEATH, TRICKING GARGUNZA, BUT, DERANGED BY THE COLLISION OF GRIM PRESENT AND FICTITIOUS PAST, REBBECK ATTACKED.
"HE WAS SO DISSIPATED BY HIS CRUMBLING REASON AND DECAYING WILL, NOTHING IN HIS TORMENTED EYES EXCEPT A PLEA FOR DEATH.
"ABOVE VOLCANOES GARGLING MOLTEN ROCK, WE FOUGHT. I CAN'T RECALL WHO FIRST PROPELLED OUR FIGHT TOWARDS THEIR SMOULDERING SPARK-INFESTED MOUTHS.
"...AS THE VOLCANO BURST, I HALF-GLIMPSED SOMETHING WITH TOO MANY FACES, BORN UPON THE FIREFLOOD'S SIZZLING BREAST.
"IN COOLING-TOWER ACOUSTICS, CURSES RANG LIKE ANVILS. LUKE-WARM, LAVA SPLASHED AGAINST MY FLANKS. I SWILLED SOME 'ROUND MY MOUTH, SPAT FIRE.
"POOR TERRY, POWERS FADING, FIRST PERSPIRED, THEN BLISTERED, EYEBROWS SINGEING. TEARS STEAMED BRIEFLY ON MY CHEEKS.
"HE FLICKERED, LIKE A FAULTY T.V. THEN, A FLASH, A TEARING SOUND...
"LATER, RETRIEVING THOSE REMAINS, THE SPOOKSHOW MISTOOK THEM FOR YOUNG MIRACLEMAN'S.

"WHEN YOU'D REACHED ICELAND, RUMOR MENTIONED FIENDS, WARRING IN A VOLCANO, NEITHER SURVIVING.
"RECOVERING IN THE ARCTIC, YOU HEARD BULLETINS: A FAMILY NAMED MIRACLE SHOULD CROSS THE NORTH SEA HOME. THEIR DOCTOR HAD BAD NEWS.
"BELIEVING YOURSELVES WARNED ABOUT GARGUNZA'S LATEST PLOT, YOU INVESTIGATED...
"...UNAWARE OF WHAT TRANSPIRED. SUSPICIOUS, DENNIS ARCHER WAS CLOSE TO DISCOVERING HOW GARGUNZA DIVERTED FUNDS.
"SENSING IMPENDING DOOM, GARGUNZA MURDERED HIS ASSISTANT; FLED WITH NOTES AND DOG TO PARAGUAY. HIS FURIOUS EMPLOYERS NOW SAW THE MIRACLEMEN AS DANGEROUS LIABILITIES, NEEDING REMOVAL.
"THUS, HEADING HOME, YOU FOUND SOMETHING GARGUNZA DESIGNED YEARS BEFORE, CALMING SUPERIORS FRIGHTENED OF YOUR POWER, ALLOWING THEM A MEANS OF SANCTION...
"...DRAGONSLAYER: BASICALLY, AN A-BOMB CLOAKED BY HOLOGRAMS. THIS WAS THE SKY FORTRESS YOU FOUND, INTENDED TO DESTROY YOU.
"RETURNING HOME I BECAME AVRIL LEAR, CHANGING MY NAME AS A PRECAUTION.
"TRAINING AS A DOCTOR, I EMBRACED THE QUIET LIFE, TRADING A WORLD OF NEON THRILLS FOR ONE OF ENDLESS WOMEN NEEDING ENDLESS PILLS TO DULL THEIR ENDLESS MARRIAGES...
"...AND YET, WHENEVER I COULD BE ALONE, I'D PULL THIS PERFECT BODY ON JUST LIKE A GLOVE OR PIECE OF FINE, EXPENSIVE HOSE, EXULTING IN ITS SINGING FLESH AND LUCID CRYSTAL THOUGHTS, TUNING IT SECRETLY INTO AN UNSURPASSED DEVICE OF JOY AND EXCELLENCE."

I LAID LOW DURING YOUR RE-EMERGENCE, YOUR CLASH WITH BATES. WHEN OUR FRIENDS NEXT DOOR EXPOSED ME, I FOLLOWED YOUR AURA AND MY INTUITIONS HERE.
PRESUMABLY, THEY'RE RELATED TO GARGUNZA'S "VISITOR," SENT TO KEEP HIGH TECHNOLOGY OUT OF LOW-LIFE HANDS.
I...I DON'T KNOW. I HAVEN'T THOUGHT THIS THROUGH...
TELL THEM TO GO, MIKE. JUST TELL EVERYBODY TO LEAVE US ALONE!
DON'T WORRY. THE FEELINGS I'M PICKING UP FROM NEXT DOOR SEEM OPTIMISTIC. OUR GUEST IS READY TO LEAVE...
...ANY TIME NOW.
PLEASE TO PREPARE FOR JOURNEY. HAVE CONVERSED WITH THE HOME, AND TRANSPORT SOON ARRIVES.
WILL TAKE FALLEN BROTHER TO MEDICRATS, AND THIS MATTER TO TRIBUNAL, AS PROPER.
WELL, IF YOU'VE CONTACTED FRIENDS TO COME AND COLLECT YOU, I HOPE THEIR MODE OF TRANSPORT IS DISCREET.
NO. NOT "FRIENDS."
TO MY HUMILITY, THIS MATTER OF BIGGEST IMPORTANCE. REQUIRES ENEMIES MUST ALSO BEING CONSULTED. PREPARE EYES, PLEASE...
...THEY COME.

"WINGLESS OF HELM AND HEEL, YET NO LESS HEAVEN'S **MESSENGERS**, SHE WAS SMOKE GREY; HER COLLEAGUE CHINESE WHITE. HE SEEMED **FAMILIAR**. SOMETHING ABOUT **SNOWFLAKES**; YOUNG MEN **FIGHTING**...

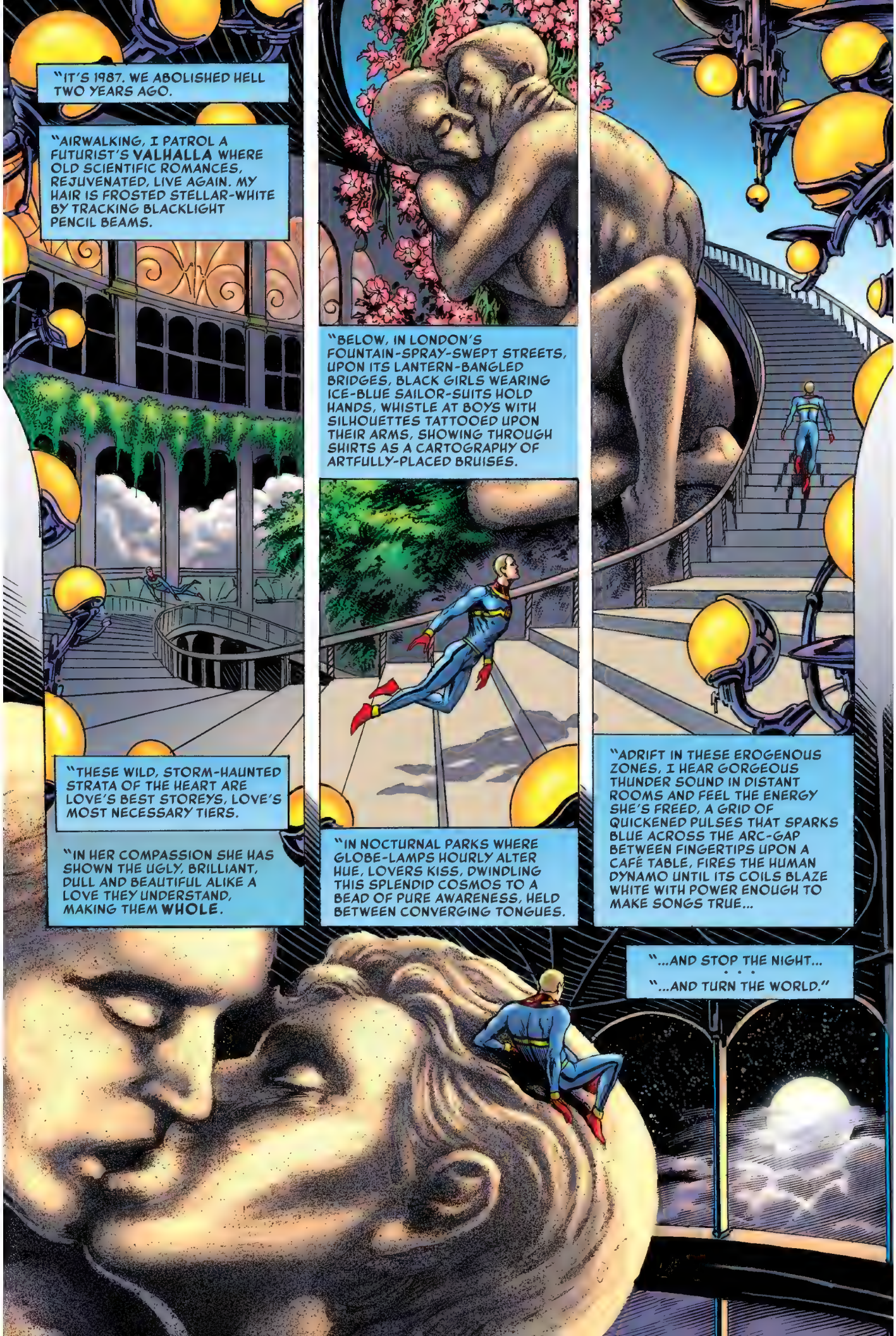
"...IN CUT-GLASS LANGUAGE, FORMAL AND PRECISE, THE TWO DISPARATE SPECIES SEEMED TO REACH A **SETTLEMENT**..."

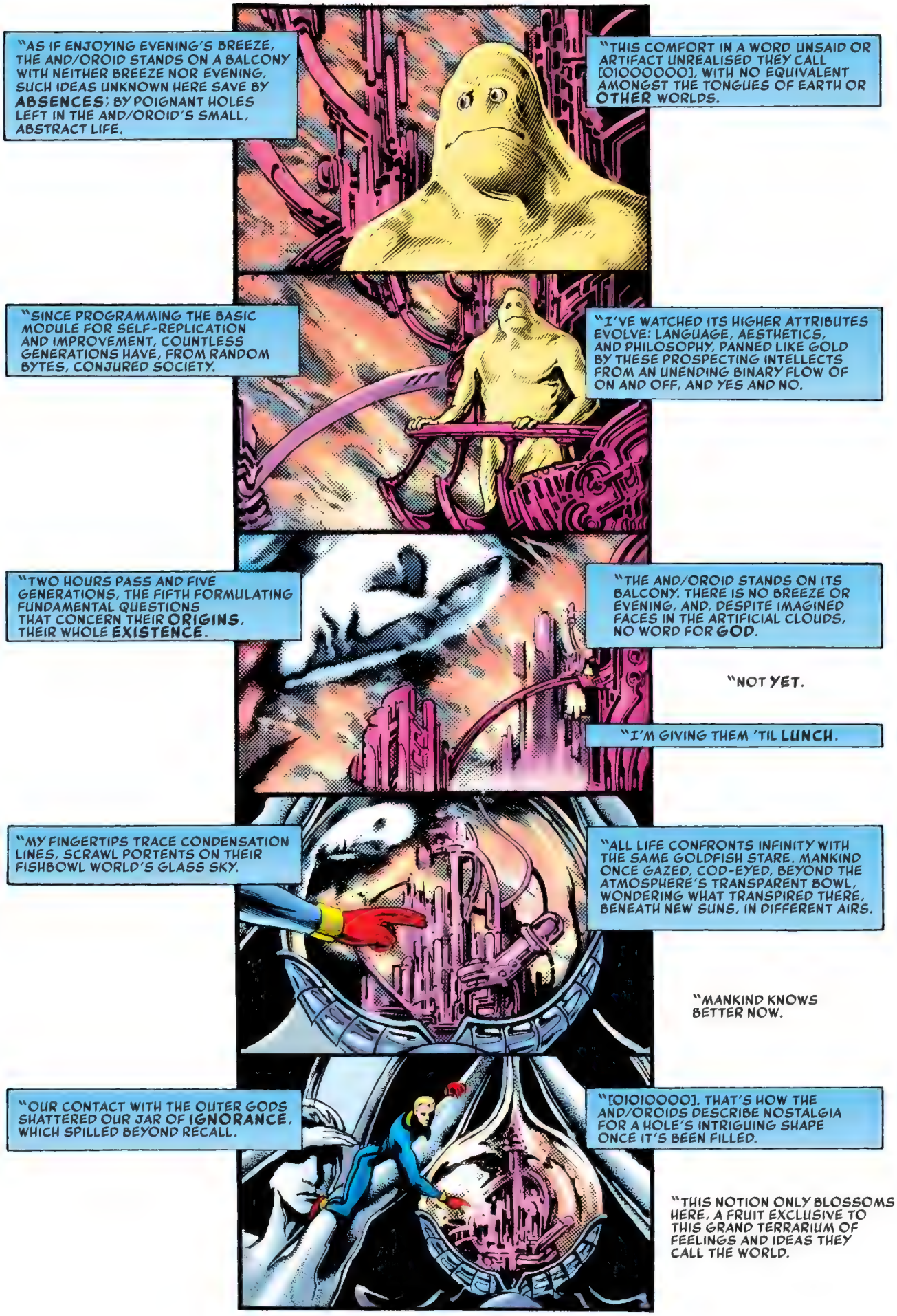


"ONE WHITE HAND MADE A NOH-PLAY GESTURE: I WAS **ALGEBRA**, SUBJECT TO COLD EQUATIONS, EFFORTLESSLY PROVEN TO BE SOMEWHERE **ELSE**.

"ACROSS A BRIDGE OF RADIANT **FORMULAE** WE CLIMBED TOWARDS THE **OVERWORLD**, LEAVING THIS REALM **BEHIND**, ITS PARADISES AND ITS **PAINS**, ITS **PLEASURES**...

"...AND ITS PURGATORIES."
CUH! LOOKOO IT ENT: ISS MARSTER BATES!
'KINELL. MASTER BATES! YOU A BIDDUVA WANKER, THEN, AY?
HE GRASSED US UP TO THAT NURSE WITHA TITS. SMAKKIZFAKKINEDDIN...
SAHL-WIPES
Tch. NOT ANOTHER BEATING? TRY NOT TO WET YOURSELF THIS TIME, EH?
LOOK AT THEM LAUGHING, RETARDED LITTLE MAGGOTS. THEY WOULDN'T LAUGH IF I GOT MY HANDS ON THEM.
YOU NEED ONLY SAY THE WORD...
WOULDN'T THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES BE WORTH IT? ALL YOU NEED DO IS--
NO! NO NO NO!
-hhuhuch-
I DON'T CARE IF THEY BEAT ME UP, OR KILL ME, OR ANYTHING! I WON'T LET YOU OUT!
I WON'T.
NOW WASH YOUR HANDS
EAT IT
TRASH
KILL
"IN HIS DARK PLACE, THE ENEMY STRAINED AGAINST BONDS THAT SEEMED MORE FRAGILE THAN THE FINEST THREAD, YET WOULD NOT BREAK.
"THOUGH I MIGHT CLIMB TO HEAVEN'S THRESHOLD, HE'D NOT CEASE TO POUND UPON HELL'S GATES.


"IT'S 1987. WE ABOLISHED HELL TWO YEARS AGO.
"AIRWALKING, I PATROL A FUTURIST'S VALHALLA WHERE OLD SCIENTIFIC ROMANCES, REJUVENATED, LIVE AGAIN. MY HAIR IS FROSTED STELLAR-WHITE BY TRACKING BLACKLIGHT PENCIL BEAMS.
"BELOW, IN LONDON'S FOUNTAIN-SPRAY-SWEPT STREETS, UPON ITS LANTERN-BANGLED BRIDGES, BLACK GIRLS WEARING ICE-BLUE SAILOR-SUITS HOLD HANDS, WHISTLE AT BOYS WITH SILHOUETTES TATTOOED UPON THEIR ARMS, SHOWING THROUGH SHIRTS AS A CARTOGRAPHY OF ARTFULLY-PLACED BRUISES.
"THESE WILD, STORM-HAUNTED STRATA OF THE HEART ARE LOVE'S BEST STOREYS, LOVE'S MOST NECESSARY TIERS.
"IN HER COMPASSION SHE HAS SHOWN THE UGLY, BRILLIANT, DULL AND BEAUTIFUL ALIKE A LOVE THEY UNDERSTAND, MAKING THEM WHOLE.
"IN NOCTURNAL PARKS WHERE GLOBE-LAMPS HOURLY ALTER HUE, LOVERS KISS, DWINDLING THIS SPLENDID COSMOS TO A BEAD OF PURE AWARENESS, HELD BETWEEN CONVERGING TONGUES.
"ADRIFT IN THESE EROGENOUS ZONES, I HEAR GORGEOUS THUNDER SOUND IN DISTANT ROOMS AND FEEL THE ENERGY SHE'S FREED, A GRID OF QUICKENED PULSES THAT SPARKS BLUE ACROSS THE ARC-GAP BETWEEN FINGERTIPS UPON A CAFÉ TABLE, FIRES THE HUMAN DYNAMO UNTIL ITS COILS BLAZE WHITE WITH POWER ENOUGH TO MAKE SONGS TRUE...
"...AND STOP THE NIGHT...
"...AND TURN THE WORLD."

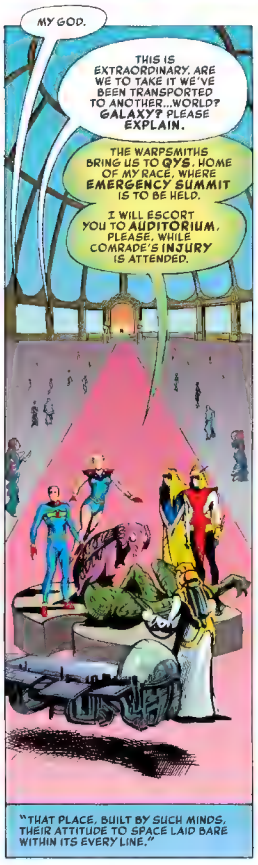

"AS IF ENJOYING EVENING'S BREEZE, THE AND/OROID STANDS ON A BALCONY WITH NEITHER BREEZE NOR EVENING, SUCH IDEAS UNKNOWN HERE SAVE BY **ABSENCES**: BY POIGNANT HOLES LEFT IN THE AND/OROID'S SMALL, ABSTRACT LIFE.
"THIS COMFORT IN A WORD UNSAID OR ARTIFACT UNREALISED THEY CALL [01000000], WITH NO EQUIVALENT AMONGST THE TONGUES OF EARTH OR **OTHER** WORLDS.
"SINCE PROGRAMMING THE BASIC MODULE FOR SELF-REPLICATION AND IMPROVEMENT, COUNTLESS GENERATIONS HAVE, FROM RANDOM BYTES, CONJURED SOCIETY.
"I'VE WATCHED ITS HIGHER ATTRIBUTES EVOLVE: LANGUAGE, AESTHETICS, AND PHILOSOPHY, PANNED LIKE GOLD BY THESE PROSPECTING INTELLECTS FROM AN UNENDING BINARY FLOW OF ON AND OFF, AND YES AND NO.
"TWO HOURS PASS AND FIVE GENERATIONS, THE FIFTH FORMULATING FUNDAMENTAL QUESTIONS THAT CONCERN THEIR **ORIGINS**, THEIR WHOLE **EXISTENCE**.
"THE AND/OROID STANDS ON ITS BALCONY. THERE IS NO BREEZE OR EVENING, AND, DESPITE IMAGINED FACES IN THE ARTIFICIAL CLOUDS, NO WORD FOR **GOD**.
"NOT **YET**.
"I'M GIVING THEM 'TIL **LUNCH**.
"MY FINGERTIPS TRACE CONDENSATION LINES, SCRAWL PORTENTS ON THEIR FISHBOWL WORLD'S GLASS SKY.
"ALL LIFE CONFRONTS INFINITY WITH THE SAME GOLDFISH STARE. MANKIND ONCE GAZED, COD-EYED, BEYOND THE ATMOSPHERE'S TRANSPARENT BOWL, WONDERING WHAT TRANSPIRED THERE, BENEATH NEW SUNS, IN DIFFERENT AIRS.
"MANKIND KNOWS BETTER NOW.
"OUR CONTACT WITH THE OUTER GODS SHATTERED OUR JAR OF **IGNORANCE**, WHICH SPILLED BEYOND RECALL.
"[01010000]. THAT'S HOW THE AND/OROIDS DESCRIBE NOSTALGIA FOR A HOLE'S INTRIGUING SHAPE ONCE IT'S BEEN FILLED.
"THIS NOTION ONLY BLOSSOMS HERE, A FRUIT EXCLUSIVE TO THIS GRAND TERRARIUM OF FEELINGS AND IDEAS THEY CALL THE WORLD.

"FORSAKING MY EXQUISITE GLOBE, THINKING OF OTHER SPHERES, I JOURNEY UP TOWARDS THE HAUNTED ROOFTOP GARDENS OF OLYMPUS.
"BELOW, AN ALTERED ENGLAND PROSPERS IN THE AUGUST SUN, CHANGED LESS BY WONDERS FROM ABOVE THAN BY A DIFFERENT ATTITUDE TO MIRACLES ALREADY THEIRS.
"COMPUTER AND TELECOMMUNICATION WEBS MAKE EARTH A PLACE WHERE DISTANCE IS IRRELEVANT, AND YET IT TOOK WARPSMITH PHILOSOPHIES TO DEMONSTRATE THE VIRTUES OF AN INSTANTANEOUS WORLD.
"NO CITIES, CONCENTRATING JOBS AND LIVES INTO ONE CRAMMED ENVIRONMENT, WHEN SCREENS CAN TAKE THE OFFICE INTO EVERY HOME. NO BORDERS IN THE ELECTRONIC STATE, WHERE JOKES IN ABERDEEN RAISE LAUGHTER IN JAPAN.
"FACTS AND FORTUNES BECOME PULSES, IMMATERIAL STREAMS ENCIRCLING EARTH, FLOWING AT THOUGHT SPEED, AT VELOCITIES THAT LEAVE ALL PREVIOUS GODS OF SWIFTNESS STANDING, NEEDING FASTER DEITIES, A JET-AGE MERCURY FOR ADEQUATE COMPARISONS.
"ATOP ITS THOUSAND STEPS, THE GARDEN SHIVERS IN THE STRATOSPHERIC WIND.
"IMPORTED FLESHFERNS FROM ALDEBARAN WILL FLATTER BENEFACTORS BY PRODUCING BLOOMS THAT IMITATE THEIR BODY-PARTS: EARFLOWERS TILT TOWARDS THE AVARICIOUS RUSTLINGS OF A FINGERTREE, WHILE TONGUEBEDS GLISTEN IN THE SUMMER LIGHT.
"SPECTRES PARADE, FRIENDS OF THE ONE COMMEMORATED HERE. DISTANCE IS MEANINGLESS TO THEM. WHEREVER THEY TREAD IN THIS UNIVERSE, THEIR IMAGE IS CONTRIVED TO SILENTLY PATROL THESE PATHWAYS, MUTE, UNSEEING, PASSING THROUGH EACH OTHER WHEN THEY MEET, REPEATING GESTURES HAPPENING LIGHT-YEARS HENCE.
"ON EARTH, SEE HEAVEN'S MARVELS, SENT DOWN BY THE GODS IN THE KEEPING OF THEIR FLEETEST SERVANT, HE WHO STRODE THE STARS ON WINGLESS HEELS. UTOPIA'S SECRETS LOCKED BENEATH HIS WINGLESS HELM.
"AS ALL MUST DO WHO VENTURE HERE, I SIT AMONGST OBLIVIOUS GHOSTS AND I REMEMBER HIM: THE ENVOY OF THE GODS; THE MESSENGER OF THE DIVINE...
"...THE QUICK.
"THE DEAD."
MIRACLEMAN
CHAPTER III
HERMES
AZA
CHOPIN

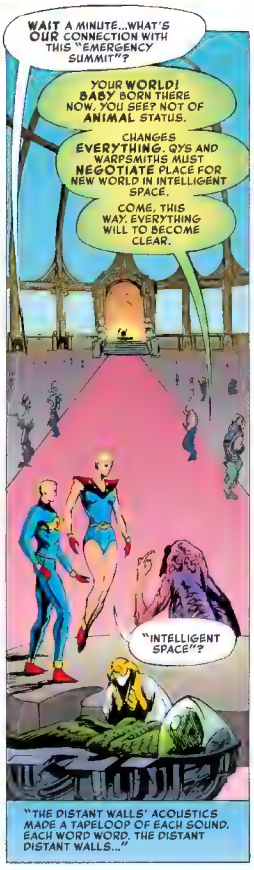
"ALMOST FIVE YEARS AGO NOW, SINCE THE FIRST TIME THAT WE MET, WHEN FIRST I WAS TRANSPORTED BY HIS POWER. ALL I RECALL IS MY WIFE STUMBLING FORWARD, REACHING OUT...

"...THEN THREE BLUE SECONDS...

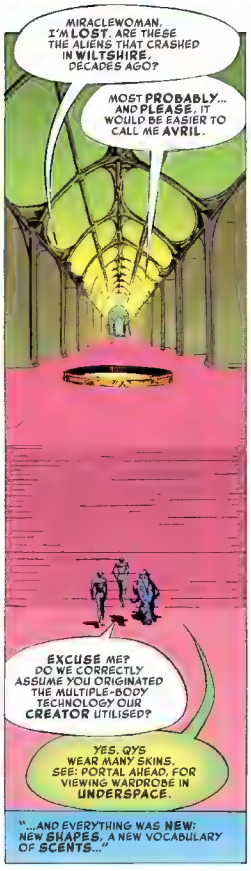
"...THEN **MYTHOLOGY**."



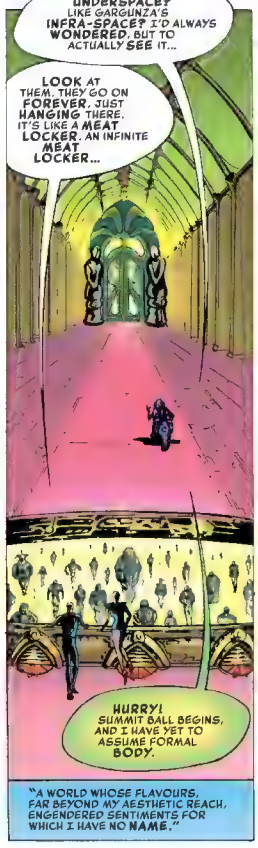
"THAT PLACE, BUILT BY SUCH MINDS, THEIR ATTITUDE TO SPACE LAID BARE WITHIN ITS EVERY LINE."



"THE DISTANT WALLS' ACOUSTICS MADE A TAPELOOP OF EACH SOUND. EACH WORD WORD, THE DISTANT DISTANT WALLS..."



"...AND EVERYTHING WAS **NEW**: NEW **SHAPES**. A NEW VOCABULARY OF **SCENTS**..."



"A WORLD WHOSE FLAVOURS, FAR BEYOND MY AESTHETIC REACH, ENGENDERED SENTIMENTS FOR WHICH I HAVE NO **NAME**."

"PERHAPS OUR OTHERWORLDLY **ESCORT'S** WORDS DESCRIBE IT **BEST**":

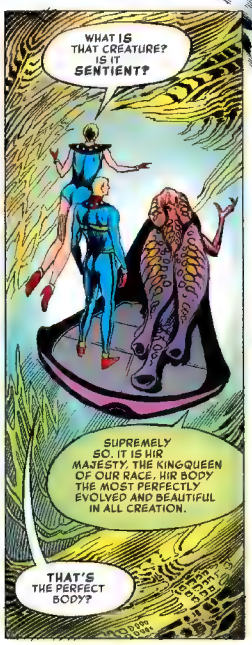
"WITHIN HIR ARTIFICIAL INLAND SEA OF NUTRIENT BROTH, THE GLORIOUS **KINGQUEEN** OF THE QYS HELD COURT

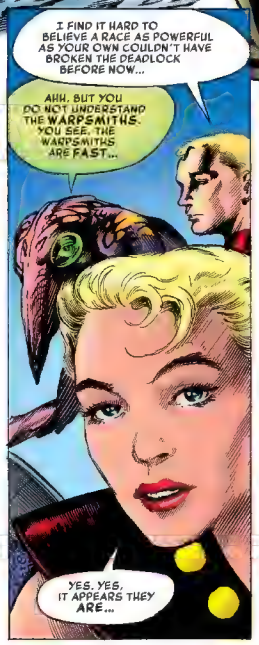
"'**HIR**,' WHILE LESS FLATTERING THAN THE POSSESSIVE PRONOUN EMPLOYED BY THE QYS, REMAINS, I FEAR, THE BEST TRANSLATION THAT I HAVE TO HAND. AND SHOULD THE COINAGE IRRITATE, I MUST APOLOGISE WHILE STILL REFUSING TO MALIGN A CREATURE AS SUBLIME AS THIS WITH ANY BASE AND CASUAL SLUR LIKE 'IT.'

"A PHOSPHORESCENT CANCER THAT ASPIRED TO BE A **CONTINENT**, HIR LIGHT DAPPLED THE FURTHEST REACHES OF THE AUDITORIUM'S DOME, WHILE PLATFORMS HOLDING FIFTY SOULS OR MORE REVOLVED ABOUT HIR, BOTH IN ORBIT AND IN AUDIENCE, WAS THIS, THEN, OUR **TRIBUNAL?**

"I STEPPED ABOARD A PLATFORM. SHE DECLINED, FLOATING BESIDE US AS OUR TRANSPORT DRIFTED DOWN TOWARDS THE LUMINOUS LEVIATHAN BELOW.

"HOW MUCH AT HOME, AT EASE, SHE SEEMED IN THAT UNREAL, CELESTIAL PLACE."



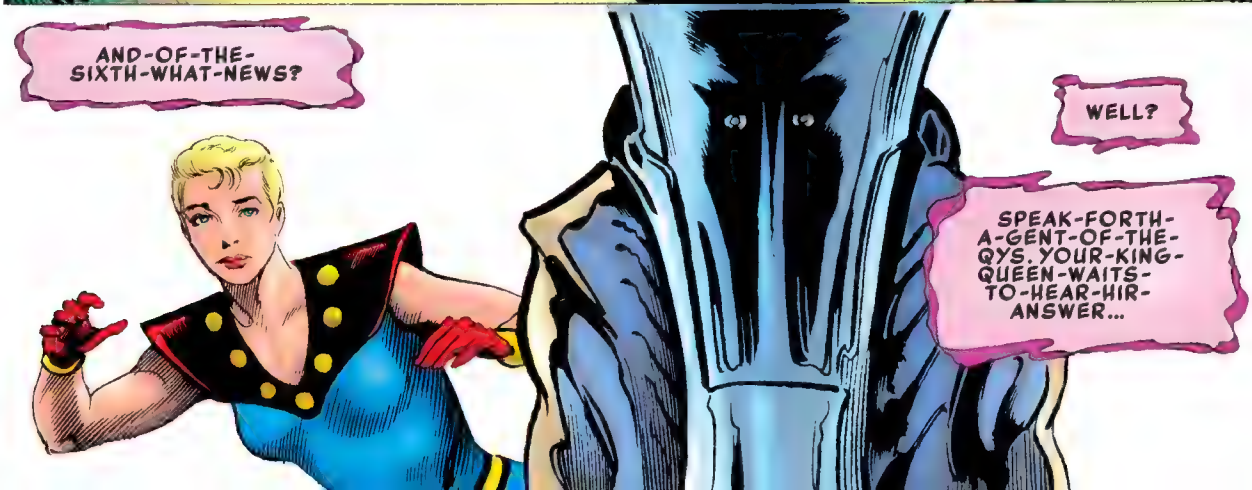


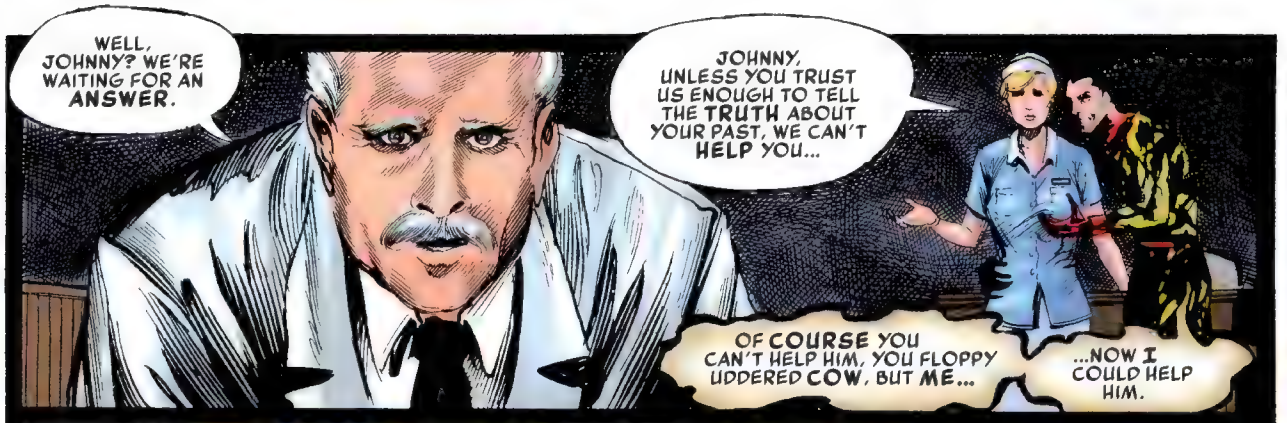
EVERYONE KEEPS WARPSMITHS WAITING. IS THEIR CURSE, ONE DRAWBACK TO THEIR SPEED: TO THEM, ALL OTHER RACES ARE PAINFULLY SLOW.
THEIR MASTERY OF SPACE MATCHES OUR OWN MANIPULATION OF IDENTITY. THEIR POWER IS...
SI-LENCE
A-GENT-OF-THE-QYS-STAND-FORTH.

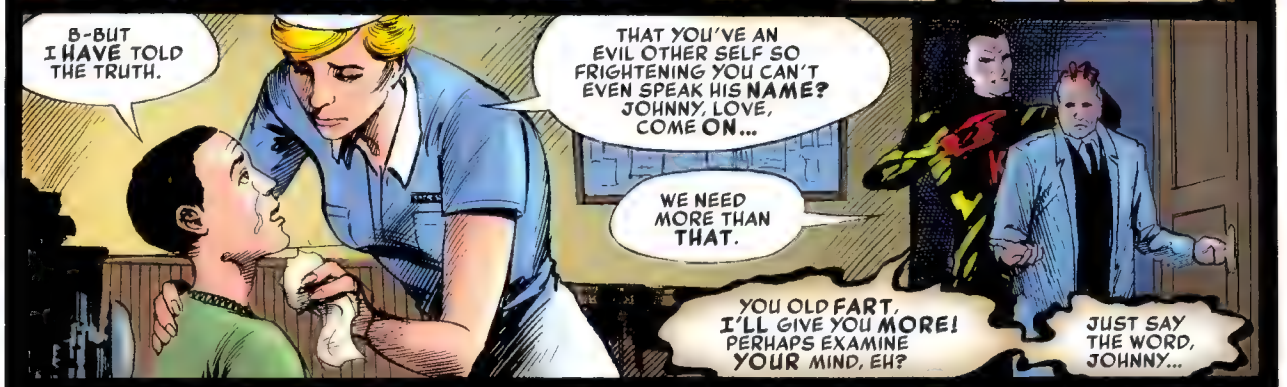
WE-WILL-COM-MUN-I-CATE-IN-IN-GUL-ISH-FOR-THE-CON-VEE-NEE-ENCE-OF-OUR-TE-REST-REE-AL-GUESTS.
A-GENT-OF-THE-QYS-WHY-ARE-YOU-NOT-AT-TIRED-IN-BO-DEE-WEAR-MORE-FOR-MAL-AND-A-PRO-PREE-AT?
YOUR PARDON, MAJESTY. I'VE HAD NO OPPORTUNITY FOR CHANGE. WILL MAKE REPAIR AT ONCE:

IT-IS-GOOD.
PLEASE-NOW-TO-PRO-VIDE-ALL-DEE-TAILS-OF-MI-SHUN-TO-PLA-NET-EARTH.

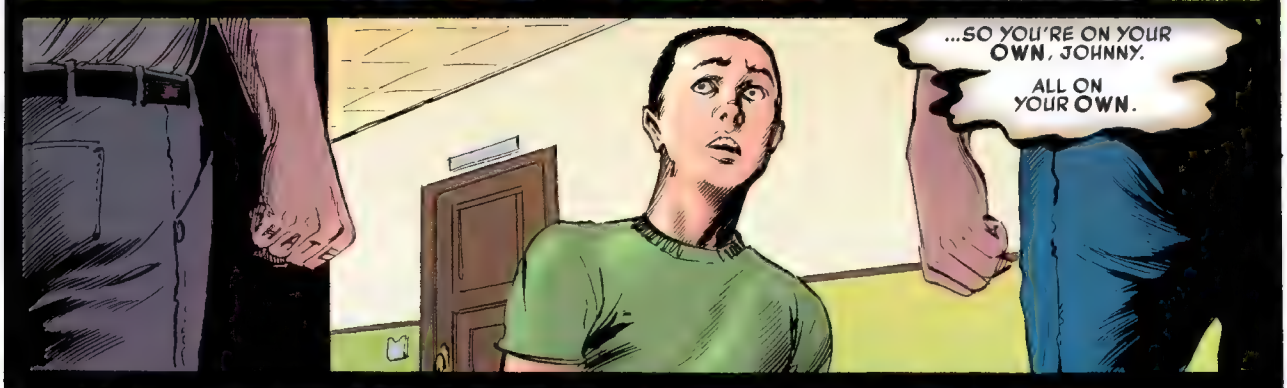
IT IS MY HONOUR, MAJESTY.
SENT ON A FIREDRAKE SWEEP, THE QYS SHIP GLA CRASHED INTO PLANET EARTH, WITH ALL HANDS LOST.
INVESTIGATING, WE DISCOVERED SIX EARTH BEASTS HAD BEEN TRANSFORMED BY DEBASED QYS TECHNOLOGY. THREE OF THESE CUCKOOS NOW ARE DEAD, TWO MORE ARE HERE.


AND-OF-THE-SIXTH-WHAT-NEWS?
WELL?
SPEAK-FORTH-A-GENT-OF-THE-QYS. YOUR-KING-QUEEN-WAITS-TO-HEAR-HIR-ANSWER...


WELL, JOHNNY? WE'RE WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.
JOHNNY, UNLESS YOU TRUST US ENOUGH TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR PAST, WE CAN'T HELP YOU...
OF COURSE YOU CAN'T HELP HIM, YOU FLOPPY UDDERED COW, BUT ME...
...NOW I COULD HELP HIM.


B-BUT I HAVE TOLD THE TRUTH.
THAT YOU'VE AN EVIL OTHER SELF SO FRIGHTENING YOU CAN'T EVEN SPEAK HIS NAME? JOHNNY, LOVE, COME ON...
WE NEED MORE THAN THAT.
YOU OLD FART, I'LL GIVE YOU MORE! PERHAPS EXAMINE YOUR MIND, EH?
JUST SAY THE WORD, JOHNNY...

LOOK, YOU GO AWAY AND THINK ABOUT WHAT I'VE SAID, AND IF YOU FEEL YOU CAN BE MORE OPEN WITH ME, THEN MY DOOR'S ALWAYS OPEN TO YOU. FAIR ENOUGH?
GOOD LAD.
MEMO
SEE HOW IT IS? THESE SANCTIMONIOUS TURDS CAN'T HELP YOU, AND YOU WON'T LET ME HELP...

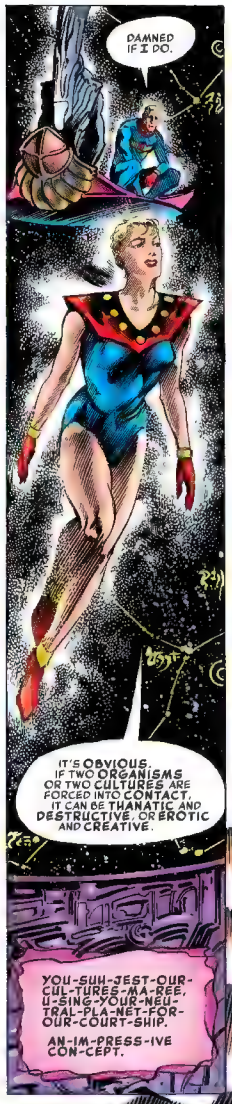

...SO YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, JOHNNY.
ALL ON YOUR OWN.

THE SIXTH CUCKOO IS ISOLATED, MAJESTY, LOCKED IN A HRUMU TRANCE. IN OUR OPINION, HE IS LIKELY TO REMAIN INERT.
HE IS NO THREAT.
THIS-IS-FOR-CHOO-NAT. PRO-CEED-WITH-YOUR-AC-COUNT.

CERTAINLY.
WE WOULD ROUTINELY HAVE DESTROYED THE CUCKOOS, BUT ONE HAD FATHERED CHILD FROM FEMALE EARTHBEAST.
UNLIKE OURSELVES, THESE THINGS ARE FERTILE, VIABLE.
RESULTANT BABY UNDENIABLY INTELLIGENT-CLASS NATIVE LIFE, MAKING EARTH INTELLIGENT-CLASS WORLD.
SO...
...A-NEW-WORLD-IN-IN-TELL-I-GENT-SPACE...

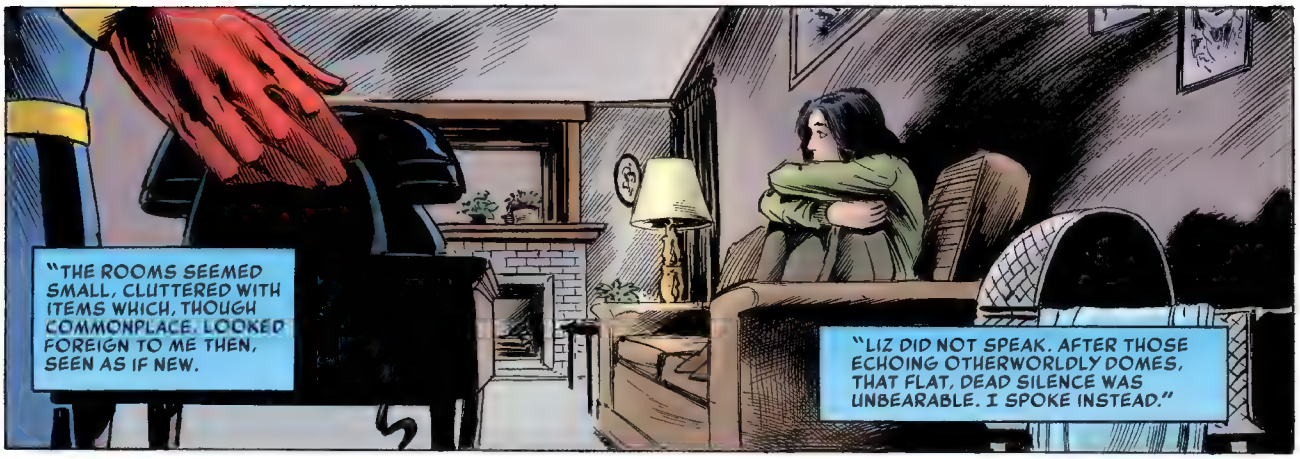
...THE-FIRST-WE'VE-FOUND-SINCE-OUR-TWO-EM-PIRES-MET: A-WORLD-IN-TEL-I-GENT-YET-UN-A-LIGNED.
BY-LAW-WE-MUST-AL-LOW-IT-TO-EX-IST, YET-HOW-IS-IT-TO-FIT-WI-THIN-THE-DE-LI-CAT-MA-SHEEN-OF-IN-TER-STEL-LAR-PO-LI-TICS?
DO-OUR-WARP-SMITH-GUESTS-HAVE-EH-NEE-O-PI-NEE-ON?

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?
THE GREY DIPLOMAT IMPLIES THAT BY HARBOURING CREATURES ORIGINATED FROM QYS TECHNOLOGY, THE NEW PLANET IS UNFAIRLY INFLUENCED BY QYS.
WHITE WARRIOR-CLASS WARPSMITH SUGGESTS POSSIBILITY OF CONFLICT OVER THIS NEW PLANET.
HOW-PRE-DIC-TA-BUL.
THE-WARP-SMITH-KNOWS-HIS-MA-STERS-ARE-AS-TIRED-OF-THIS-PER-PET-U-AL-RI-VAL-REE-AS-I-MY-SELF. YET-OF-FERS-OWN-LEE-TALK-OF-FUR-THER-CON-FLICT.
ARE-BOTH-CUL-TURES-FOR-E-VER-DOOMED, THEN, TO-AN-UN-PRO-DUCTIVE-WAR'S-DULL-TOIL?
EXCUSE ME...
...BUT COULDN'T YOU HAVE SEX INSTEAD?
"HAVE-SEX?"
AVRIL, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? THOSE WARPSMITHS LOOK FURIOUS. IF THEY UNDERSTOOD...
THEY WEAR TRANSLATOR-PHONES. THEIR GESTURES INDICATE THAT YOU HAVE JUST INSULTED THEM. THEY THREATEN TO...
...NO. WAIT...
...THEY APOLOGISE FOR MISUNDERSTANDING YOU. THEIR TRANSLATORS HAVE JUST RELAYED AN ADDITIONAL LAYER OF POSSIBLE MEANING TO THEM. IT SEEMS TO PACIFY THEM.
"HAVE-SEX."
YES. I-BE-GIN-TO-SEE-THE-POSS-I-BIL-I-TEES-OF-YOUR-IDEA.


DAMNED IF I DO.
IT'S OBVIOUS. IF TWO ORGANISMS OR TWO CULTURES ARE FORCED INTO CONTACT, IT CAN BE THANATIC AND DESTRUCTIVE, OR EROTIC AND CREATIVE.
YOU-SUH-JEST-OUR-CUL-TURES-MA-REE, U-SING-YOUR-NEU-TRAL-PLA-NET-FOR-OUR-COURT-SHIP.
AN-IM-PRESS-IVE CON-CEPT.

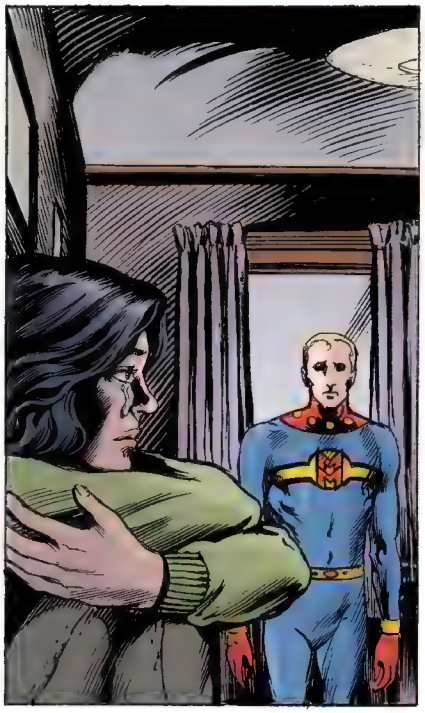
DE-SPITE-YOUR-UG-LI-NESS MAY-I-COM-PLI-MENT-YOUR-THIN-KING?
ALL-SO, YOUR-DEE-EN-AY-SPY-RALS-ARE-YE-REE-PRI-TEE.
I-MUST-CON-SULT-MY-AD-VI-SORS. GO-NOW.
"STILL DAZZLED BY OUR AUDIENCE, WE RETURNED THE WAY WE CAME, COMING AT LAST TO FARAWAY RECEPTION ROOMS.
"THE WARPSMITHS WERE THERE, WAITING FOR US.

"PERHAPS AS A RESULT OF THEIR ABILITY TO TRAVEL PARSECS WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT, I NOTICED THAT THEY HARDLY MOVED AT ALL. THEIR STILLNESS AND THEIR SOAPSTONE FLESH CONSPIRED TO LEND THEM THE APPEARANCE OF BEAUTIFUL CARVEN FIGURINES.
"THEY DID NOT SPEAK, OR LOOK AT US.
"BALANCING THEIR REMOTENESS, AVRIL ENERGETICALLY INTERROGATED OUR ESCORT.
"SHE ASKED ABOUT OUR COSTUMES... LIVING CREATURES, IT TRANSPIRED, THAT CHANGE RESPONDING TO THE WEARER'S THOUGHTS. SHE ASKED THINGS I'D NOT THOUGHT OF, BARELY EVEN GRASPED THAT MIND, THAT THIRSTY INTELLECT...
"DID I FIRST LOVE HER THEN?
"MY OWN EMOTIONS WERE TOO INCOHERENT TO RECALL, DESPITE MY LIFE BEFORE THAT POINT, THE SITUATION SEEMED UNREAL: A VIVID, FEVERISH DREAM
"IN RETROSPECT, THAT'S WHEN REALITY FIRST SEEMED LIKE A MIRAGE, CHANGING WITHOUT REGARD FOR RULES.
"IT'S A PERCEPTION THAT'S SINCE GROWN.
"EVENTUALLY, A VERDICT CAME: EARTH WOULD REMAIN UNINTERFERED WITH, THOUGH OBSERVED BY BOTH SIDES IN A MUTUAL SURVEILLANCE THAT WOULD TEST FURTHER COOPERATION'S VIABILITY.
"AVRIL AND I WOULD OBSERVE FOR THE QYS, TWO WARPSMITH AGENTS ALSO SENT TO WATCH, MAINTAINING PARITY.
"THE WARPSMITH OBSERVATION POST WOULD BE CONCEALED BEHIND EARTH'S MOON. WE WOULD OCCASIONALLY LIASE, REPORTING THROUGH THEM TO THE QYS.
"ONE WARPSMITH, THE WHITE WARRIOR, WE'D MET. THE OTHER, CURRENTLY NEAR ARCTURUS, WOULD SOON BE SUMMONED, BRIEFED AND INTRODUCED.
"I WAS RESIGNED TO YET ANOTHER WAIT...
"...WHEN SHE APPEARED, PHON MOODA WAS HER NAME. WHITE SKINNED; A WARRIOR; SHE SEEMED TOO ELEGANT FOR VIOLENCE...
"...BUT DON'T WE ALL?
"INTRODUCED, WE ARRANGED TO MEET, BUT FIRST THE WARPSMITHS WOULD TRANSPORT AVRIL AND ME BACK TO OUR SEPARATE RESIDENCES.
"NOT WITHOUT RELIEF, WE SAID GOODBYE.
"THE WARPSMITHS GESTURED AS IF FOLDING SOMETHING: ONLY LATER DID I UNDERSTAND THAT IT WAS US.
"REALITY'S FRAIL BACKDROP CRUMPLED, THROUGH THE SCENERY WE PLUNGED INTO THE ULTRAVIOLET REACHES OF THAT SOLID SPECTRUM AGAINST WHICH WE MEASURE SPACE.
"I CLOSED MY EYES. WHEN NEXT I OPENED THEM, I WAS ALONE, AND IN THE WORLD AGAIN...
"...AND HOME.


"THE ROOMS SEEMED SMALL, CLUTTERED WITH ITEMS WHICH, THOUGH COMMONPLACE, LOOKED FOREIGN TO ME THEN, SEEN AS IF NEW.
"LIZ DID NOT SPEAK. AFTER THOSE ECHOING OTHERWORLDLY DOMES, THAT FLAT, DEAD SILENCE WAS UNBEARABLE. I SPOKE INSTEAD."

LIZ...I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START. IT WAS FANTASTIC. WE WERE TAKEN TO...I DON'T KNOW OUR NAME FOR IT, BUT THEY CALLED IT QYS.
THE ALIENS, THAT IS. THEY'RE CALLED THE QYS AS WELL!

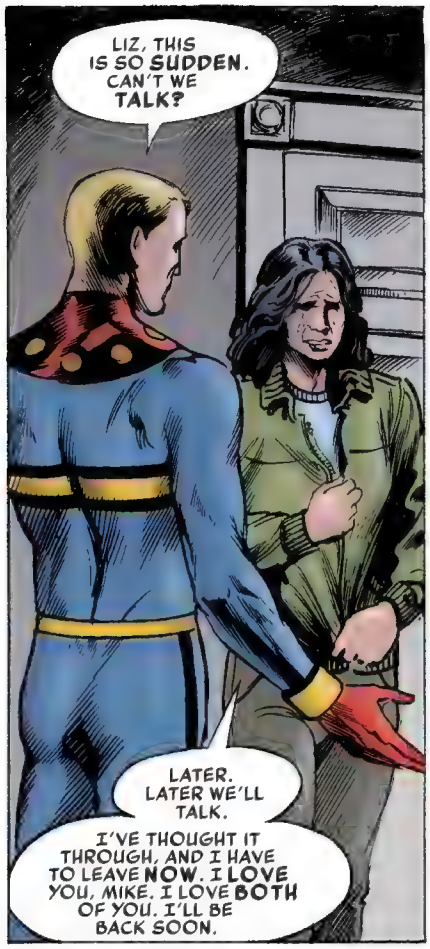
THEY HELD THIS SUMMIT CONFERENCE, AND AVRIL...MIRACLEWOMAN... SHE SAID...WELL, FIRST YOU NEED TO KNOW HOW INTERSTELLAR POLITICS IS BROKEN DOWN. THERE ARE THE WARPSMITHS, AND THE QYS.
THEY, UH...

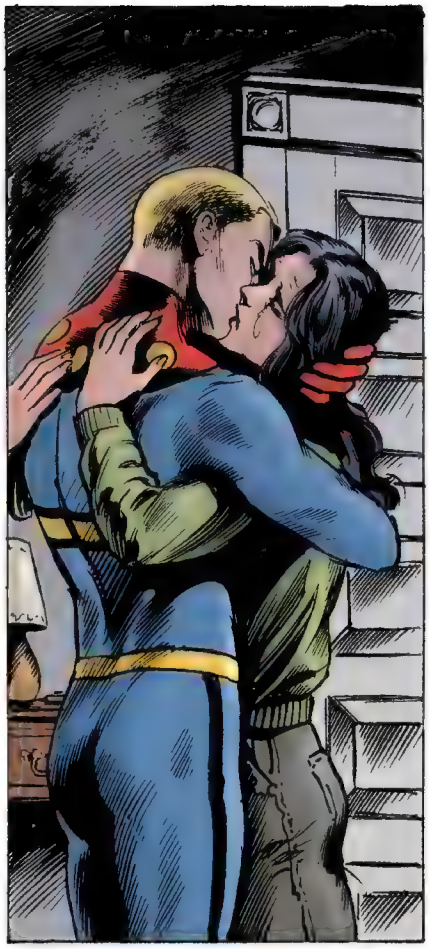


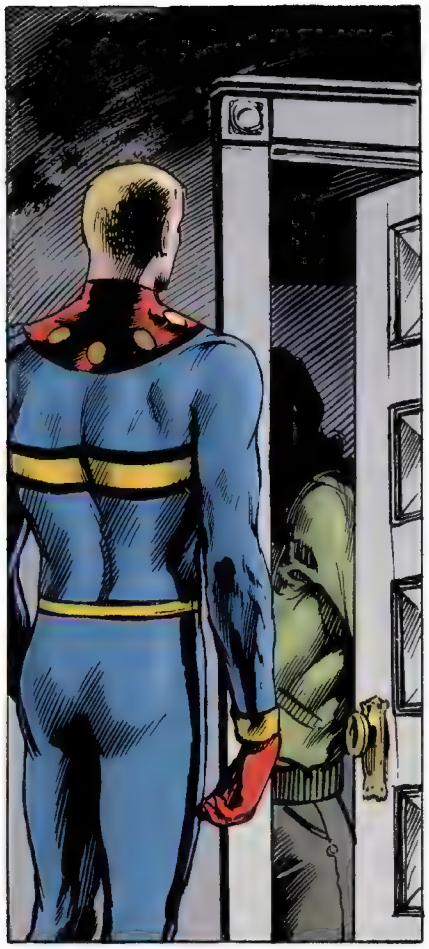
...LIZ...?
WHAT'S UP, LOVE?

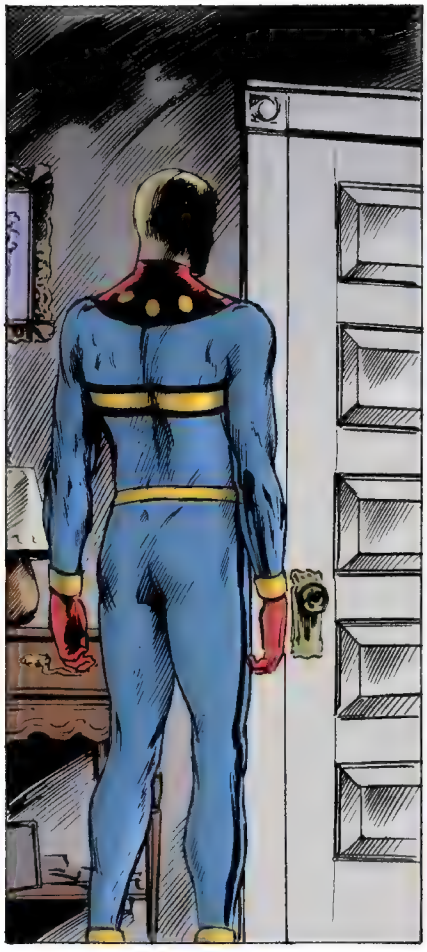
"WHAT'S UP?" OH, JESUS...
...MIKE, I'VE HAD ENOUGH. I CAN'T TAKE ALL THIS. I'M JUST HUMAN, AND YOU'RE NOT, AND NEITHER'S WINTER. I FEEL DRUGGED, MY MOODS FLUCTUATE...
...I THINK SHE CONTROLS MY FEELINGS WITH HER MIND.

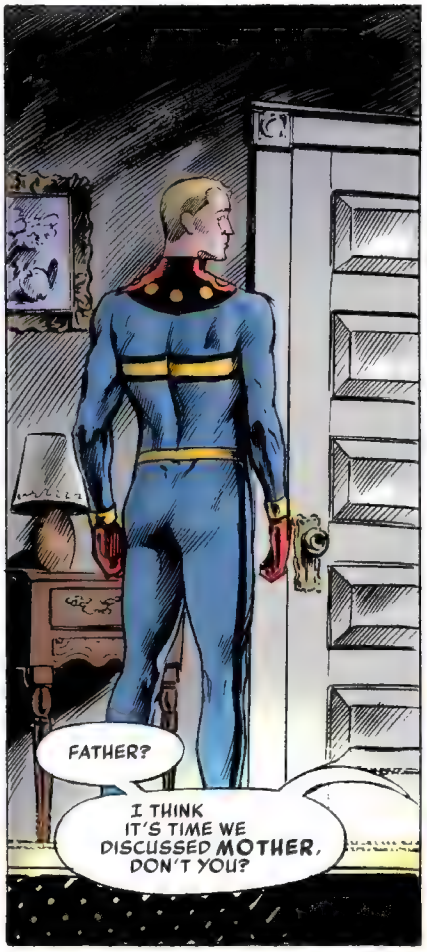
LIZ, THAT'S CRAZY...
WELL, THESE DAYS, WHAT ISN'T?
LOOK, I JUST NEED SOME TIME ALONE. I'M GOING TO SPEND A FEW DAYS AT MY SISTER'S DOWN IN YARMOUTH.
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE, MIKE.

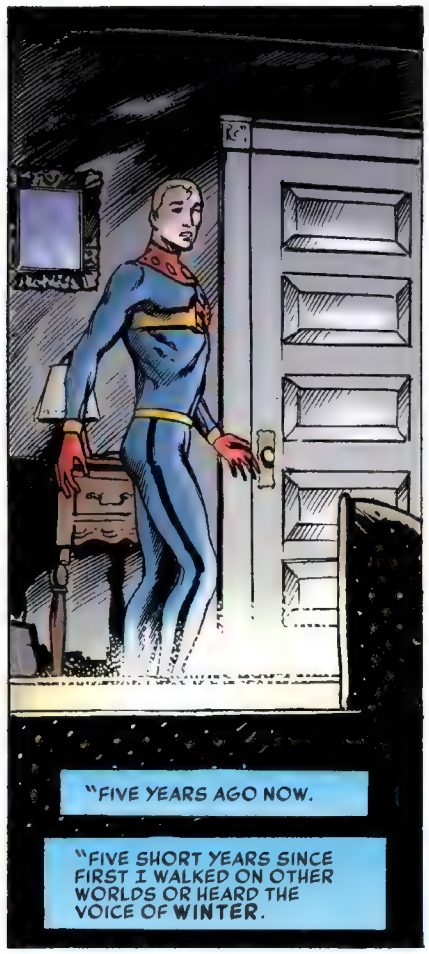

LIZ, THIS IS SO SUDDEN. CAN'T WE TALK?
LATER. LATER WE'LL TALK.
I'VE THOUGHT IT THROUGH, AND I HAVE TO LEAVE NOW. I LOVE YOU, MIKE. I LOVE BOTH OF YOU. I'LL BE BACK SOON.

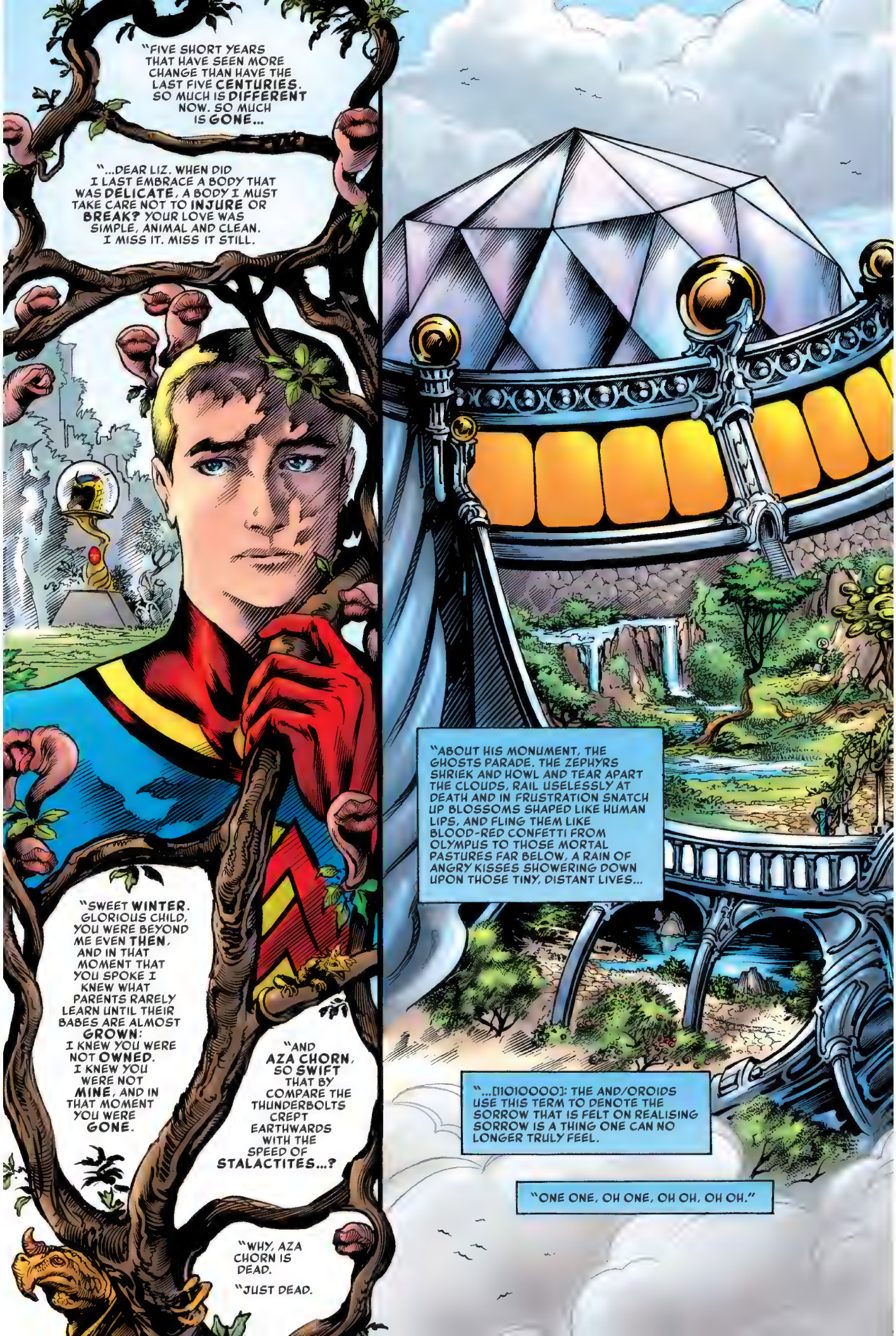


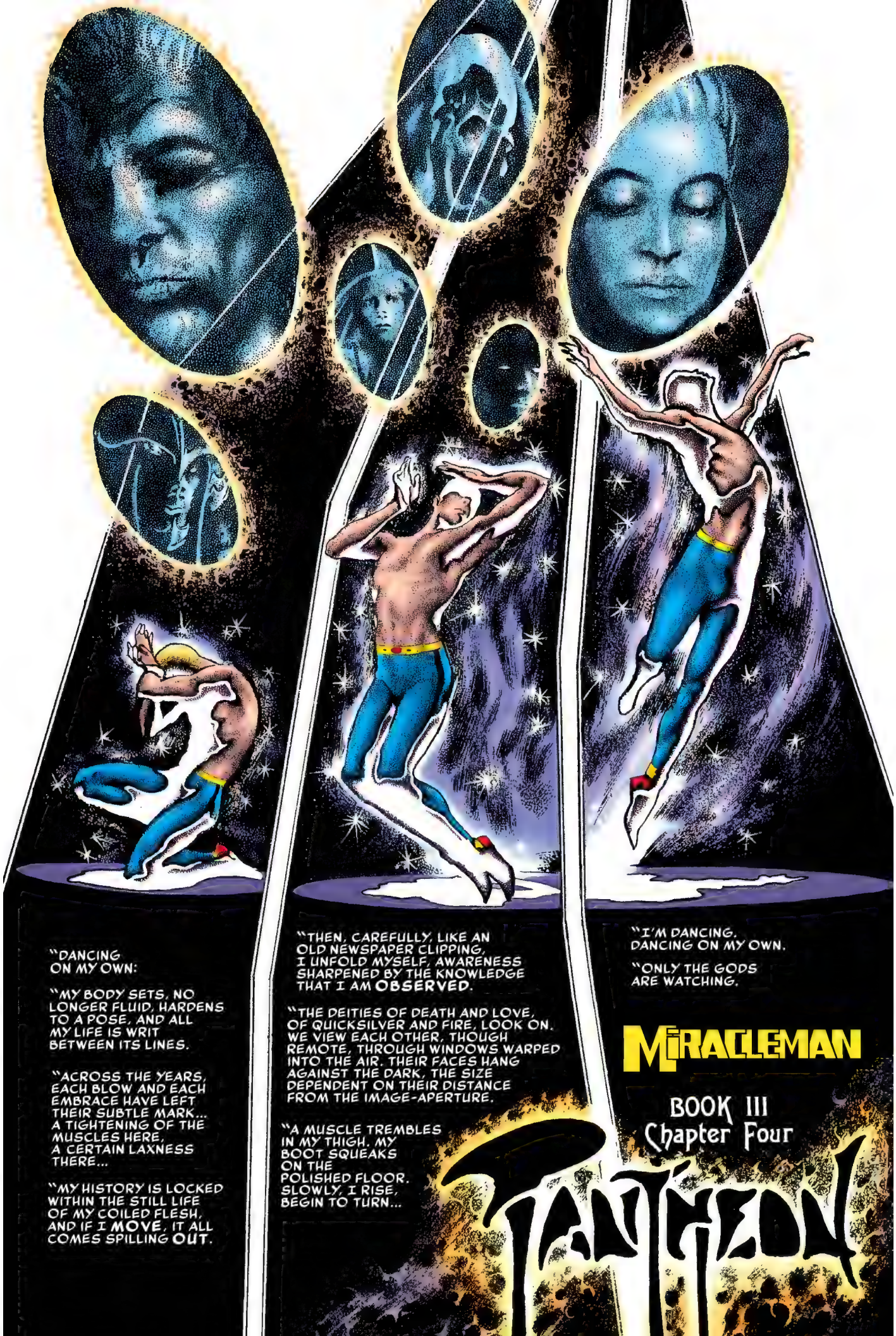





FATHER?
I THINK IT'S TIME WE DISCUSSED MOTHER, DON'T YOU?


"FIVE YEARS AGO NOW.
"FIVE SHORT YEARS SINCE FIRST I WALKED ON OTHER WORLDS OR HEARD THE VOICE OF WINTER.


"FIVE SHORT YEARS THAT HAVE SEEN MORE CHANGE THAN HAVE THE LAST FIVE CENTURIES. SO MUCH IS DIFFERENT NOW. SO MUCH IS GONE...
"...DEAR LIZ. WHEN DID I LAST EMBRACE A BODY THAT WAS DELICATE, A BODY I MUST TAKE CARE NOT TO INJURE OR BREAK? YOUR LOVE WAS SIMPLE, ANIMAL AND CLEAN. I MISS IT. MISS IT STILL.
"SWEET WINTER. GLORIOUS CHILD, YOU WERE BEYOND ME EVEN THEN, AND IN THAT MOMENT THAT YOU SPOKE I KNEW WHAT PARENTS RARELY LEARN UNTIL THEIR BABES ARE ALMOST GROWN: I KNEW YOU WERE NOT OWNED. I KNEW YOU WERE NOT MINE, AND IN THAT MOMENT YOU WERE GONE.
"AND AZA CHORN, SO SWIFT THAT BY COMPARE THE THUNDERBOLTS CREPT EARTHWARDS WITH THE SPEED OF STALACTITES...?
"WHY, AZA CHORN IS DEAD.
"JUST DEAD.
"ABOUT HIS MONUMENT, THE GHOSTS PARADE. THE ZEPHYRS SHRIEK AND HOWL AND TEAR APART THE CLOUDS, RAIL USELESSLY AT DEATH AND IN FRUSTRATION SNATCH UP BLOSSOMS SHAPED LIKE HUMAN LIPS, AND FLING THEM LIKE BLOOD-RED CONFETTI FROM OLYMPUS TO THOSE MORTAL PASTURES FAR BELOW, A RAIN OF ANGRY KISSES SHOWERING DOWN UPON THOSE TINY, DISTANT LIVES...
"...[11010000]: THE AND/OROIDS USE THIS TERM TO DENOTE THE SORROW THAT IS FELT ON REALISING SORROW IS A THING ONE CAN NO LONGER TRULY FEEL.
"ONE ONE, OH ONE, OH OH, OH OH."

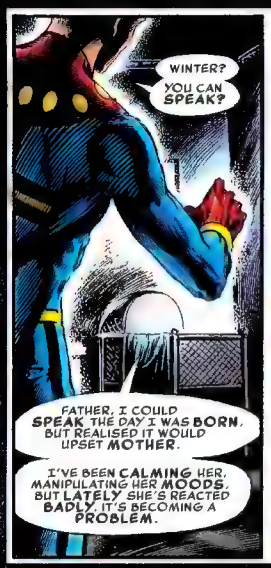

"DANCING ON MY OWN:
"MY BODY SETS, NO LONGER FLUID, HARDENS TO A POSE, AND ALL MY LIFE IS WRIT BETWEEN ITS LINES.
"ACROSS THE YEARS, EACH BLOW AND EACH EMBRACE HAVE LEFT THEIR SUBTLE MARK... A TIGHTENING OF THE MUSCLES HERE, A CERTAIN LAXNESS THERE...
"MY HISTORY IS LOCKED WITHIN THE STILL LIFE OF MY COILED FLESH, AND IF I MOVE, IT ALL COMES SPILLING OUT.
"THEN, CAREFULLY, LIKE AN OLD NEWSPAPER CLIPPING, I UNFOLD MYSELF, AWARENESS SHARPENED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I AM OBSERVED.
"THE DEITIES OF DEATH AND LOVE, OF QUICKSILVER AND FIRE, LOOK ON. WE VIEW EACH OTHER, THOUGH REMOTE, THROUGH WINDOWS WARPED INTO THE AIR. THEIR FACES HANG AGAINST THE DARK, THE SIZE DEPENDENT ON THEIR DISTANCE FROM THE IMAGE-APERTURE.
"A MUSCLE TREMBLES IN MY THIGH. MY BOOT SQUEAKS ON THE POLISHED FLOOR. SLOWLY, I RISE, BEGIN TO TURN...
"I'M DANCING. DANCING ON MY OWN.
"ONLY THE GODS ARE WATCHING.
MIRACLEMAN
BOOK III
Chapter Four
PANTHEON

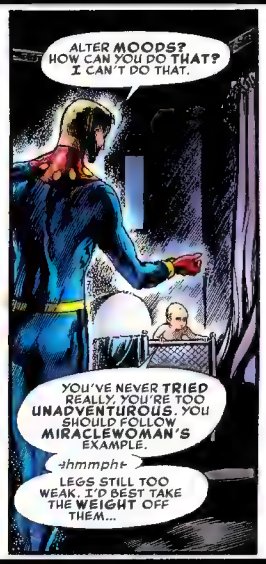
"MY PAST FLOWS FROM ME IN A TIDE OF MOVEMENTS, GESTURES, MIMED EVENTS, LONG YEARS COMPRESSED INTO A SINGLE INCLINATION OF MY CHIN.

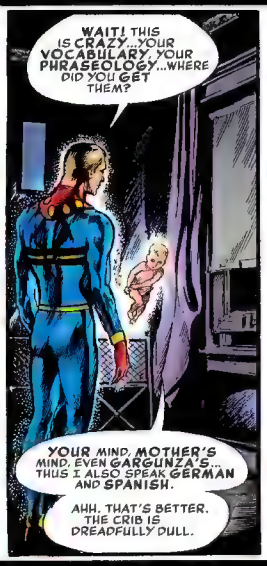
"MY ARMS ENCIRCLE EMPTY SPACE, AS IF TO CRADLE SOMETHING GONE. I THINK OF 1982, A CHILD'S VOICE IN A SILENT ROOM:

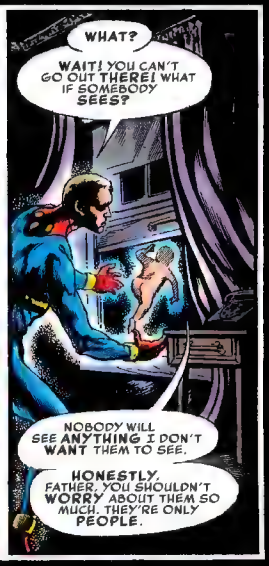
"'FATHER? I THINK IT'S TIME WE DISCUSSED MOTHER, DON'T YOU?'

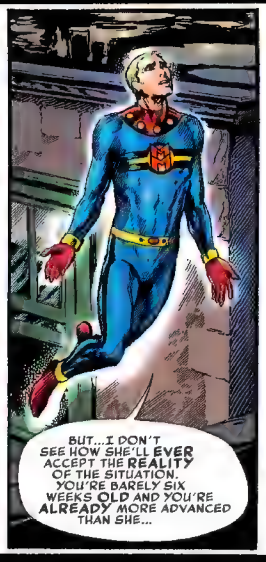
"MY CHILD'S VOICE."





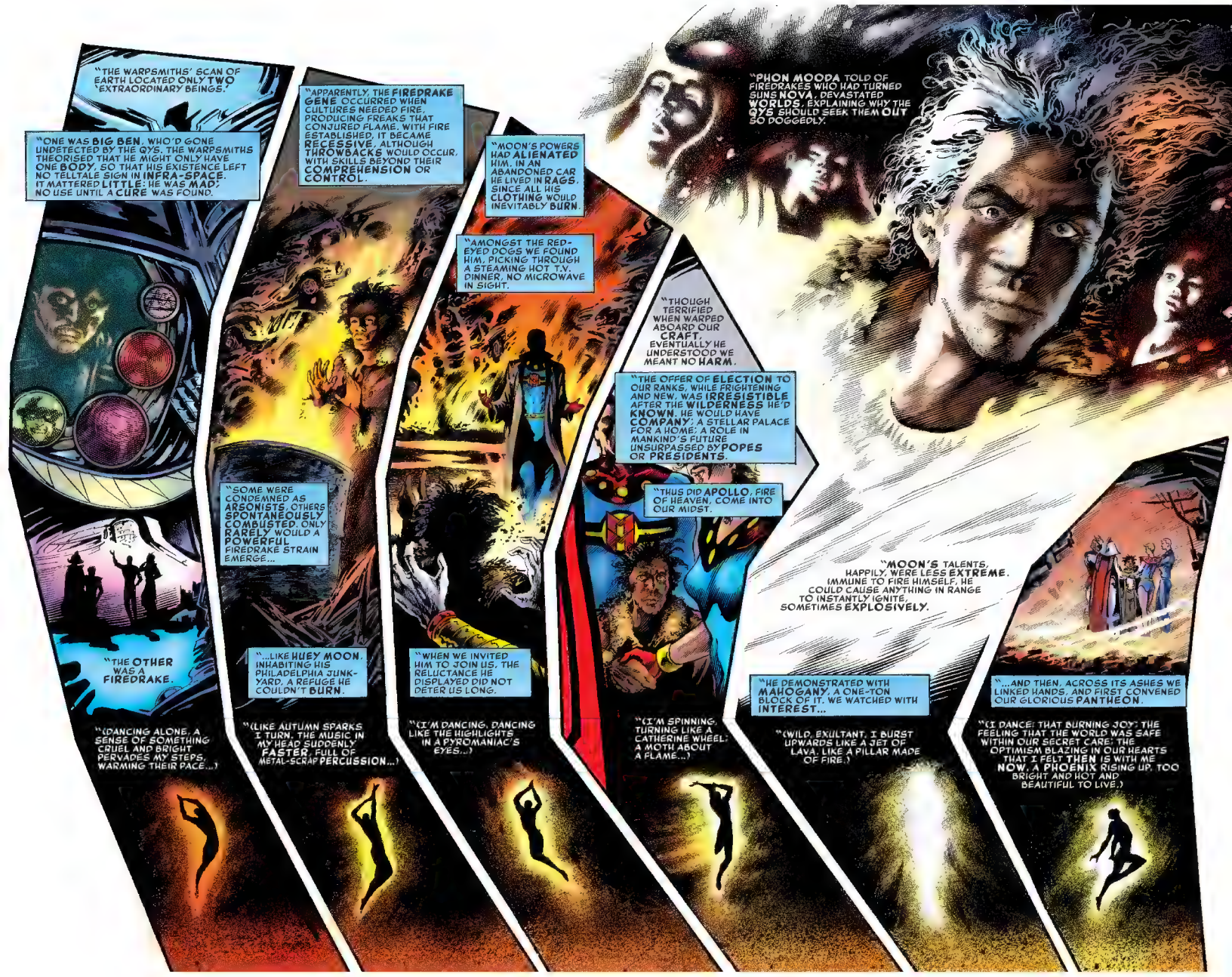






"I'M DANCING, TURNING LIKE A WORLD. MY BODY MOVES FROM SPACE TO SPACE; MY MIND FROM TIME TO TIME...
"...LIZ CALLED TO SAY SHE WASN'T COMING HOME YET; THAT SHE LOVED ME; THAT SHE WAS CONFUSED.
"I MET WITH AVRIL IN DEEP SPACE, HER COSTUME BRIGHT AGAINST THE MILKY WAY'S PEARLY BLUR, AND WAS SURPRISED AT HOW MUCH IT EXCITED ME TO MEET WITH HER AGAIN.
"BEHIND THE MOON WE FOUND A WORLD OF CRYSTAL SHOT WITH STEEL, ALIGHTING ON A YAWNING AIRLOCK'S RIM.
"AS LIGHT AND ATMOSPHERE SPILLED THROUGH THE INNER DOOR, WE SAW THE WARPSMITHS COME TO GREET US: TALL PHON MOODA, GLOWERING AZA CHORN...
"...SINCE LAST WE'D MET THEY'D MASTERED ENGLISH, PERFECT B.B.C. PRONUNCIATION THAT SEEMED QUITE INCONGRUOUS AMONGST THE OTHERWORLDLY HALLS THEY LED US THROUGH.
"IT SEEMED, BEYOND OUR WORLD, THERE WAS A COSMOS FILLED WITH FABLE, WHERE THE QYS WERE DRAGONS, AND THE WARPSMITHS SORCERERS..."
MY GOD. WHAT'S THAT?
A HOLOGRAM, PROJECTED ON A CONTOURED BASE THAT SHOWS TERRESTRIAL EVENTS AS THEY OCCUR.
IF YOU DESIRE, WE'LL STROLL ACROSS IT WHILE WE TALK.
"AS WE GREW DISTANT, WORLDS ELSEWHERE DREW CLOSER. JOINING AVRIL, I'D ARRANGED TO MEET THE WARPSMITHS IN THEIR HOUSE BEHIND EARTH'S MOON. I LEFT WINTER READING, ALONE...
"...IT'S NOT AS IF SHE NEEDED ME.

CAREFUL...THE SPIN IS FASTER THAN IT LOOKS...
WITH PRACTICE, ONE BECOMES ACCUSTOMED TO THE MOTION, THE EXPERIENCE OUTWEIGHING THE DISCOMFORT THAT'S INVOLVED.
YOUR WORLD'S A FASCINATING PLACE. ENJOY THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SEE IT AND REMEMBER IT AS IT IS NOW.
WHY? WILL IT CHANGE?
INVARIABLY. IT'S THE LAW OF EXTRAORDINARY BEINGS: INTRODUCE ONE TO A CULTURE AND THERE'LL SOON BE DOZENS. I HAVE SEEN IT PROVEN ON A DOZEN DIFFERENT WORLDS.
YOU'LL NOTICE THERE'RE ALREADY FOUR OF US.
THEN WE'VE SOMEHOW CAUSED OTHER SUPERHUMANS TO OCCUR?
NOT YOU: THE FIREDRAKE THAT THE QYS WERE SEEKING WHEN THEY CRASHED, WHICH MADE YOU POSSIBLE AND BROUGHT US HERE.
IF THERE ARE ANY OTHER SUPERHUMANS HERE ON EARTH, THE GATHERING WILL BRING THEM WITHIN REACH.
"THE GATHERING"? WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S STANDARD PRACTICE WITH NEW WORLDS TO SEEK OUT THEIR EXISTING TALENT AND ASSEMBLE IT. BETTER SUCH CREATURES BECOME FRIENDS THAN TURN AGAINST US WHEN OUR PRESENCE BECOMES KNOWN.
YOUR WORLD ENTERS A NEW AND GLORIOUS AGE. WE MUST ALL WORK AS ONE TO EASE ITS TRANSFORMATION. THE CHANGE IS WORTH THE EFFORT, BE ASSURED.
INDEED, YOU'LL HARDLY RECOGNISE THE PLACE.

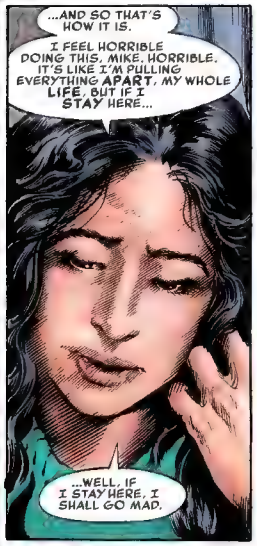

"THE WARPSMITHS' SCAN OF EARTH LOCATED ONLY TWO 'EXTRAORDINARY BEINGS.'
"ONE WAS BIG BEN, WHO'D GONE UNDETECTED BY THE QYS. THE WARPSMITHS THEORISED THAT HE MIGHT ONLY HAVE ONE BODY, SO THAT HIS EXISTENCE LEFT NO TELLTALE SIGN IN INFRA-SPACE. IT MATTERED LITTLE: HE WAS MAD; NO USE UNTIL A CURE WAS FOUND.
"THE OTHER WAS A FIREDRAKE.
"(DANCING ALONE, A SENSE OF SOMETHING CRUEL AND BRIGHT PERVADES MY STEPS, WARMING THEIR PACE...)
"APPARENTLY, THE FIREDRAKE GENE OCCURRED WHEN CULTURES NEEDED FIRE, PRODUCING FREAKS THAT CONJURED FLAME. WITH FIRE ESTABLISHED, IT BECAME RECESSIVE. ALTHOUGH THROWBACKS WOULD OCCUR, WITH SKILLS BEYOND THEIR COMPREHENSION OR CONTROL.
"SOME WERE CONDEMNED AS ARSONISTS, OTHERS SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUSTED. ONLY RARELY WOULD A POWERFUL FIREDRAKE STRAIN EMERGE...
"...LIKE HUEY MOON, INHABITING HIS PHILADELPHIA JUNK-YARD, A REFUGE HE COULDN'T BURN.
"(LIKE AUTUMN SPARKS I TURN, THE MUSIC IN MY HEAD SUDDENLY FASTER, FULL OF METAL-SCRAP PERCUSSION...)
"MOON'S POWERS HAD ALIENATED HIM. IN AN ABANDONED CAR HE LIVED IN RAGS, SINCE ALL HIS CLOTHING WOULD INEVITABLY BURN.
"AMONGST THE RED-EYED DOGS WE FOUND HIM, PICKING THROUGH A STEAMING HOT T.V. DINNER, NO MICROWAVE IN SIGHT.
"WHEN WE INVITED HIM TO JOIN US, THE RELUCTANCE HE DISPLAYED DID NOT DETER US LONG.
"(I'M DANCING, DANCING LIKE THE HIGHLIGHTS IN A PYROMANIAC'S EYES...)
"PHON MOODA TOLD OF FIREDRAKES WHO HAD TURNED SUNS NOVA, DEVASTATED WORLDS, EXPLAINING WHY THE QYS SHOULD SEEK THEM OUT SO DOGGEDLY.
"THOUGH TERRIFIED WHEN WARPED ABOARD OUR CRAFT, EVENTUALLY HE UNDERSTOOD WE MEANT NO HARM.
"THE OFFER OF ELECTION TO OUR RANKS, WHILE FRIGHTENING AND NEW, WAS IRRESISTIBLE AFTER THE WILDERNESS HE'D KNOWN. HE WOULD HAVE COMPANY; A STELLAR PALACE FOR A HOME; A ROLE IN MANKIND'S FUTURE UNSURPASSED BY POPES OR PRESIDENTS.
"THUS DID APOLLO, FIRE OF HEAVEN, COME INTO OUR MIDST.
"(I'M SPINNING, TURNING LIKE A CATHERINE WHEEL: A MOTH ABOUT A FLAME...)
"MOON'S TALENTS, HAPPILY, WERE LESS EXTREME. IMMUNE TO FIRE HIMSELF, HE COULD CAUSE ANYTHING IN RANGE TO INSTANTLY IGNITE, SOMETIMES EXPLOSIVELY.
"HE DEMONSTRATED WITH MAHOGANY, A ONE-TON BLOCK OF IT. WE WATCHED WITH INTEREST...
"(WILD, EXULTANT, I BURST UPWARDS LIKE A JET OF LAVA, LIKE A PILLAR MADE OF FIRE.)
"...AND THEN, ACROSS ITS ASHES WE LINKED HANDS, AND FIRST CONVENED OUR GLORIOUS PANTHEON.
"(I DANCE: THAT BURNING JOY; THE FEELING THAT THE WORLD WAS SAFE WITHIN OUR SECRET CARE; THE OPTIMISM BLAZING IN OUR HEARTS THAT I FELT THEN IS WITH ME NOW, A PHOENIX RISING UP, TOO BRIGHT AND HOT AND BEAUTIFUL TO LIVE.)

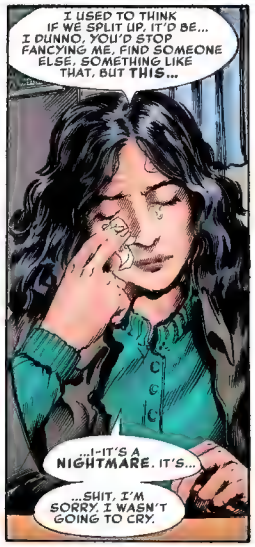
"THAT OPTIMISM DIED IN '83.

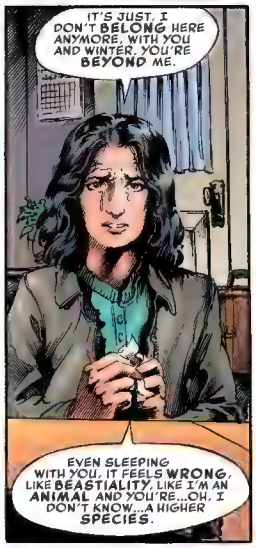
"LIZ, HOME FROM YARMOUTH, SEEMED NO HAPPIER. SHE COULD NOT CARE FOR WINTER, OR MAKE LOVE, OR TALK ABOUT HER MISERY.

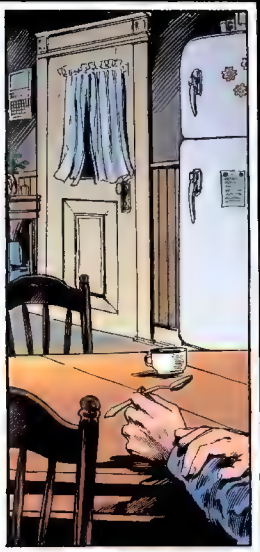
"MY DAUGHTER TOO, WHEN WE WOULD TALK, SEEMED RESTLESS: HUNGRY FOR A THING I COULD NOT GIVE. THUS, STORM CLOUDS GATHERED AND, AFRAID, I WAITED, THOUGH NOT LONG.

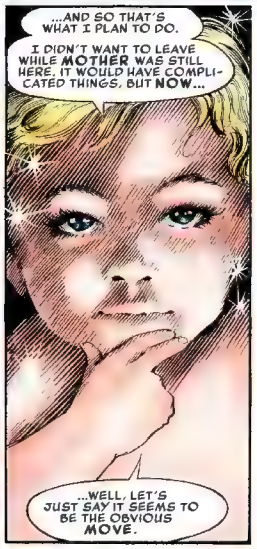
"THE TEMPO DROPS, ASSUMES A MORE FUNEREAL PACE. FULL OF LOSS AND LONELINESS. I'M DANCING. DANCING ON MY OWN."

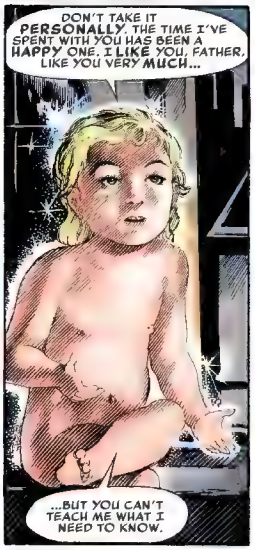


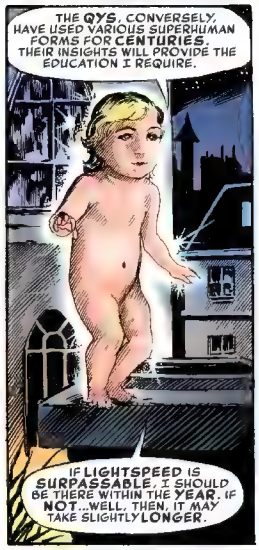






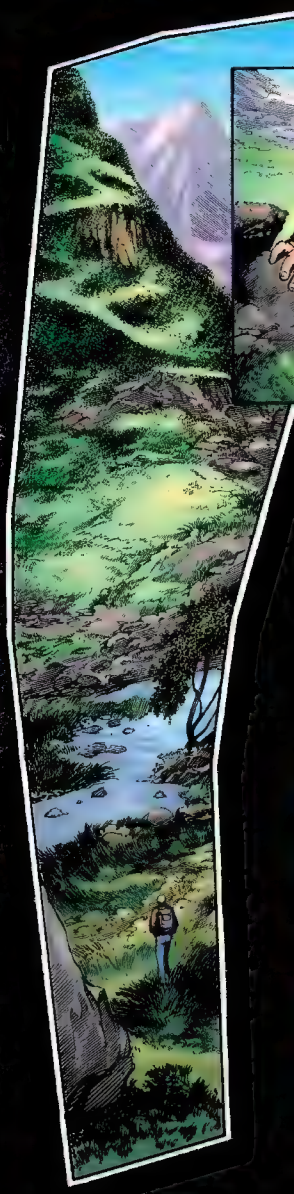


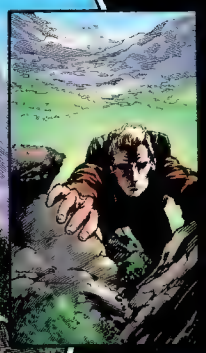


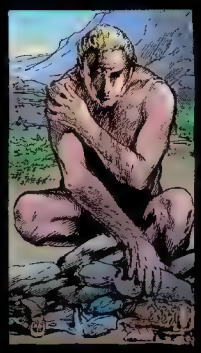


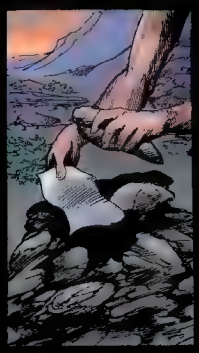
"BY APRIL, 1983, MY WIFE AND CHILD WERE GONE.

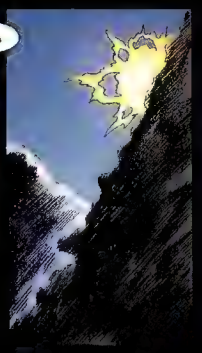
"THOUGH I ADJUSTED, MIKE MORAN COULD **NOT**. PACKING A BAG HE HITCHED TO **SCOTLAND**, FINALLY ARRIVING LATE ONE AFTERNOON AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS OF **GLENCOE**. HE DID **NOT** PITCH HIS TENT. HE JUST BEGAN TO **CLIMB**...

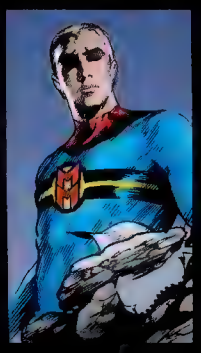


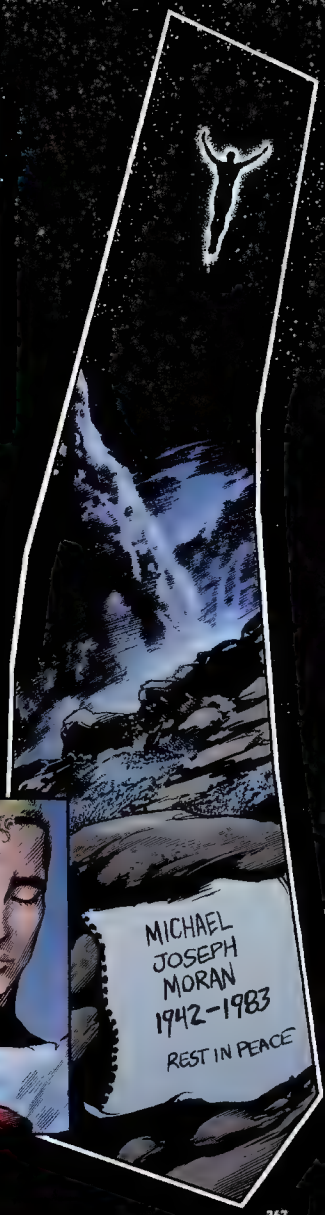












"...MY DANCE GROWS WEARY, ECHOING HIS SOLITARY ASCENT. IT IS THE DANCE OF CRIPPLED BIRDS, OF BERGMAN FILMS AND BROWN-SKINNED CHILDREN HOLDING SUGAR SKULLS.

"IT IS THE DANCE OF DEATH."

"THE CURIOUS SUICIDE WAS **UNDERSTANDABLE**: HE'D TIRED OF MARVELS; OF THEIR COST IN HUMAN WARMTH. HIS WISH WAS FOR **OBLIVION**. RESPECTING IT, I'VE NOT PRONOUNCED MY WORD OF TRANSFORMATION SINCE THAT NIGHT.

"GONE: WINTER; LIZ; THE MAN I'D BEEN. WITHDRAWING FROM THE LOSS, I FELT A NEED FOR **SOLITUDE**.

"A NEED FOR **SILENCE**.

"'**SILENCE**.'

"I CHOSE THE NAME AS CAREFULLY AS I CHOSE THE **SITE**: DOWN IN THE **MARIANAS TRENCH, CHALLENGER DEEPS**, ITS DEEPEST POINT.

"I CARVED MY HOME FROM ROCKS THAT HAD FOREVER BEEN UNTOUCHED BY LIGHT, DOWN WHERE STRANGE FISHES, PAPER-THIN, SURVIVED IN PRESSURES THAT CRUSHED EVEN THEIR MOST THICKLY ARMORED KIN.

"SAVE FOR THESE SIGHTLESS SHOALS I WORKED ALONE, AND BUILT MY HOUSE AND NAMED IT **SILENCE**, KNOWING EVEN THEN, PERHAPS, THAT IT COULD NOT ENDURE FOR LONG AS MY REFUGE...

"...FOR SILENCE NEVER **LASTS**.

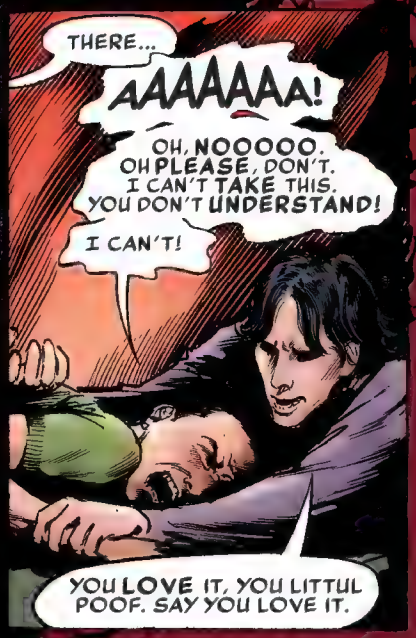
"HERE THE DANCE GROWS STILL, AS IF AT LAST AFRAID OF WHERE ITS STEPS MIGHT LEAD.

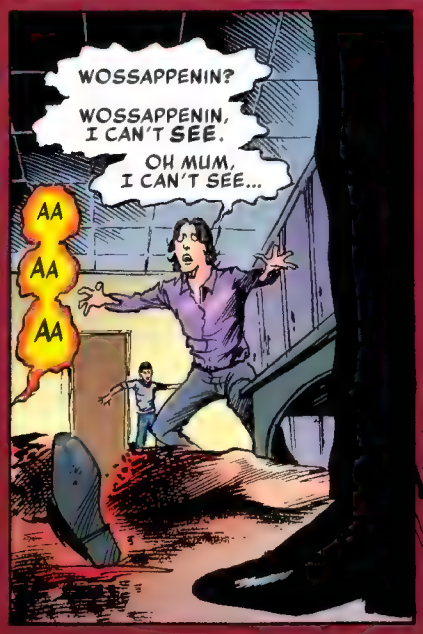
"THE FINAL MOVEMENT STARTS WITH AN UNNERVING SUDDENNESS; WITH VIOLENCE IN MY EVERY MOVE; WITH PANIC IN MY EYES.

"IN 1985, WE WENT TO HELL AND LEARNED THE COST OF PARADISE.

"IN 1985, THE CHILD WAS WEEPING IN A ROOM THAT STANK OF STEAM AND PEOPLE'S FEET. HE HAD ENDURED SO MUCH, COULD NOT BE BLAMED FOR WHAT HE DID. I HAD ABANDONED HIM. THE FAULT WAS MINE. ALL MINE.

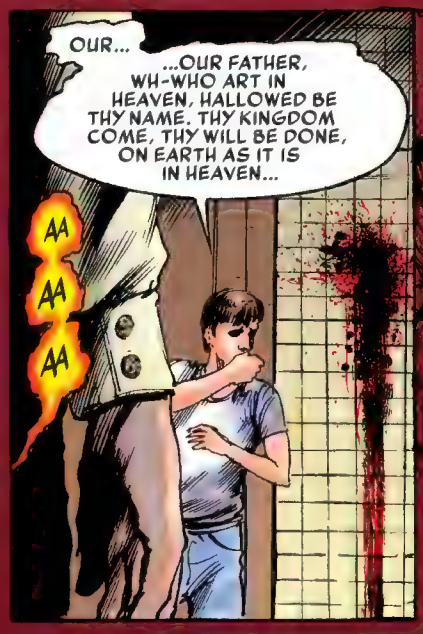
"IN 1985..."




WOSSAPPENIN?
WOSSAPPENIN, I CAN'T SEE.
OH MUM, I CAN'T SEE...
AA
AA
AA

OOZAT? LEGGO! LEGGO, Y'BASTARD!
STEVE?
STEVE, IZZAT YOU?
NO.
AA
AA
AA

NOT STEVE.
AA
AA
AA


OUR...
...OUR FATHER, WH-WHO ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME. THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE, ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN...
AA
AA
AA

...GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD, AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THOSE THAT TRESPASS AGAINST US...
AA
AA
AA

...AND LEAD...AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, B-BUT DELIVER US...
...DELIVER US FROM ALL...
...ALL...
AA
AA
AA

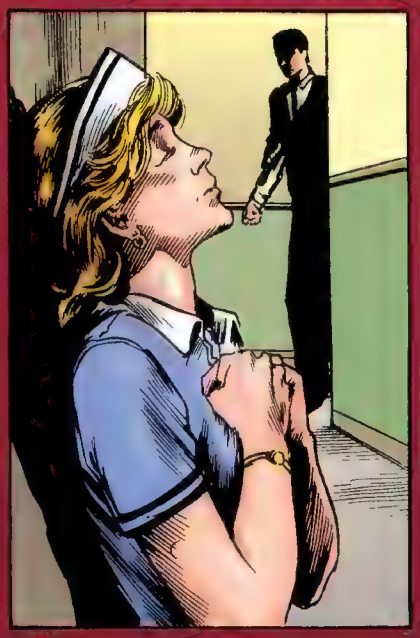
EEEEEIIIIIGH!
MY GOD, WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?
JUST YOU CUT THAT NOISE OUT THIS...

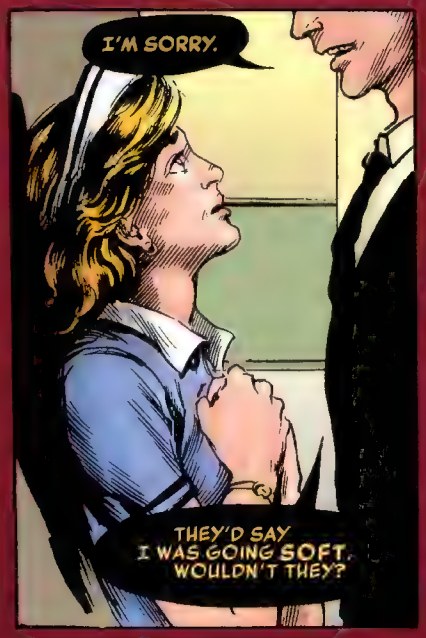
...INSTANT...
AA AA AA

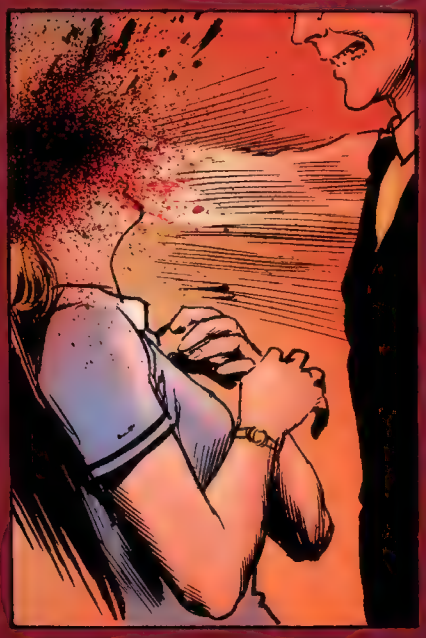
Hhuhhh... I...I...
Hm.
DO YOU KNOW, YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO WAS KIND TO ME?
THE ONLY ONE.

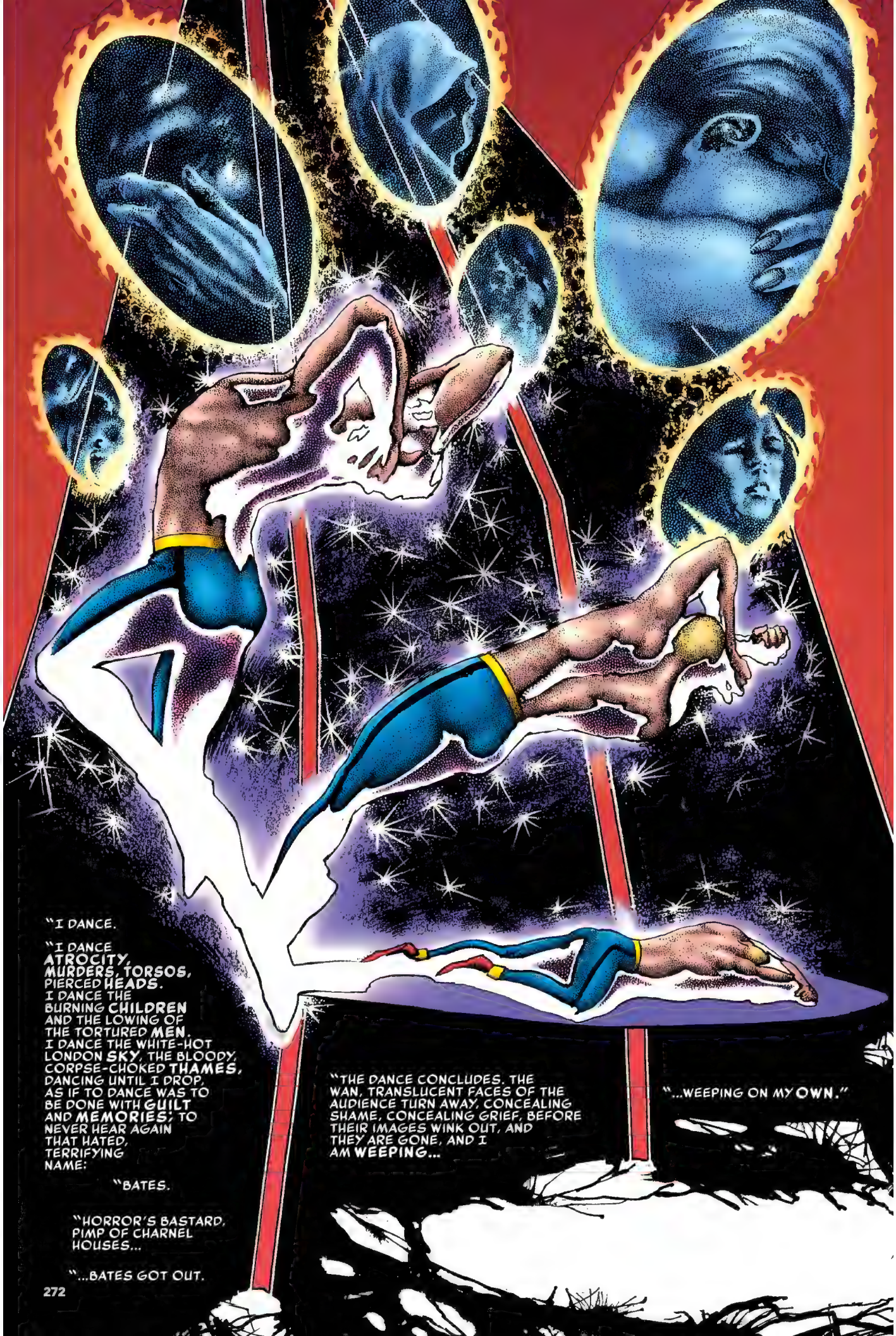
I THINK I'LL LET YOU LIVE.

Huhh. Hhuhhhh-hhh...
...OH, GOD. OH, GOD, THANK YOU.
THANK YOU.



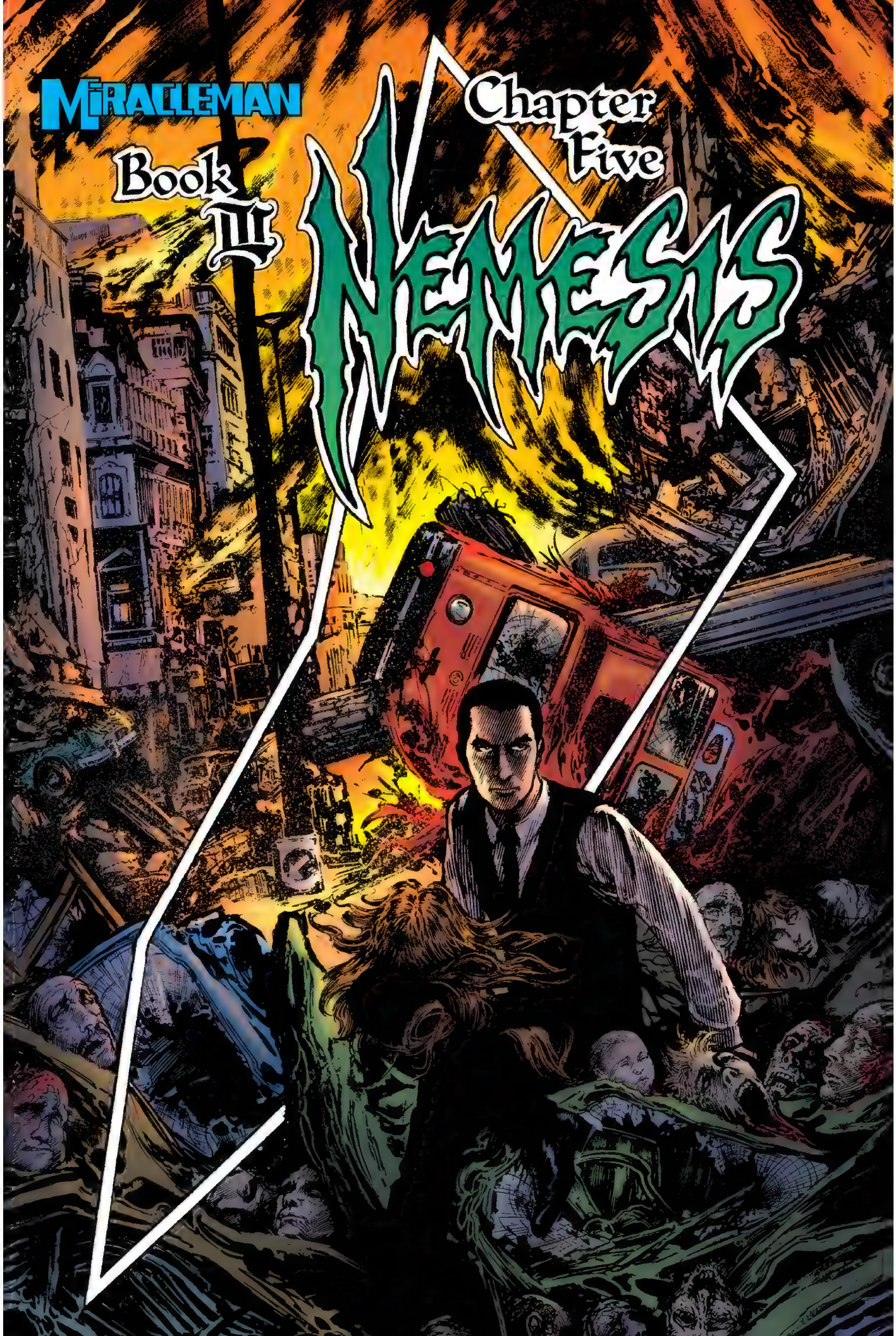

I'M SORRY.
THEY'D SAY I WAS GOING SOFT. WOULDN'T THEY?

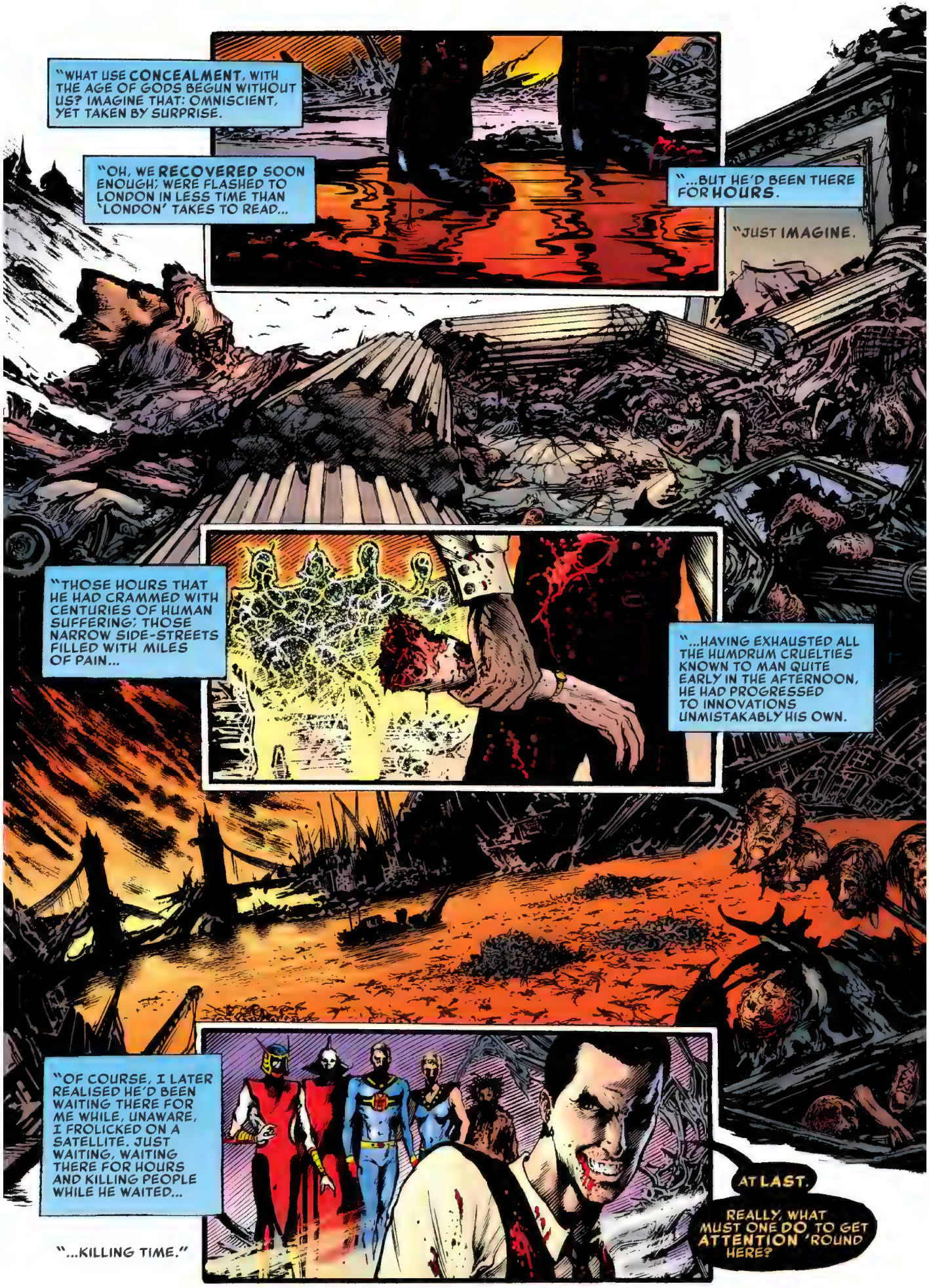



"I DANCE.
"I DANCE ATROCITY, MURDERS, TORSOS, PIERCED HEADS. I DANCE THE BURNING CHILDREN AND THE LOWING OF THE TORTURED MEN. I DANCE THE WHITE-HOT LONDON SKY, THE BLOODY, CORPSE-CHOKED THAMES, DANCING UNTIL I DROP, AS IF TO DANCE WAS TO BE DONE WITH GUILT AND MEMORIES; TO NEVER HEAR AGAIN THAT HATED, TERRIFYING NAME:
"BATES.
"HORROR'S BASTARD, PIMP OF CHARNEL HOUSES...
"...BATES GOT OUT.
"THE DANCE CONCLUDES. THE WAN, TRANSLUCENT FACES OF THE AUDIENCE TURN AWAY, CONCEALING SHAME, CONCEALING GRIEF, BEFORE THEIR IMAGES WINK OUT, AND THEY ARE GONE, AND I AM WEEPING...
"...WEEPING ON MY OWN."

"SOME NIGHTS ARE BUSY, BRIMMING WITH NEW STARS TO FIND AND NAME, OR DESERT WASTES TO IRRIGATE.
"SOME NIGHTS ARE QUIET.
"YESTERDAY, I GENETICALLY REINTRODUCED TAME MASTODONS TO LONDON'S PARKS. TODAY HAS BEEN COMPARATIVELY DULL.
"I HATE THE SILENCES.
"NOISE IS MY ONLY ANSWER TO TODAY: WHENEVER CLAMOUR AND ACTIVITY SUBSIDE, I FEEL THE RIPTIDES OF THE PAST SUCKING THE PRESENT'S SANDS FROM OUT BENEATH MY FEET, BETWEEN MY TOES...
"...IT TUGS ME OUT, AND TAKES ME BACK...
"...AND I REMEMBER.
"I REMEMBER: WERE I SOMEONE ELSE I'D WISH TO GOD THAT I DID NOT, BUT BEING GOD, HAVE NONE TO WHOM I MIGHT ADDRESS SUCH PLEAS.
"OMNIPOTENT, I CAN THUS TURN TO NO ONE, CANNOT SHARE MY GUILT OR SHAME...
"...THE BUCK STOPS HERE.

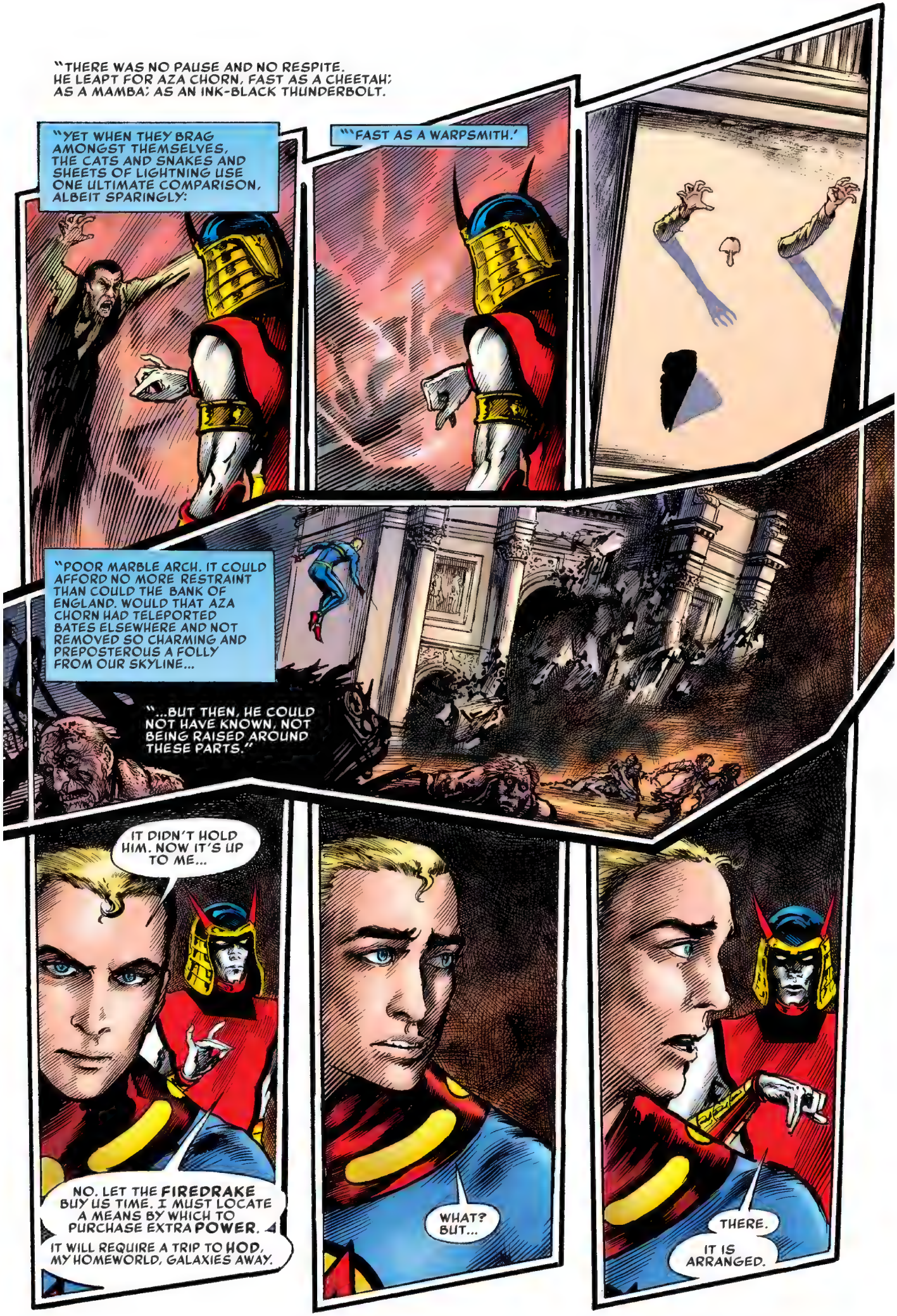
"BEYOND THE MOON, STILL TAKEN BY THE NOVELTY OF OTHERS LIKE OURSELVES, WE WERE YOUNG GODS AT PLAY ABOVE A WORLD THAT NEVER DREAMED OF US...
"...A WORLD THAT NEEDED NEVER HAVE THE SLIGHTEST HINT OF TERRIBLE NEW CREATURES IN ITS MIDST.
"I STILL RECALL THE MOMENT: AVRIL POINTING TO THE BRAID OF SMOKE TWISTING BETWEEN THE SMALL, IMAGINARY SPIRES OF LONDON, RECONSTRUCTED THERE UPON THE WARPSMITHS' SIMULTANEOUS HOLOGRAM FACSIMILE OF EARTH.
"KNEELING ON SURREY, BENDING LOW, PEERING PAST ROOFTOPS THATCHED WITH LIGHT DOWN TO THE BONSAI STREETS BELOW...
"A BOMB? A BURNING SUBWAY? SURELY NOTHING WORSE...
"...SURELY THE GREAT MAJORITY WENT ON AS USUAL WITH THEIR LIVES?
"...WE SAW THERE HELL IN ZERO GAUGE; SAW HORROR AND RED DEATH ABROAD UPON A NORMAL AFTERNOON; SAW THERE OUR GÖTTERDAMMERUNG; OUR RAGNAROK...
"...OUR END."


MIRACLEMAN
Book II
Chapter Five
NEMESIS


"WHAT USE CONCEALMENT, WITH THE AGE OF GODS BEGUN WITHOUT US? IMAGINE THAT: OMNISCIENT, YET TAKEN BY SURPRISE.
"OH, WE RECOVERED SOON ENOUGH; WERE FLASHED TO LONDON IN LESS TIME THAN 'LONDON' TAKES TO READ...
"...BUT HE'D BEEN THERE FOR HOURS.
"JUST IMAGINE.
"THOSE HOURS THAT HE HAD CRAMMED WITH CENTURIES OF HUMAN SUFFERING; THOSE NARROW SIDE-STREETS FILLED WITH MILES OF PAIN...
"...HAVING EXHAUSTED ALL THE HUMDRUM CRUELTIES KNOWN TO MAN QUITE EARLY IN THE AFTERNOON, HE HAD PROGRESSED TO INNOVATIONS UNMISTAKABLY HIS OWN.
"OF COURSE, I LATER REALISED HE'D BEEN WAITING THERE FOR ME WHILE, UNAWARE, I FROLICKED ON A SATELLITE. JUST WAITING, WAITING THERE FOR HOURS AND KILLING PEOPLE WHILE HE WAITED...
"...KILLING TIME."
AT LAST.
REALLY, WHAT MUST ONE DO TO GET ATTENTION 'ROUND HERE?

"HE JUST ATTACKED, NOT ASKING WHO THE OTHERS WERE. I WONDERED IF HE'D EVER WOKEN FROM GARGUNZA'S DREAMS. IF HE BELIEVED THOSE SENSELESS FANTASIES WERE TRUE, WHY NOT AS WELL ACCEPT A WARPSMITH, CARING LITTLE WHENCE IT CAME...

"MIRACLEWOMAN WAS THE FIRST TO MOVE UPON HIM, BRIGHT BLUE LIGHTNING STRIKING THROUGH THE SETTLING OCHRE DUST...
"HE RECOGNISED HER; SAID THAT HE REMEMBERED HER FROM WHEN HE'D BEEN A CHILD; EXPRESSED SURPRISE SHE WAS ALIVE; SUGGESTED NOVEL WAYS TO REMEDY THAT FACT...
"THE BANK OF ENGLAND'S MASS OF DEBT AND CREDIT COULD CONTAIN HIM NOT AT ALL.
"ERUPTING IN A WATERSPOUT OF KRUGERRANDS, HE SHOWERED IN BLOOD AND GOLD WHILE FROM A THOUSAND FLUTTERING NOTES THE QUEEN LOOKED ON, AS EVER, UNPERTURBED.
"IN FAIRNESS, OF THE TWO, SHE WAS MORE GRACEFUL AND CONTROLLED, MORE SKILLED AND MORE INTELLIGENT IN HER ATTACK, HER MOVES MORE SUBTLE AND PRECISE.
"JUDGED IN THOSE TERMS, I'D SAY SHE WON.


"THERE WAS NO PAUSE AND NO RESPITE. HE LEAPT FOR AZA CHORN, FAST AS A CHEETAH; AS A MAMBA; AS AN INK-BLACK THUNDERBOLT.
"YET WHEN THEY BRAG AMONGST THEMSELVES, THE CATS AND SNAKES AND SHEETS OF LIGHTNING USE ONE ULTIMATE COMPARISON, ALBEIT SPARINGLY:
"'FAST AS A WARPSMITH.'
"POOR MARBLE ARCH. IT COULD AFFORD NO MORE RESTRAINT THAN COULD THE BANK OF ENGLAND. WOULD THAT AZA CHORN HAD TELEPORTED BATES ELSEWHERE AND NOT REMOVED SO CHARMING AND PREPOSTEROUS A FOLLY FROM OUR SKYLINE...
"...BUT THEN, HE COULD NOT HAVE KNOWN, NOT BEING RAISED AROUND THESE PARTS."
IT DIDN'T HOLD HIM. NOW IT'S UP TO ME...
NO. LET THE FIREDRAKE BUY US TIME. I MUST LOCATE A MEANS BY WHICH TO PURCHASE EXTRA POWER.
IT WILL REQUIRE A TRIP TO HOD, MY HOMEWORLD, GALAXIES AWAY.
WHAT? BUT...
THERE.
IT IS ARRANGED.

WHO'S NEXT? I WANT MORE FLYING TARTS AND CONJURORS TO KILL BEFORE I MAKE THAT BIG BLOND FAIRY EAT HIS HEART.
I KNOW I HAVEN'T KILLED YOU ALL. DIDN'T I SEE AN----- EARLIER?
ATCHLY, WE PREFER THE TERM "BLACK PERSON."
Nah.
YOU DON'T GOT IT YET.
SEE, I AIN'T INTA GETTIN' BURNED.
HELL NO.
AM INTA BURNIN'.
MAN, I BURN ALL KINDSA SHIT.

BURN HOUSES...
...AUTOMOBILES...
...GAS MAINPIPES...
"I SAW HIM AT THE FIRESTORM'S HEART, HIS BUSINESS SUIT REDUCED TO ASH. THE COSTUME UNDERNEATH (HAD HE REMOVED IT, EVER? HAD IT GROWN WITH HIM?) WAS NOT THE YELLOW I REMEMBERED, BUT A FLAT AND LIGHTLESS BLACK.
"...THEN AZA CHORN LED ME AWAY IN SEARCH OF GREATER POWER.
"THE BATTLE, FAR TOO BIG TO BE CONTAINED BY SIMPLE FACTS, HAS SPAWNED SO MANY DIFFERENT LEGENDS, EACH WITH ITS OWN ADHERENTS; AS VALID, IF NOT MORE SO, AS THE TRUTH.
"I HEARD HIS AWFUL ROAR...
"APOCRYPHA. IMAGINARY TALES: THE LIBRARY AT OLYMPUS HAS A THOUSAND SUCH UPON ITS SHELVES.

"IN ONE SUCH STORY... TRUE OR FALSE, WHO KNOWS?...WE ARE TRANSPORTED BY THE WARPSMITH'S POWER TO SILENCE, ON THE SEABED, WHERE HE'S MAGICALLY ARRANGED EQUIPMENT BORROWED FROM HIS AWESOME RACE, THAT WILL TRANSMIT A LIVING THING THROUGH TIME.
"PROPELLED HENCE TO THE PAST, OUR OBJECT IS TO HARNESS ENERGIES RELEASED BY CLASHING WITH MY EARLIER SELVES.
"THUS, BACK IN 1963, ABOVE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, I CONFRONT THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY UPON THEIR WAY, UNKNOWINGLY, TO FACE ATOMIC DEATH.
"OH, HOW INGENIOUS; HOW BAROQUE THESE MYTHS BECOME.
"THE THEOLOGIANS WHO SUPPORT THIS VERSION ARE CALLED 'TRANS-TIME INTEGRATIONISTS.' TO THEM, THE TALE'S SYMBOLIC OF THE WAY IN WHICH, TO OVERCOME ADVERSITY, ONE MUST FIRST FACE AND OVERCOME ONE'S PAST.
"THE SAME TRADITION, IN A LATER EPISODE, HAS ME IN 1982 UPON EARTH'S MOON, IN CONFLICT WITH MYSELF AFTER MY GLORIOUS RESURRECTION.
"MOONDUST. SEE HOW HISTORY TURNS TO MOONDUST IN THEIR HANDS.

"'THE WITNESSES OF THE CONSPIRACY,' CONVERSELY, HOLD THAT WE OBTAINED OUR VICTORY BY SELLING EARTH INTO THE THRALL OF ALIENS WHO PLANNED TO WIPE AWAY OUR CULTURE WITH THE FLOOD OF DANGEROUS NEW IDEAS THAT SPILLED FROM THEIR INHUMAN MINDS.

"WHO IS TO SAY? THEY MAY BE RIGHT.

"'THE RATIONAL BRETHERN,' AFTER THOROUGH RESEARCH, HAVE MORE PLAUSIBLY SUGGESTED THAT OUR ENEMY WENT MAD, CONFRONTED BY THE TRUTH CONCERNING HIS FICTITIOUS PAST.

"A MYSTIC OFFSHOOT FROM THIS SECT BELIEVES THE WORLD WITHIN GARGUNZA'S DREAM MACHINES IS REAL, WITH THIS LIFE BUT ILLUSORY.

"THEY HAVE A POINT.

"FOR MY PART, I PREFER THE GNOSTIC FAITHS, SUCH AS 'THE KNIGHTS OF WARPSMITH RESURRECTED,' WHO, IN SYMBOL-LADEN GOSPELS, TELL HOW I PLAY CHESS WITH BATES FOR EARTH, ATOP A MOUNTAIN OF THE DEAD...

"...AND AZA CHORN, WHEN I'VE LOST EVERY PIECE SAVE ONE, TEARS OUT HIS HEART AND CRIES, 'HERE! PLAY WITH THIS INSTEAD.'

"BUT BEST OF ALL, 'THE CHURCH OF DEICIDE' RELATES HOW WE APPROACHED THE OLD, SICK GODS OF EARTH AND MURDERED THEM TO STEAL THEIR POWER.

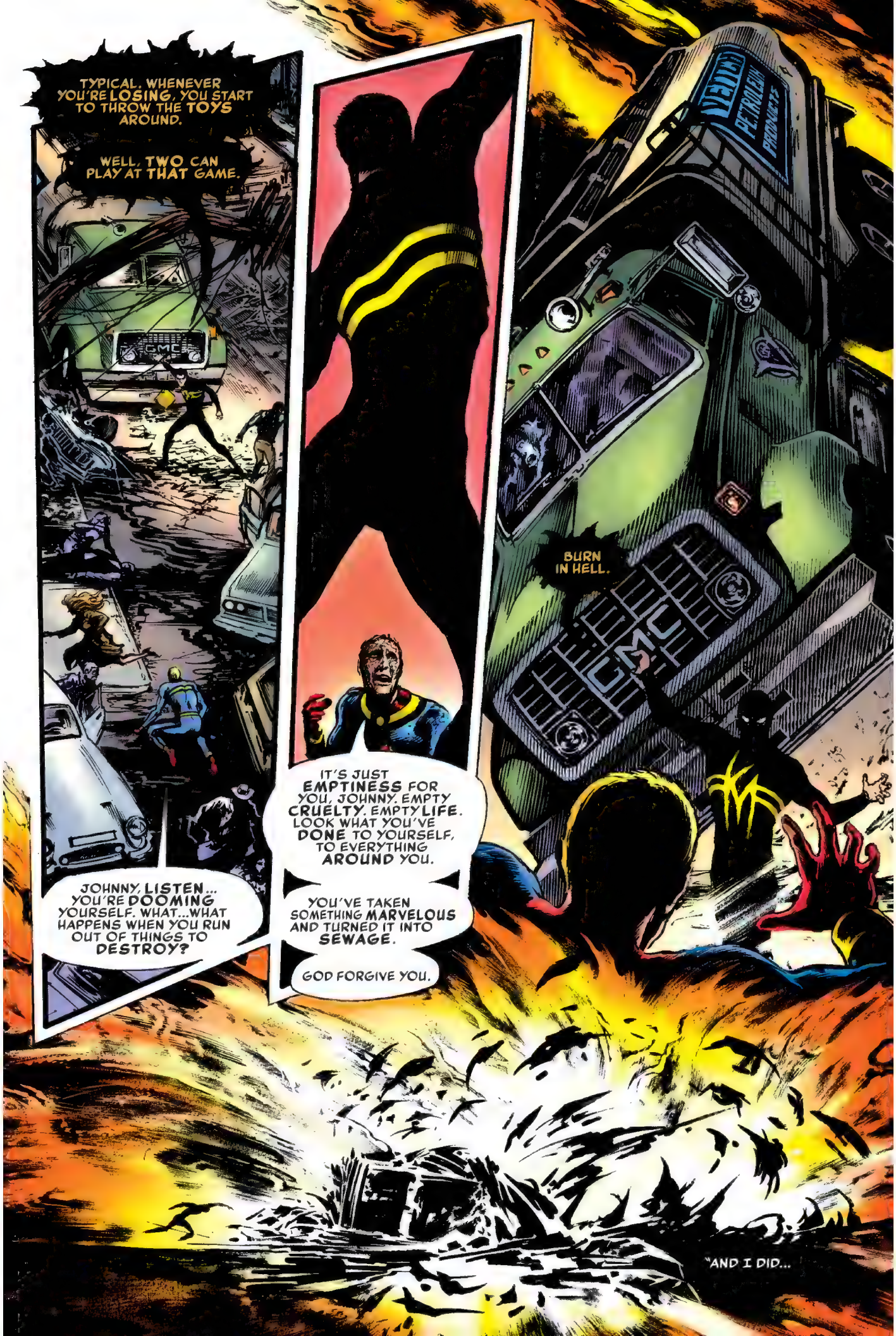
"THEY TELL OF SHIVA, QUITE DISARMED; OF GABRIEL'S BLAZING SWORD SNAPPED INTO TWO ACROSS MY KNEE.

"THE CHURCH HAS ONLY NINETEEN WORSHIPPERS. I SEND THEM SMALL DONATIONS, UNDER DIFFERENT NAMES.

"WHERE MOST OF THESE CONFLICTING HERESIES AGREE IS IN THE FINAL OUTCOME OF THE TALE: WITH ENERGY OBTAINED, WHETHER BY DEICIDE, TRAVEL IN TIME OR TREACHERY, WE BOTH AT LAST RETURNED TO SILENCE, HOPING WE'D HAVE TIME TO USE THE POWER WE'D GAINED...
"...HOPING IN VAIN...
"HE WAS AMONGST US, SNORTING, STAMPING. THERE WAS NOTHING SANE IN HIS INCINERATOR EYES.
"HE WAS AHRIMAN. HE WAS LOKI. HE WAS LUCIFER AND SET. HE WAS THE BAD GOD, CAST IN AWFUL FLESH. WE'D HAD NO TIME TO DRAW UP PENTACLES OR WORK OUR CHARMS...
"...BUT THROUGH ONE CLOSING EYE, HALF-PULVERISED, I GLIMPSED THE WARPSMITH AS HE SCRATCHED A HASTY SIGIL IN THE AIR THAT WOULD RELEASE THE GATHERED FORCES HARNESSED THERE.
"THERE WAS WHAT I CAN ONLY CALL THE ABSENCE OF A FLASH, AND THEN THE LOW BEGINNINGS OF A MONSTROUS NOISE...
"...THE END OF SILENCE.
"AT THE OCEAN'S DEEPEST POINT THE PRESSURE WAS UNMEASURABLE, AND AZA CHORN THREW UP A SHIELD ABOUT US BOTH THAT HELD UNTIL HE'D MOVED ALL COMBATANTS ELSEWHERE...

"AGAIN, I WISH 'ELSEWHERE' HAD NOT MEANT LONDON. CALL IT SENTIMENT, BUT I STILL MISS THOSE HUDDLED BUILDINGS, MUDDLED CENTURIES AND STYLES...
"THE TRUTH IS, AZA CHORN KNEW VERY FEW LOCATIONS ON THIS EARTH, AND FELT A BOND OF LOVE TO NONE OF THEM.
"HOW STRANGE, THEN, THAT HE GAVE HIS LIFE AWAY FOR US."
THE EXPLOSION AND SUBSEA PRESSURES HAVE DISTRESSED HIM. STRIKE BEFORE HE RISES...
BASTARDS. BASTARDS, EAT YOU. EAT YOUR CITIES. EAT YOUR CHILDREN...
...EATING LIFE...
...SHITTING SKULLS.

WAY OUT
"THERE WERE SO MANY VEHICLES, ALL TRYING TO GET OUT OF LONDON.
"MY APOLOGISTS HAVE CLAIMED THE CAR THAT I FIRST HURLED AT BATES WAS EMPTY, THOSE WHO'D BEEN INSIDE HAVING ALL PREVIOUSLY ESCAPED.
"I'M SORRY, BUT THAT ISN'T TRUE."


TYPICAL. WHENEVER YOU'RE LOSING, YOU START TO THROW THE TOYS AROUND.
WELL, TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME.
JOHNNY, LISTEN... YOU'RE DOOMING YOURSELF. WHAT...WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU RUN OUT OF THINGS TO DESTROY?
IT'S JUST EMPTINESS FOR YOU, JOHNNY. EMPTY CRUELTY. EMPTY LIFE. LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO YOURSELF, TO EVERYTHING AROUND YOU.
YOU'VE TAKEN SOMETHING MARVELOUS AND TURNED IT INTO SEWAGE.
GOD FORGIVE YOU.
BURN IN HELL.
"AND I DID...

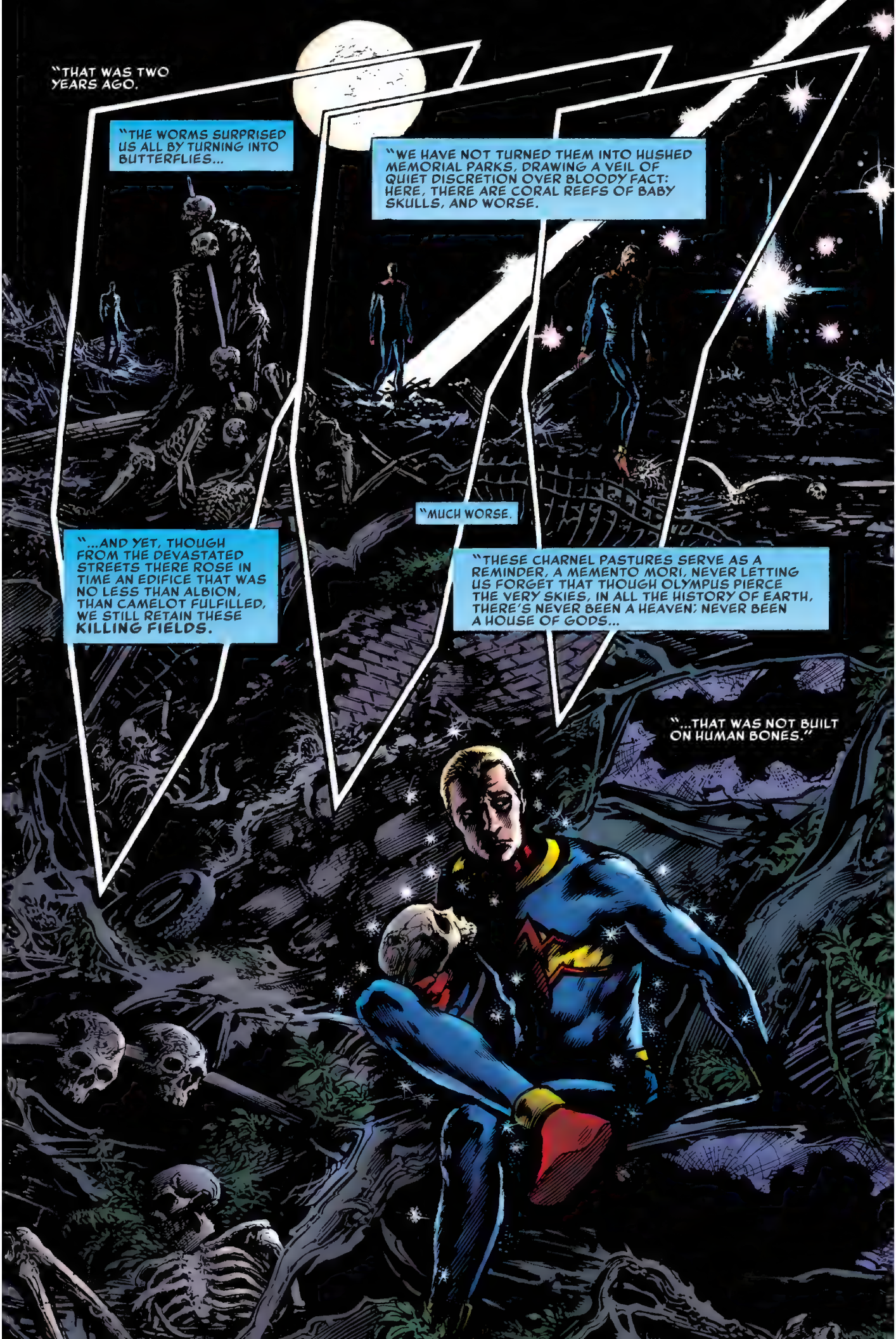
"...DRENCHED BY THE PETROL, I TOOK ON A FLICKERING SECOND SKIN OF LIQUID FIRE, SO THAT I COULD NOT SEE FOR FLAMES BUT ONLY HEARD HIS VOICE, HIS LAUGHTER.
"WHEN HE LAUGHED HE'D SOUND HIS AGE, WHICH WAS THIRTEEN.
"WHILE I BATHED IN RAW FLAME, THE WARPSMITH, WADING THROUGH COLD LOGIC, HAD ARRIVED AT A SOLUTION TO OUR PLIGHT.
"UNLIKE THE QYS, WHOM AZA CHORN HAD FOUGHT BEFORE, THESE TERRAN VARIANTS DID NOT RELY UPON A RANGE OF BODIES WITH TOUGH SKIN, BUT, SEEMINGLY, UPON A FORCE FIELD.
"WE'D DROPPED A BANK ON HIM. HE'D BEEN UNHARMED. WE'D WARPED HIM INTO STONE. HE'D BROKEN OUT...
"ONE DID NOT THROW BANKS AT FORCE FIELDS...
"...WHEN A PEBBLE MIGHT SUFFICE...
"...IF IT WERE PLACED INSIDE."

"GROTESQUELY, HE STILL LIVED, EACH OF HIS MORE-THAN-HUMAN CELLS GRIPPED BY A HORRID URGE TO CLING FAST AND SURVIVE.
"HE LIVED, HE ROARED, AND AS THE WARPSMITH REACHED FOR FURTHER MISSLES TO EMBED WITHIN OUR ENEMY...
"...HE STRUCK.
"STRUCK MORTALLY...
"...AND THE WARPSMITH, EYES GONE SOMEWHERE COLD, SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE PAIN, FACED DEATH LIKE SOME ALBINO SAMURAI AND INSOLENTLY STARED IT DOWN...
"...FOR JUST ONE VITAL INSTANT LONGER."
AAAOH SHIT!
"EVEN FOR HIM, THE PAIN MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE BEYOND IMAGINING. WE DO FEEL PAIN, THINGS SUCH AS WE, AND WHEN PAIN COMES WE HAVE NO PLACE TO HIDE FROM IT...
"...SAVE ONE."
Mmmruhh...
Mmruhh...murrukle...muhhn...

"THE RUSH OF AIR FROM THE EXPLOSION TORE THE CLOAK OF FLAMES FROM MY BACK, AND AS ITS ECHOES DIED I PEERED THROUGH SMOKE AND ASH TO SEE WHAT LINGERED AT THE CENTRE OF THE BLAST.
"A SMALL THING, SHIVERING AND ALONE..."
JOHNNY?
I...I DID IT AGAIN, DIDN'T I?
HE GOT OUT.
BAD JOHNNY GOT OUT.
I...I CAN'T KEEP HIM IN. I'M NOT STRONG ENOUGH. HE'LL JUST KEEP GETTING OUT! HE'LL JUST KEEP DOING IT AND DOING IT AND DOING IT...
Shhhh. IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.
IT'S NOT! IT'S NEVER GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!
I...LISTEN, I PROMISE YOU, YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO SUFFER THROUGH THAT AGAIN. KID MIRACLEMAN WON'T BE COMING BACK.
Y-YOU REALLY MEAN THAT? YOU'VE DISCOVERED SOME NEW WAY TO STOP ME CHANGING INTO HIM?
YES. YES, I HAVE.
OH THANK YOU.
THANK YOU, YOU DON'T KNOW...I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY.
THANK YOU.
THANK YOU.
THAT'S OKAY. IT'S OKAY. GOOD KID, JOHNNY...
...GOOD KID.

"I HELD HIM 'TIL THE SHUDDERING STOPPED, AND THEN 'TIL HE GREW COLD. OFF IN THE DISTANCE SIRENS CIRCLED US LIKE CARRION BIRDS, THEIR MODULATED SHRIEKS RINGING ACROSS THE WASTELANDS THROUGH THE RAIN.
"I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FIREMEN AND THE DUMBSTRUCK AMBULANCE CREWS. THE WORLD IN WHICH THEY TRIED TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT WOULD BE A DIFFERENT WORLD TO THAT IN WHICH THEY HAD BEGUN THEIR DAY.
"DIFFERENT FOREVER: ALL THE CATS WERE NOW OUT OF THE BAG, THE WORMS AT LAST FREED FROM THEIR TIN.

"I KNEW IN ALL THE WORLD THAT THERE EXISTED NO CAN LARGE ENOUGH FOR US TO EVER CRAM THEM ALL BACK IN.


"THAT WAS TWO YEARS AGO.
"THE WORMS SURPRISED US ALL BY TURNING INTO BUTTERFLIES...
"WE HAVE NOT TURNED THEM INTO HUSHED MEMORIAL PARKS, DRAWING A VEIL OF QUIET DISCRETION OVER BLOODY FACT: HERE, THERE ARE CORAL REEFS OF BABY SKULLS, AND WORSE.
"MUCH WORSE.
"...AND YET, THOUGH FROM THE DEVASTATED STREETS THERE ROSE IN TIME AN EDIFICE THAT WAS NO LESS THAN ALBION, THAN CAMELOT FULFILLED, WE STILL RETAIN THESE KILLING FIELDS.
"THESE CHARNEL PASTURES SERVE AS A REMINDER, A MEMENTO MORI, NEVER LETTING US FORGET THAT THOUGH OLYMPUS PIERCE THE VERY SKIES, IN ALL THE HISTORY OF EARTH, THERE'S NEVER BEEN A HEAVEN; NEVER BEEN A HOUSE OF GODS...
"...THAT WAS NOT BUILT ON HUMAN BONES."

"It's been six years since my rebirth. Though I'd suspected that the people would in some way mark the anniversary, I'd hoped, rather uncharitably, that they would not see fit to sacrifice small goats or children in my name.

"As it transpired, I was quite touched: They made a bonfire on the wasteland that was once Trafalgar Square and on it heaped their comic books, their films and novels filled with horror, science fiction, fantasy, and as it burned they cheered; cheered as the curling, burning pages fluttered up into the night; cheered to be done with times when wonder was a sad and wretched thing made only out of paper, out of celluloid.

◆◆◆◆

"A Telex came from Tokyo this morning. Their geneticists have reared a mouse that levitates; a glowing rabbit that can talk. Oh what a world, with super mice and atom rabbits, yet I dream of *more*.

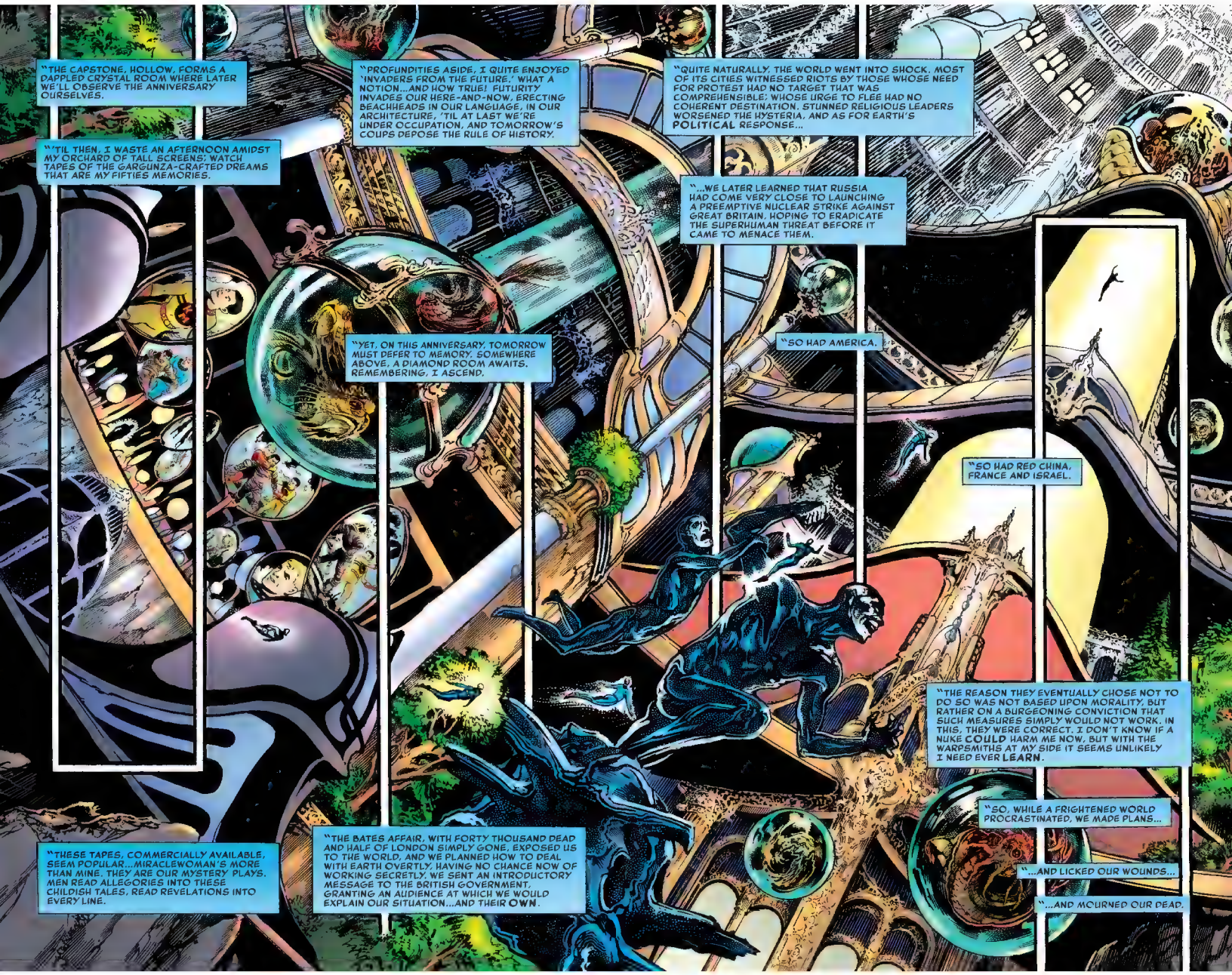
"I dream suburbias where every child is brave and funny, where a green-skinned scientist cackling at dusk or a journey to the sherbet-wastes of Mars are childhood commonplaces. I dream teenagers, the boys with letter sweatshirts, girls with single brushstroke brows, in endless ice cream parlours, never growing old or running out of flavours; dream them in moon-chilled jalopies when their sitcom day is through...the delicate perfume of sex and leatherette pervades the air, the radios playing new Gene Vincent songs, new episodes of discontinued but beloved shows.

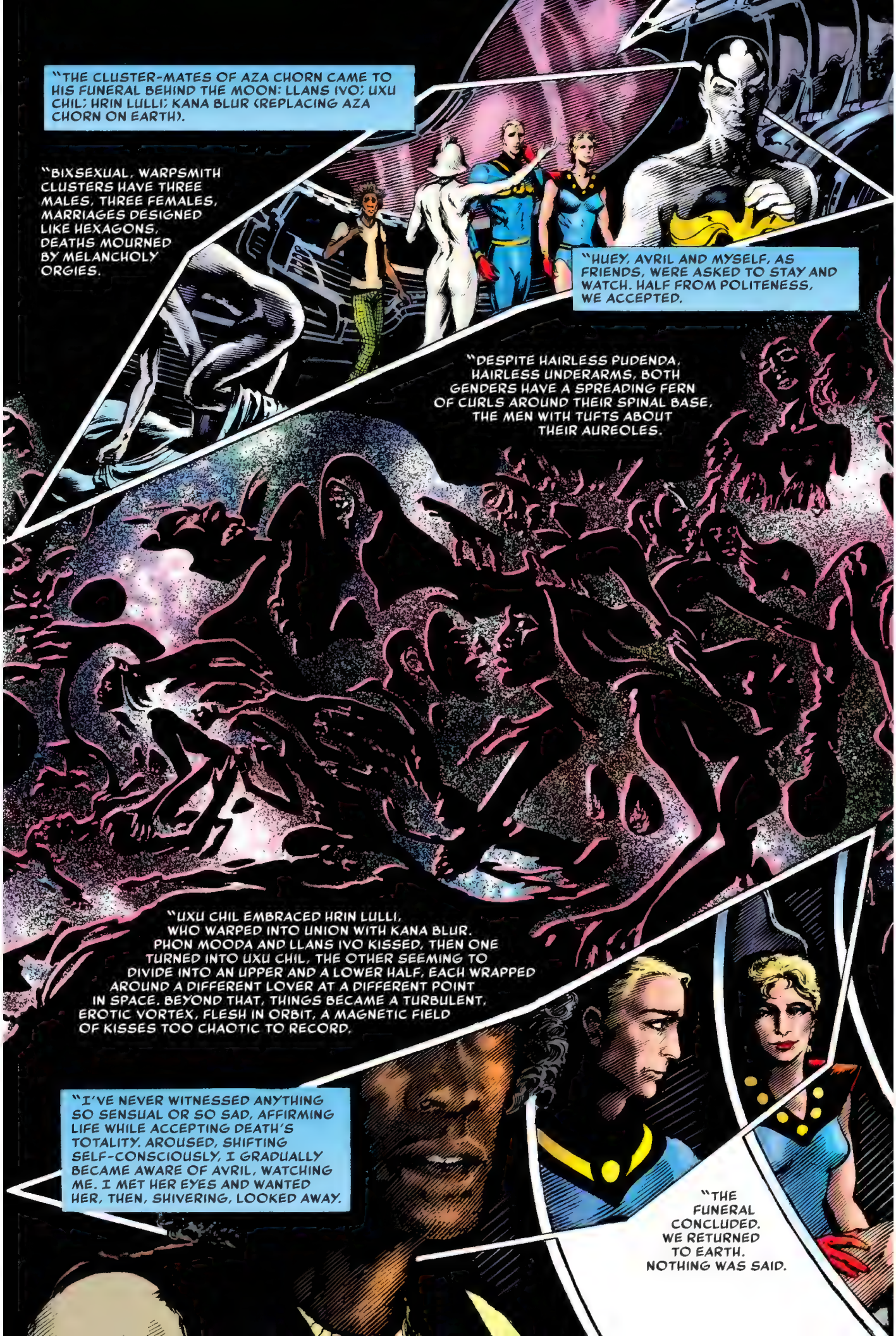
"I dream a world of heroes and exciting clothes, hoods cut away to show the hair or leotards made out of flags. I dream insignia, dream lightning flashes, planets, letters, stars; of bob-cut women wearing red stilettos, ice-blue half-length capes; of men in dominos, transparent blouses, slashing elegance of line in every wrinkle, every crease. I dream names like Doctor Satellite, Lady October, Johnny Analogue. I dream a world where everyone has sidekicks and caves to keep their eerie souvenirs.

"I dream of cities that old futurists would weep with joy to see; of wharfside neighbourhoods where tough kids track down spies, where crumbling tenements contort to teetering and eccentric shapes that seem to spell out words against the night.

"I dream a Piccadilly Circus where magicians dressed in toppers, tails or turbans wave hypnotically and conjure birds made out of steam, or scented fish or flowers that speak in verse for the delighted evening crowds. I dream of an Embankment where tall men with somber cloaks and names like Kismet, Destiny, or Fate will entertain a passerby with stories of her life to come, or chill her blood with supernatural parables, and all the while their hat-brim shadows hide their eyes.

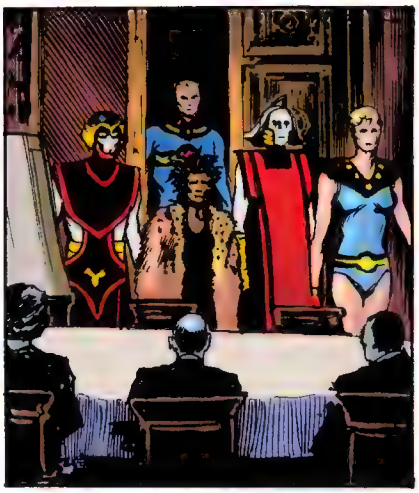
"I dream of rugged, mustard-yellow monsters from the deep, with vulgar and percussive names like Zax and Rul-Rah-Room. I dream a world of dreams fulfilled, a place where ecstasy and not his brother pain has run amok, and even as I dream I know my dreams are almost true, a planet of attained desire and concrete fantasy that spins and glitters, balanced on the diamond capstone of Olympus.

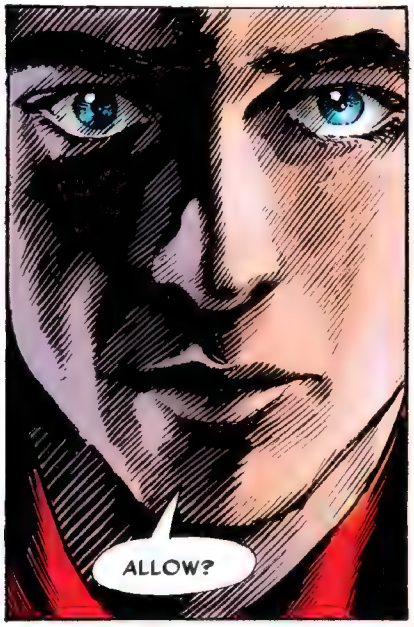

"THE CAPSTONE, HOLLOW, FORMS A DAPPLED CRYSTAL ROOM WHERE LATER WE'LL OBSERVE THE ANNIVERSARY OURSELVES.
"'TIL THEN, I WASTE AN AFTERNOON AMIDST MY ORCHARD OF TALL SCREENS; WATCH TAPES OF THE GARGUNZA-CRAFTED DREAMS THAT ARE MY FIFTIES MEMORIES.
"THESE TAPES, COMMERCIALLY AVAILABLE, SEEM POPULAR...MIRACLEWOMAN'S MORE THAN MINE. THEY ARE OUR MYSTERY PLAYS. MEN READ ALLEGORIES INTO THESE CHILDISH TALES, READ REVELATIONS INTO EVERY LINE.
"PROFUNDITIES ASIDE, I QUITE ENJOYED 'INVADERS FROM THE FUTURE.' WHAT A NOTION...AND HOW TRUE! FUTURITY INVADES OUR HERE-AND-NOW, ERECTING BEACHHEADS IN OUR LANGUAGE, IN OUR ARCHITECTURE, 'TIL AT LAST WE'RE UNDER OCCUPATION, AND TOMORROW'S COUPS DEPOSE THE RULE OF HISTORY.
"YET, ON THIS ANNIVERSARY, TOMORROW MUST DEFER TO MEMORY. SOMEWHERE ABOVE, A DIAMOND ROOM AWAITS. REMEMBERING, I ASCEND.
"THE BATES AFFAIR, WITH FORTY THOUSAND DEAD AND HALF OF LONDON SIMPLY GONE, EXPOSED US TO THE WORLD, AND WE PLANNED HOW TO DEAL WITH EARTH OVERTLY, HAVING NO CHANCE NOW OF WORKING SECRETLY. WE SENT AN INTRODUCTORY MESSAGE TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, GRANTING AN AUDIENCE AT WHICH WE WOULD EXPLAIN OUR SITUATION...AND THEIR OWN.
"QUITE NATURALLY, THE WORLD WENT INTO SHOCK. MOST OF ITS CITIES WITNESSED RIOTS BY THOSE WHOSE NEED FOR PROTEST HAD NO TARGET THAT WAS COMPREHENSIBLE; WHOSE URGE TO FLEE HAD NO COHERENT DESTINATION. STUNNED RELIGIOUS LEADERS WORSENED THE HYSTERIA, AND AS FOR EARTH'S POLITICAL RESPONSE...
"...WE LATER LEARNED THAT RUSSIA HAD COME VERY CLOSE TO LAUNCHING A PREEMPTIVE NUCLEAR STRIKE AGAINST GREAT BRITAIN, HOPING TO ERADICATE THE SUPERHUMAN THREAT BEFORE IT CAME TO MENACE THEM.
"SO HAD AMERICA.
"SO HAD RED CHINA, FRANCE AND ISRAEL.
"THE REASON THEY EVENTUALLY CHOSE NOT TO DO SO WAS NOT BASED UPON MORALITY, BUT RATHER ON A BURGEONING CONVICTION THAT SUCH MEASURES SIMPLY WOULD NOT WORK. IN THIS, THEY WERE CORRECT. I DON'T KNOW IF A NUKE COULD HARM ME NOW, BUT WITH THE WARPSMITHS AT MY SIDE IT SEEMS UNLIKELY I NEED EVER LEARN.
"SO, WHILE A FRIGHTENED WORLD PROCRASTINATED, WE MADE PLANS...
"...AND LICKED OUR WOUNDS...
"...AND MOURNED OUR DEAD.


"THE CLUSTER-MATES OF AZA CHORN CAME TO HIS FUNERAL BEHIND THE MOON: LLANS IVO; UXU CHIL; HRIN LULLI; KANA BLUR (REPLACING AZA CHORN ON EARTH).
"BIXSEXUAL, WARPSMITH CLUSTERS HAVE THREE MALES, THREE FEMALES, MARRIAGES DESIGNED LIKE HEXAGONS, DEATHS MOURNED BY MELANCHOLY ORGIES.
"HUEY, AVRIL AND MYSELF, AS FRIENDS, WERE ASKED TO STAY AND WATCH. HALF FROM POLITENESS, WE ACCEPTED.
"DESPITE HAIRLESS PUDENDA, HAIRLESS UNDERARMS, BOTH GENDERS HAVE A SPREADING FERN OF CURLS AROUND THEIR SPINAL BASE, THE MEN WITH TUFTS ABOUT THEIR AUREOLES.
"UXU CHIL EMBRACED HRIN LULLI, WHO WARPED INTO UNION WITH KANA BLUR. PHON MOODA AND LLANS IVO KISSED, THEN ONE TURNED INTO UXU CHIL, THE OTHER SEEMING TO DIVIDE INTO AN UPPER AND A LOWER HALF, EACH WRAPPED AROUND A DIFFERENT LOVER AT A DIFFERENT POINT IN SPACE. BEYOND THAT, THINGS BECAME A TURBULENT, EROTIC VORTEX, FLESH IN ORBIT, A MAGNETIC FIELD OF KISSES TOO CHAOTIC TO RECORD.
"I'VE NEVER WITNESSED ANYTHING SO SENSUAL OR SO SAD, AFFIRMING LIFE WHILE ACCEPTING DEATH'S TOTALITY. AROUSED, SHIFTING SELF-CONSCIOUSLY, I GRADUALLY BECAME AWARE OF AVRIL, WATCHING ME. I MET HER EYES AND WANTED HER, THEN, SHIVERING, LOOKED AWAY.
"THE FUNERAL CONCLUDED. WE RETURNED TO EARTH. NOTHING WAS SAID.

"THEN CAME OUR MEETING WITH THE GOVERNMENT.

"THEY ALL SEEMED NERVOUS. NO ONE SPOKE OR MET OUR EYES UNTIL I LAUNCHED INTO A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF OUR **PLANS:**





"AFTERWARDS, I WAS SURPRISED BY AVRIL'S **ANGER**."

"THE WAY SHE HUNG ON TO THE MINISTER BESIDE HER, VOICE TOO CHOKED TO SPEAK, HER EYES SO DAZED. WALKING AWAY, SHE LOOKED SO OLD, SO SUDDENLY...

"...I COULD NOT HATE HER.

"TWO DAYS LATER, PHON MOODA AND I ADDRESSED THE UNITED NATIONS, INCLUDING A SIZEABLE EMERGENCY DELEGATION FROM THE WARSAW PACT."
IN CONCLUSION, THEN, I MUST INFORM YOU THAT YOUR CHEMICAL, BIOLOGICAL AND NUCLEAR STOCKPILES ARE COMPLETELY DISORGANISED.
DISORGANISED?
UH, WE MAY BE HAVING SOME LANGUAGE DIFFICULTIES HERE.
GERMANY
FRANCE
UNITED STATES
DOES THE YOUNG LADY MEAN THAT OUR DEFENCES ARE DISORGANISED ON A POLITICAL LEVEL?
NO.
Ha, ha, ha.
NO, BUT SERIOUSLY, WHILE WE APPRECIATE YOUR ATTEMPTS TO INTERJECT LEVITY INTO SOMEWHAT TENSE PROCEEDINGS, THIS IS A VERY REAL ISSUE.
FURTHERMORE, IF WE ARE TO...
BEEBEEBEEBEEBEE
A MOLECULAR LEVEL.
WE TELEPORTED THEM INTO THE SUN FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO.
LES ARMES NUCLÉAIR TOMBENT DANS LE SOLEIL: POUF! Hehn, hehn, hehn...
UH, EXCUSE ME...

"LATER, ASTRONOMERS ANNOUNCED A TINY FLARE UPON THE SUN'S PERIMETER. IN NUCLEAR TERMS, THE SUN IS AN UNSHIELDED GIANT REACTOR, SEVERAL MILLION TIMES AS BIG AS EARTH ITSELF.

"I DON'T SUPPOSE IT EVEN NOTICED.

"BUT THE EARTH...THE EARTH NOTICED."

WHAT ARE THESE?

VERBAL WARHEADS. I SUPPOSE THEY'RE ALL EARTH HAS LEFT TO LAUNCH AT US.

THE CONSERVATIVE MEDIA SEEM TO THINK THAT THE WORLD HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF SUPER-LIBERALS.

MEANWHILE, THE LIBERAL PRESS SAYS WE'RE INTERFERING WITH HUMAN DESTINY AND TAKING AWAY THEIR FREE WILL.

BULLSHIT. YOU SEE SOME LITTLE KID JUST ABOUT TO DRINK CLOROX, YOU GONNA TAKE AWAY HIS FREE WILL OR HE AIN'T GONNA GET NO DESTINY.

I DON'T KNOW. THE ISSUE OF HUMAN FREE WILL IS MORE COMPLEX THAN THAT...

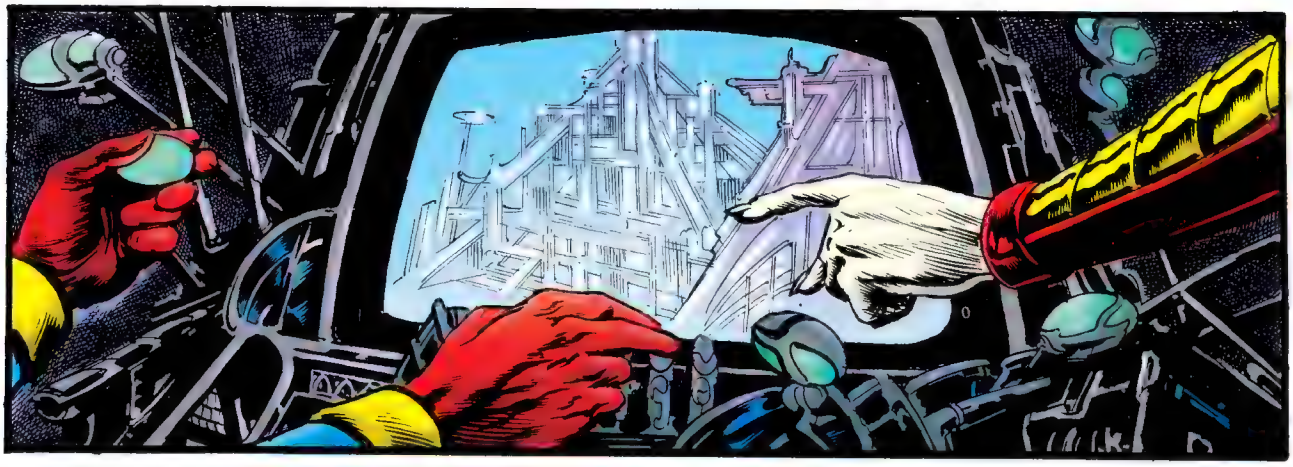
MICHAEL, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU PERSIST IN SEEING THE STATE OF BEING HUMAN AS SOMETHING SPECIAL.

DID HUMANS ASK SUCH AGONISED QUESTIONS ABOUT THE FREE WILL OF COWS, OR THE DESTINY OF FISH?

BESIDES, WE'RE TAKING NOTHING FROM THEM. WE'LL GIVE THEM MORE FREE WILL THAN THEY EVER DREAMED OF OR WANTED.

WE'RE GOING TO LOVE THEM, MICHAEL.

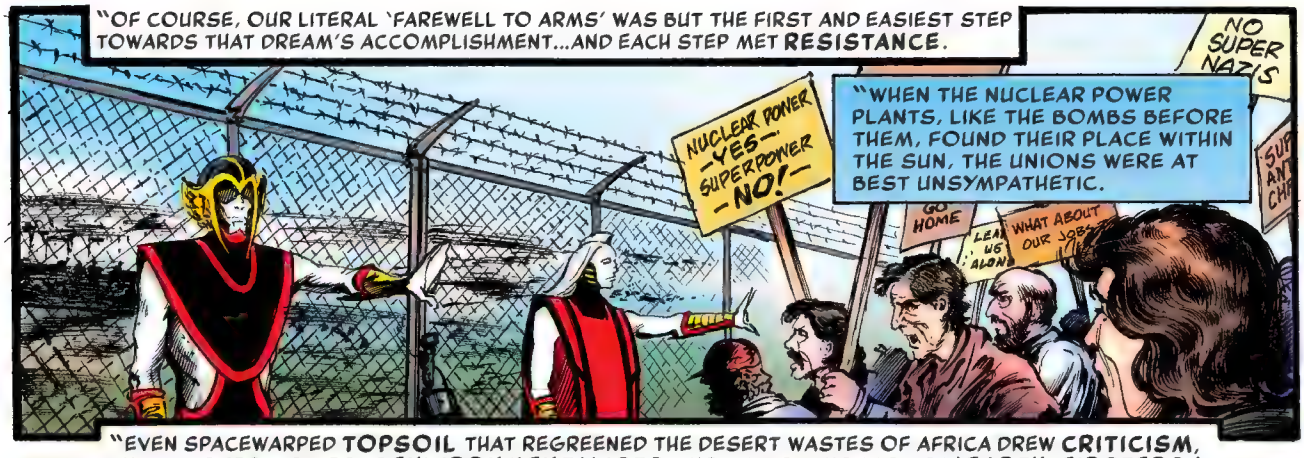
WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THEM PERFECT.



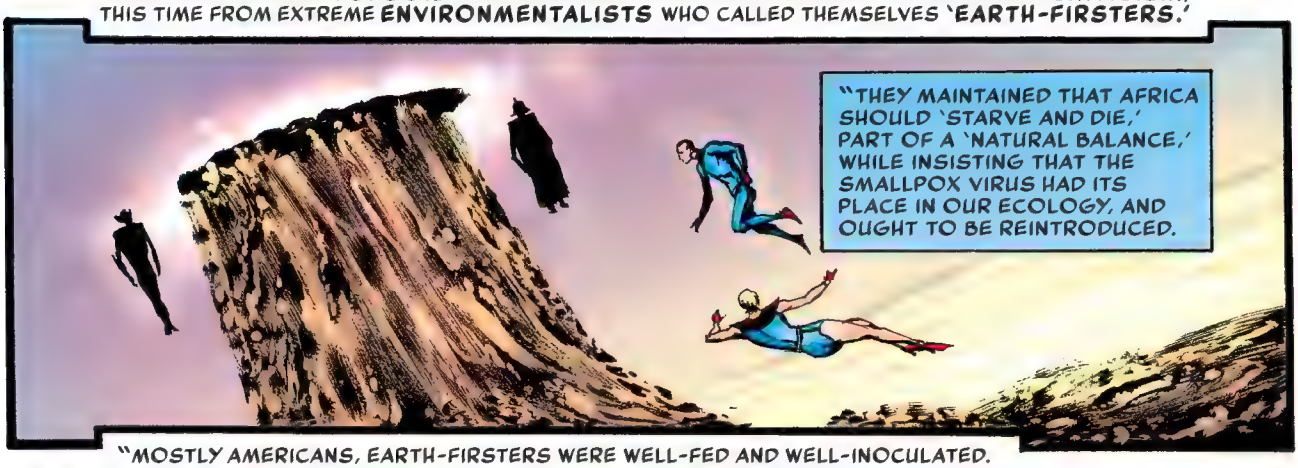
"AND THUS WE DRAFTED PURE AND ABSTRACT BLUEPRINTS, FREE FROM MORAL COMPLICATIONS, AND WERE ARCHITECTS OF DREAMS.

"OF COURSE, OUR LITERAL 'FAREWELL TO ARMS' WAS BUT THE FIRST AND EASIEST STEP TOWARDS THAT DREAM'S ACCOMPLISHMENT...AND EACH STEP MET **RESISTANCE**.

"WHEN THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS, LIKE THE BOMBS BEFORE THEM, FOUND THEIR PLACE WITHIN THE SUN, THE UNIONS WERE AT BEST UNSYMPATHETIC.

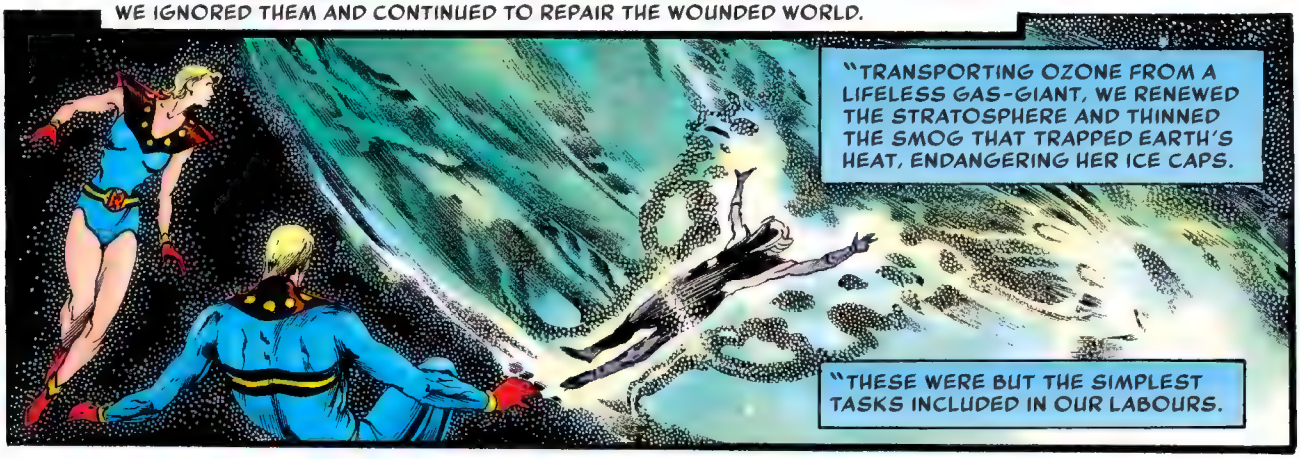


"EVEN SPACEWARPED **TOPSOIL** THAT REGREENED THE DESERT WASTES OF AFRICA DREW **CRITICISM**, THIS TIME FROM EXTREME **ENVIRONMENTALISTS** WHO CALLED THEMSELVES **'EARTH-FIRSTERS.'**



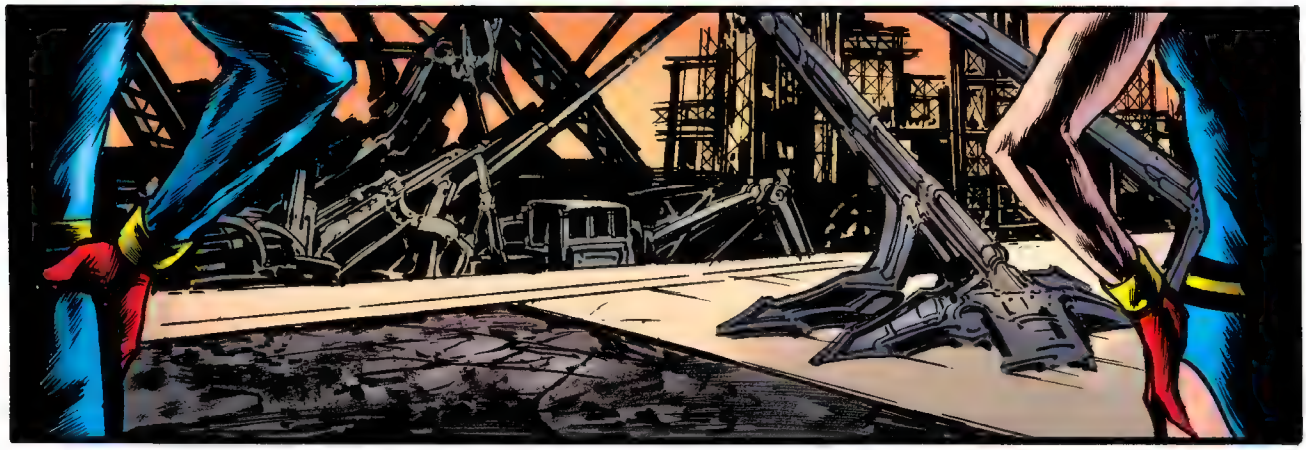
"THEY MAINTAINED THAT AFRICA SHOULD 'STARVE AND DIE,' PART OF A 'NATURAL BALANCE,' WHILE INSISTING THAT THE SMALLPOX VIRUS HAD ITS PLACE IN OUR ECOLOGY, AND OUGHT TO BE REINTRODUCED.

"MOSTLY AMERICANS, EARTH-FIRSTERS WERE WELL-FED AND WELL-INOCULATED. WE IGNORED THEM AND CONTINUED TO REPAIR THE WOUNDED WORLD.



"TRANSPORTING OZONE FROM A LIFELESS GAS-GIANT, WE RENEWED THE STRATOSPHERE AND THINNED THE SMOG THAT TRAPPED EARTH'S HEAT, ENDANGERING HER ICE CAPS.

"THESE WERE BUT THE SIMPLEST TASKS INCLUDED IN OUR LABOURS.



"YET WE TOILED AND STOPPED THE BLIGHT, PREVENTED THE SUBSIDENCE, MAKING OUR FOUNDATIONS GOOD, OUR EXCAVATIONS GRADUALLY UNCOVERING THE FUTURE, ARCHAEOLOGY STAGED IN REVERSE, AND WE WERE THE BUILDERS OF TOMORROW.

"STILL, TOMORROW WAS NOT SOLELY BUILT WITH EARTH, AIR, ENERGY AND WATER. THERE EXIST **FIVE** ELEMENTS: THE FIFTH IS **MONEY**."

HELLO.

LET'S TALK ABOUT MONEY.

FOR LACK OF IT, BRAZIL MUST LEVEL PRECIOUS **FORESTS**, WITH OTHER NATIONS HUNTING PRECIOUS **WHALE MEAT** TO SURVIVE.

POOR PEOPLE CANNOT PUT THE ENVIRONMENT BEFORE THEIR CHILDREN'S BELLIES.

AND YET, WHAT IS MONEY?

MONEY IS A **PROMISE**, TO REDEEM THE CASH OF EVERY BEARER FOR ITS WORTH IN GOLD OR MERCHANDISE.

AN **EMPTY** PROMISE. SHOULD WE ALL DEMAND AT ONCE REDEMPTION OF OUR COINS, WE'D LEARN SUCH WEALTH DOES NOT EXIST.

MONEY'S **IMAGINARY**; REAL IF WE **BELIEVE** IN IT.

RICH NATIONS, HONOURING EACH OTHER'S EMPTY PROMISES, ASSURE THEIR MUTUAL **CREDIBILITY**...

...AND **ALWAYS** WITH THE FORCE OF **ARMS** TO SEE THAT **EVERYONE** BELIEVES!

NO MORE.

FROM AUGUST, EVERYTHING IS **FREE**; NATIONAL SURPLUS TELEPORTED TO THOSE NATIONS MOST IN NEED UNTIL THEY MASTER SELF-SUFFICIENCY.

EACH SOUL SHALL HAVE FREE CLOTHING, FOOD AND SHELTER, ENTERTAINMENT, EDUCATION, ALL REQUIREMENTS FOR A WORTHWHILE LIFE...

...WITH GREATER LUXURIES FOR THOSE WHO **WISH** TO WORK PROVIDING THE ABOVE.

COME SUMMER, MONEY WON'T EXIST...

...BUT THEN, IT NEVER **DID**.

GOOD NIGHT.

SPECIAL BROADCAST

"...AND THUS WE CALCULATED COSTS AND ALLOCATED PROFITS, AND WE WERE ACCOUNTANTS OF UTOPIA.

"ONCE THINGS WERE FREE, THE CRIME RATE PLUMMETED. ENCOURAGING THIS TREND, WE LEGALISED ALL DRUGS, WHILE SATURATING EARTH WITH HONEST INFORMATION ON THEIR TOXIC OR BENIGN EFFECTS.

"DRUG SMUGGLING PERISHED, ALMOST OVERNIGHT. THE CRIME CARTELS INVOLVED, THEIR FISCAL BASE DESTROYED, WAGED ALL-OUT WAR THAT **WE** SHOULD PERISH **ALSO.**

"SOMETIMES I ALMOST **MISS** THOSE DARK-EYED MAFIA PRINCES; GUATEMALAN PHARMA-CRATS IN THEIR EXQUISITE COLOURED SHIRTS. THE PLANET SEEMS SO QUIET WITHOUT THEM.

"OBVIOUSLY, CRIMINALS STILL EXISTED, BUT THE WARPSMITHS HAD SOME FASCINATING NOTIONS THAT ASSISTED US WITH THESE:

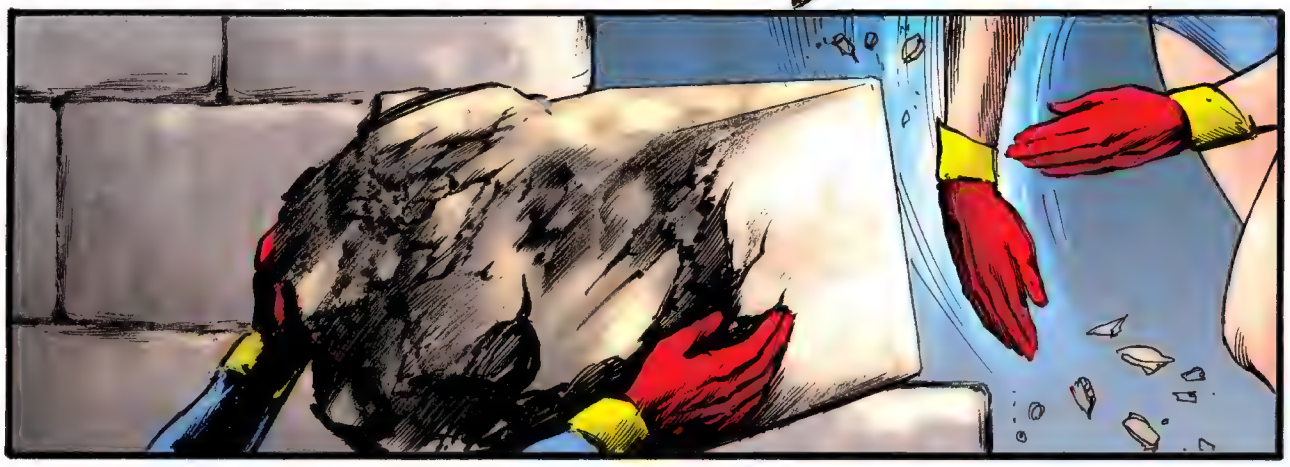
"THEY HAD IDENTIFIED A LARGE PROPORTION OF COMPULSIVE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY AS BASED ON PHYSICAL ADDICTION TO THE BODY'S OWN ADRENALINE.

"PROVIDING AN ORGANIC SUBSTITUTE...A LEAF THAT'S JUICES WERE A NATURAL ADRENOCHROME... WE FOUND THAT CRIME AGAIN DECREASED.

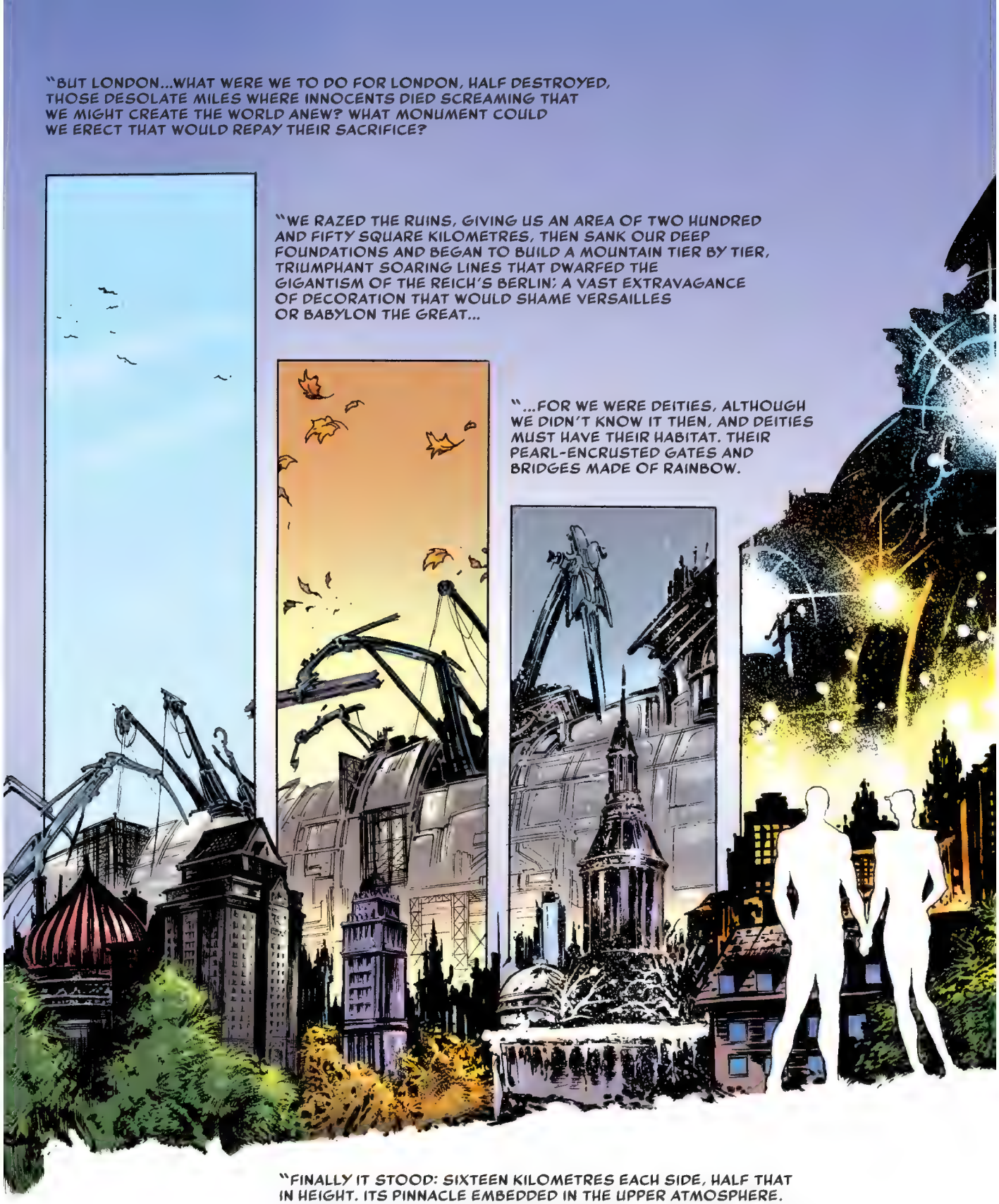
"THAT LEFT THE PSYCHOPATHS AND BRUTES, THE RED-FACED MEN AND ICE-FACED WOMEN. THESE WERE DEALT WITH INDIVIDUALLY. SOME ARE PERHAPS INCURABLE, BUT MANY HAVE RESPONDED WELL.

"CHARLES MANSON RUNS A CARE GROUP NOW FOR INFANTS THAT HAVE BEEN ABUSED. THOUGH HE STILL FINDS BLACK CHILDREN HARDER TO RELATE TO, HE PERCEIVES HIS PROBLEM, WORKING HARD TO COUNTER IT.

"BY 1986, WE HAD DEMOLISHED EARTH'S LAST PENITENTIARY.



"THUS WE HEWED STONES, SMOOTHING AWAY THEIR ROUGHEST EDGES, AND WERE MASONS OF UTOPIA.



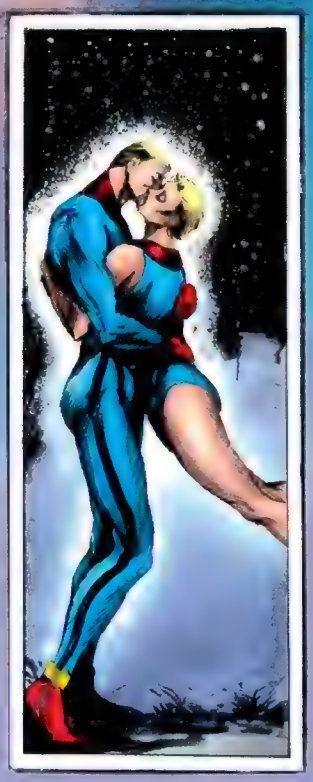
"FINALLY IT STOOD: SIXTEEN KILOMETRES EACH SIDE, HALF THAT IN HEIGHT. ITS PINNACLE EMBEDDED IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE. UPON THAT PEAK WE PLACED A MASSIVE HOLLOW DIAMOND WE'D IMPORTED FROM THE CARBON CRYSTAL ASTEROIDS THAT CIRCLE ALTAIR. SOMETIMES IT REFRACTS THE EVENING SUN, CASTING COLOURED LIGHTS UPON THE SWIRLS BELOW, A BIFROST FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

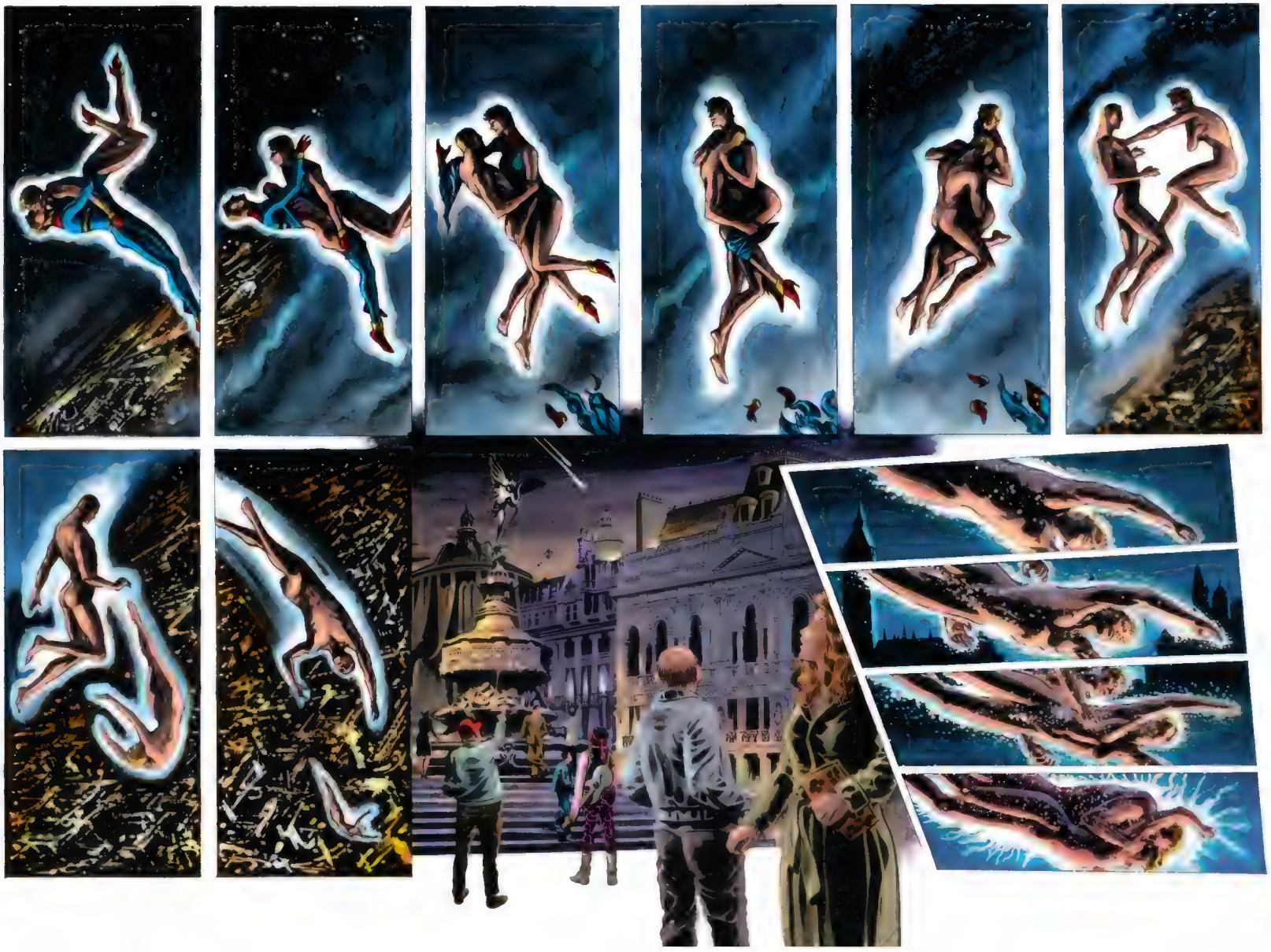
"AND THUS WE BREATHED MYTHOLOGY, SPAT FABLES, SWEATED LEGENDS, AND WERE GODLINGS OF OLYMPUS.

"THE NIGHT OF THE COMPLETION WE HELD HANDS, HER BEAUTY MAKING ME FORGET THAT SHE WAS REAL, AND SO I CLOSED MY EYES AND FELT THE WARMTH HER BODY RADIATED, STANDING CLOSE TO MINE, AND HEARD HER VELLUM SKIN WHISPER AGAINST HER UNIFORM EACH TIME SHE'D MOVE OR SHIFT HER LONGINGLY IMAGINED WEIGHT...

"...AND OH, THE SMELL OF HER, THE EARL-GREY SCENT BENEATH HER ARMS, THE JUNGLE PERFUME WHERE HER THIGHS CLUNG MOMENTARILY TOGETHER, PEELED APART AS SHE STEPPED CLOSER; AND, WITH EYES STILL CLOSED, I FELT HER GLOVE AGAINST MY CHEEK, FELT SOMETHING WET AND STRONG PUSH TRUSTINGLY BETWEEN MY TEETH WHICH IN THE PAST HAVE CHEWED THROUGH STEEL...

"...AND THEN IT WAS THE FIRST TIME; IT WAS REAL AND I STOPPED TURNING ALL THE THINGS THAT I WAS FEELING INTO WORDS INSIDE MY HEAD, AND EVERYTHING JUST HAPPENED...





DEO
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"AVRIL WAS FIRST TO RECOGNISE OUR GODHOOD'S POSSIBILITIES AND DANGERS...

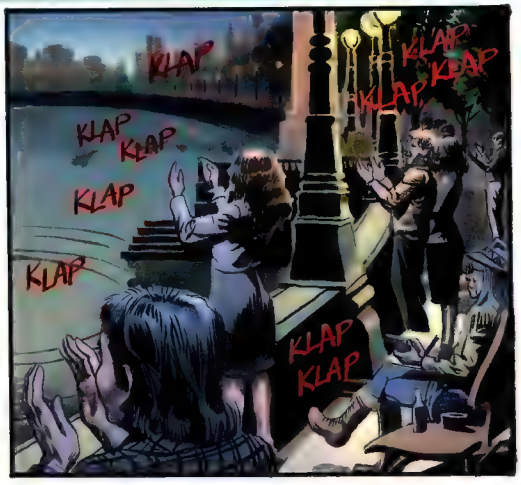
"...FIRST TO RECOGNISE HUMANITY'S AFFLICTIONS WERE IN PART BORN OF ITS BROKEN HEART, RESOLVING TO BECOME OUR GOD OF LOVE AND SET THAT HEART TO RIGHTS.

"FLAUNTING CELESTIAL TRADITION, SHE REJECTED A THEOLOGY THAT FAILED TO RECOGNISE **ALL** THINGS AS GODS, AND TO THIS END SUGGESTED OUR **EUGENICS PROGRAM**, SHIPPING FROZEN SPERM TO WOMEN WHO DESIRED TO REAR A DEITY.

"SOON, GODS SHALL BE NO MORE, FOR **ALL** ARE GODS THROUGH HER, THE FIRST GOD EVER TO SO LOVE MANKIND THAT SHE'D DECREE THEM EQUALLY DIVINE, SURRENDERING HER OWN UNIQUE DIVINITY.

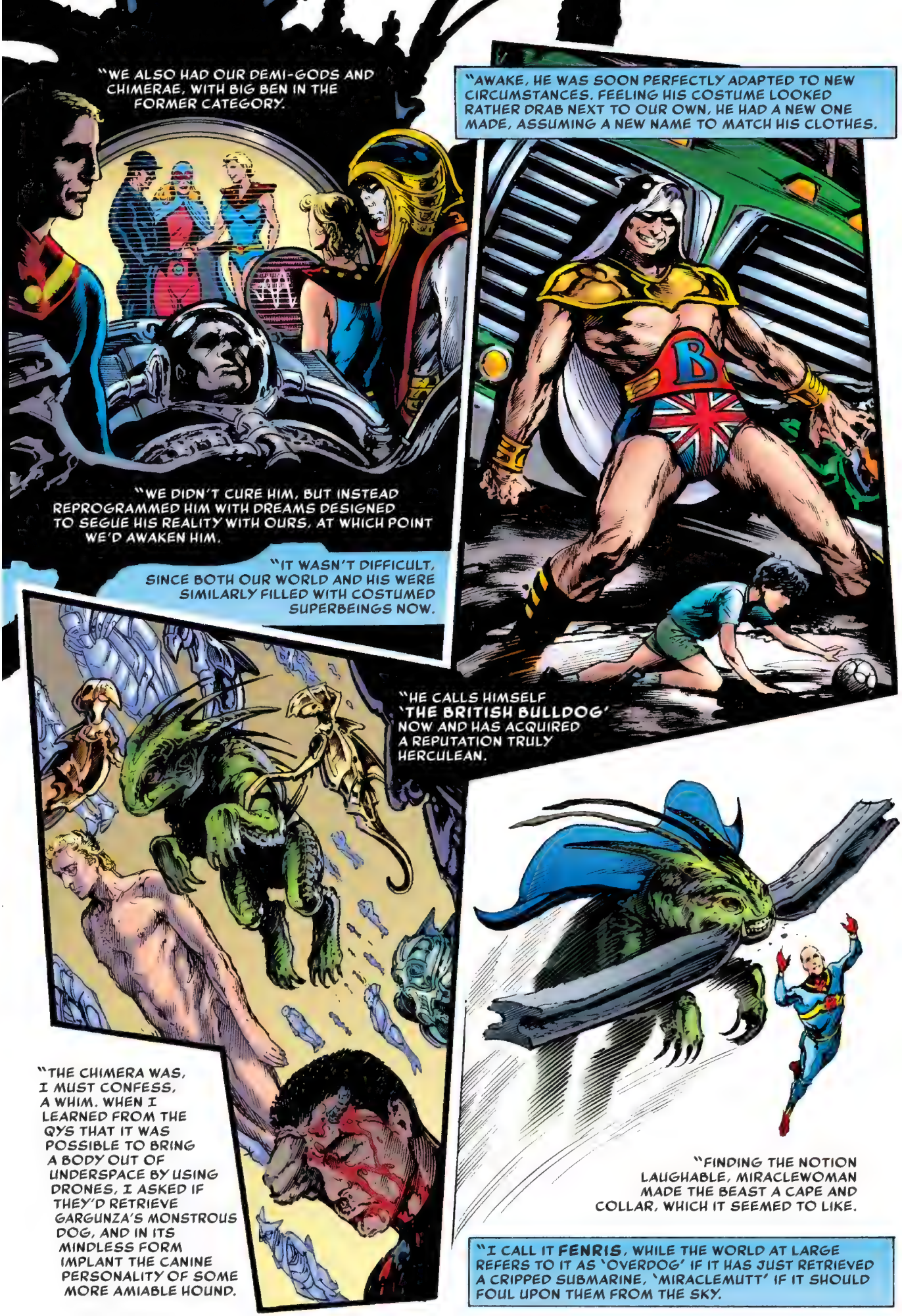
"AVRIL, I LOVED YOU THEN...

"...AND YOU LOVED EVERYONE.

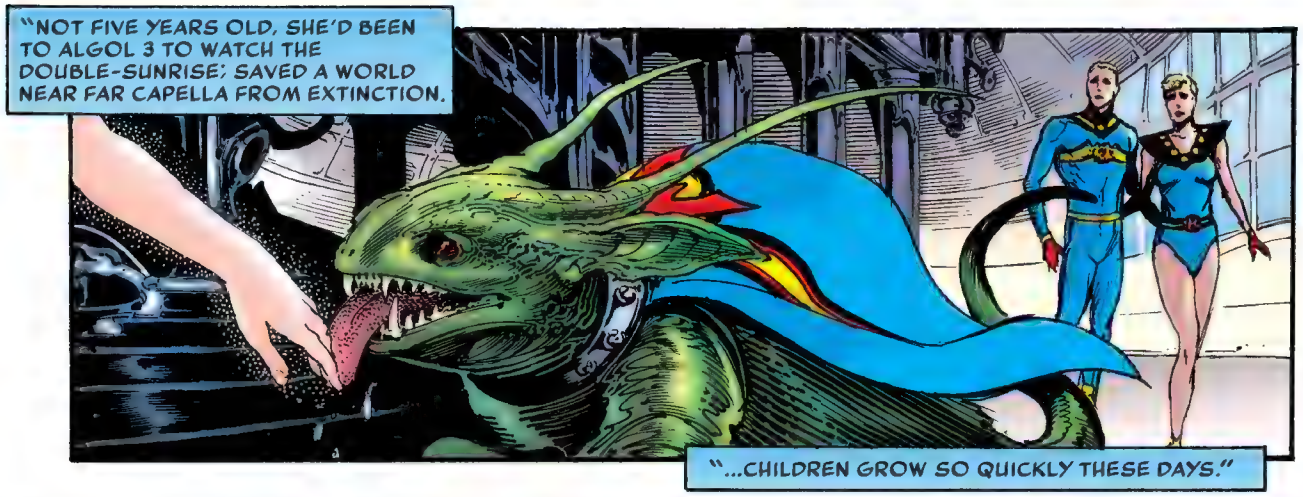


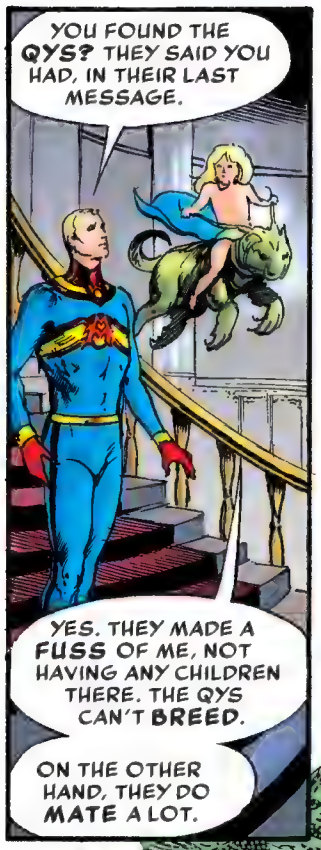
"NEW GODS: ONCE AVRIL TOOK UPON HERSELF THE ASPECT OF FAIR APHRODITE WE WERE QUICK TO FOLLOW SUIT, CHOOSING WHICHEVER ARCHETYPAL ROLE BEST SUITED US.
"NEW GODS: THE WARPSMITHS, OUR QUICKSILVER COURIERS, FLICKERED ABOUT THE GLOBE INSTRUCTING OTHERS IN THE SYSTEMS OF OUR TECHNO-POLITICS; STREAMLINING THE COMMUNICATION-WEB IN WHICH OUR PLANET HUNG.
"SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY TO VIEW EARTH'S MANY CULTURES AT FIRST HAND, THE LANGUAGE THAT THEY MOST ADMIRED WAS ESKIMO, WITH ALL THOSE DIFFERENT WORDS FOR SNOW. THE JAPANESE, HOWEVER, WERE APPARENTLY THE RACE WITH WHICH THEY FELT THE MOST AFFINITY.
"OUR RAGGED FIRE-GOD, HUEY MOON, TOOK CHARGE OF MEETING EARTH'S DEMANDS FOR ENERGY, CREATING WINDMILL FORESTS; COASTAL WATERWHEELS; CONVERTING OBSOLETE SPACE WEAPONRY INTO REFLECTOR SATELLITES; TAPPING THE GEOTHERMAL PULSE, WARMING HIS ASH-GREY PALMS AGAINST THE SCALDING BLOOD OF EARTH.
"NEW GODS: A QYS NAMED MORS WAS SENT TO EARTH, THAT QYS SHOULD BE MORE FULLY REPRESENTED.
"EXPERT IN CREATING ARTIFICIAL BODIES, MORS HAD OTHER SKILLS BESIDES: FOR INSTANCE, PEOPLE RECENTLY DECEASED LEAVE FAINT VIBRATIONS, ECHOES OF THEIR PERSONALITY WHICH COULD BE CAPTURED AND EMBODIED IN AN ANDROID THAT ENJOYED FULL LIFE WITHIN THE LIMITED SUSTAINING FIELD THAT MORS ERECTED IN THE BASEMENT OF OLYMPUS.
"IT BECAME OUR UNDERWORLD. LAST JUNE, WE STARTED BRINGING BACK THE DEAD."

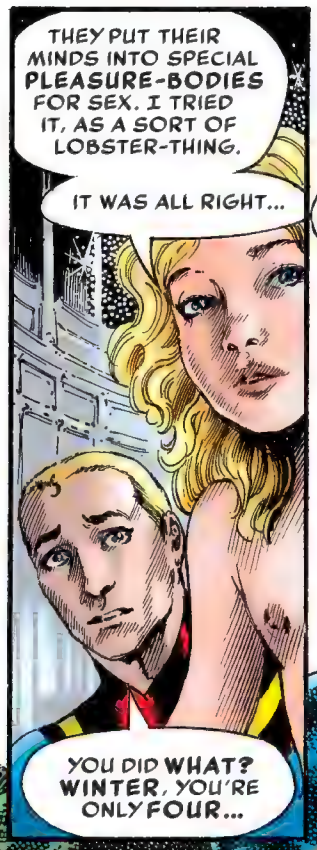
MORS, YOU'VE MADE THIS PLACE LOOK WONDERFUL...THE GRASS, THE MIST, THE HIDDEN LIGHTING...
...HOW FAR BACK ARE THE PERSONAL VIBRATIONS OF THE DEAD STILL TRACEABLE? COULD YOU RECOVER EINSTEIN, SAY?
NO. NOT YET. SO FAR MY INSTRUMENTS ARE ONLY FINE ENOUGH TO REGISTER THOSE WHO HAVE DIED WITHIN THE PREVIOUS EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
WE ONLY JUST GOT ANDY WARHOL.
WARHOL'S HERE?
EIGHTEEN OF HIM.
OF ALL MY SUBJECTS, HE SEEMED MOST DELIGHTED WITH AN ARTIFICIAL BODY, AND SUGGESTED THAT I MASS-PRODUCE IT.
I ACQUIESCED. IT SEEMED AN INTERESTING IDEA.
HE INTERVIEWS HIMSELVES, OR GANGS UP ON TRUMAN CAPOTE IN DEBATES.
THE CONVERSATION HERE IS QUITE SUBLIME, AND OTHERWISE WOULD GO UNHEARD...UNLESS IT WERE IN HEAVEN.
Hmm. YOUR SUBJECTS LIKE LIVING HERE, THEN?
NOT NECESSARILY...
...BUT THEY LIKE LIVING.
"SOMEWHERE ACROSS THE ENDLESS TWILIGHT GARDENS MARVIN GAYE SANG, UNACCOMPANIED, 'HOW SWEET IT IS,' AS MORS, OUR CHARON, FERRIED ME ACROSS HIS BURIED, ARTIFICIAL RIVER BACK TOWARDS A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE BREATHED, AND KNEW THE SUN.

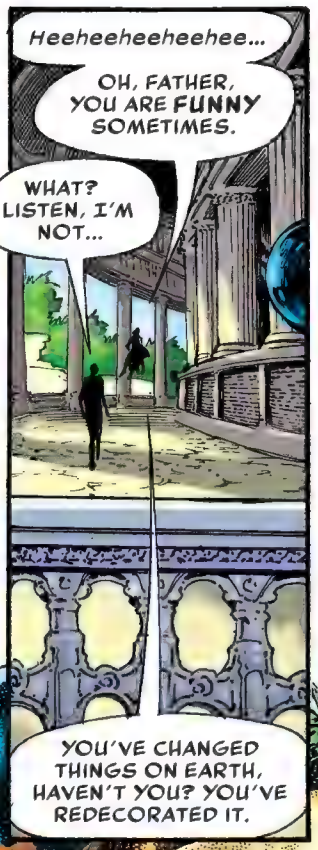

"WE ALSO HAD OUR DEMI-GODS AND CHIMERAE, WITH BIG BEN IN THE FORMER CATEGORY.
"AWAKE, HE WAS SOON PERFECTLY ADAPTED TO NEW CIRCUMSTANCES. FEELING HIS COSTUME LOOKED RATHER DRAB NEXT TO OUR OWN, HE HAD A NEW ONE MADE, ASSUMING A NEW NAME TO MATCH HIS CLOTHES.
"WE DIDN'T CURE HIM, BUT INSTEAD REPROGRAMMED HIM WITH DREAMS DESIGNED TO SEGUE HIS REALITY WITH OURS, AT WHICH POINT WE'D AWAKEN HIM.
"IT WASN'T DIFFICULT, SINCE BOTH OUR WORLD AND HIS WERE SIMILARLY FILLED WITH COSTUMED SUPERBEINGS NOW.
B
"HE CALLS HIMSELF 'THE BRITISH BULLDOG' NOW AND HAS ACQUIRED A REPUTATION TRULY HERCULEAN.
"THE CHIMERA WAS, I MUST CONFESS, A WHIM. WHEN I LEARNED FROM THE QYS THAT IT WAS POSSIBLE TO BRING A BODY OUT OF UNDERSPACE BY USING DRONES, I ASKED IF THEY'D RETRIEVE GARGUNZA'S MONSTROUS DOG, AND IN ITS MINDLESS FORM IMPLANT THE CANINE PERSONALITY OF SOME MORE AMIABLE HOUND.
"FINDING THE NOTION LAUGHABLE, MIRACLEWOMAN MADE THE BEAST A CAPE AND COLLAR, WHICH IT SEEMED TO LIKE.
"I CALL IT FENRIS, WHILE THE WORLD AT LARGE REFERS TO IT AS 'OVERDOG' IF IT HAS JUST RETRIEVED A CRIPPED SUBMARINE, 'MIRACLEMUTT' IF IT SHOULD FOUL UPON THEM FROM THE SKY.

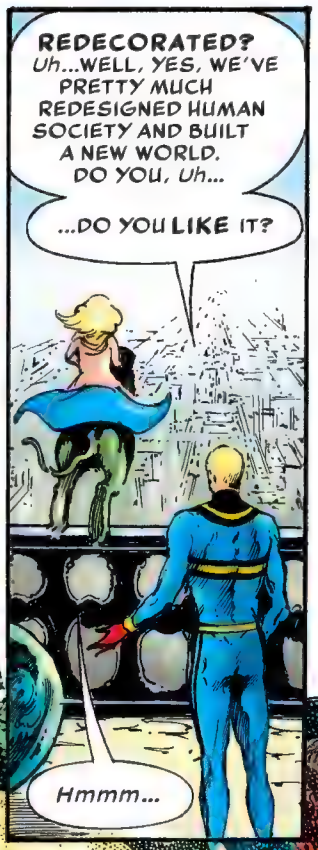
"THEN, IN THE SEASON FOR WHICH SHE WAS NAMED, MY DAUGHTER FOUND HER WAY BACK HOME.

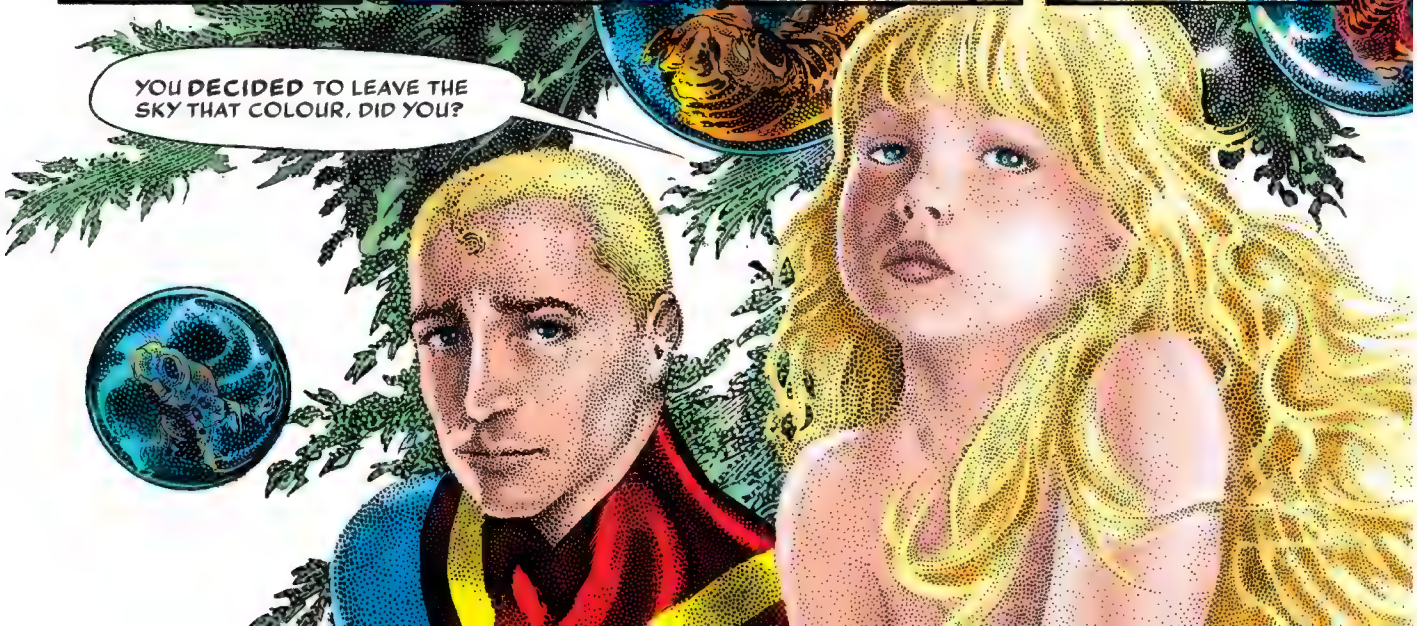












"DESPITE INITIAL RESERVATIONS WITH REGARD TO DECOR, WINTER SOON TOOK ON A USEFUL ROLE WITHIN OUR NEW SOCIETY.

"THE FIRST NEW SUPER-BABIES, FRUIT OF OUR EUGENICS PLAN, WERE BEING BORN AROUND THAT TIME. MY DAUGHTER MADE SUGGESTIONS TO INCREASE THE MOTHERS' COMFORT AND HELPED SUPERVISE THE BIRTHS.

"WITHIN THE YEAR, A TEAM OF HER CONTEMPORARIES WAS ASSISTING HER WITH THIS.

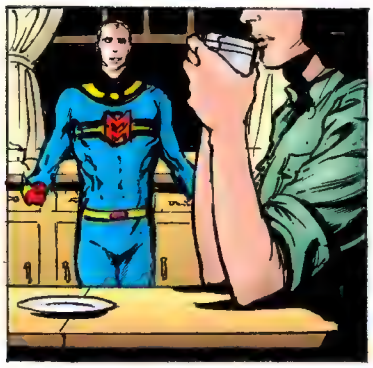
"THE NEXT STAGE IN THE GRADUAL APOTHEOSIS OF THE HUMAN RACE WAS TO LET HUMAN VOLUNTEERS RECEIVE A VERSION OF GARGUNZA'S PROCESS, GROWING THEM ALTERNATE SUPERHUMAN BODIES OF THEIR OWN.

"NOW **EVERYONE** COULD BE A GOD, AND NO ONE NEED LET FEELINGS OF INFERIORITY PUT BARRIERS BETWEEN THEMSELVES AND THOSE WHO WERE AS DEITIES.

"NO ONE AT ALL."

...AND SO, YOU SEE, THIS SOLVES **EVERYTHING. YOU** COULD HAVE A SUPERHUMAN BODY **TOO**. YOU COULD **BE**...

MRS. MIRACLE?



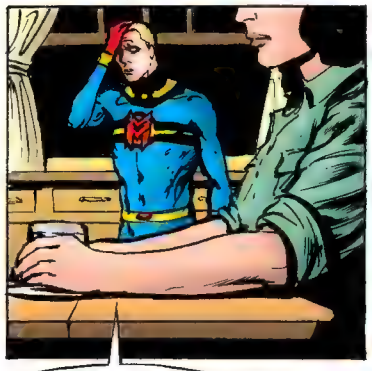
Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha. WELL, YES, IF YOU **LIKE**. YOU WOULDN'T FEEL **OUT** OF THINGS ANY MORE. YOU COULD BE WITH **ME**, AND **WINTER**...

...AND **MIRACLE-MONROE?**

PERHAPS I COULD TAKE THE BABY FOR A FLY AROUND THE PARK WHILE YOU TWO WERE SCREWING IN FLEET STREET?

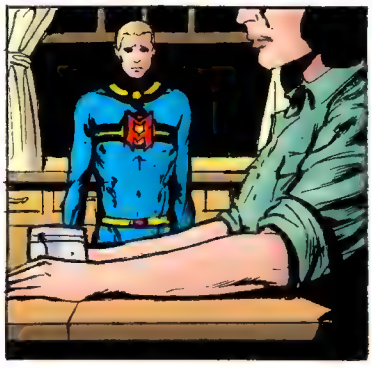
OH LIZ...

...LOOK, THERE'S NO NEED TO BE JEALOUS OF **AVRIL**. WE'VE GONE **BEYOND** POSSESSIVENESS AND JEALOUSY. WHEN **YOU'RE** LIKE US, YOU'LL **UNDERSTAND**.

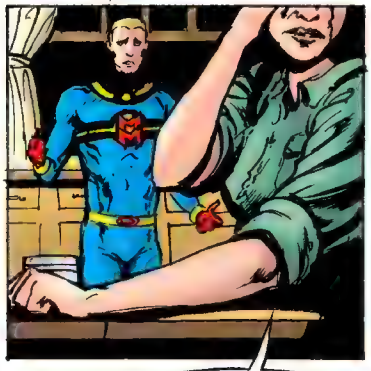


THERE'S A WAITING LIST FOR THE CONVERSIONS, BUT I COULD MOVE YOU TO THE TOP OF IT...

GET OUT.



LIZ? LOOK, COME ON. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE TURNING **DOWN**...



...AND **YOU'VE** FORGOTTEN WHAT YOU'RE ASKING ME TO GIVE **UP**.

JUST GET **OUT**. GET OUT AND PLEASE DON'T COME HERE ANYMORE.

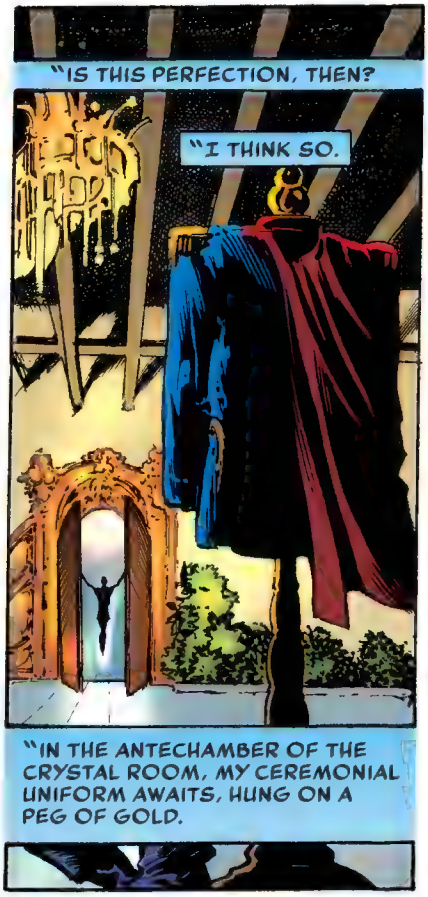
"ELIZABETH MORAN, NÉE SULLIVAN; MY WIFE; THE MOTHER OF MY CHILD...

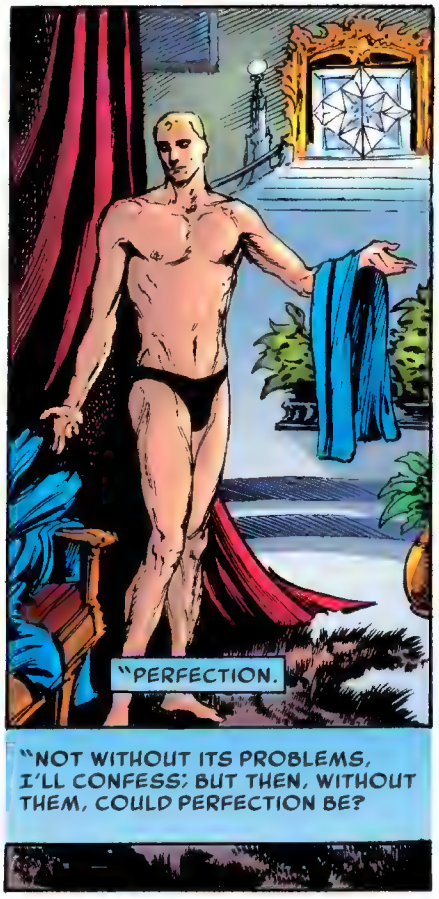
"...I HAVE NOT SEEN HER SINCE.

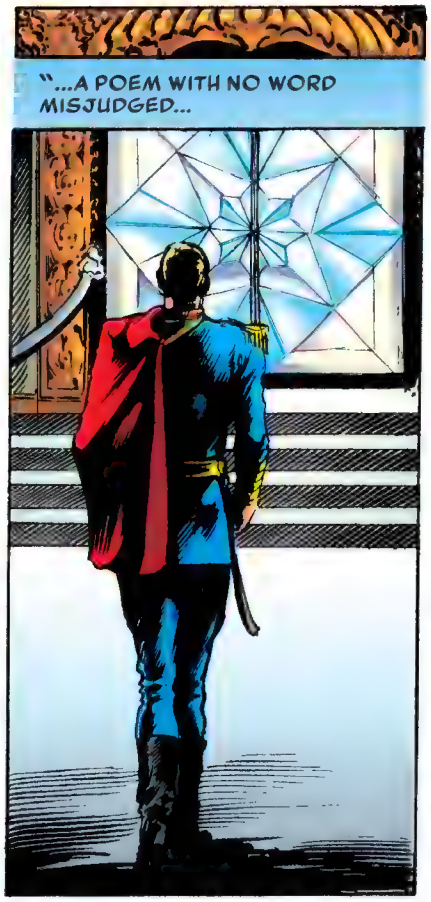
"OF COURSE, OUR PROGRAM DID NOT LACK FOR VOLUNTEERS, THOUGH OUR SELECTION PROCESS WAS SEVERE, ACCEPTING ONLY THOSE WE THOUGHT COULD USE THEIR POWER RESPONSIBLY.
"ASCENDING THROUGH THE CENTRE WELL TOWARDS THE PRICELESS SUMMIT ROOM, I THINK ABOUT OUR SUPER-CULTURE AND ITS MANY BENEFICIARIES.
"IT MADE A DIFFERENCE TO THE WORLD. THERE IS A JOKE NOW, IN JOHANNESBURG:
"'WHEREABOUTS ON THE BUS DOES A BLACK SUPERHUMAN SIT?'
"EVEN THE WRETCHED AND DESPISED HAVE THEIR ALLOTTED PLACE. FREED FROM ALL CONFLICT WE HAVE TIME NOW TO EXPLORE NEW CONCEPTS, NEW FRONTIERS, CHARTING THE SPACE INSIDE OUR MINDS AS WE ONCE DID THE OUTER VOID, WITH PIONEERS DRAWN FROM THE HOPELESSLY ADDICTED; PSYCHONAUTS PREPARED TO RISK THEIR SANITY IN CHEMICAL RECONNAISSANCE OF NEW, INTERIOR CONTINENTS.
"'ANYWHERE HE LIKES.'
"WE CALL THEM 'SPACEMEN.' EVERY CHILD'S AMBITION IS TO BE ONE WHEN THEY'RE GROWN.
"NO ONE'S ABANDONED: THERAPISTS HELP FORMER POTENTATES ADJUST TO A SOCIETY WHERE POWER IS EVERYWHERE AND RANK'S UNKNOWN."
THEN I ORDERED THE SOLDIERS TO KILL THE RABBITS, A-AND THEY DID. NEXT, I ORDERED THEM TO GIVE ME MONEY, A-AND THEY DID THAT TOO...
...A-AND WHEN I WOKE, I... OH, GOD, I WAS SO AROUSED...
GEORGE, WE'RE HONOURED THAT YOU TRUSTED US WITH THAT. MOAMMAR, HAVE YOU ANY COMMENTS ON GEORGE'S DREAM?

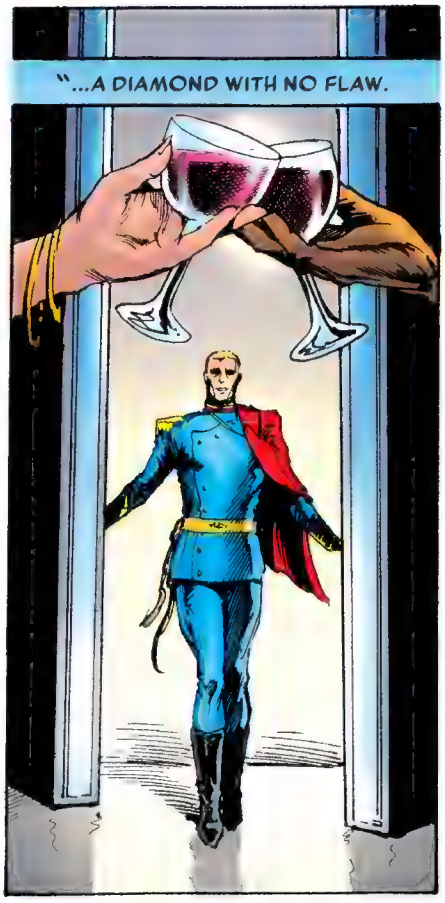
"OF COURSE, THAT'S NOT TO SAY WE DON'T HAVE PROBLEMS: ALL ACROSS THE WEST THERE ARE STILL CLUSTERS OF SURVIVALISTS, REFUSING TO BELIEVE THAT JUDGMENT DAY DID NOT ARRIVE IN 1985.
"THEY OCCUPY THEIR MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLDS AND RESIST ALL OUR ATTEMPTS TO GET THEM TO REJOIN SOCIETY. I DREAD TO THINK HOW MANY MORE STILL COWER IN BURIED SHELTERS.
"THEN THERE ARE PAN-FUNDAMENTALISTS, THE ZEALOTS OF BOTH CHRISTIANITY AND THE ISLAMIC FAITH, WHO CAME TO REALISE THAT THEY HAD MUCH IN COMMON WITH EACH OTHER, BOTH ENDANGERED BY THE FACT OF GODS ON EARTH WHO DID NOT SIDE WITH EITHER CREED.
"THOUGH THEY CAN'T THREATEN US, THEY SOMETIMES SET THEMSELVES ON FIRE, WHICH IS DISTRESSING. MAYBE MORS COULD BUILD AN ARTIFICIAL HEAVEN WHERE WE'D RELOCATE THEM AFTER DEATH. THAT SHOULD PLEASE EVERYONE.
"NOT ALL OUR TRAUMAS ARE SO TANGIBLE: BATES, IN THOSE AWFUL HOURS OF FREEDOM THAT HE SPENT BEFORE HIS END, MADE AN IMPRESSION, IT WOULD SEEM.
"HIS SPECTRE STALKS AMONG US YET, AND MOTHERS USE HIM AS A BOGEYMAN TO SCARE THEIR CHILDREN INTO RAPT OBEDIENCE, WHILE HEAVY METAL BANDS REFER TO HIM INCESSANTLY IN LYRICS AND INTERVIEWS, CITING HIS INFLUENCE.
"THE LOOKALIKES ARE THE WORST. EACH TIME AFRESH, THEY STARTLE ME.
ALL-
CAFE

"AND YET, THESE FAULTS DO NOT DIMINISH OUR ACHIEVEMENT: ALL HUMANITY PREPARES TO FLY, DRESSED IN THEIR CAPES AND GAUDY PLUMAGE; A MIGRATION OF EXOTIC BIRDS; A FLUTTERING, GORGEOUS CLOUD RESTLESS TO RISE INTO THE UNIVERSE.

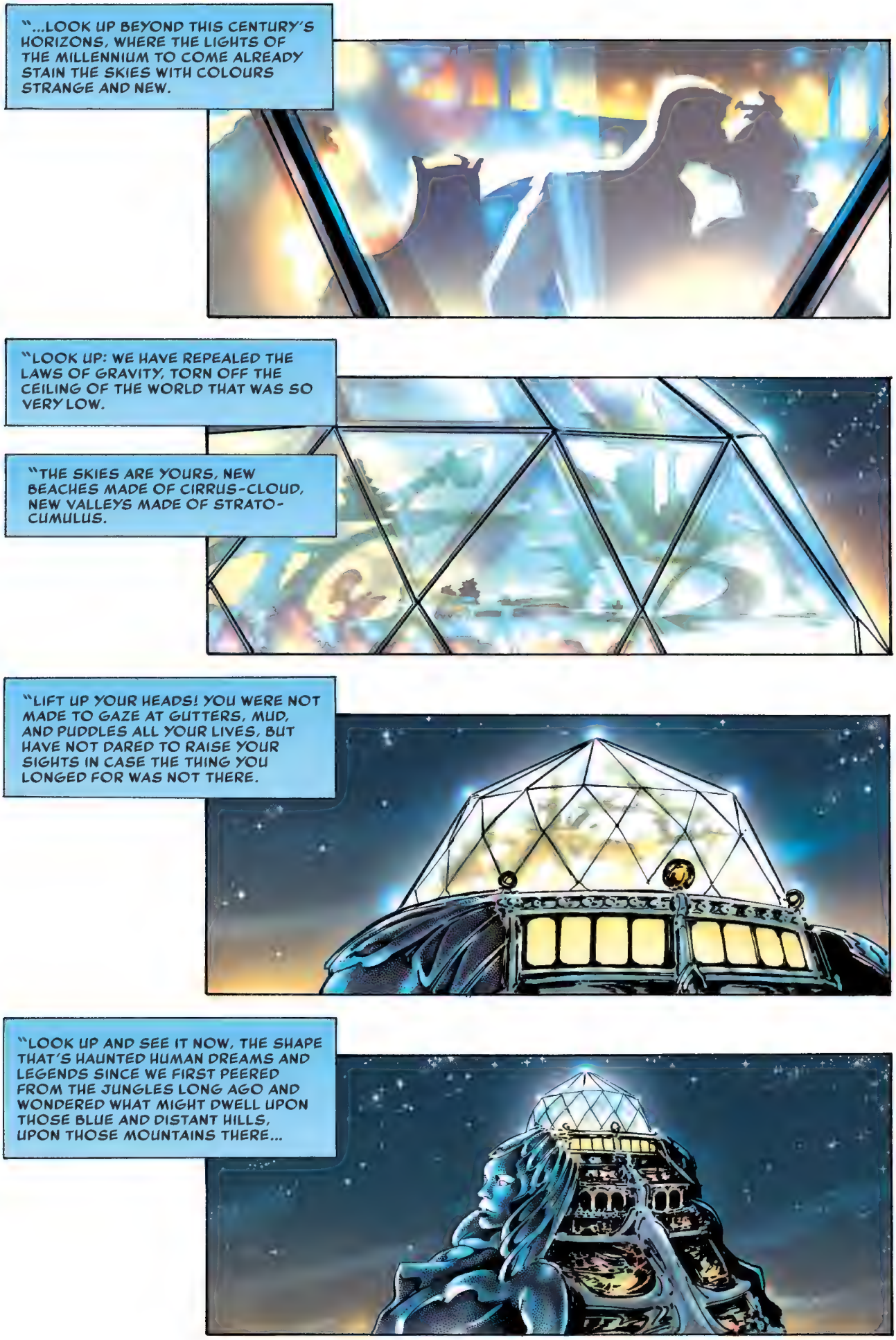




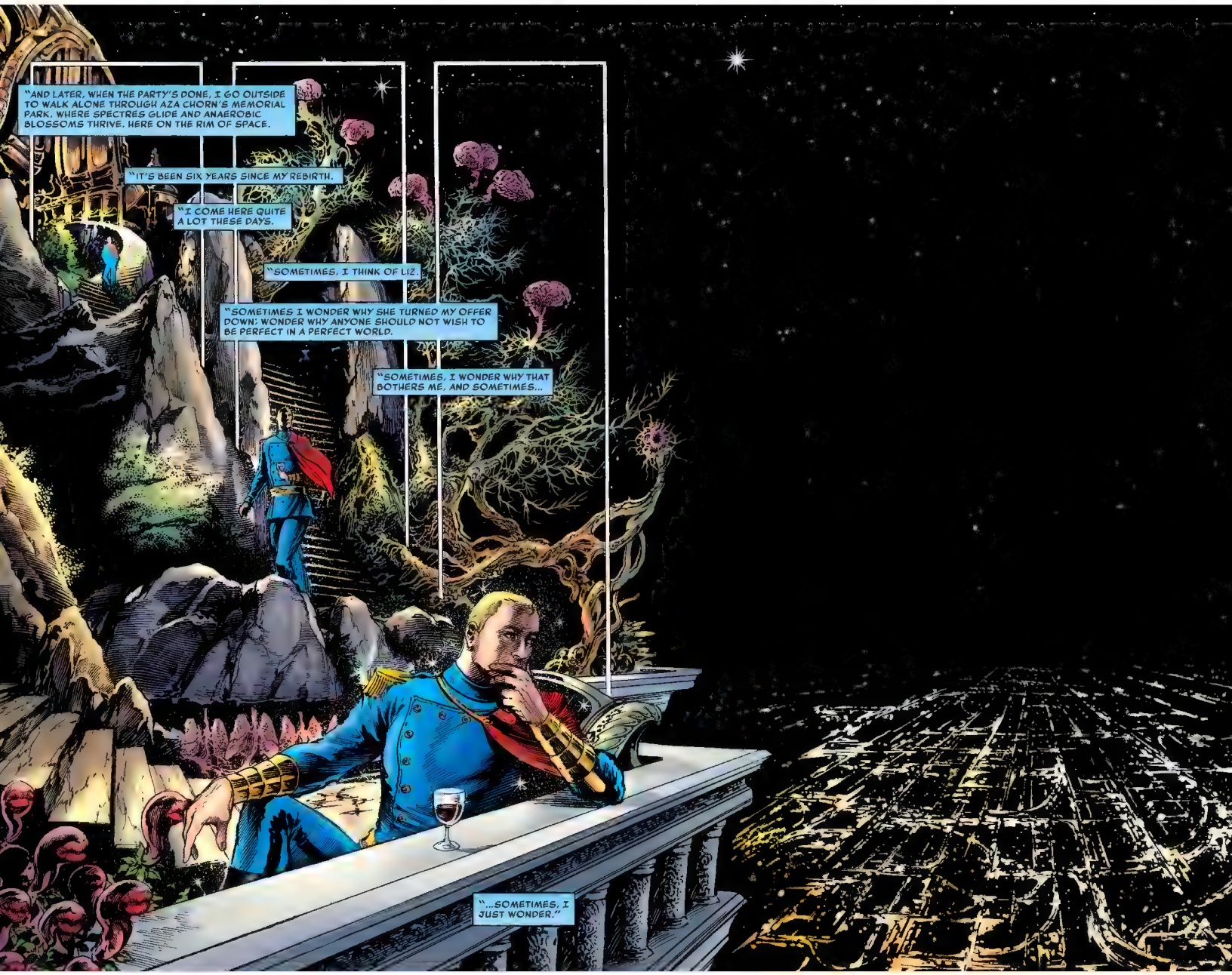




"OH, EARTH, LOOK UP, AND SEE YOUR GODS AT CELEBRATION. SEE THE THINGS THAT FRIGHTENED YOU WHEN YOU WERE IN YOUR CAVES; THE THINGS YOU NAMED AND DEDICATED IDOLS TO; THE THINGS YOU RENDERED UP BURNT OFFERINGS TO APPEASE.
"SEE HOW THEY SMILE AND MINGLE; SPILL THEIR WINE; MISTIME THEIR JOKES.
B
"THEY ARE AS YOU, AND IN THEIR GREAT MERCY HAVE DECREED THAT YOU SHOULD BE AS THEY.
"OH, EARTH, LOOK UP...


"...LOOK UP BEYOND THIS CENTURY'S HORIZONS, WHERE THE LIGHTS OF THE MILLENNIUM TO COME ALREADY STAIN THE SKIES WITH COLOURS STRANGE AND NEW.
"LOOK UP: WE HAVE REPEALED THE LAWS OF GRAVITY, TORN OFF THE CEILING OF THE WORLD THAT WAS SO VERY LOW.
"THE SKIES ARE YOURS, NEW BEACHES MADE OF CIRRUS-CLOUD, NEW VALLEYS MADE OF STRATO-CUMULUS.
"LIFT UP YOUR HEADS! YOU WERE NOT MADE TO GAZE AT GUTTERS, MUD, AND PUDDLES ALL YOUR LIVES, BUT HAVE NOT DARED TO RAISE YOUR SIGHTS IN CASE THE THING YOU LONGED FOR WAS NOT THERE.
"LOOK UP AND SEE IT NOW, THE SHAPE THAT'S HAUNTED HUMAN DREAMS AND LEGENDS SINCE WE FIRST PEERED FROM THE JUNGLES LONG AGO AND WONDERED WHAT MIGHT DWELL UPON THOSE BLUE AND DISTANT HILLS, UPON THOSE MOUNTAINS THERE...

"OH EARTH LOOK UP


"AND LATER, WHEN THE PARTY'S DONE, I GO OUTSIDE TO WALK ALONE THROUGH AZA CHORN'S MEMORIAL PARK, WHERE SPECTRES GLIDE AND ANAEROBIC BLOSSOMS THRIVE. HERE ON THE RIM OF SPACE.
"IT'S BEEN SIX YEARS SINCE MY REBIRTH.
"I COME HERE QUITE A LOT THESE DAYS.
"SOMETIMES, I THINK OF LIZ.
"SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY SHE TURNED MY OFFER DOWN; WONDER WHY ANYONE SHOULD NOT WISH TO BE PERFECT IN A PERFECT WORLD.
"SOMETIMES, I WONDER WHY THAT BOTHERS ME. AND SOMETIMES...
"...SOMETIMES, I JUST WONDER."

THE WARPSMITHS

To a Warpsmith, distance is an abstract concept. With a mere gesture, they can step from here to the edge of infinity. Fiercely dedicated and serving under a strict code of conduct, they guard the Gulf Worlds from the Qys Imperium.

"Cold War, Cold Warrior"
Warrior #9-10

"Ghostdance"
A1 #1

Story
The Original Writer

Art
Garry Leach

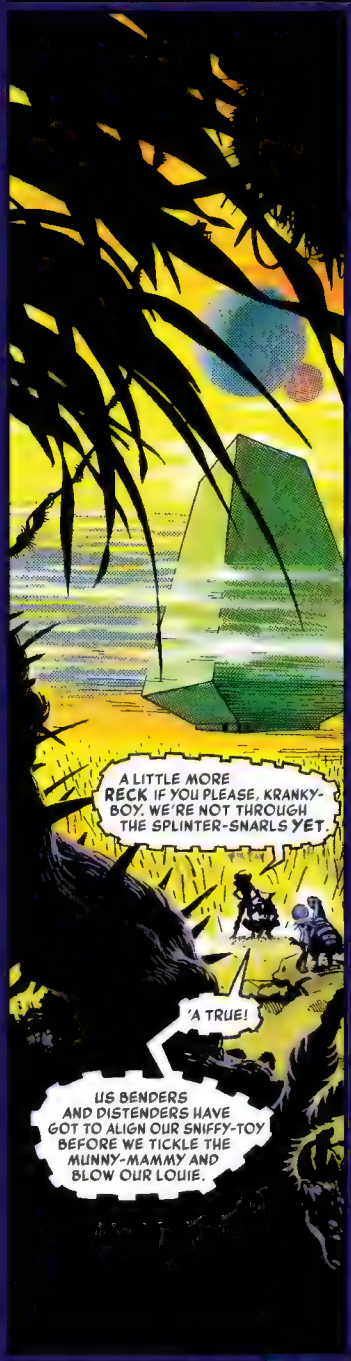
Color Art
Steve Oliff

Lettering
Joe Caramagna

Art Restoration
Michael Kelleher & Kellustration and Garry Leach

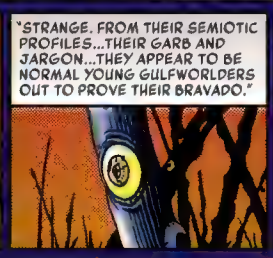
LEFT: *A1* #1 | 1989 | Promo Art
By Garry Leach

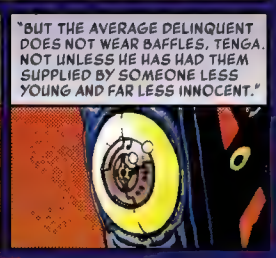
NICEY MY SLOTTOES.
THIS IS THE BIG KAHOOGA...WE'VE MADE IT BEYOND THEIR PERIMETER SCREENS WITHOUT THEM SMACKING OPTICS ON US.
WARPSMITHS! PHUU!
NOTHING BUT A SQUEEMERY OF SLICKY-CHITTIES IF IT'S ME YOU'RE ASKING.


A LITTLE MORE RECK IF YOU PLEASE, KRANKY-BOY. WE'RE NOT THROUGH THE SPLINTER-SNARLS YET.
'A TRUE!
US BENDERS AND DISTENDERS HAVE GOT TO ALIGN OUR SNIFFY-TOY BEFORE WE TICKLE THE MUNNY-MAMMY AND BLOW OUR LOUIE.

YAP! IS BOUNCY-BREASTY RUNNING A DAMP SCARE OF THE TALL AND TERRIBLES? IS GIMMY-GIRL MIMBLING OVER THE WICKY-STICKY WARPSMITHS?
'A TRUE. SHUT IT NOW, KRANKY-BOY. SHUT IT NOW...

...WE'RE NOT THROUGH THE SPLINTER-SNARLS YET.
"THEY'RE PAST THE HESITANCE STIMULATORS, AZA CHORN. THEY MUST BE WEARING BAFFLES, OTHERWISE THEY'D HAVE TURNED BACK BY NOW.


"STRANGE. FROM THEIR SEMIOTIC PROFILES...THEIR GARB AND JARGON...THEY APPEAR TO BE NORMAL YOUNG GULFWORLDERS OUT TO PROVE THEIR BRAVADO."


"BUT THE AVERAGE DELINQUENT DOES NOT WEAR BAFFLES, TENGA. NOT UNLESS HE HAS HAD THEM SUPPLIED BY SOMEONE LESS YOUNG AND FAR LESS INNOCENT."

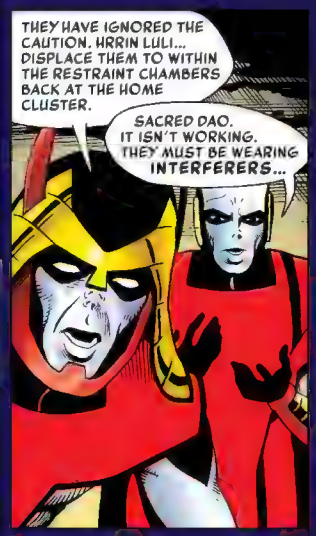
COLD WAR, COLD WARRIOR.
YOU THINK THAT THE QYS ARE BEHIND THIS? THAT THIS IS A SABOTAGE MISSION?
IT IS POSSIBLE, TENGA DRIL. IT IS ALWAYS POSSIBLE.
PHON MOODA. LLANS IVO. HRRIN LULI. UXU CHIL.
YOU CALLED US, AZA CHORN?
YES. FOUR INTRUDERS ARE ON HOD. THEIR SEEMING IS THAT OF YOUNG THRILL-HUNTERS. THEIR TECHNOLOGY IS, HOWEVER, MORE SINISTER.
THEY ARE HEADING TOWARDS OUR CORE-COMPLEX. ONE OF THEM IS CARRYING SOMETHING...
A BOMB! IT IS THE QYS AND THEY ARE SEEKING TO DESTROY OUR WARP-SOURCE! DELINQUENTS? WITH THEIR BODY WARDROBES THE QYS CAN LOOK LIKE ANYTHING!
HAH!
THAT IS POSSIBLE, LLANS IVO. BUT HOD IS SWORN TO PROTECT THE GULF WORLDS, NOT TO SLAUGHTER THEIR CHILDREN WITHOUT TRIAL.
AN INCAUTIOUS ATTACK WOULD BE DIPLOMATIC SUICIDE.

THAT IS WELL. OUR VISITORS WILL BE UNPREPARED.
I SUGGEST WE INVESTIGATE. MY OWN DERMA-CIRCUITRY IS AT PRESENT MALFUNCTIONING, THUS I SHALL FOLLOW ON SKIMMER.
THEY ASSUME THAT BECAUSE THEY HAVE LANDED MANY HELIONGS FROM THE NEAREST HOME-CLUSTER THEY ARE SAFE.
IT IS TOUCHING THE FAITH THEY HAVE IN THAT CONCEPT OF THEIRS, THAT WORD FOR WHICH WE HAVE NO SURROGATE. "DISTANCE."
"DISTANCE." A BEAUTIFUL WORD, AZA...
...WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
YAAAAGH!
PALE AND BALEFULS OUT OF NOPLACE! RANULFED! WE'VE BEEN RANULFED!
I THINK I'M GOING TO VAC MY JACKS...

HO-HI. ALWAYS THE SAME REACTION. YOU ARE NEW AMONGST US, UXU CHIL. YOU MAY DELIVER THE CUSTOMARY CAUTION.
I-I AM HONOURED. PHON MOODA.
WE ARE THE WARPSMITHS OF HOD...

...WE ARE THE POWER THAT CANNOT BE IMAGINED. FRIENDS OF THE GULF, WE WILL HONOUR AND SERVE YOU. ENEMIES OF THE GULF, WE WILL DESTROY YOU WITHOUT QUALM.
WHAT TO DO, GIMMY? WHAT TO DO??
SHUT IT, KRANKY-BOY. THEY'RE TRYING TO BIFF US UNDER. THEY WON'T REALLY PULL ANY RED BUSINESS ON US.

OUR BADDIE DADDY SAID WE HAD TO ALIGN THE WOOZY-BOX BEFORE HE LET GO OF THE LOUIE.
IF WE MUFFLE THE SHUFFLE NOW WE'LL BE POOR PORK.
'A TRUE. I SAY WE JIFF THEIR BIFF AND I SAY WE DO IT...
...NOW!


THEY HAVE IGNORED THE CAUTION. HRRIN LULI... DISPLACE THEM TO WITHIN THE RESTRAINT CHAMBERS BACK AT THE HOME CLUSTER.
SACRED DAO. IT ISN'T WORKING. THEY MUST BE WEARING INTERFERERS...

QYS! I KNEW IT!
INTERFERERS ARE DEVICES OF THE RHORDRU MAKERS.
WHO BUT THE QYS COULD AFFORD THEM? WE MUST...

OH DAO.
...STOP THEM...

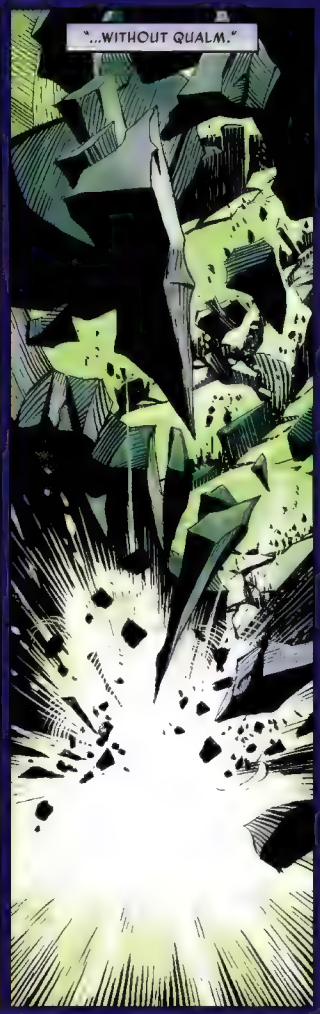
MMMHP!
...IMMEDIATELY!
LLANS IVO!
HHUK!

HUSHABYE AND KRANK HAVE BEEN MOUSED! THE GHOSTS WEREN'T BOASTING!
DON'T TREMBLE OUT ON ME NOW, JOXIE. HIT THOSE TALL AND TERRIBLES WITH YOUR STATUE-CUBE. I'M RUNNING FOR THE MUN!

STASIS FIELD! HE'S FROZEN THE OTHERS IN A TIME GLITCH WHILE SHE MAKES FOR THE CORE-COMPLEX. I'M THE ONLY ONE OUT OF RANGE...
SSSSSSSKKKKKKKKKKEEEEEE

I'M NOT A FULL WARPSMITH YET. I CAN'T MAKE THIS KIND OF DECISION. IF SHE IS A QYS WEARING A FALSE FLESH... IF THAT IS A BOMB...
BUT WHAT IF SHE IS ONLY A GULF CHILD ON A DARE? CAN I RISK LETTING HER DESTROY OUR DEFENCES? CAN I RISK THE GOODWILL OF THE GULF WORLDS?
WHAT DO I DO?
"FRIENDS OF THE GULF WE WILL HONOUR AND SERVE YOU. ENEMIES OF THE GULF WE WILL...

"...DESTROY YOU...
THE SUPPORT PILLARS! THEY'RE WARPING OUT! THEY'RE...
GIMMEEEEEE...


"...WITHOUT QUALM."

Y-YOU SMEARED HER! SHE WAS MY GIMMY-JUKIE AND YOU SMEARED HER!

SHE WASN'T GOING TO SPLATTER YOU BATTERY. IT WAS A HA-HA! SHE HADN'T GOT A BOMB!
IT WAS JUST A HA-HA!
...SHE HADN'T GOT A BOMB.
OH GIMMY.
GIMMEEEEEEEEEE...

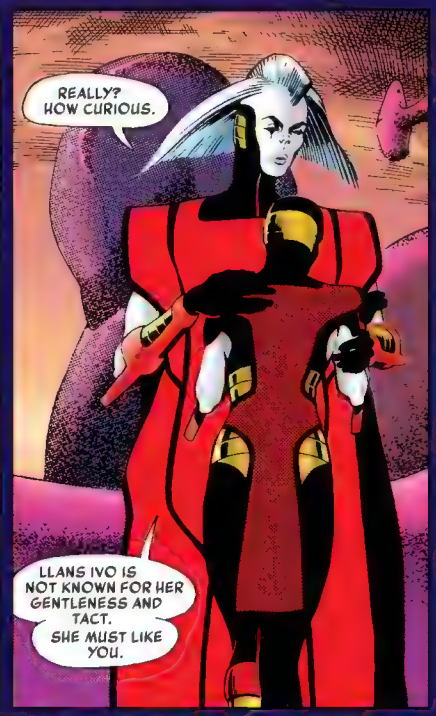
THIS SKIMMER IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR MY DERMA-CIRCUITRY. IT APPEARS I HAVE MISSED AN OCCURRENCE OF SOME IMPORT.
WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE, AZA CHORN?
A TRAGEDY, TENGA DRIL.

WE BELIEVED THEM TO BE QYS SABOTEURS WEARING THE FLESH OF CHILDREN.
UXU CHIL KILLED ONE OF THEM.
IT TRANSPIRES THAT WE WERE MISTAKEN. THEY WERE BUT CHILDREN AFTER ALL.

HAVE THE BLACK WARPSMITHS LEARNED OF THIS INCIDENT YET?
NATURALLY. AFTER ALL, IT HAPPENED INSTANTS AGO.
I IMAGINE THAT THEY WILL SHORTLY BE SUMMONING US INTO THEIR...

...PRESENCE.

PHON MOODA, I...I AM AFRAID. THE BLACK WARPSMITHS ...I HAVE NEVER ENCOUNTERED THEM BEFORE...
TRY NOT TO LOOK AT THEM DIRECTLY, UXU CHIL. DOING SO CONFUSES THE EYE AND PETRIFIES THE MIND.
LLANS IVO SAID THEY WERE VERY TALL.


REALLY? HOW CURIOUS.
LLANS IVO IS NOT KNOWN FOR HER GENTLENESS AND TACT. SHE MUST LIKE YOU.

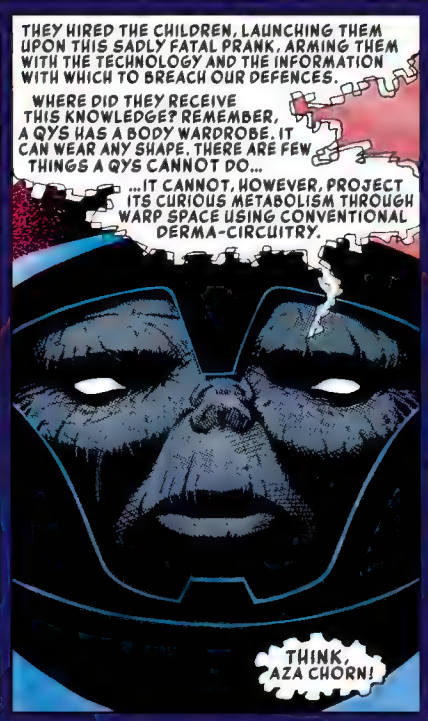
GREETINGS, AZA CHORN.
LET US BE DIRECT.
THIS IS KOMA CHATT KRANK, NATIVE OF CHENG'S WORLD. HIS MOTHER IS KOMA PLATT RASP, CHENG'S WORLD SENIOR DIPLOMAT.
YOUR CLUSTER-WIFE, LLANS IVO, BELIEVING HIM TO BE A SABOTEUR, CRUSHED HIS WINDPIPE. HE WILL, HOWEVER, SURVIVE THE ENCOUNTER.

HOPEFULLY, SO WILL SUSUSU TOOMISUSUSU OF PLANET CARBEAU, CASUAL SEXUAL LIAISON OF KOMA CHATT KRANK. LLANS IVO FRACTURED HER PELVIS AND RUPTURED SEVERAL INTERNAL ORGANS. SHE IS CRITICAL.
THIS IS JOCSESTRA DAL, SON OF THE HIGH DAL OF CARBEAU. HE IS UNHARMED...I CONGRATULATE LLANS IVO...BUT SUFFERS FROM PROFOUND SHOCK.

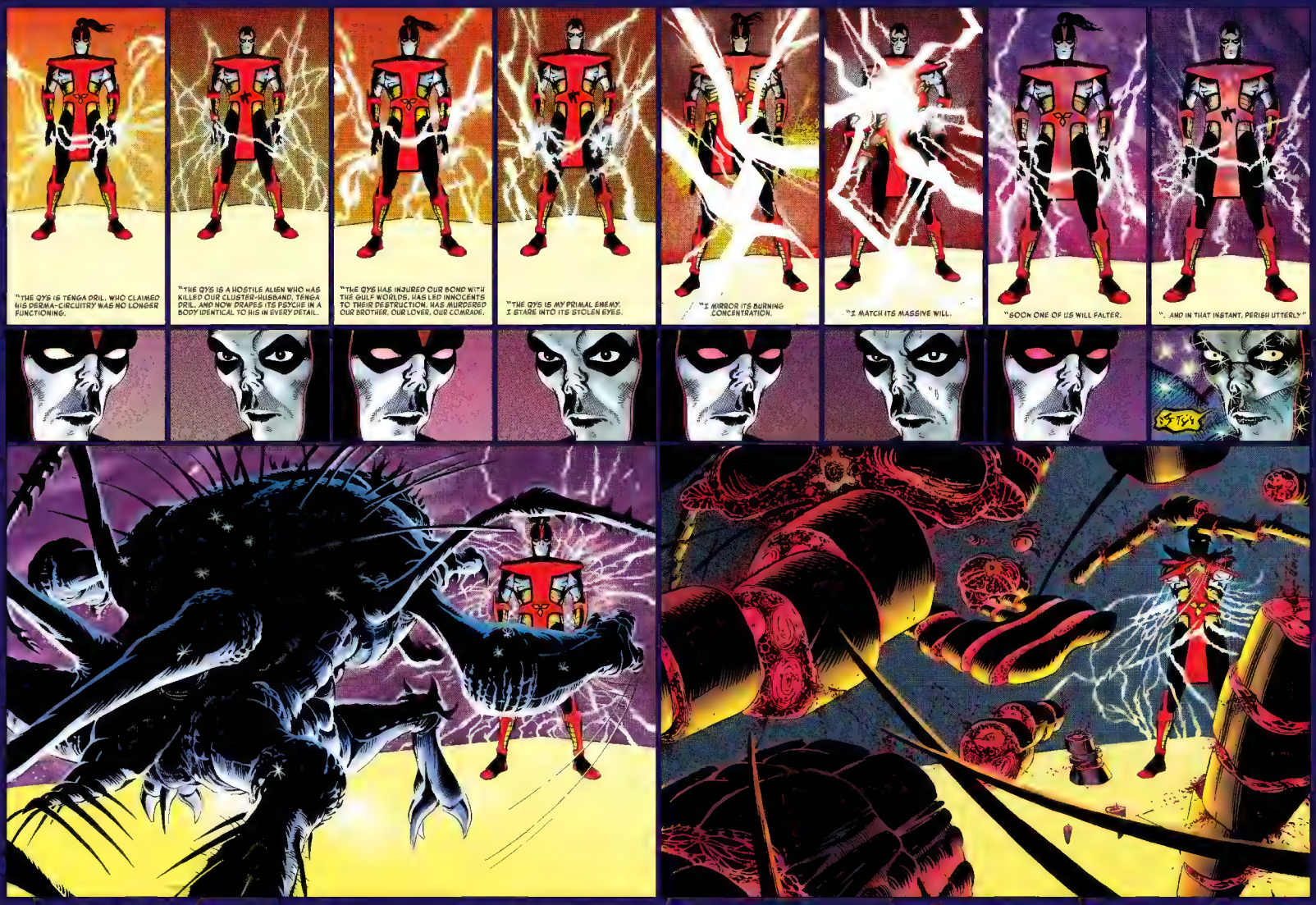
AND FINALLY, THIS IS GIMSESTRA DAL, DAUGHTER OF THE HIGH DAL OF CARBEAU, SISTER AND BONDED SEXUAL LIAISON OF JOCSESTRA DAL.
YOUR CLUSTER-WIFE, UXU CHIL, AN APPRENTICE WARPSMITH, CRUSHED HER BENEATH A BLOCK OF MASONRY. SHE IS DEAD.
WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS ON THIS MATTER, AZA CHORN?
I AM AT FAULT. I AM IMPALED UPON MY OWN WORTHLESSNESS.

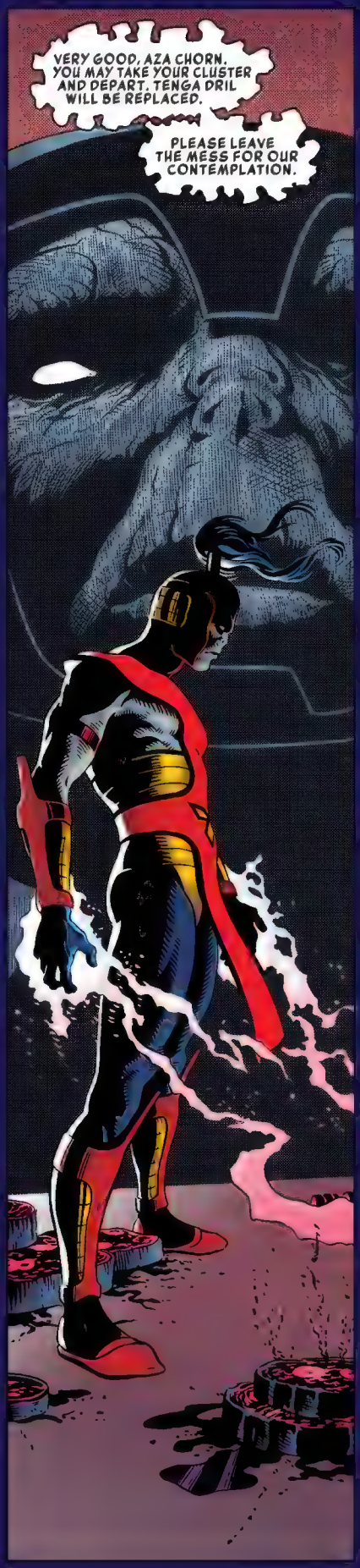
MY LIFE IS YOURS TO TAKE.
OBVIOUSLY.

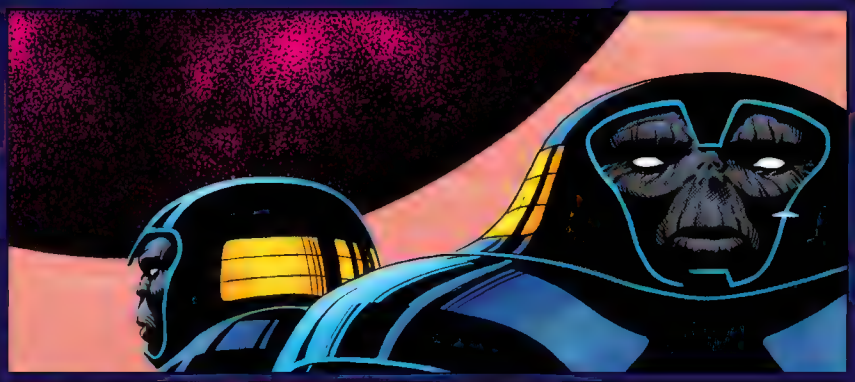
AZA CHORN, YOU ASSUMED THAT THE INNOCENT GULF CHILDREN SO CASUALLY MAIMED AND SLAUGHTERED BY YOUR CLUSTER-WIVES WERE PART OF A QYS SABOTAGE MISSION...
...AND, OF COURSE, YOU WERE CORRECT. THE QYS HAVE ENGINEERED THIS AFFAIR TO SABOTAGE OUR CREDIBILITY WITH THE GULF WORLDS.
IT IS PITIFULLY OBVIOUS.

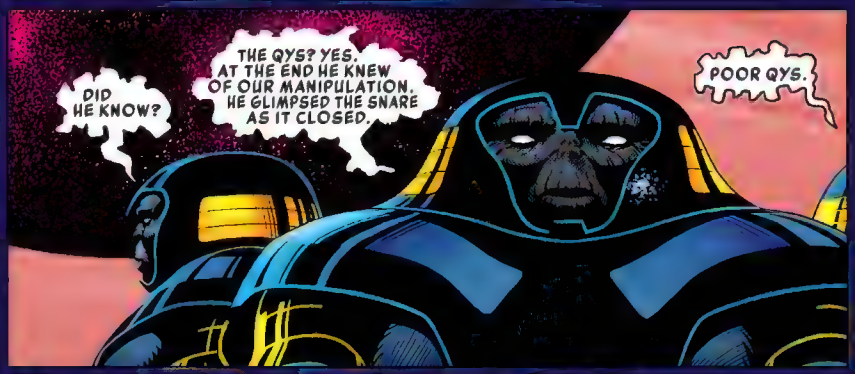

THEY HIRED THE CHILDREN, LAUNCHING THEM UPON THIS SADLY FATAL PRANK, ARMING THEM WITH THE TECHNOLOGY AND THE INFORMATION WITH WHICH TO BREACH OUR DEFENCES.
WHERE DID THEY RECEIVE THIS KNOWLEDGE? REMEMBER, A QYS HAS A BODY WARDROBE. IT CAN WEAR ANY SHAPE. THERE ARE FEW THINGS A QYS CANNOT DO...
...IT CANNOT, HOWEVER, PROJECT ITS CURIOUS METABOLISM THROUGH WARP SPACE USING CONVENTIONAL DERMA-CIRCUITRY.
THINK, AZA CHORN!

TENGA DRIL.

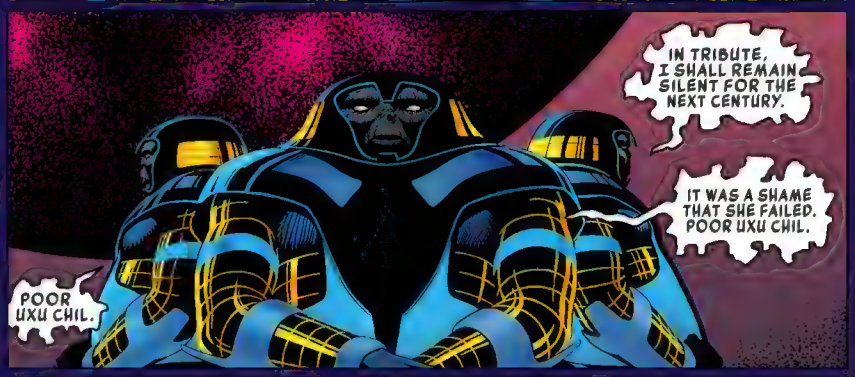

"THE QYS IS TENGA DRIL, WHO CLAIMED HIS DERMA-CIRCUITRY WAS NO LONGER FUNCTIONING.
"THE QYS IS A HOSTILE ALIEN WHO HAS KILLED OUR CLUSTER-HUSBAND, TENGA DRIL, AND NOW DRAPES ITS PSYCHE IN A BODY IDENTICAL TO HIS IN EVERY DETAIL.
"THE QYS HAS INJURED OUR BOND WITH THE GULF WORLDS, HAS LED INNOCENTS TO THEIR DESTRUCTION, HAS MURDERED OUR BROTHER, OUR LOVER, OUR COMRADE.
"THE QYS IS MY PRIMAL ENEMY. I STARE INTO ITS STOLEN EYES.
"I MIRROR ITS BURNING CONCENTRATION.
"I MATCH ITS MASSIVE WILL.
"SOON ONE OF US WILL FALTER.
". AND IN THAT INSTANT, PERISH UTTERLY"


VERY GOOD, AZA CHORN. YOU MAY TAKE YOUR CLUSTER AND DEPART. TENGA DRIL WILL BE REPLACED.
PLEASE LEAVE THE MESS FOR OUR CONTEMPLATION.

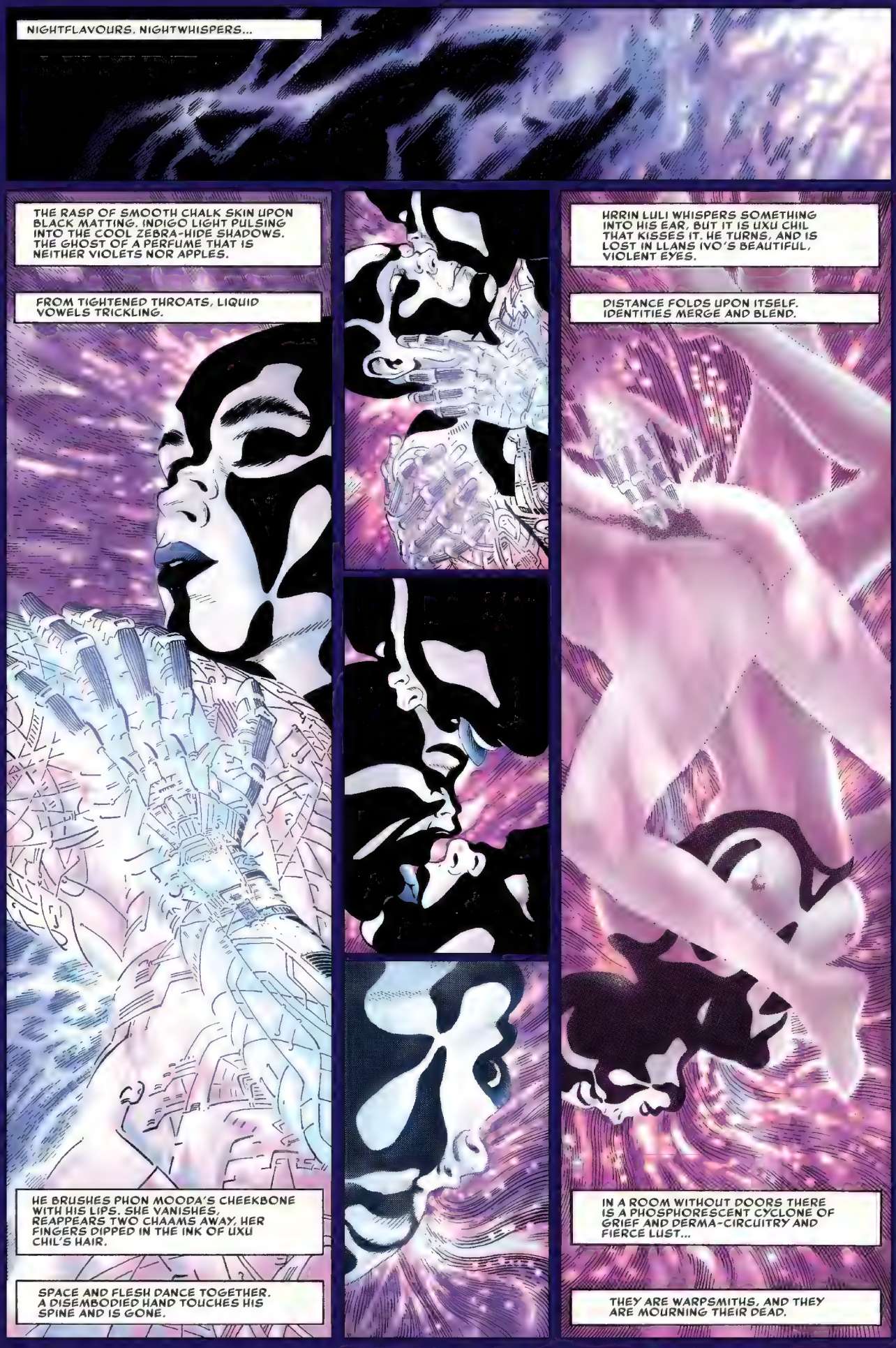



DID HE KNOW?
THE QYS? YES. AT THE END HE KNEW OF OUR MANIPULATION. HE GLIMPSED THE SNARE AS IT CLOSED.
POOR QYS.

POOR MESS. IT WAS AN ELEGANT SNARE, BROTHER. IT QUITE ECLIPSES MY OWN LAST ATTEMPT.
LIKEWISE MY OWN. TO COMBINE THE REMOVAL OF A SPY WITH THE ENTRANCE ORDEAL OF A FLEDGLING WARPSMITH IS A SUPREME ACT OF META-STYLING.

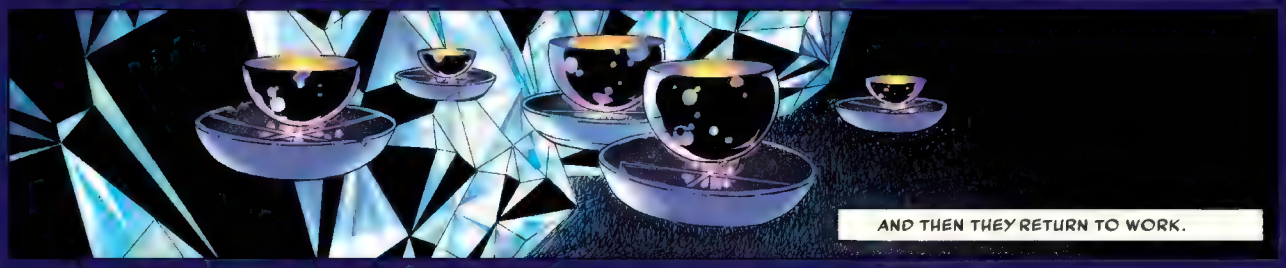

IN TRIBUTE, I SHALL REMAIN SILENT FOR THE NEXT CENTURY.
IT WAS A SHAME THAT SHE FAILED. POOR UXU CHIL.
POOR UXU CHIL.

POOR GULF CHILDREN FOR THAT MATTER.
YES.
POOR GULF CHILDREN.

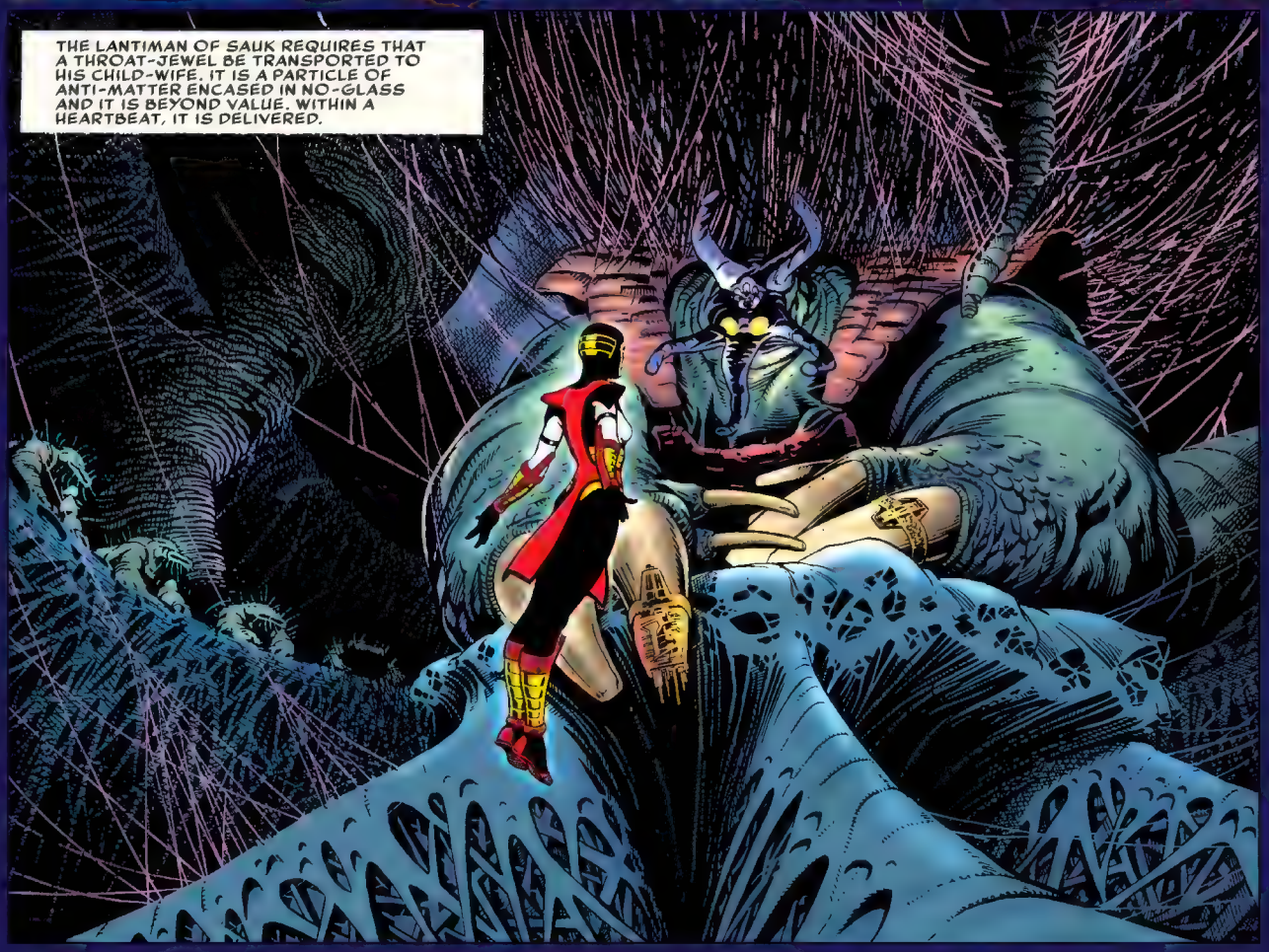

NIGHTFLAVOURS. NIGHTWHISPERS...
THE RASP OF SMOOTH CHALK SKIN UPON BLACK MATTING. INDIGO LIGHT PULSING INTO THE COOL ZEBRA-HIDE SHADOWS. THE GHOST OF A PERFUME THAT IS NEITHER VIOLETS NOR APPLES.
FROM TIGHTENED THROATS, LIQUID VOWELS TRICKLING.
HE BRUSHES PHON MOODA'S CHEEKBONE WITH HIS LIPS. SHE VANISHES, REAPPEARS TWO CHAAMS AWAY, HER FINGERS DIPPED IN THE INK OF UXU CHIL'S HAIR.
SPACE AND FLESH DANCE TOGETHER. A DISEMBODIED HAND TOUCHES HIS SPINE AND IS GONE.
HRRIN LULI WHISPERS SOMETHING INTO HIS EAR, BUT IT IS UXU CHIL THAT KISSES IT. HE TURNS, AND IS LOST IN LLANS IVO'S BEAUTIFUL, VIOLENT EYES.
DISTANCE FOLDS UPON ITSELF. IDENTITIES MERGE AND BLEND.
IN A ROOM WITHOUT DOORS THERE IS A PHOSPHORESCENT CYCLONE OF GRIEF AND DERMA-CIRCUITRY AND FIERCE LUST...
THEY ARE WARPSMITHS, AND THEY ARE MOURNING THEIR DEAD.

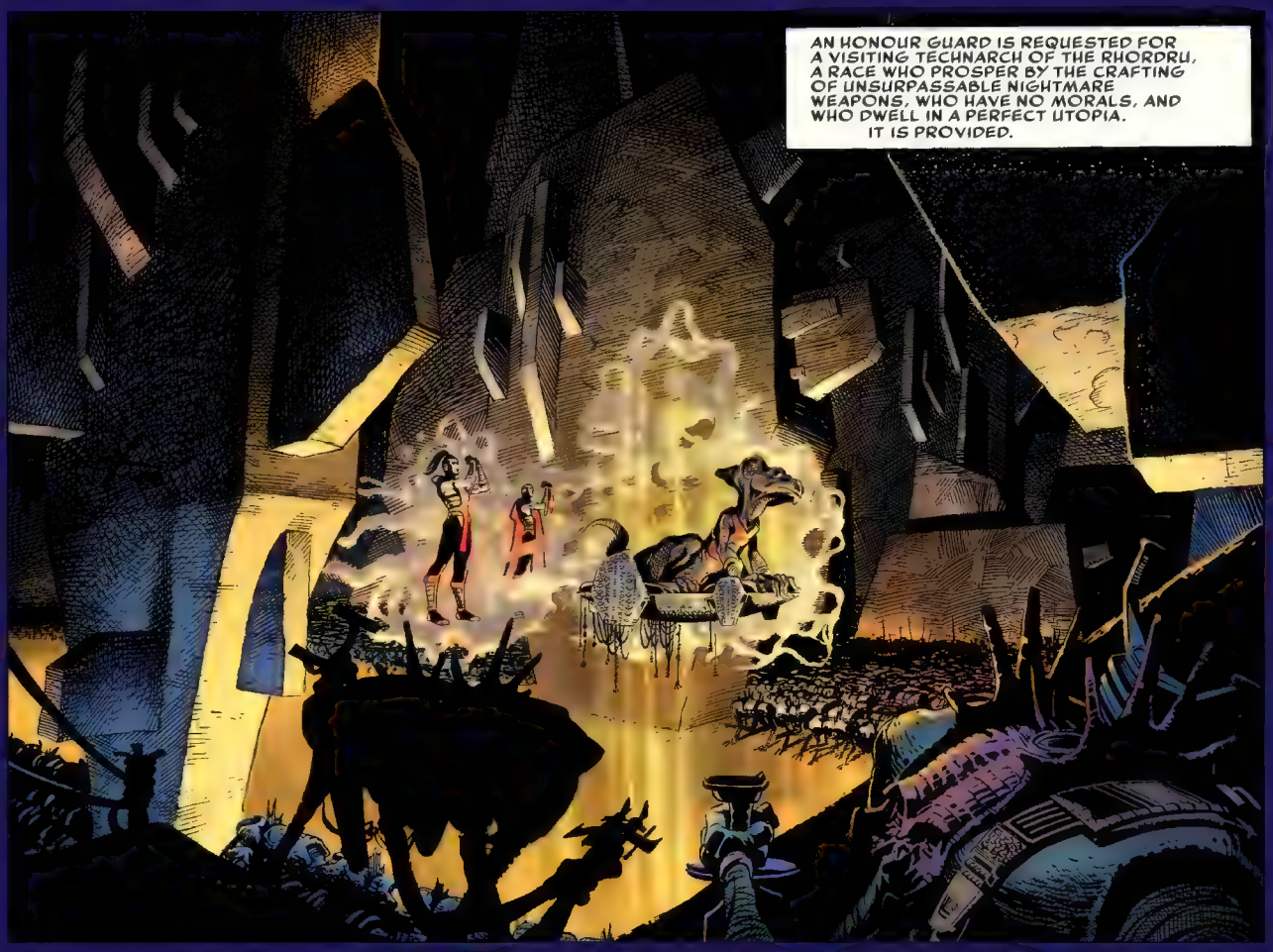
LATER, HAVING MOURNED, THEY TALK. PHON MOODA TELLS THEM AGAIN OF THE TIME WHEN SHE AND TENGA DRIL HUNTED GRAVITY-SPECTRES BENEATH THE VOLCANOES OF JUTU.

SHE DESCRIBES HOW THE SLENDER, SUPER-DENSE CREATURES WOULD SWIM THROUGH SOLID ROCK AS IF IT WERE WATER. HER VOICE IS LOW AND AMUSING AND THEY ARE CHARMED.
HRRIN LULI POURS LUBIX INTO SIX GOBLETS OF STABLE ICE.

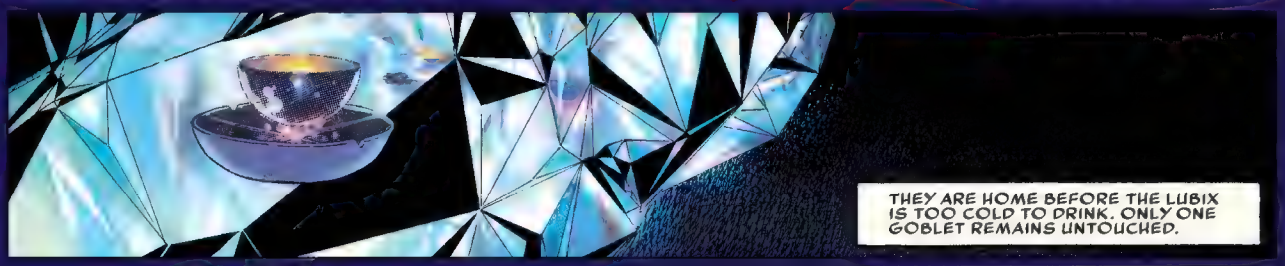

AND THEN THEY RETURN TO WORK.

ON CARBEAU, THERE ARE CONTRA-WARPSMITH RIOTS FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF THE HIGH DAL'S DAUGHTER. THEY ARE QUELLED.


THE LANTIMAN OF SAUK REQUIRES THAT A THROAT-JEWEL BE TRANSPORTED TO HIS CHILD-WIFE. IT IS A PARTICLE OF ANTI-MATTER ENCASED IN NO-GLASS AND IT IS BEYOND VALUE. WITHIN A HEARTBEAT, IT IS DELIVERED.


AN HONOUR GUARD IS REQUESTED FOR A VISITING TECHNARCH OF THE RHORDRU, A RACE WHO PROSPER BY THE CRAFTING OF UNSURPASSABLE NIGHTMARE WEAPONS, WHO HAVE NO MORALS, AND WHO DWELL IN A PERFECT UTOPIA.
IT IS PROVIDED.

ON HIULARISQ, THE CITIES OF SCULPTED CUMULUS ARE IN NEED OF RARE ACIDS TO NEUTRALISE THE ALKALINE REACTION THAT CORRODES THEIR WEIGHTLESS BLUE-WHITE HOMES. THEY ARE SUPPLIED.


THEY ARE HOME BEFORE THE LUBIX IS TOO COLD TO DRINK. ONLY ONE GOBLET REMAINS UNTOUCHED.

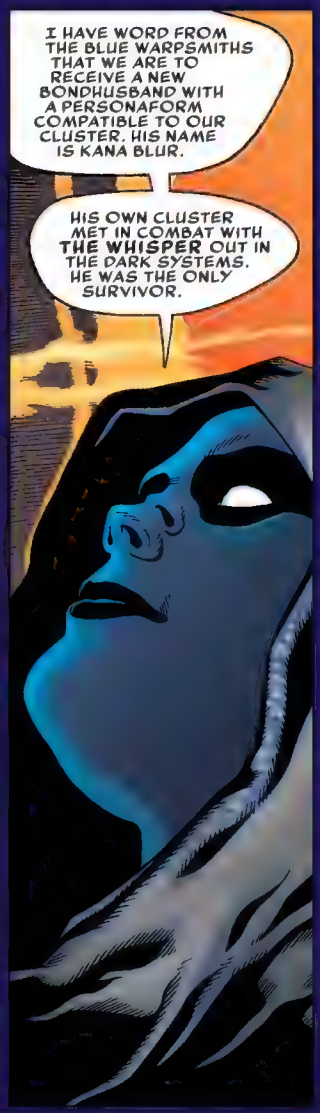
LATER:
HOW TRAGIC LIFE IS.

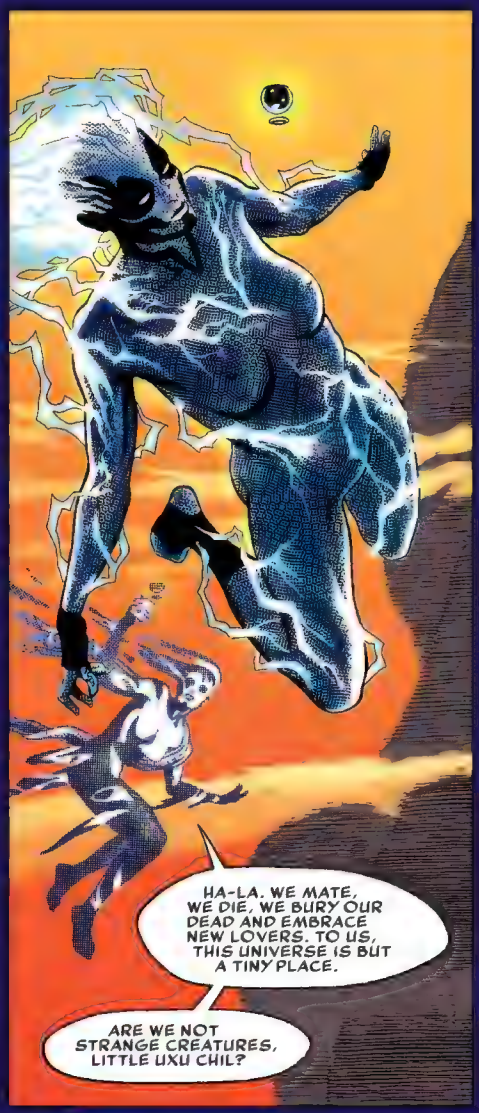
A DOUBLE SUNSET OVER THE RIBAREE MESAS AND WE DID NOT THINK TO BRING THE LUBIX.
I'LL GET IT.

PHON MOODA... WHY DIDN'T HRRIN LULI AND LLANS IVO COME WITH US TO RIBAREE? THEIR DUTIES ARE CONCLUDED FOR THIS CYCLE.

HRRIN LULI HAS MUCH SOLITARY GRIEVING TO DO OVER TENGA DRIL. LLANS IVO HAS GONE TO A MNEMONIC BALLET UPON CHENG'S WORLD.
ALONG WITH CARNAGE AND DESTRUCTION, MNEMONIC BALLETS ARE LLANS IVO'S PASSION, YOU KNOW.

I FEAR I KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT ANY OF YOU. I AM NOT YET A FULL WARPSMITH AND I HAVE BEEN ONLY A PARA-SEASON AMONGST YOU.
WHO WILL REPLACE TENGA DRIL?
THANK YOU, AZA CHORN.


I HAVE WORD FROM THE BLUE WARPSMITHS THAT WE ARE TO RECEIVE A NEW BONDHUSBAND WITH A PERSONAFORM COMPATIBLE TO OUR CLUSTER. HIS NAME IS KANA BLUR.
HIS OWN CLUSTER MET IN COMBAT WITH **THE WHISPER** OUT IN THE DARK SYSTEMS. HE WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR.


HA-LA. WE MATE, WE DIE, WE BURY OUR DEAD AND EMBRACE NEW LOVERS. TO US, THIS UNIVERSE IS BUT A TINY PLACE.
ARE WE NOT STRANGE CREATURES, LITTLE UXU CHIL?

COMPARED TO WHAT? TO THE QYS, WHO HAVE BUT TO SPEAK A WORD AND BE SOMEONE ELSE, TO WHOM THE CONCEPT OF "SELF" IS MEANINGLESS?
TO THE RHORDRU, WHO HAVE DOMESTICATED DEATH AND LIVE IN A GUILTLESS PARADISE? TO THE WHIPSER, WHO HAS NO QUANTIFIABLE EXISTENCE AT ALL?
NO, PHON MOODA. I FEAR THAT WE ARE VERY ORDINARY INDEED.

SO DO I.
HOW TRAGIC LIFE IS.

IT RAINS, AND THE RAIN DISAPPEARS BEFORE IT TOUCHES THEM. THE WIND HOWLS, AND THE AIR AROUND THEM IS CALM.
AFTER A WHILE, THEY LEAVE. A FAULT LINE HAS BECOME ACTIVE UPON THE KIRN SUPRA-CONTINENT.
THEY ARE WARPSMITHS. THEY ARE GHOSTS, DANCING IN A UNIVERSE TOO SMALL FOR THEM. THEY LEAVE...
NO TRACE REMAINS BEHIND THEM.

LEGENDS & APOCRYPHA

Color Art
Steve Oliff

Lettering
Joe Caramagna

"The Yesterday Gambit"
Warrior #4

Released in August 1982 between installments of the ongoing Book One storyline, "The Yesterday Gambit" leapt forward in time with a story of Miracleman's possible future. It also introduced the Warpsmiths for the first time.

Story
The Original Writer

Art
Steve Dillon
Paul Neary
Alan Davis

Young Miracleman, 1957
Warrior #12

Story
The Original Writer

Art
John Ridgway

"The Guerneville Flood"
Miracleman #8

In February 1986, the Russian River flooded Guerneville, California, causing catastrophic damage to the facilities of Miracleman's publisher. As a result, *Miracleman* #8 (June 1986) had to be released as a reprint issue. A new framing sequence explained the delay.

Story
cat yronwode

Art
Chuck Austen (Pencils)
Al Gordon (Inks)

The Priest and the Dragon: "October Incident: 1966"
All-New Miracleman Annual #1

One wintry night on the shores of Scotland a man of faith and a creature of death encountered each other. Three years later they meet again and the young dragon shares his views on the world he has inherited from the old priest.

Story
Grant Morrison

Color Art
Richard Isanove

Art
Joe Quesada

Lettering
Chris Eliopoulos

The Miracleman Family: "Seriously Miraculous"
All-New Miracleman Annual #1

Featuring the entire Miracleman Family, this joyous romp pays its respects to both the whimsy and imagination of Miracleman creator Mick Anglo and the groundbreaking work of those who returned the character to prominence.

Story
Peter Milligan

Lettering
Travis Lanham

Art
Michael Allred

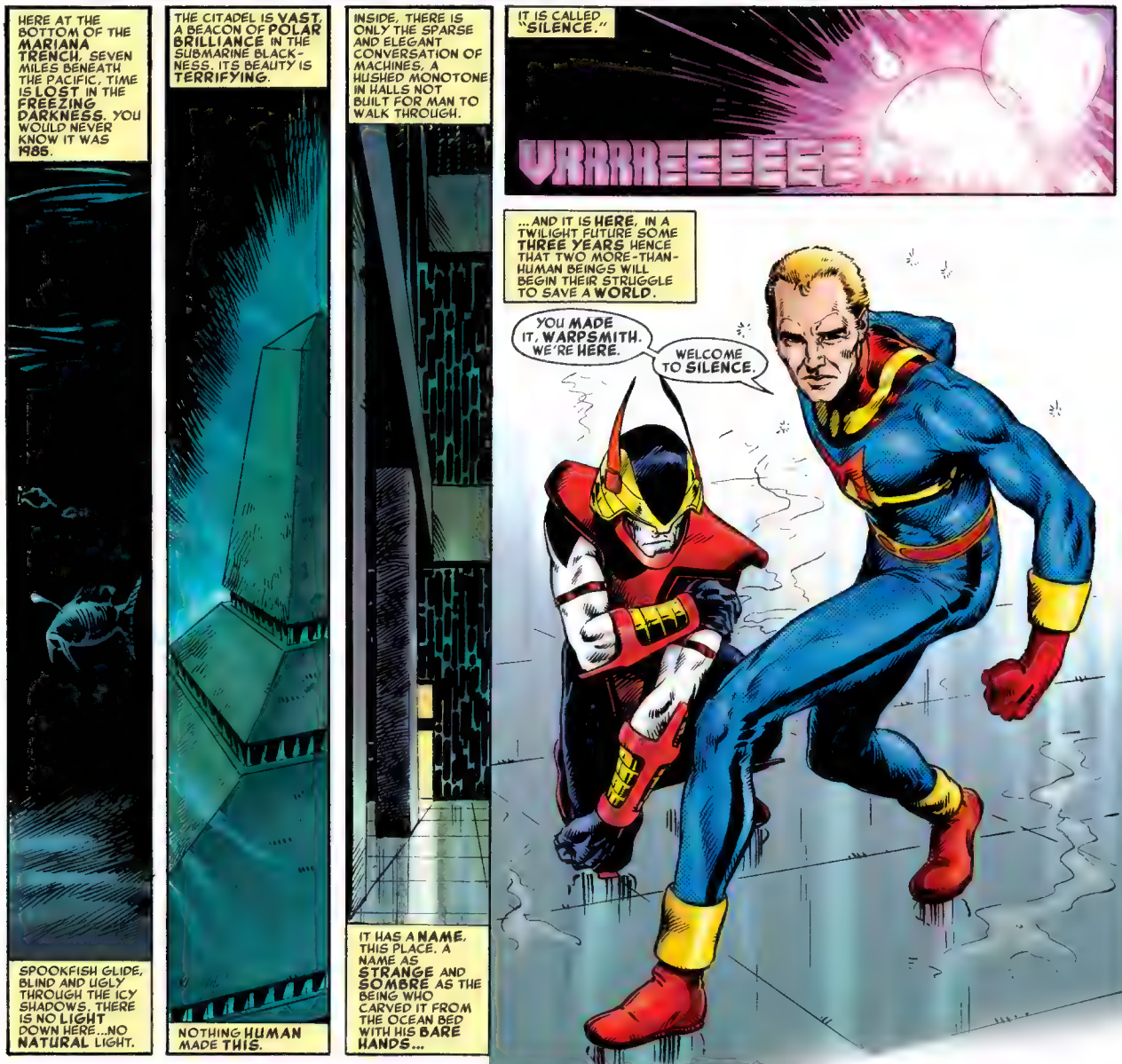
Co-Editors
N. Lowe · C. Sedlmeier

Color Art
Laura Allred

Assistant Editor
Charles Beachum

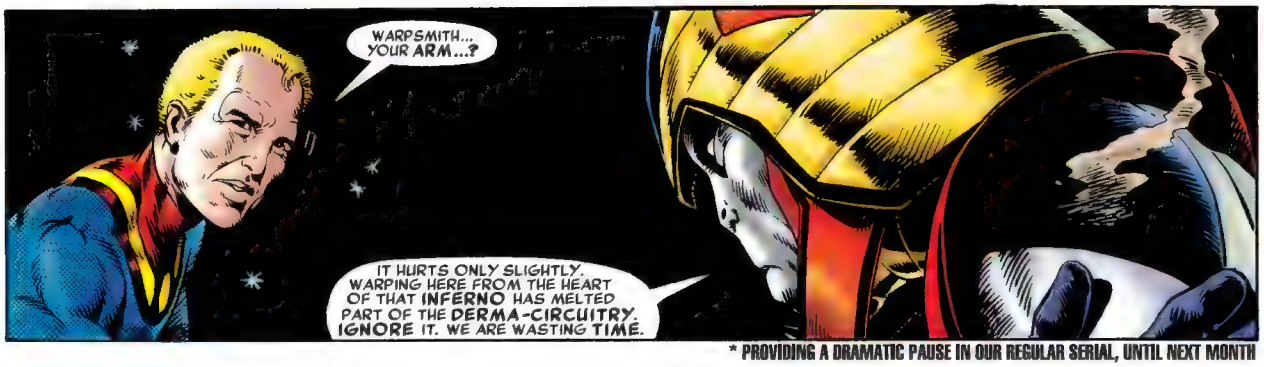
LEFT: *MIRACLEMAN* #8 | June 1986 | Cover | By Chuck Austen

COMPLETE IN THIS SPECIAL -- A STUNNING GLIMPSE INTO THE MIRACLEMAN LEGEND!*

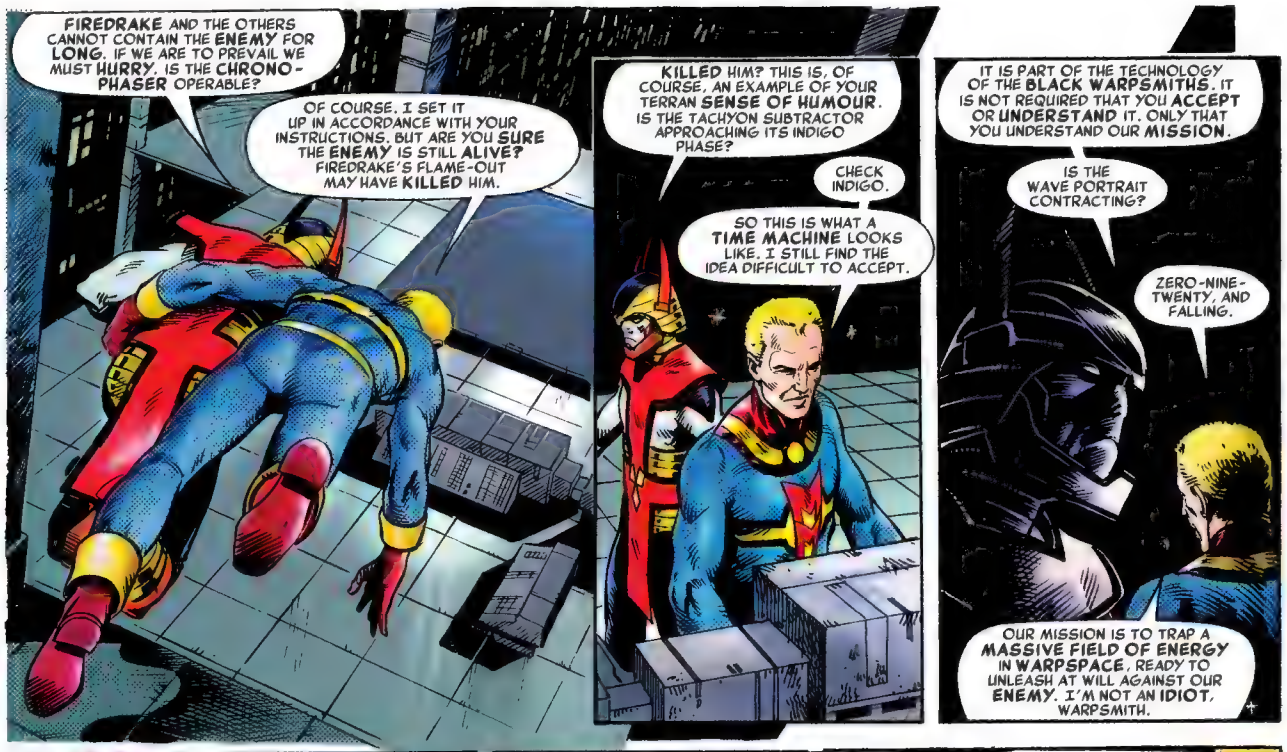


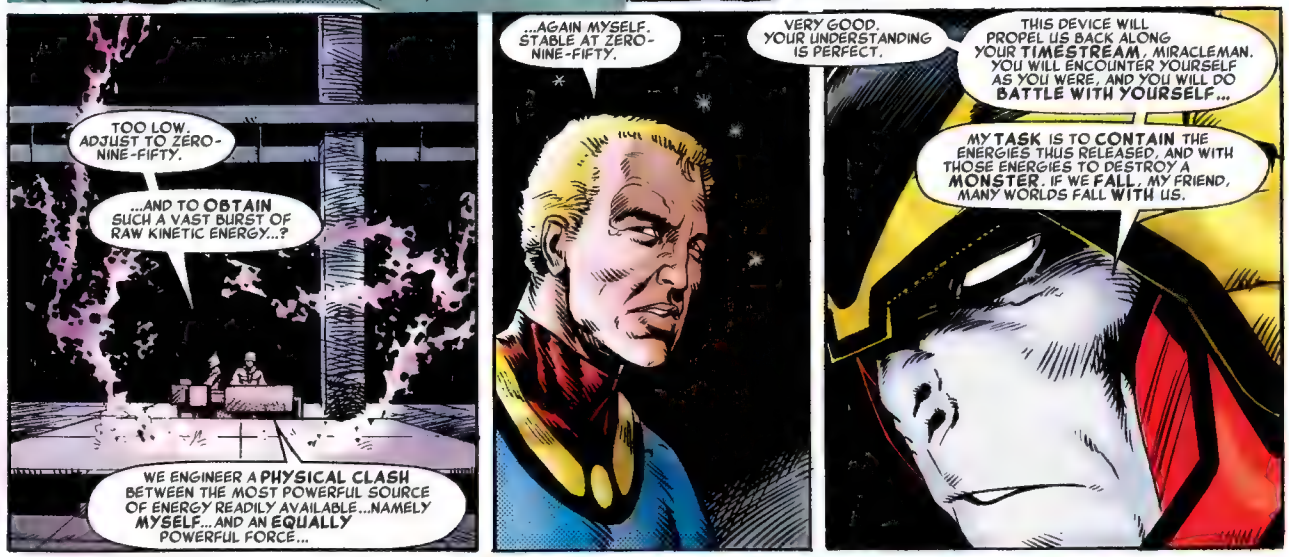
MIRACLEMAN

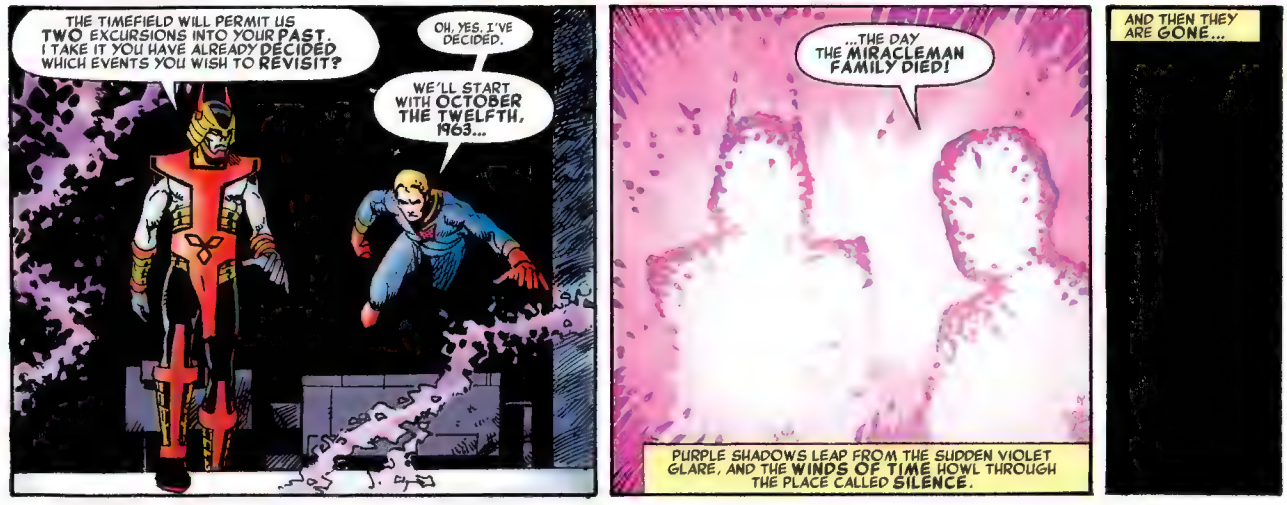
THE YESTERDAY GAMBIT

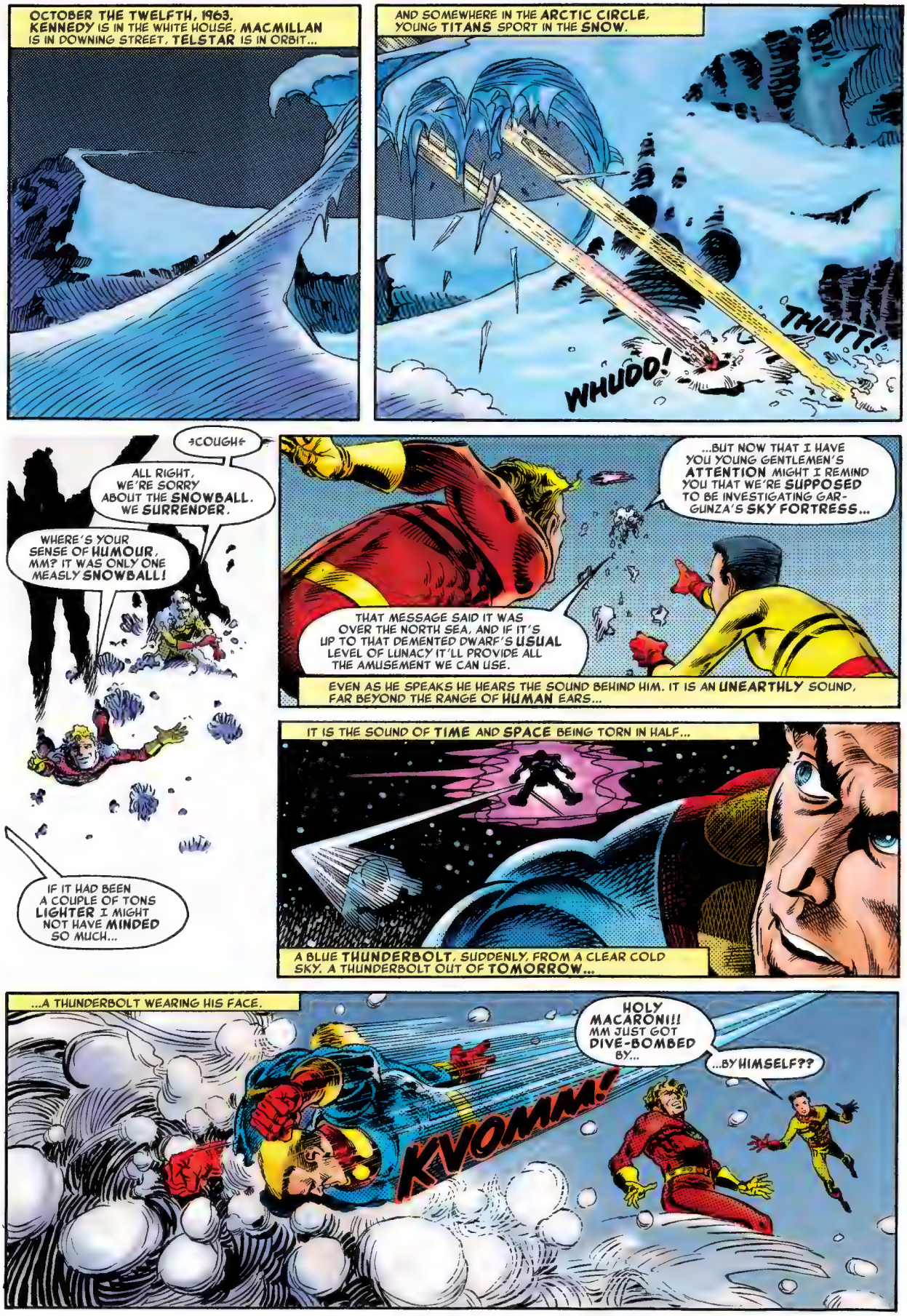


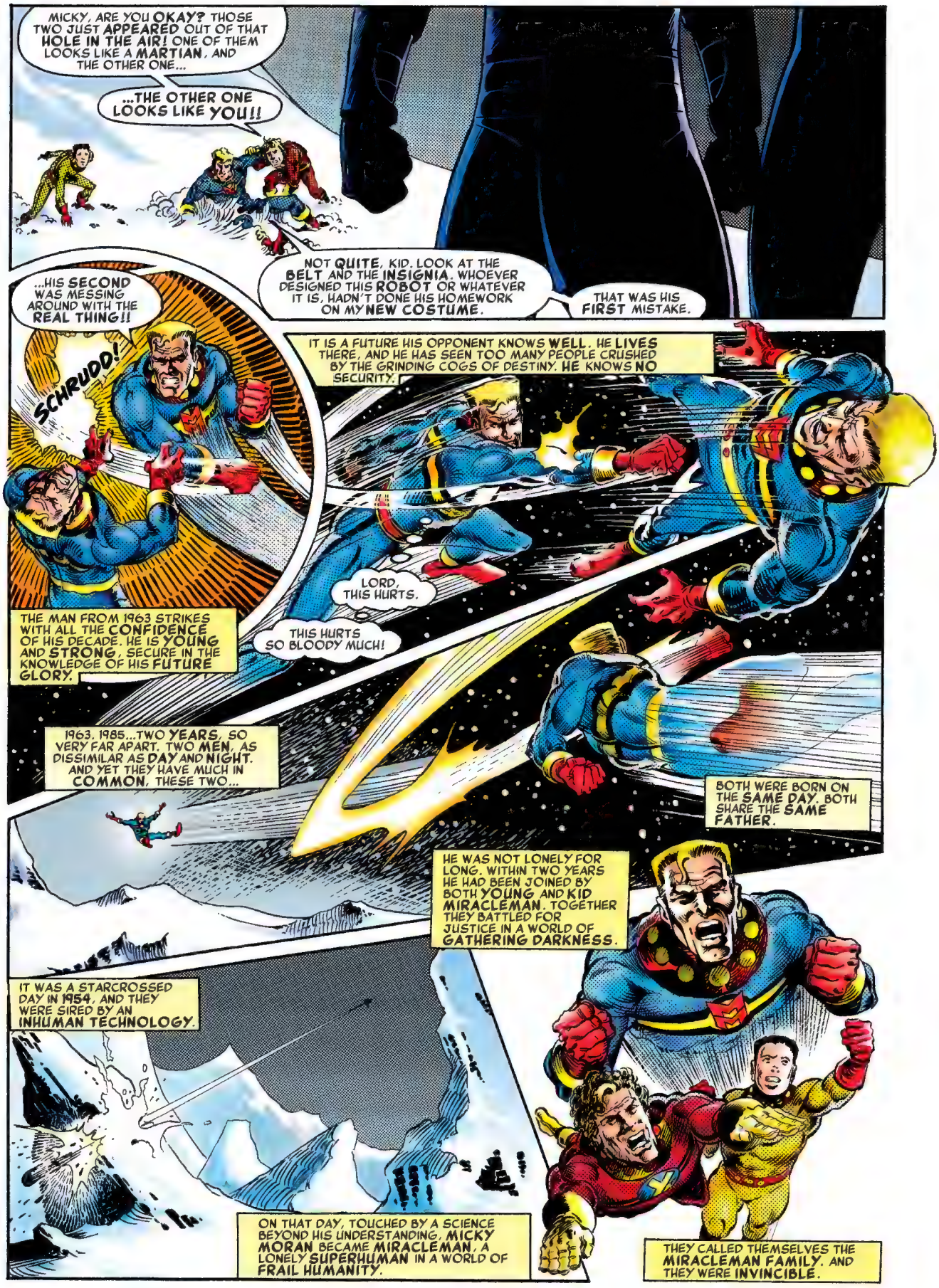
* PROVIDING A DRAMATIC PAUSE IN OUR REGULAR SERIAL, UNTIL NEXT MONTH

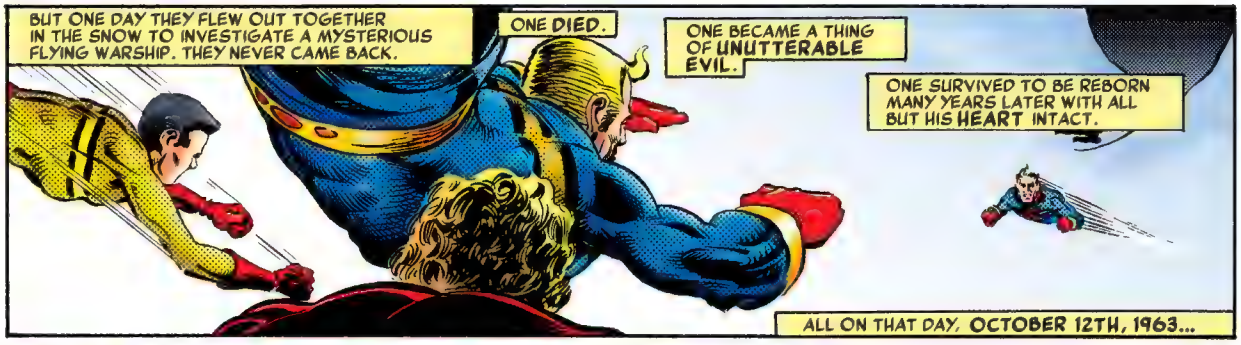

FIREDRAKE AND THE OTHERS CANNOT CONTAIN THE ENEMY FOR LONG. IF WE ARE TO PREVAIL WE MUST HURRY. IS THE CHRONO-PHASER OPERABLE?
OF COURSE. I SET IT UP IN ACCORDANCE WITH YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. BUT ARE YOU SURE THE ENEMY IS STILL ALIVE? FIREDRAKE'S FLAME-OUT MAY HAVE KILLED HIM.
KILLED HIM? THIS IS, OF COURSE, AN EXAMPLE OF YOUR TERRAN SENSE OF HUMOUR. IS THE TACHYON SUBTRACTOR APPROACHING ITS INDIGO PHASE?
CHECK INDIGO.
SO THIS IS WHAT A TIME MACHINE LOOKS LIKE. I STILL FIND THE IDEA DIFFICULT TO ACCEPT.
IT IS PART OF THE TECHNOLOGY OF THE BLACK WARPSMITHS. IT IS NOT REQUIRED THAT YOU ACCEPT OR UNDERSTAND IT. ONLY THAT YOU UNDERSTAND OUR MISSION.
IS THE WAVE PORTRAIT CONTRACTING?
ZERO-NINE-TWENTY, AND FALLING.
OUR MISSION IS TO TRAP A MASSIVE FIELD OF ENERGY IN WARPSPACE, READY TO UNLEASH AT WILL AGAINST OUR ENEMY. I'M NOT AN IDIOT, WARPSMITH.


TOO LOW. ADJUST TO ZERO-NINE-FIFTY.
...AND TO OBTAIN SUCH A VAST BURST OF RAW KINETIC ENERGY...?
WE ENGINEER A PHYSICAL CLASH BETWEEN THE MOST POWERFUL SOURCE OF ENERGY READILY AVAILABLE...NAMELY MYSELF... AND AN EQUALLY POWERFUL FORCE...
...AGAIN MYSELF. STABLE AT ZERO-NINE-FIFTY.
VERY GOOD. YOUR UNDERSTANDING IS PERFECT.
THIS DEVICE WILL PROPEL US BACK ALONG YOUR TIMESTREAM, MIRACLEMAN. YOU WILL ENCOUNTER YOURSELF AS YOU WERE, AND YOU WILL DO BATTLE WITH YOURSELF...
MY TASK IS TO CONTAIN THE ENERGIES THUS RELEASED, AND WITH THOSE ENERGIES TO DESTROY A MONSTER. IF WE FALL, MY FRIEND, MANY WORLDS FALL WITH US.


THE TIMEFIELD WILL PERMIT US TWO EXCURSIONS INTO YOUR PAST. I TAKE IT YOU HAVE ALREADY DECIDED WHICH EVENTS YOU WISH TO REVISIT?
OH, YES. I'VE DECIDED.
WE'LL START WITH OCTOBER THE TWELFTH, 1963...
...THE DAY THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY DIED!
PURPLE SHADOWS LEAP FROM THE SUDDEN VIOLET GLARE, AND THE WINDS OF TIME HOWL THROUGH THE PLACE CALLED SILENCE.
AND THEN THEY ARE GONE...


OCTOBER THE TWELFTH, 1963. KENNEDY IS IN THE WHITE HOUSE, MACMILLAN IS IN DOWNING STREET, TELSTAR IS IN ORBIT...
AND SOMEWHERE IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, YOUNG TITANS SPORT IN THE SNOW.
WHUDD!
THUTT!
COUGH
ALL RIGHT, WE'RE SORRY ABOUT THE SNOWBALL. WE SURRENDER.
WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF HUMOUR, MM? IT WAS ONLY ONE MEASLY SNOWBALL!
IF IT HAD BEEN A COUPLE OF TONS LIGHTER I MIGHT NOT HAVE MINDED SO MUCH...
...BUT NOW THAT I HAVE YOU YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S ATTENTION MIGHT I REMIND YOU THAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE INVESTIGATING GARGUNZA'S SKY FORTRESS...
THAT MESSAGE SAID IT WAS OVER THE NORTH SEA, AND IF IT'S UP TO THAT DEMENTED DWARF'S USUAL LEVEL OF LUNACY IT'LL PROVIDE ALL THE AMUSEMENT WE CAN USE.
EVEN AS HE SPEAKS HE HEARS THE SOUND BEHIND HIM. IT IS AN UNEARTHLY SOUND, FAR BEYOND THE RANGE OF HUMAN EARS...
IT IS THE SOUND OF TIME AND SPACE BEING TORN IN HALF...
A BLUE THUNDERBOLT, SUDDENLY, FROM A CLEAR COLD SKY. A THUNDERBOLT OUT OF TOMORROW...
...A THUNDERBOLT WEARING HIS FACE.
KVOMM!
HOLY MACARONI!! MM JUST GOT DIVE-BOMBED BY...
...BY HIMSELF??

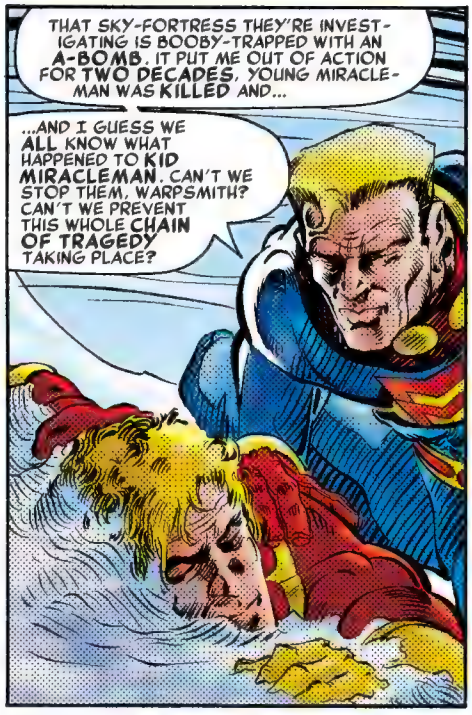

MICKY, ARE YOU OKAY? THOSE TWO JUST APPEARED OUT OF THAT HOLE IN THE AIR! ONE OF THEM LOOKS LIKE A MARTIAN, AND THE OTHER ONE...
...THE OTHER ONE LOOKS LIKE YOU!!
NOT QUITE, KID. LOOK AT THE BELT AND THE INSIGNIA. WHOEVER DESIGNED THIS ROBOT OR WHATEVER IT IS, HADN'T DONE HIS HOMEWORK ON MY NEW COSTUME.
THAT WAS HIS FIRST MISTAKE.
...HIS SECOND WAS MESSING AROUND WITH THE REAL THING!!
SCHRUDD!
IT IS A FUTURE HIS OPPONENT KNOWS WELL. HE LIVES THERE, AND HE HAS SEEN TOO MANY PEOPLE CRUSHED BY THE GRINDING COGS OF DESTINY. HE KNOWS NO SECURITY.
LORD, THIS HURTS.
THIS HURTS SO BLOODY MUCH!
THE MAN FROM 1963 STRIKES WITH ALL THE CONFIDENCE OF HIS DECADE. HE IS YOUNG AND STRONG, SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF HIS FUTURE GLORY.
1963, 1985...TWO YEARS, SO VERY FAR APART. TWO MEN, AS DISSIMILAR AS DAY AND NIGHT. AND YET THEY HAVE MUCH IN COMMON, THESE TWO...
BOTH WERE BORN ON THE SAME DAY. BOTH SHARE THE SAME FATHER.
HE WAS NOT LONELY FOR LONG. WITHIN TWO YEARS HE HAD BEEN JOINED BY BOTH YOUNG AND KID MIRACLEMAN. TOGETHER THEY BATTLED FOR JUSTICE IN A WORLD OF GATHERING DARKNESS.
IT WAS A STARCROSSED DAY IN 1954, AND THEY WERE SIRED BY AN INHUMAN TECHNOLOGY.
ON THAT DAY, TOUCHED BY A SCIENCE BEYOND HIS UNDERSTANDING, MICKY MORAN BECAME MIRACLEMAN, A LONELY SUPERHUMAN IN A WORLD OF FRAIL HUMANITY.
THEY CALLED THEMSELVES THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY. AND THEY WERE INVINCIBLE.

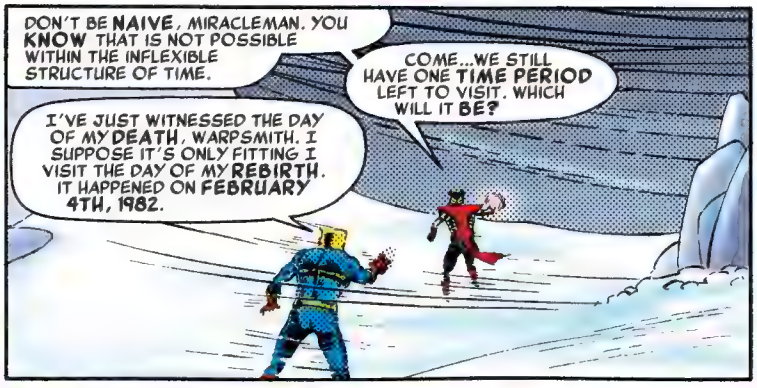

BUT ONE DAY THEY FLEW OUT TOGETHER IN THE SNOW TO INVESTIGATE A MYSTERIOUS FLYING WARSHIP. THEY NEVER CAME BACK.
ONE DIED.
ONE BECAME A THING OF UNUTTERABLE EVIL.
ONE SURVIVED TO BE REBORN MANY YEARS LATER WITH ALL BUT HIS HEART INTACT.
ALL ON THAT DAY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1963...

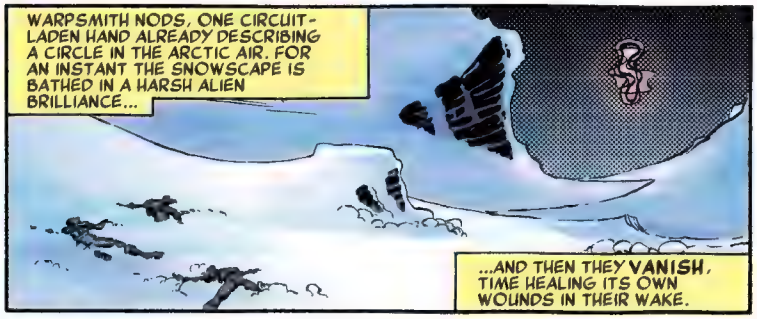
...TODAY.
SHRRAAA KOOOM!
FOUR OF THE MIGHTIEST MORTALS IN THE UNIVERSE COLLIDE ABOVE THE FROZEN TUNDRA, ALL THEIR TERRIBLE POWER RELEASED IN A BLIND INSTANT.

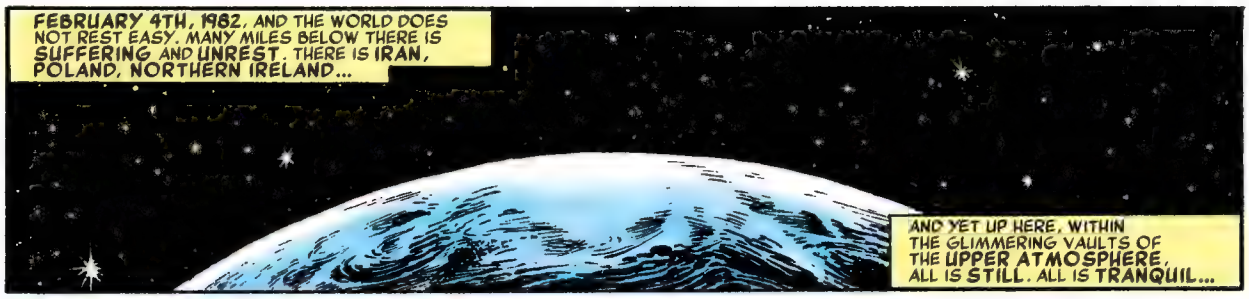
THE ENIGMATIC ALIEN KNOWN AS WARPSMITH TOUCHES A STUD AND THE SHOCKWAVES ARE INSTANTLY STILLED, THE SOUND OF COLLISION CUT OFF DEAD...
OUR TASK HERE IS COMPLETED, MIRACLEMAN. I HAVE WARPED THE ENERGIES INTO NULL-SPACE, READY TO RETRIEVE WHEN WE RETURN TO OUR OWN TIME.
WH-WHAT ABOUT THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY? THEY'LL REMEMBER...

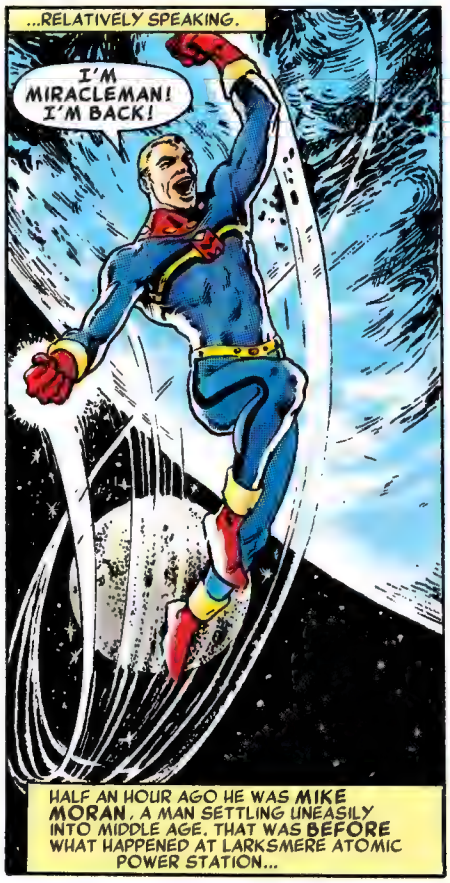
THEY WILL REMEMBER NOTHING, MY FRIEND. A SIMPLE PSYCHIC SUPRESSOR FIELD WILL COMPLETELY ERASE THEIR MEMORY OF THE LAST FEW MINUTES.
SOON THEY WILL AWAKE AND CONTINUE WITH THEIR MISSION, UTTERLY UNAWARE THAT THIS TIME-CROSSED ENCOUNTER HAS EVER OCCURRED.
AND UTTERLY UNAWARE THAT THEY'RE FLYING TO THEIR DOOM.


THAT SKY-FORTRESS THEY'RE INVESTIGATING IS BOOBY-TRAPPED WITH AN A-BOMB. IT PUT ME OUT OF ACTION FOR TWO DECADES, YOUNG MIRACLEMAN WAS KILLED AND...
...AND I GUESS WE ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO KID MIRACLEMAN. CAN'T WE STOP THEM, WARPSMITH? CAN'T WE PREVENT THIS WHOLE CHAIN OF TRAGEDY TAKING PLACE?

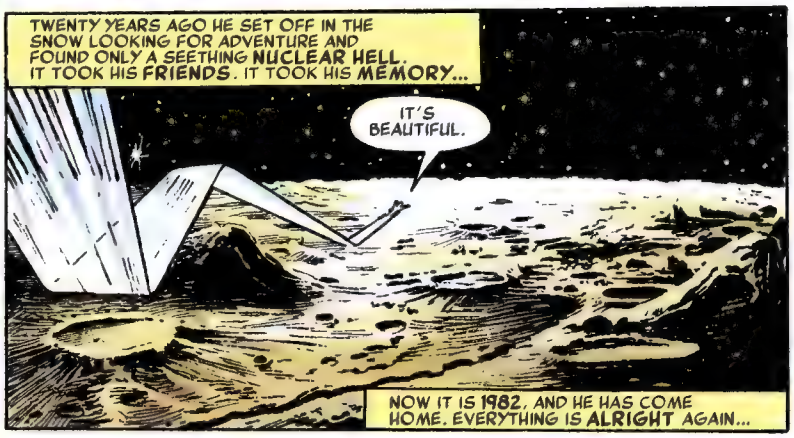

DON'T BE NAIVE, MIRACLEMAN. YOU KNOW THAT IS NOT POSSIBLE WITHIN THE INFLEXIBLE STRUCTURE OF TIME.
COME...WE STILL HAVE ONE TIME PERIOD LEFT TO VISIT. WHICH WILL IT BE?
I'VE JUST WITNESSED THE DAY OF MY DEATH, WARPSMITH. I SUPPOSE IT'S ONLY FITTING I VISIT THE DAY OF MY REBIRTH. IT HAPPENED ON FEBRUARY 4TH, 1982.

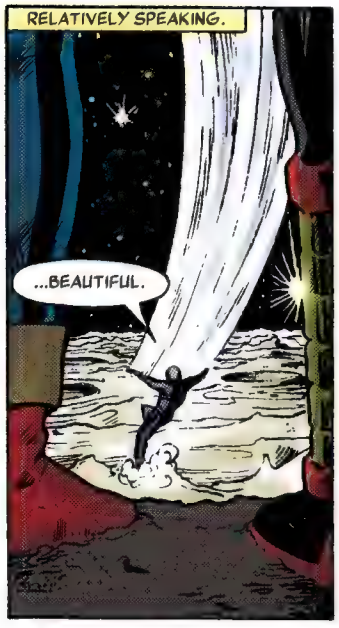

WARPSMITH NODS, ONE CIRCUIT-LADEN HAND ALREADY DESCRIBING A CIRCLE IN THE ARCTIC AIR. FOR AN INSTANT THE SNOWSCAPE IS BATHED IN A HARSH ALIEN BRILLIANCE...
...AND THEN THEY VANISH, TIME HEALING ITS OWN WOUNDS IN THEIR WAKE.


FEBRUARY 4TH, 1982, AND THE WORLD DOES NOT REST EASY. MANY MILES BELOW THERE IS SUFFERING AND UNREST. THERE IS IRAN, POLAND, NORTHERN IRELAND...
AND YET UP HERE, WITHIN THE GLIMMERING VAULTS OF THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE, ALL IS STILL. ALL IS TRANQUIL...


...RELATIVELY SPEAKING.
I'M MIRACLEMAN! I'M BACK!
HALF AN HOUR AGO HE WAS MIKE MORAN, A MAN SETTLING UNEASILY INTO MIDDLE AGE. THAT WAS BEFORE WHAT HAPPENED AT LARKSMERE ATOMIC POWER STATION...

THAT WAS BEFORE HE REMEMBERED WHO HE REALLY WAS.
ALL THIS SPEED, ALL THIS STARLIGHT...IT'S INCREDIBLE! AND THERE'S THE MOON— LOOKING LIKE A BEAUTIFUL BLUE JEWEL!
I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO TO THE MOON...


TWENTY YEARS AGO HE SET OFF IN THE SNOW LOOKING FOR ADVENTURE AND FOUND ONLY A SEETHING NUCLEAR HELL. IT TOOK HIS FRIENDS. IT TOOK HIS MEMORY...
IT'S BEAUTIFUL.
NOW IT IS 1982, AND HE HAS COME HOME. EVERYTHING IS ALRIGHT AGAIN...

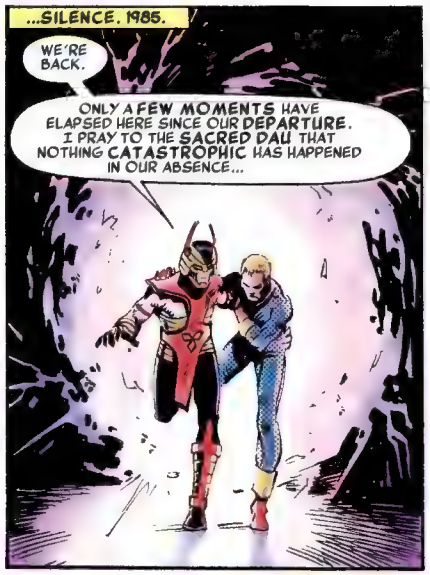

RELATIVELY SPEAKING.
...BEAUTIFUL.

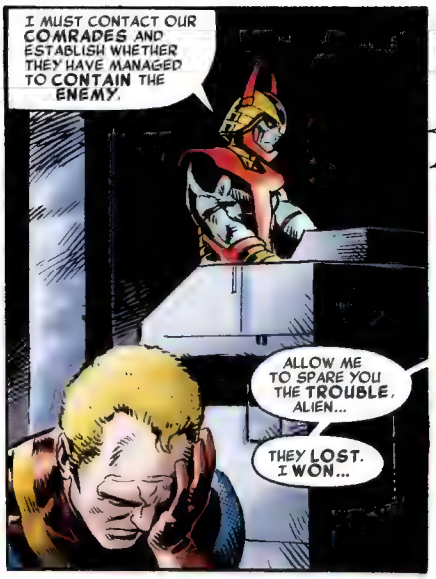
I WISH LIZ COULD SEE THIS. MAYBE I'LL BRING HER HERE FOR OUR NEXT HOLIDAY.
LIZ. MIKE MORAN'S BEEN MARRIED TO HER FOR SIXTEEN YEARS. I DOUBT THAT SHE'S EVEN HEARD OF MIRACLEMAN. SHE'S CERTAINLY IN FOR A BIG...

...SURPRISE??

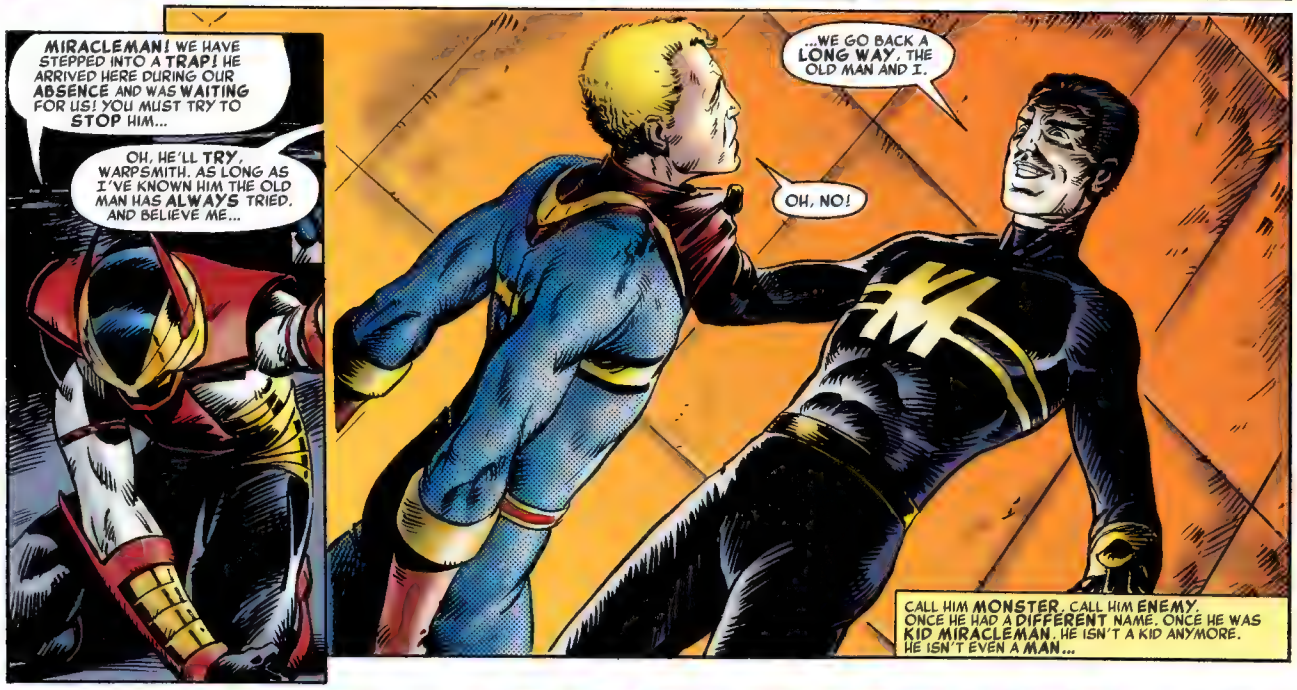
FOR A MOMENT HE WONDERS IF HE IS PERHAPS MAD. A GLIMPSE AT THE STERN FACE OF HIS ADVERSARY AND HE IS CERTAIN OF IT.
ME!
IT'S ME!
REALITY WAVERS, AND HE SEES THAT IT ALL MUST HAVE BEEN A DELIRIOUS DREAM... HIS REBIRTH AS MIRACLEMAN, HIS FLIGHT THROUGH SPACE... ALL A DREAM.
AND YET, WHETHER REAL OR ILLUSORY...
...THE HURT IS STILL THE SAME.
THE HURT... AND THE REACTION!
ALL OF A SUDDEN I DON'T GIVE A DAMN IF I'M CRAZY OR DREAMING, JUST LIKE I DON'T CARE WHAT THAT DOPPELGANGER'S DOING HERE...
NOBODY DOES THAT TO ME, NOBODY!
I'M MIRACLEMAN!
CORRECTION...
...YOU'RE BOTH MIRACLEMAN.
THEIR AURAS CRACKLE LIKE CURSES, SPARKING ANGRILY AMIDST THE RISING BILLOWS OF LUMINOUS DUST. THEY CALL THIS PLACE THE SEA OF TRANQUILITY...

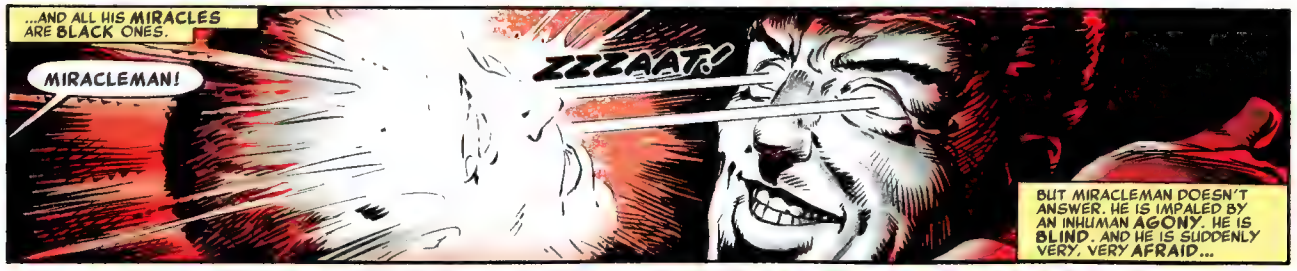
...UP UNTIL A MOMENT AGO IT WAS A NAME THAT MADE SENSE.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S GETTING UP AGAIN! THAT BATTLE WITH THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY MUST HAVE TAKEN MORE OUT OF ME THAN I'D REALISED...
IF I DON'T FINISH THIS QUICKLY, HE'S GOING TO FINISH IT FOR ME!
A FOG ROLLS OVER HIS MIND, BLACK AND MARBLED WITH SEARING RED PAIN. AS HE SINKS INTO OBLIVION HE HOPES THAT HIS ALIEN COMPANION HAS MANAGED TO CONTAIN THE NECESSARY ENERGY...
...BECAUSE WHETHER HE HAS OR NOT, THE BATTLE IS INDISPUTABLY OVER.
I BEAT HIM.
I DON'T KNOW WHO HE WAS OR WHY HE LOOKED LIKE ME, BUT I BEAT HIM...
YES, YOU BEAT HIM.
NOW SLEEP WELL.
W-WARPSMITH? DID WE DO IT?
YES, WE DID. HOPEFULLY WE HAVE ALL THE POWER WE REQUIRE. WE MAY NOW RETURN TO OUR OWN TIME...
...JUST AS YOUR FORMER SELF, WHEN HE AWAKES, WILL RETURN TO HIS HOME ON THE GREEN WORLD BELOW WITH NO MEMORY OF THIS INCIDENT.
THE BLUE GIANT'S TELEPATHIC WHISPER IS HESITANT AND WEAK. EVEN WITH ALL HIS CIRCUITARY, WARPSMITH CAN BARELY HEAR IT...
TO HIS HOME. TO HIS WIFE. DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT LIZ, WARPSMITH?
YES, MY FRIEND. YOU TOLD ME. AND I AM VERY SORRY THAT EVENTS TRANSPIRED AS THEY DID. NOW REST, MIRACLEMAN. YOU ARE TIRED...
AND IT'S A LONG WAY HOME.
TIME AND SPACE SHATTER INTO IRIDESCENT VIOLET SHARDS, AND THEY ARE GONE. THEIR JOURNEY IS THREE YEARS LONG. IT BEGINS IN WHISPERS. IT ENDS IN...

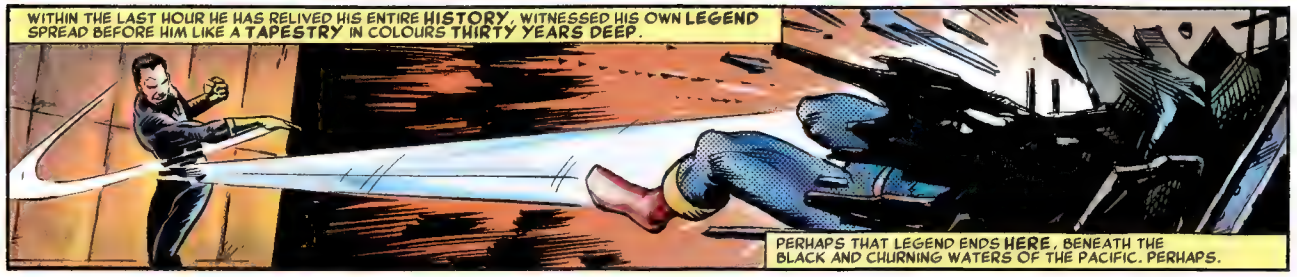

...SILENCE. 1985.
WE'RE BACK.
ONLY A FEW MOMENTS HAVE ELAPSED HERE SINCE OUR DEPARTURE. I PRAY TO THE SACRED DAU THAT NOTHING CATASTROPHIC HAS HAPPENED IN OUR ABSENCE...


I MUST CONTACT OUR COMRADES AND ESTABLISH WHETHER THEY HAVE MANAGED TO CONTAIN THE ENEMY.
ALLOW ME TO SPARE YOU THE TROUBLE, ALIEN...
THEY LOST. I WON...

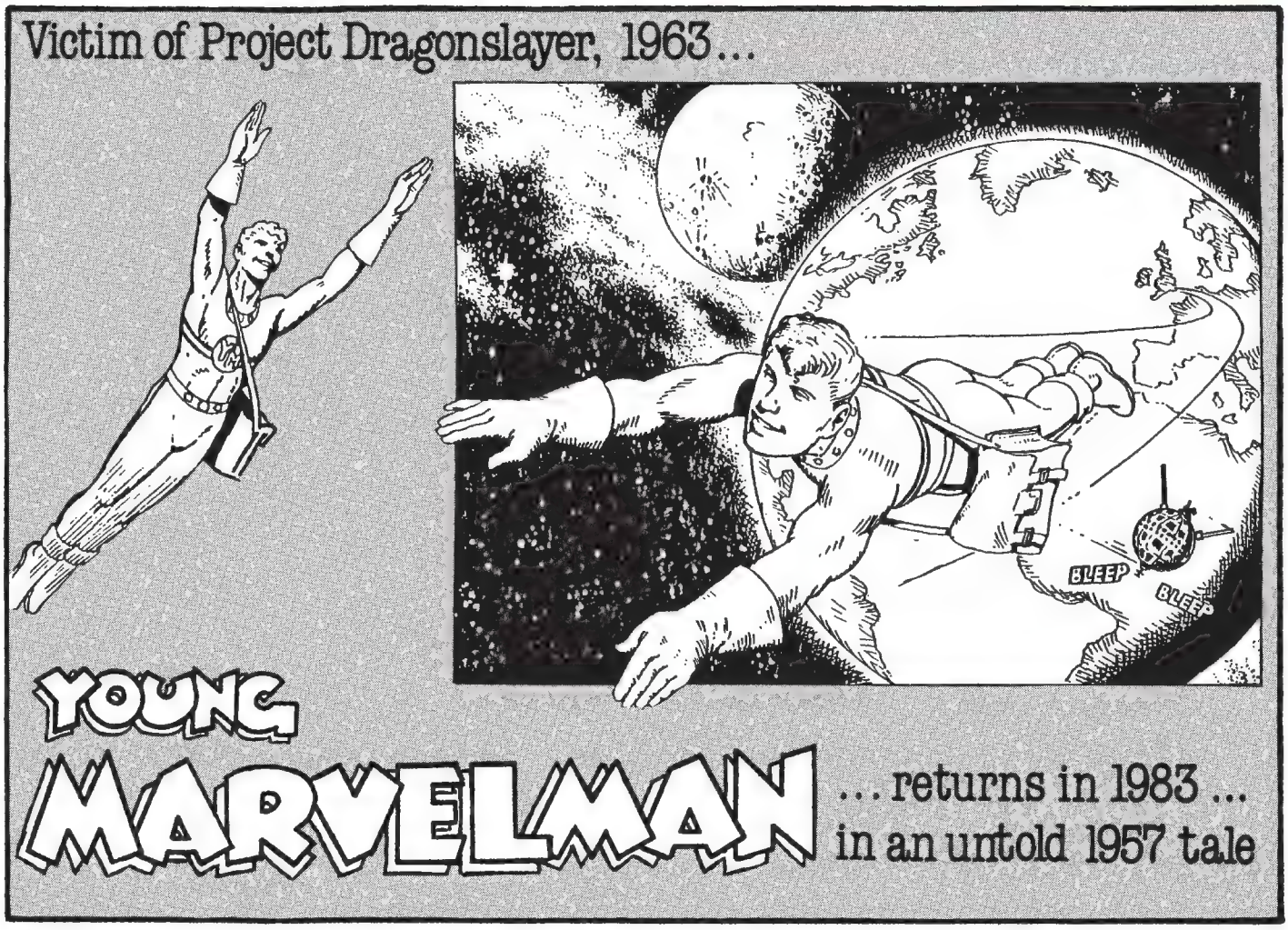
AAAAARRGH!
...AND YOU'RE DEAD.
TWIN NEEDLES OF ENERGY LEAP FROM THE SHADOWS. ONE OF THEM VANISHES INTO A HASTILY CONSTRUCTED WARP. THE OTHER DOESN'T...


MIRACLEMAN! WE HAVE STEPPED INTO A TRAP! HE ARRIVED HERE DURING OUR ABSENCE AND WAS WAITING FOR US! YOU MUST TRY TO STOP HIM...
OH, HE'LL TRY, WARPSMITH. AS LONG AS I'VE KNOWN HIM THE OLD MAN HAS ALWAYS TRIED. AND BELIEVE ME...
...WE GO BACK A LONG WAY, THE OLD MAN AND I.
OH, NO!
CALL HIM MONSTER. CALL HIM ENEMY. ONCE HE HAD A DIFFERENT NAME. ONCE HE WAS KID MIRACLEMAN. HE ISN'T A KID ANYMORE. HE ISN'T EVEN A MAN...


...AND ALL HIS MIRACLES ARE BLACK ONES.
MIRACLEMAN!
ZZZAAT!
BUT MIRACLEMAN DOESN'T ANSWER. HE IS IMPALED BY AN INHUMAN AGONY. HE IS BLIND. AND HE IS SUDDENLY VERY, VERY AFRAID...


WITHIN THE LAST HOUR HE HAS RELIVED HIS ENTIRE HISTORY, WITNESSED HIS OWN LEGEND SPREAD BEFORE HIM LIKE A TAPESTRY IN COLOURS THIRTY YEARS DEEP.
PERHAPS THAT LEGEND ENDS HERE, BENEATH THE BLACK AND CHURNING WATERS OF THE PACIFIC. PERHAPS.

...AND PERHAPS NOT.
THE ENEMY SEEKS REVENGE FOR THE WAY MIRACLEMAN DEFEATED HIM BEFORE. HE IS TOO BLOOD-HUNGRY TO PAY ME ANY HEED.
PRAY DAU THAT WILL BE HIS UNDOING.
THE WARPSMITH'S UNINJURED ARM BEGINS TO GLOW WITH THE STOLEN POWER OF DAYS GONE BY. ON THE RIM OF OUR DIMENSION A MASSIVE BUBBLE OF KINETIC FORCE BEGINS TO BUILD...
IF ONLY HE HAS ENOUGH TIME. IF ONLY...
SO! THE ALIEN STILL LIVES. YOU SHOULD HAVE REMAINED DEAD, ALIEN...
...BEING DEAD IS MUCH LESS PAINFUL.
THE TERRIBLE BLACK FIGURE SPRINGS, CRIMSON BEAMS SPITTING FROM HIS EYES. THE WARPSMITH RAISES A HAND THAT SEETHES WITH COLD STARK POWER. FOR AN INSTANT THE TABLEAU IS FROZEN...
...BUT ONLY FOR AN INSTANT.
DROOOM
AND WHAT OF THOSE OTHER INSTANTS STREWN LIKE JEWELS ALONG THE TIME STREAM? IN 1963 THREE FIGURES SOAR THROUGH THE SNOW OVER THE NORTH SEA...
THEY SQUINT AT THE GREY SHAPE THAT HANGS IN THE NUMBING WHITENESS BEFORE THEM. DEATH WHISPERS IN THEIR SOULS, BUT THEY CANNOT HEAR IT ABOVE THE SHRIEKING WIND.
IN 1982 AN AZURE COMET STREAKS BACK TO THE EARTH, BACK TO THE GROUNDED CONSTELLATION THAT IS LONDON, BACK TO THE WOMAN HE LOVES...
...BACK TO THE WOMAN HE IS SOON TO LOSE. BUT THE QUIET VOICE OF FOREBODING IN HIS HEART IS LOST IN THE TRAFFIC NOISE. THE PAST IS A NOISY PLACE...
...WHILE IN THE COLD GREEN DEPTHS OF AN UNFATHOMABLE FUTURE THERE IS ONLY...
...SILENCE.


Victim of Project Dragonslayer, 1963...
BLEEP
BLEEP
YOUNG
MARVELMAN
... returns in 1983 ...
in an untold 1957 tale

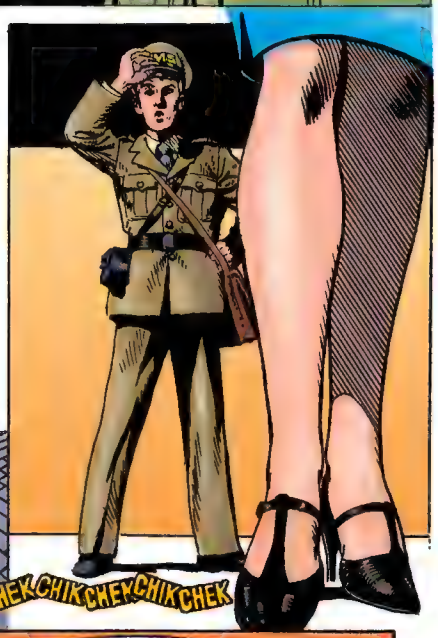
1957

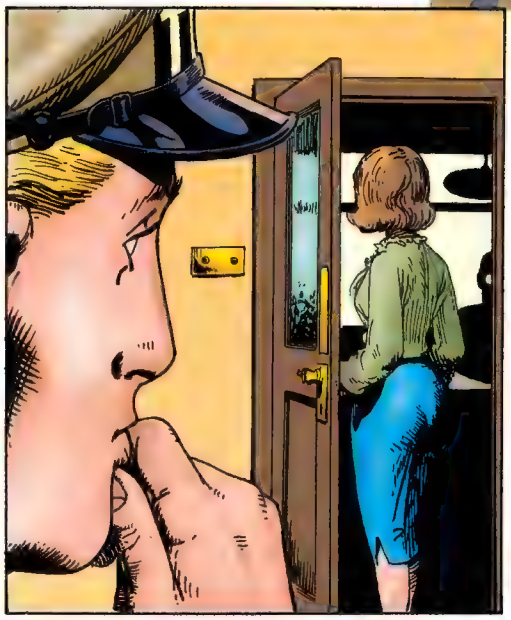
U.S. SPACE SHOT FAILS
DAILY MIRROR
YOUNG MIRACLEMAN
URA 12
PRUT PRUT PRUT PRUT PRUT PRUT PRUT PRUT PRUT PUNK!

TMS
TIC
TAC
TA-TIC
TAC-TA-TIC
TIC-TAC
CHING!

TMS

CHIK CHEK CHIK CHEK CHIK CHEK CHIK CHEK

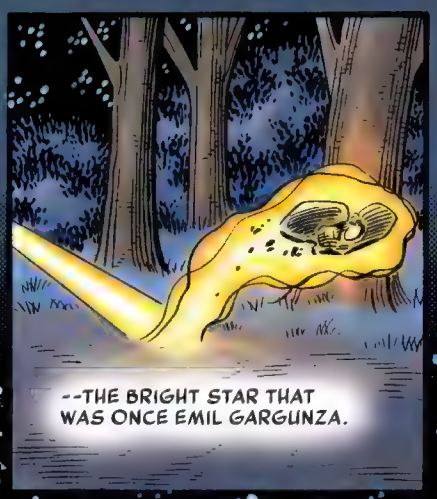

TMS



MIRACLEMAN!
TMS
WOOFF

BLEEP
BEEEP
PLUTO WELCOMES
CAREFUL DRIVERS

MIRACLEMAN!
WOOOOFFF
SKRAMM!
TMS
PR-PRUT
PRUT
PRUT PRUT PRUT! PRRRRRRRRR



NO!

I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!

WHEW! STOPPED MYSELF RIGHT ON THE VERGE OF COMMITTING THE TWO BIGGEST SINS I KNOW...
...BEING DISHONEST--
--AND UNDERESTIMATING THE PUBLIC.

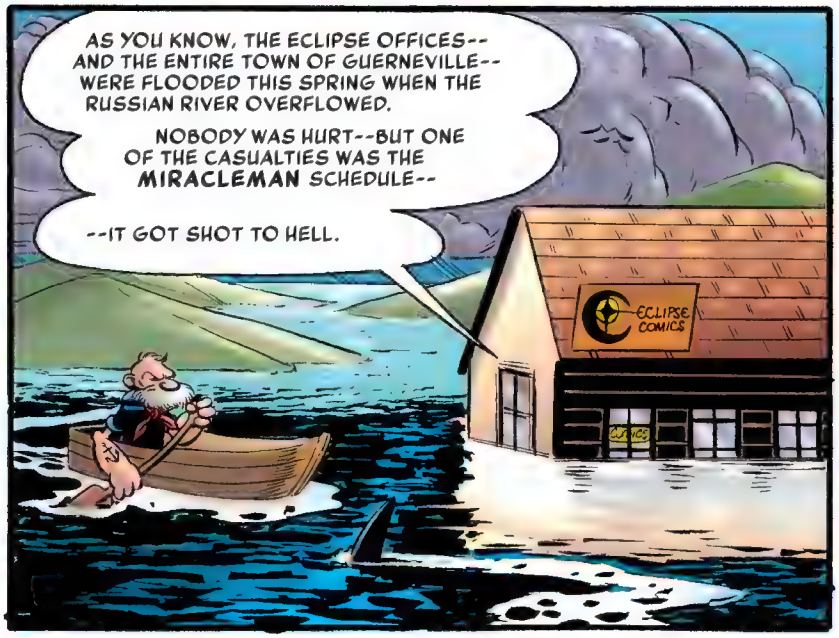
REMEMBER THAT PERIOD DURING THE MID-1970s WHEN IT SEEMED LIKE EVERY THIRD MARVEL COMIC WAS AN UNANNOUNCED REPRINT?
I RESENTED 'EM OF COURSE...
COMICS

...BUT I HATED IT MORE WHEN THEY TRIED TO PRETEND THE REPRINTS WERE "FLASHBACKS."
COMICS

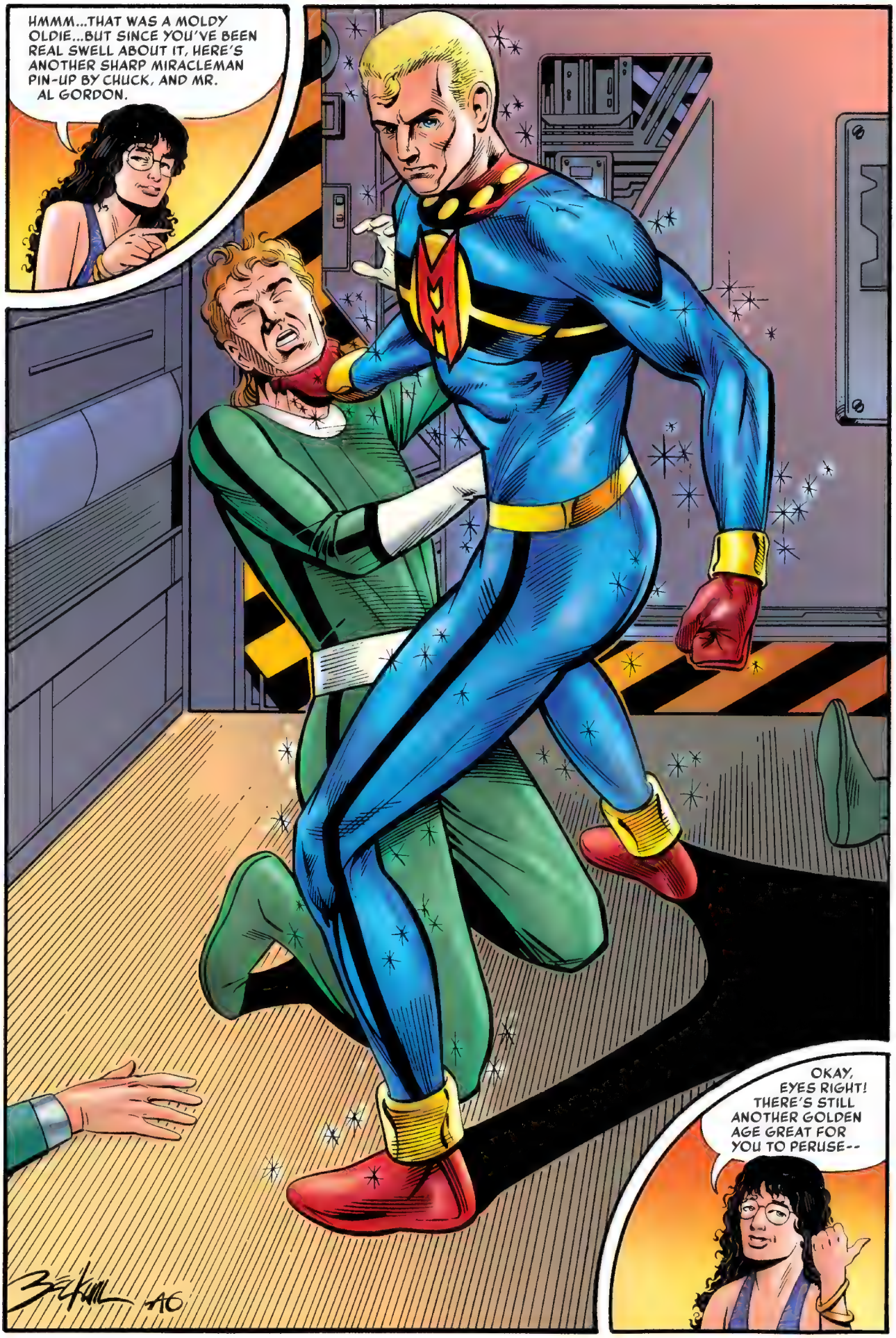
LIKE THAT ISSUE OF DR. STRANGE WHERE DOC IS RIDING AROUND ON A BIG WHITE HORSE LOOKING FOR THE ANCIENT ONE'S EGO, OR SOMETHING EQUALLY OCCULT...
...WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN...
RAMBO?

...HE GOES INTO THIS BIT ABOUT, "AH, THE ANCIENT ONE...HOW WELL I RECALL OUR FIRST MEETING"--
AND THEY HIT US WITH THE STEVE DITKO REPRINTS!!
RAMBO!

DIDN'T FOOL ME ONE BIT.
I KNEW DEADLINE DOOM WHEN I SAW IT.
I THINK YOU DO TOO, SO THAT'S WHY I'M GONNA GIVE YOU THE STRAIGHT STORY...


AS YOU KNOW, THE ECLIPSE OFFICES--AND THE ENTIRE TOWN OF GUERNEVILLE--WERE FLOODED THIS SPRING WHEN THE RUSSIAN RIVER OVERFLOWED.
NOBODY WAS HURT--BUT ONE OF THE CASUALTIES WAS THE MIRACLEMAN SCHEDULE--
--IT GOT SHOT TO HELL.
ECLIPSE COMICS

WE'RE NOT RUNNING THESE 1955 MICK ANGLO STORIES "BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT, PILGRIM!"
--WE'RE RUNNING THEM BECAUSE WE DESPERATELY NEED THE TIME TO GET BACK ON SCHEDULE.
TOO HONEST?
OKAY, OKAY--MIRACLEMAN HAVING JUST KILLED GARGUNZA, PAUSES TO REFLECT ON HIS PAST. "AH, GARGUNZA," HE MUSES, "HOW WELL I RECALL THE DREAMS YOU GAVE ME...THE DREAMS OF YEARS GONE BY!"--

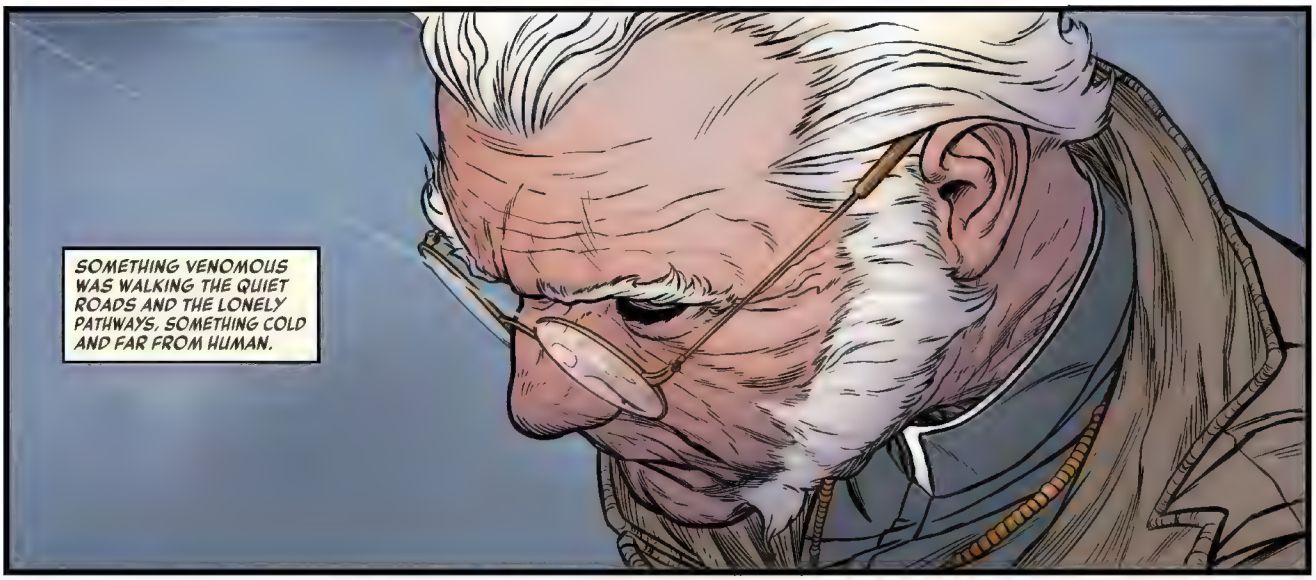

HMMM...THAT WAS A MOLDY OLDIE...BUT SINCE YOU'VE BEEN REAL SWELL ABOUT IT, HERE'S ANOTHER SHARP MIRACLEMAN PIN-UP BY CHUCK, AND MR. AL GORDON.
OKAY, EYES RIGHT! THERE'S STILL ANOTHER GOLDEN AGE GREAT FOR YOU TO PERUSE--

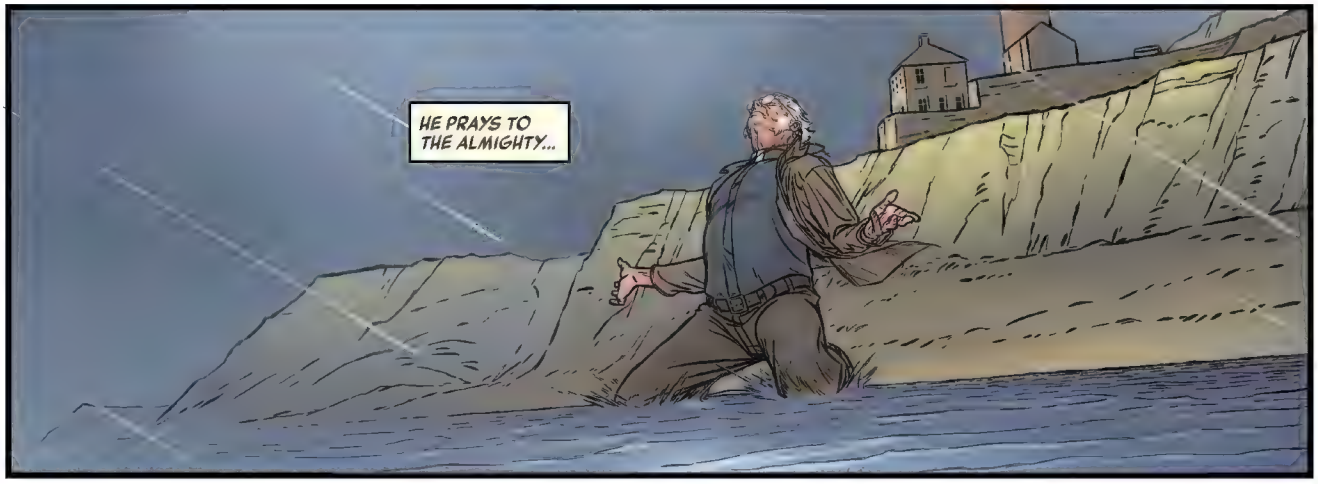
ALL RIGHT!
NEXT ISSUE CHUCK AND I WILL BE BACK--ALONG WITH THE ORIGINAL WRITER--FOR THE CONTINUATION OF OUR REGULAR STORYLINE.
AND NOW, HERE'S A FREE BONUS FOR ALL YOU LOYAL ECLIPSE FANS--
--JUST TURN THE PAGE AND MEET--
I WORK WITH THE GUY, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD!
HE CAN TELL ME WHO REBBECK AND LEAR ARE!
--MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT, YOU'RE ADDICTED TO LOVE!

IT WAS THE DREAM.

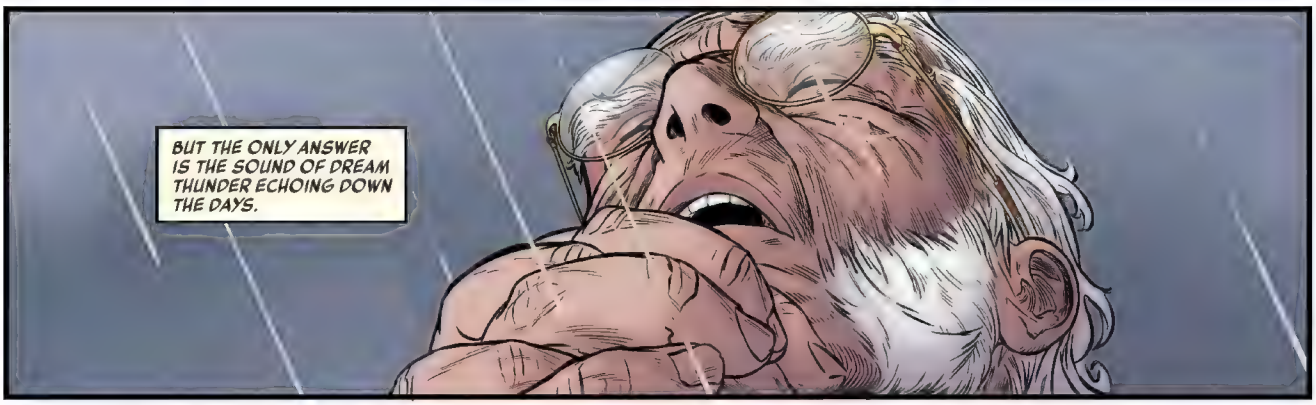
THE DREAM HAD COME BACK AFTER THREE YEARS.
HE KNEW IT WAS A WARNING WHEN HE WOKE TO THE GREY LIGHT AND THE WIND.

THE DAYS OF THE REVELATION WERE COME UPON THE WORLD AND SOMETHING UNCLEAN WAS ABROAD.


SOMETHING VENOMOUS WAS WALKING THE QUIET ROADS AND THE LONELY PATHWAYS, SOMETHING COLD AND FAR FROM HUMAN.

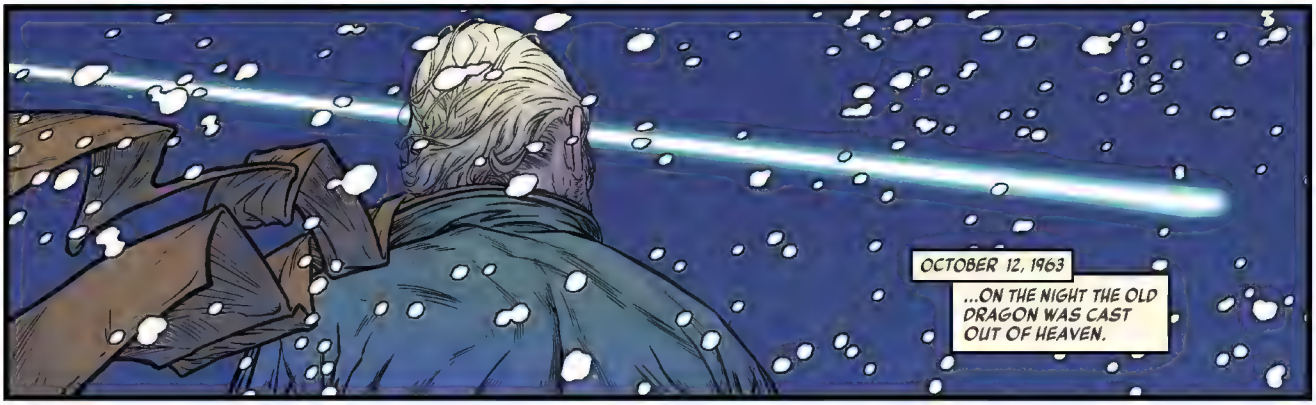

HE PRAYS TO THE ALMIGHTY...

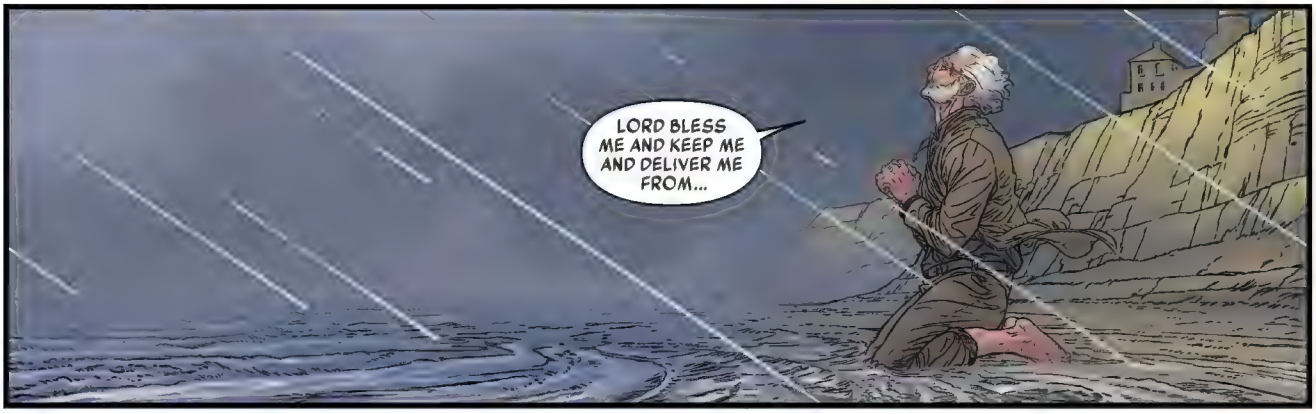
...THAT IT WILL PASS HIM BY.


BUT THE ONLY ANSWER IS THE SOUND OF DREAM THUNDER ECHOING DOWN THE DAYS.

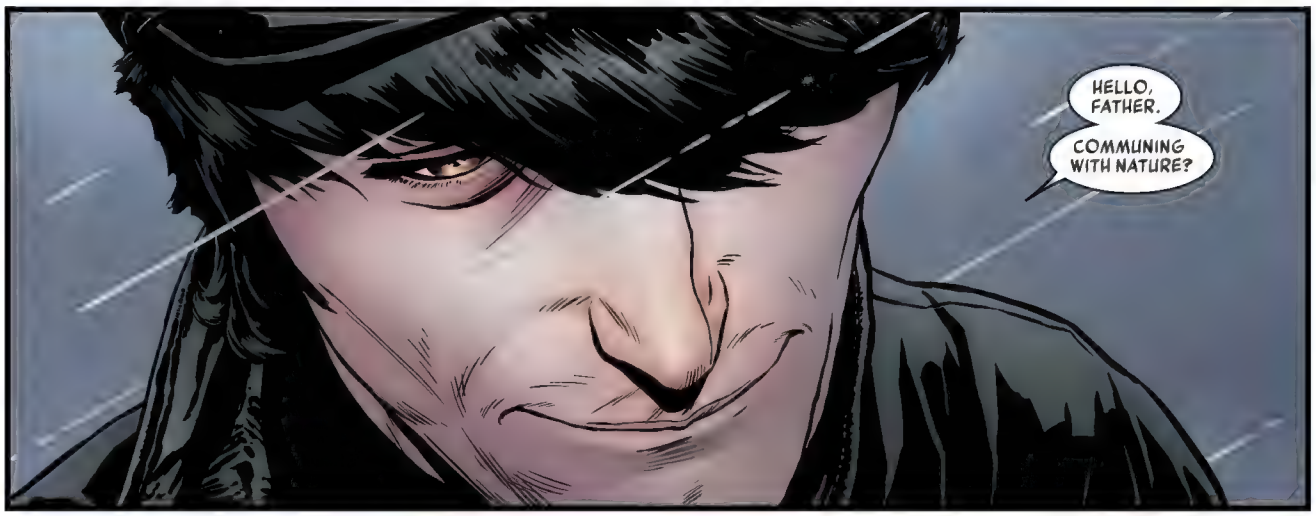
AS THE MEMORIES COME STEALING...

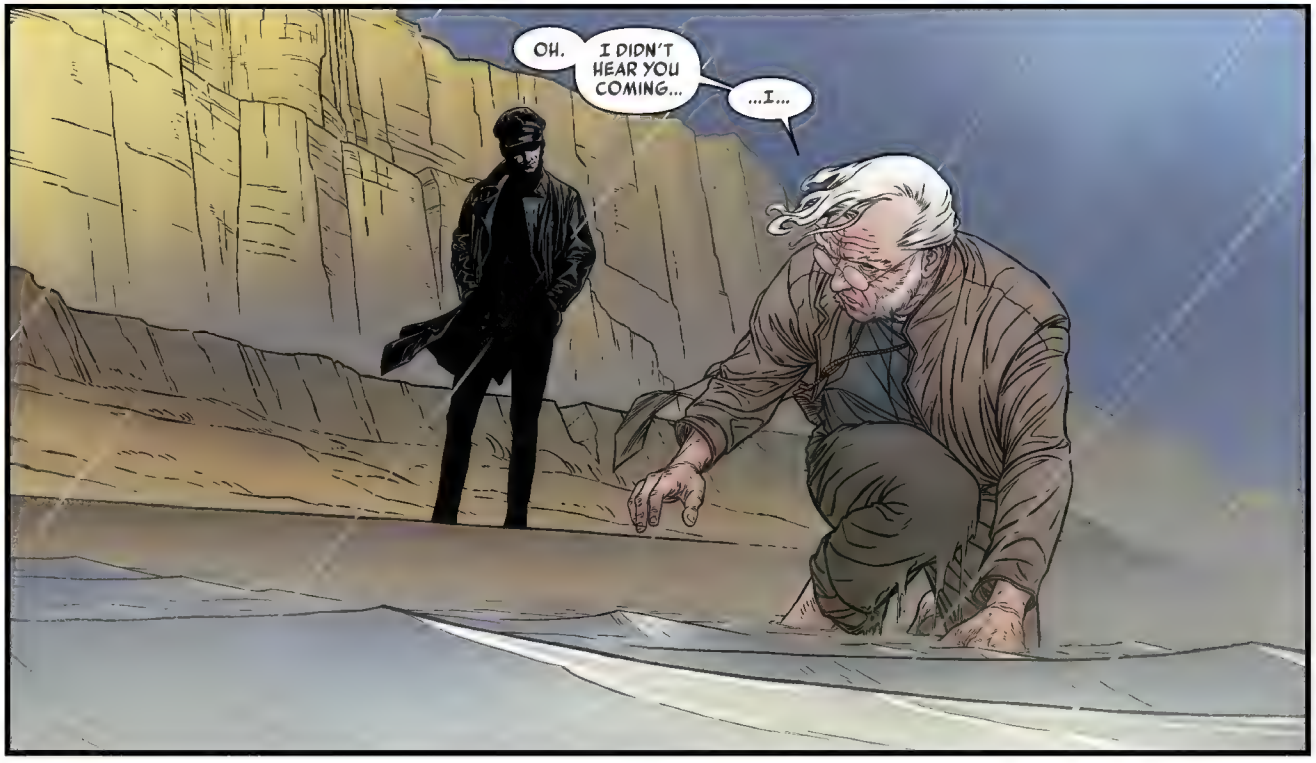
...MEMORIES OF FIRE IN THE SKY AND OF GLORY THAT BLAZED WHITE AS THE SUN...


OCTOBER 12, 1963
...ON THE NIGHT THE OLD DRAGON WAS CAST OUT OF HEAVEN.

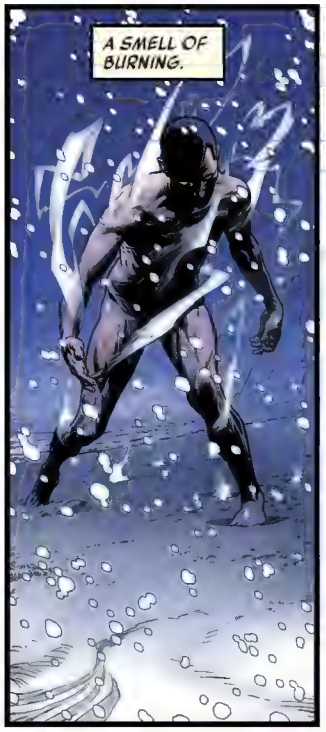

LORD BLESS ME AND KEEP ME AND DELIVER ME FROM...

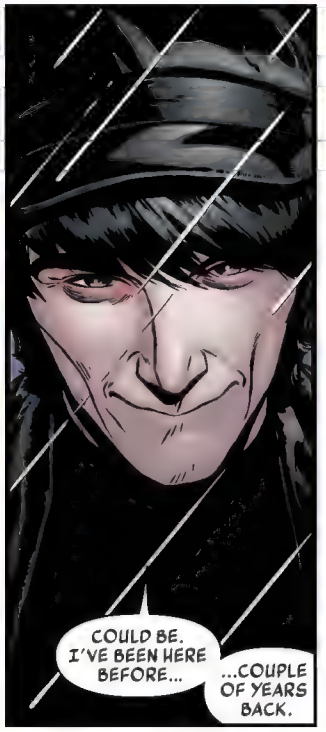
...EVIL?

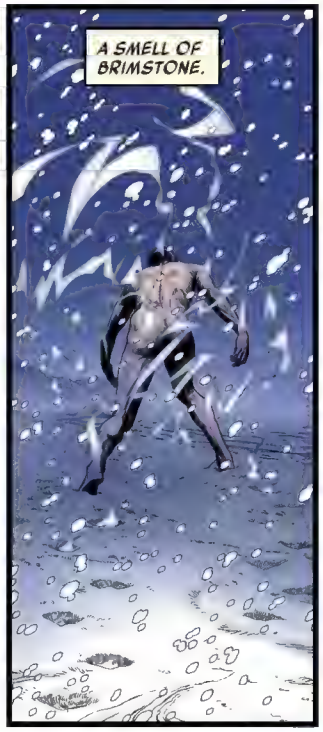

HELLO, FATHER.
COMMUNING WITH NATURE?


OH.
I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COMING...
...I...

...HAVE...HAVE WE MET BEFORE SOMEWHERE?


A SMELL OF BURNING.


COULD BE. I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE...
...COUPLE OF YEARS BACK.

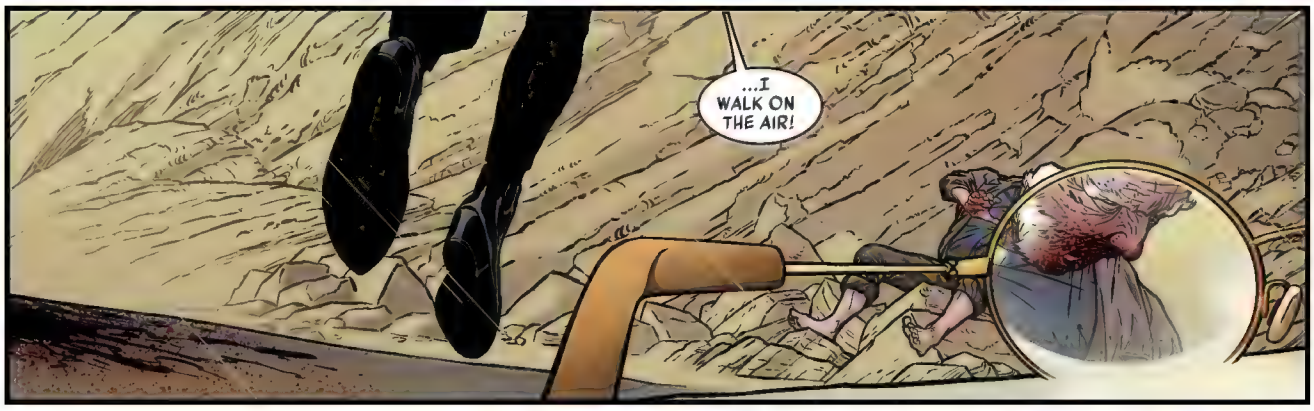

A SMELL OF BRIMSTONE.

OH, GOD.

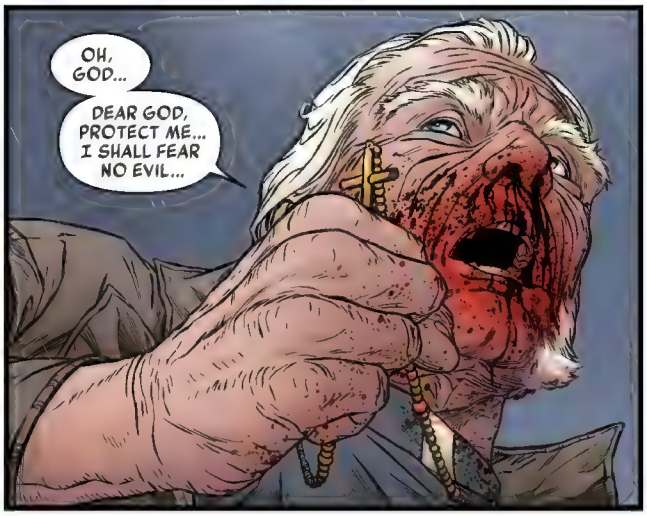
UH-UH.
TRY AGAIN.

HIS ARM IS BROKEN. TWO RIBS HAVE SPLINTERED...HE CAN FEEL THEM GRATE AS HE TRIES TO MOVE.
NO...
...NO, DON'T...
I'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF READING, OLD MAN.
SO MUCH TO LEARN: NIETZSCHE, QUANTUM THEORY, THE BIBLE.

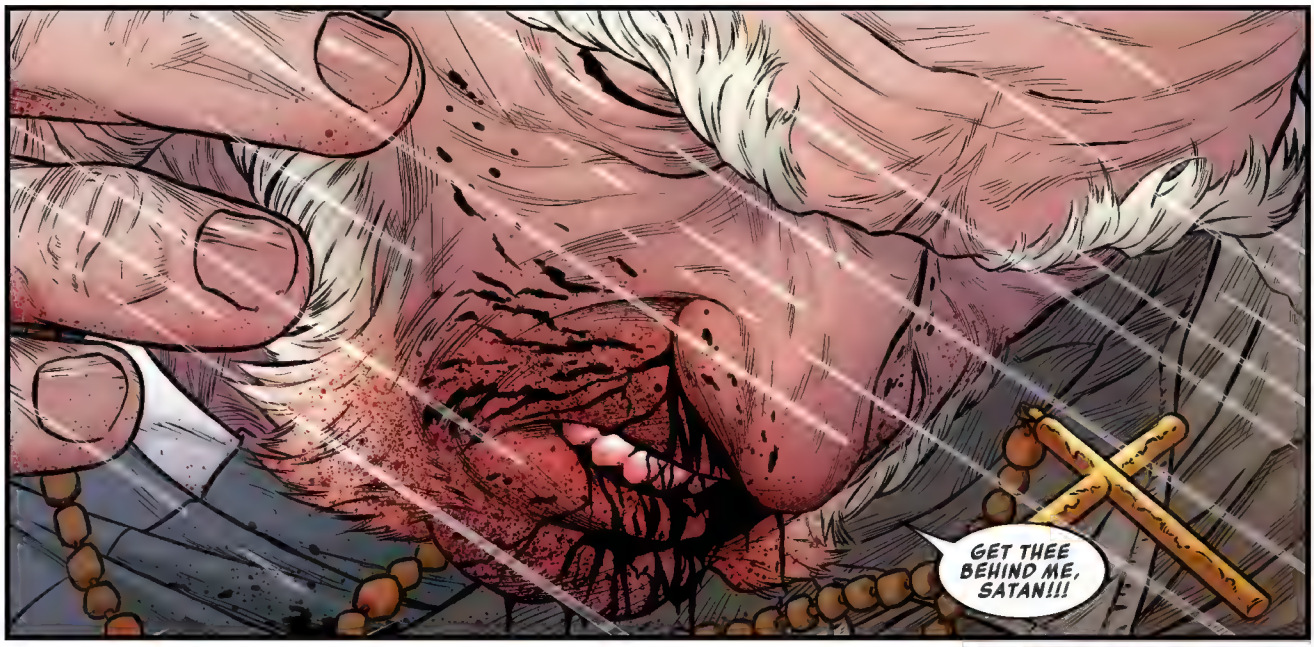
DEAR JESUS...
HARDLY.
JESUS ONLY WALKED ON THE WATER. BUT ME...


...I WALK ON THE AIR!

YOU SAW ME THAT NIGHT, DIDN'T YOU?
AND GUESS WHAT?
I SAW YOU.


OH, GOD...
DEAR GOD, PROTECT ME... I SHALL FEAR NO EVIL...

YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CROSS AND STUFF IT! THE APOCALYPSE HAS ARRIVED!
I CAN DO ANY BLOODY THING I WANT AND YOU CAN'T STOP ME, YOU PATHETIC OLD WITCH DOCTOR!

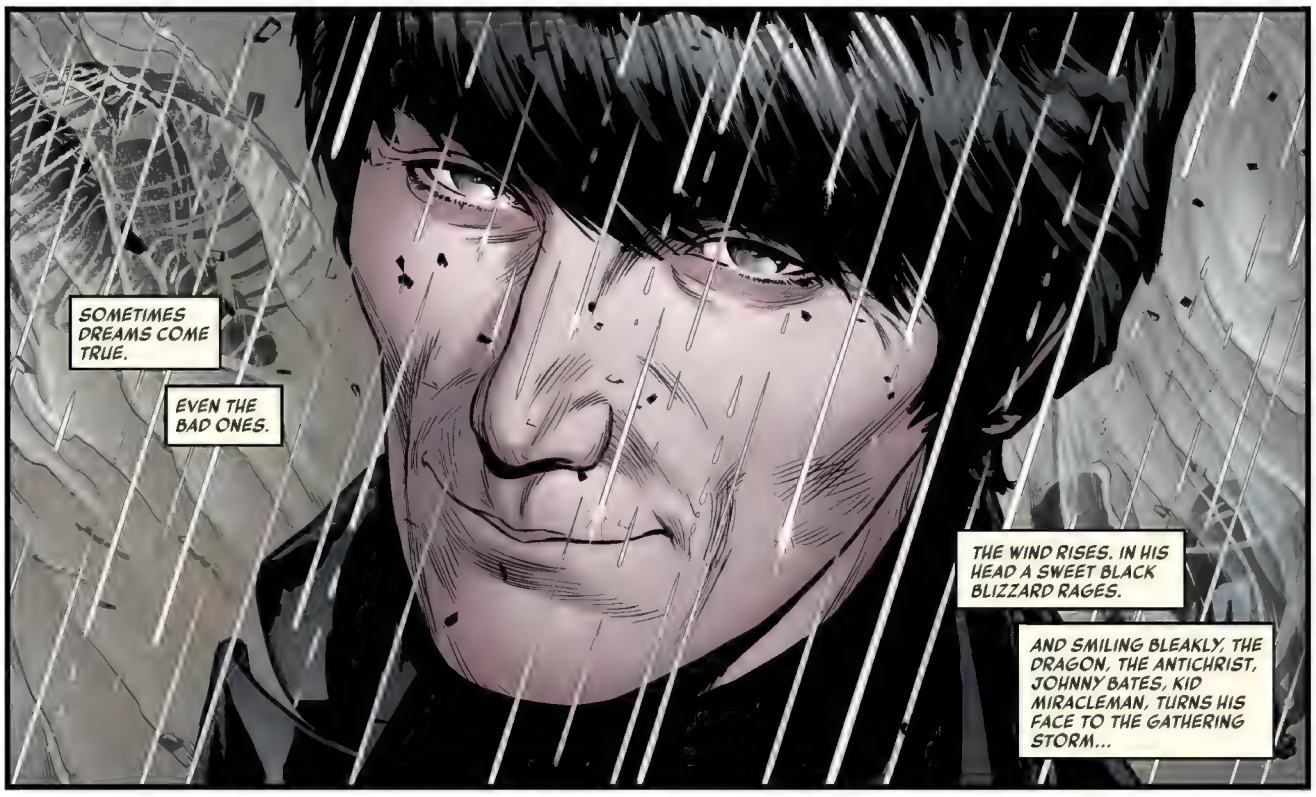

GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN!!!

THERE IS A BRIEF STINK OF OZONE...

...AND A WHIPCRACK OF THUNDER.

THEN THERE IS NOTHING.
ONLY A SMELL OF BURNING.

AND A SMILING DRAGON.


SOMETIMES DREAMS COME TRUE.
EVEN THE BAD ONES.
THE WIND RISES. IN HIS HEAD A SWEET BLACK BLIZZARD RAGES.
AND SMILING BLEAKLY, THE DRAGON, THE ANTICHRIST, JOHNNY BATES, KID MIRACLEMAN, TURNS HIS FACE TO THE GATHERING STORM...

...AND HEADS FOR LONDON.
MIRACLEMAN

THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY
SERIOUSLY MIRACULOUS
HOLY MACARONI, I HIT THESE GUYS WITH EVERYTHING I GOT. BUT NONE OF THEM SEEM SERIOUSLY HURT!
THE DICTATOR OF BOROMANIA IS PAYING ME TO BUILD A MESMER GUN THAT WILL MAKE HIM MASTER OF THE WORLD.
BUT I, GARGUNZA, HAVE GOT A BETTER IDEA. I'LL BUILD A RAY GUN THAT WILL SUBLIMINALLY COMPEL PEOPLE TO GIVE ME THEIR MONEY! HUK-HUK!

THREE DAYS LATER--
TRANSFER IT ALL...TO THE ACCOUNT NUMBER I GAVE YOU. I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I HAVE TO DO IT.

EVERY LAST PESAWA, MA'AM!

FOR SOME REASON IT IS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE THAT I DEPOSIT ALL MY SAVINGS IN THIS ACCOUNT.

EVEN COPY BOY MICKY MORAN HAS AN URGE TO SIGN OVER HIS HARD-EARNED DOUGH.
I-I'M STRUGGLING TO... TO FIGHT THIS THING... B-BUT I KNOW ONE GUY... WHO W-WON'T HAVE A PROBLEM...
KIMOTA!
AT THE MAGIC ATOMIC KEYWORD, MICKY BECOMES--

WOOF

MIRACLEMAN!
NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON...
OLD
DAL
DUR

SOON, MIRACLEMAN IS JOINED BY KID MIRACLEMAN AND YOUNG MIRACLEMAN.
THOSE WEIRD RAY-BEAMS COULD EXPLAIN WHY FOLKS ARE ACTING SO WEIRDLY.
AND I THINK I SEE WHERE THEY'RE ORIGINATING FROM...
LET'S GO!

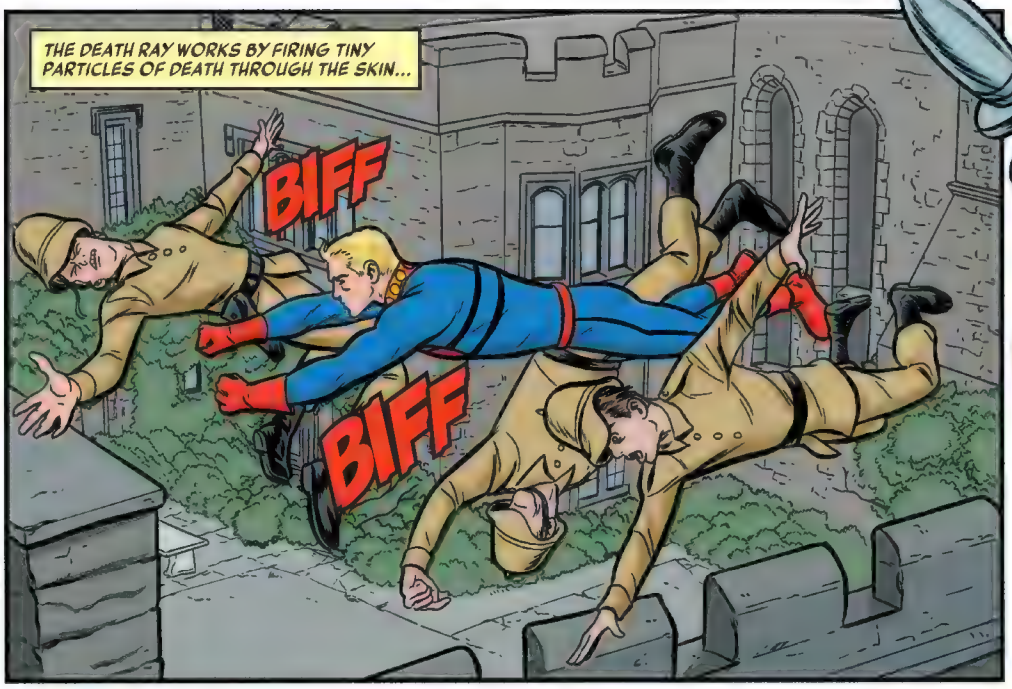
MEANWHILE, BACK IN BOROMANIA--
I PAID YOU TO MESMERIZE THE WORLD SO IT WILL OBEY ME.
INSTEAD I'LL BECOME THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, SO DEAL WITH IT! HUK-HUK!

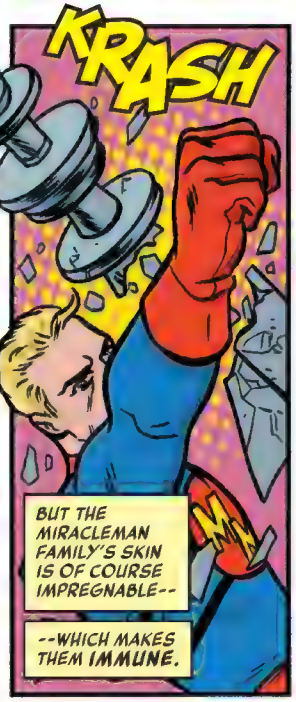
YOUR KINGSHIP! LOOK!

THE NEARER WE GOT TO BOROMANIA THE STRONGER THE RAY-BEAMS BECAME...
WHICH LED US ALL THE WAY TO THE GREEDY LITTLE MADMAN.

NO PROBLEM.
I'LL SIMPLY ALTER THE CONTROLS AND TURN MY RAY INTO A DEATH BEAM.

HMM. FEEL A STRANGE... TINGLING...OVER MY BODY...
BIF

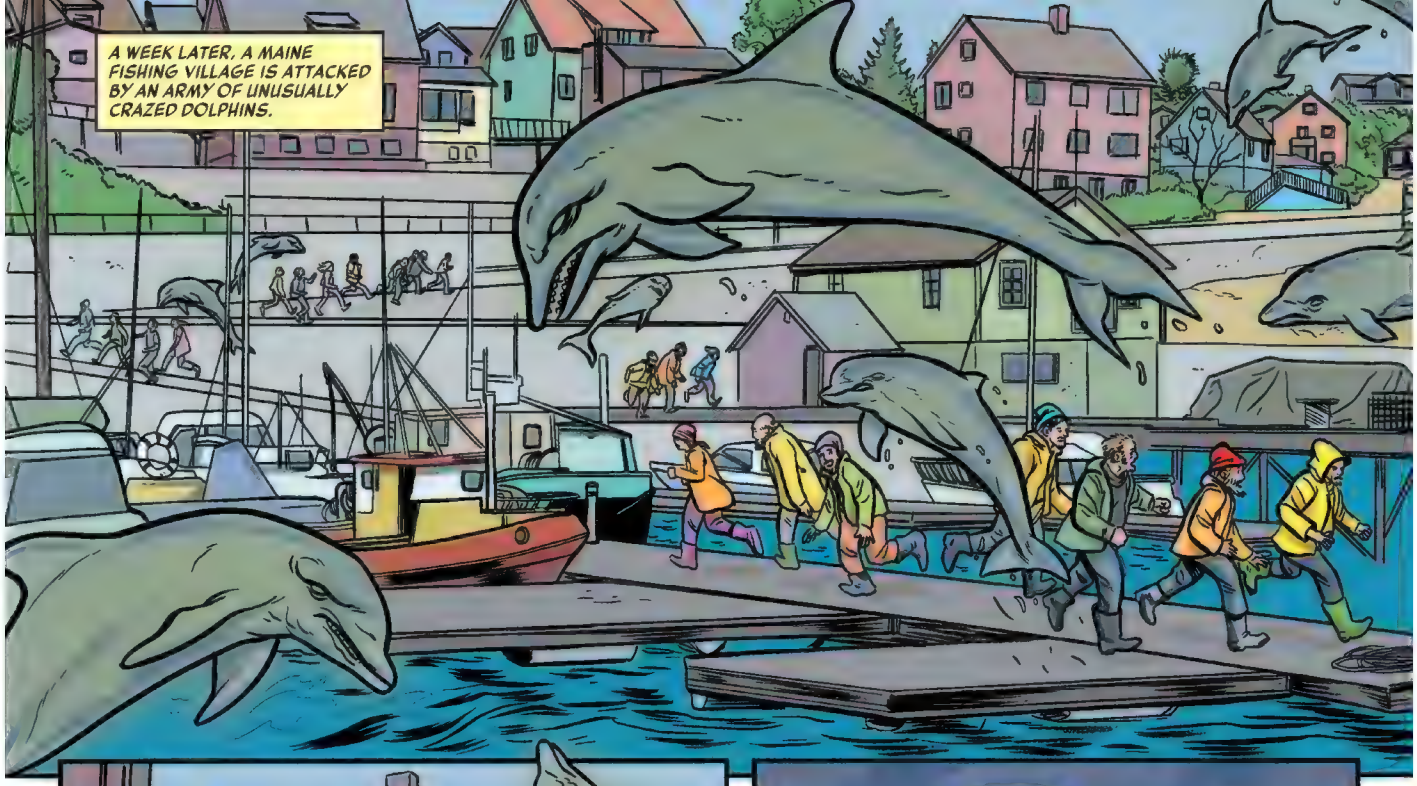

THE DEATH RAY WORKS BY FIRING TINY PARTICLES OF DEATH THROUGH THE SKIN...
BIFF
BIFF


KRASH
BUT THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY'S SKIN IS OF COURSE IMPREGNABLE--
--WHICH MAKES THEM IMMUNE.

SOON--
STAY STILL, KING RAT. YOU'RE COMING BACK WITH US TO PRISON.
HE'S HEAD OF A FOREIGN STATE, YOUNG MIRACLEMAN. HE'LL HAVE TO BE TRIED IN AN INTERNATIONAL COURT.

UH? WH-WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, MIRACLEMAN?
I...I'M NOT SURE, KID. I DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT CAME FROM.
L-LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AND PUT THESE NO-GOODS WHERE THEY BELONG.

BUT FOR A MOMENT, OUR ATOMIC HERO DOESN'T MOVE.
HMMM...

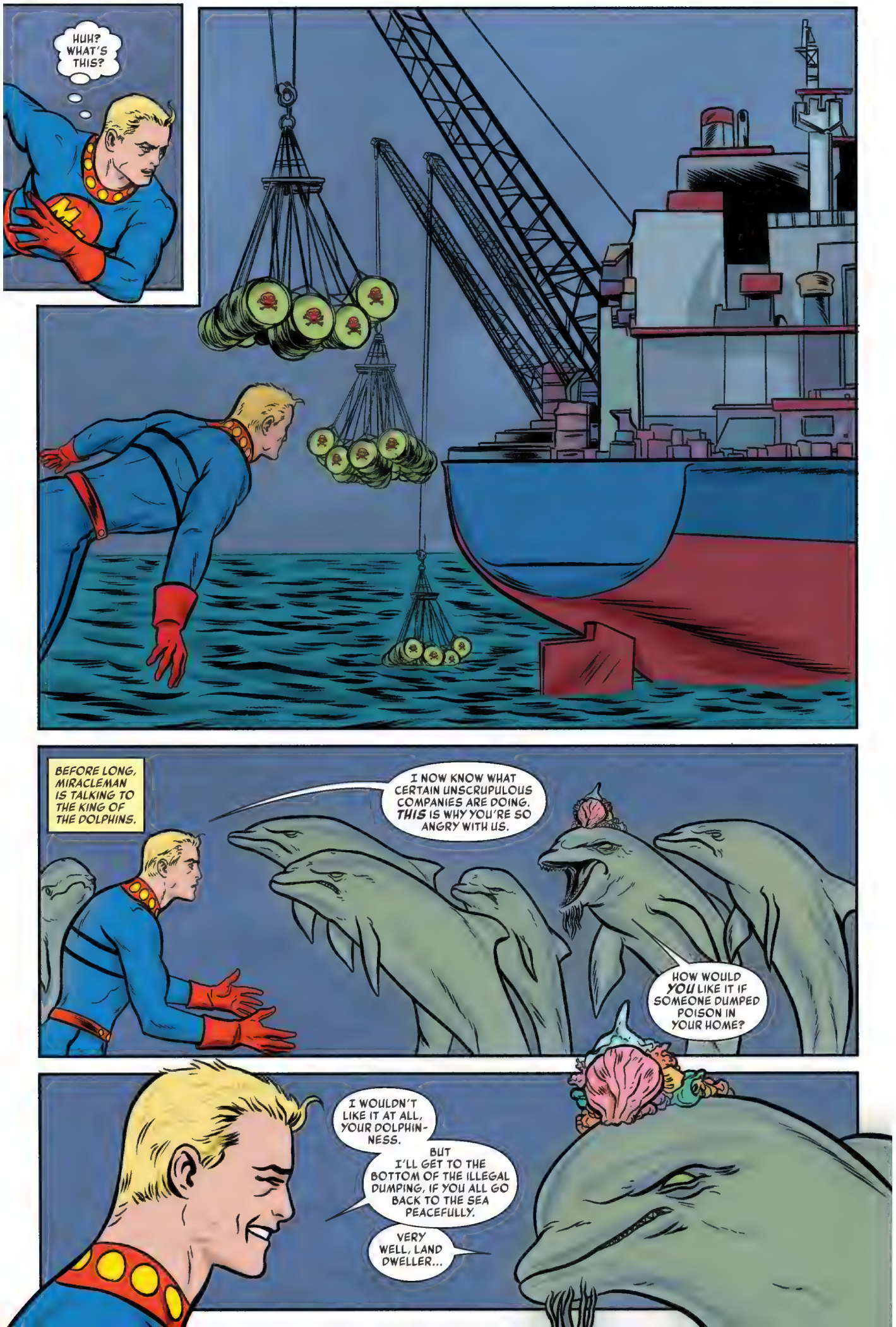

A WEEK LATER, A MAINE FISHING VILLAGE IS ATTACKED BY AN ARMY OF UNUSUALLY CRAZED DOLPHINS.

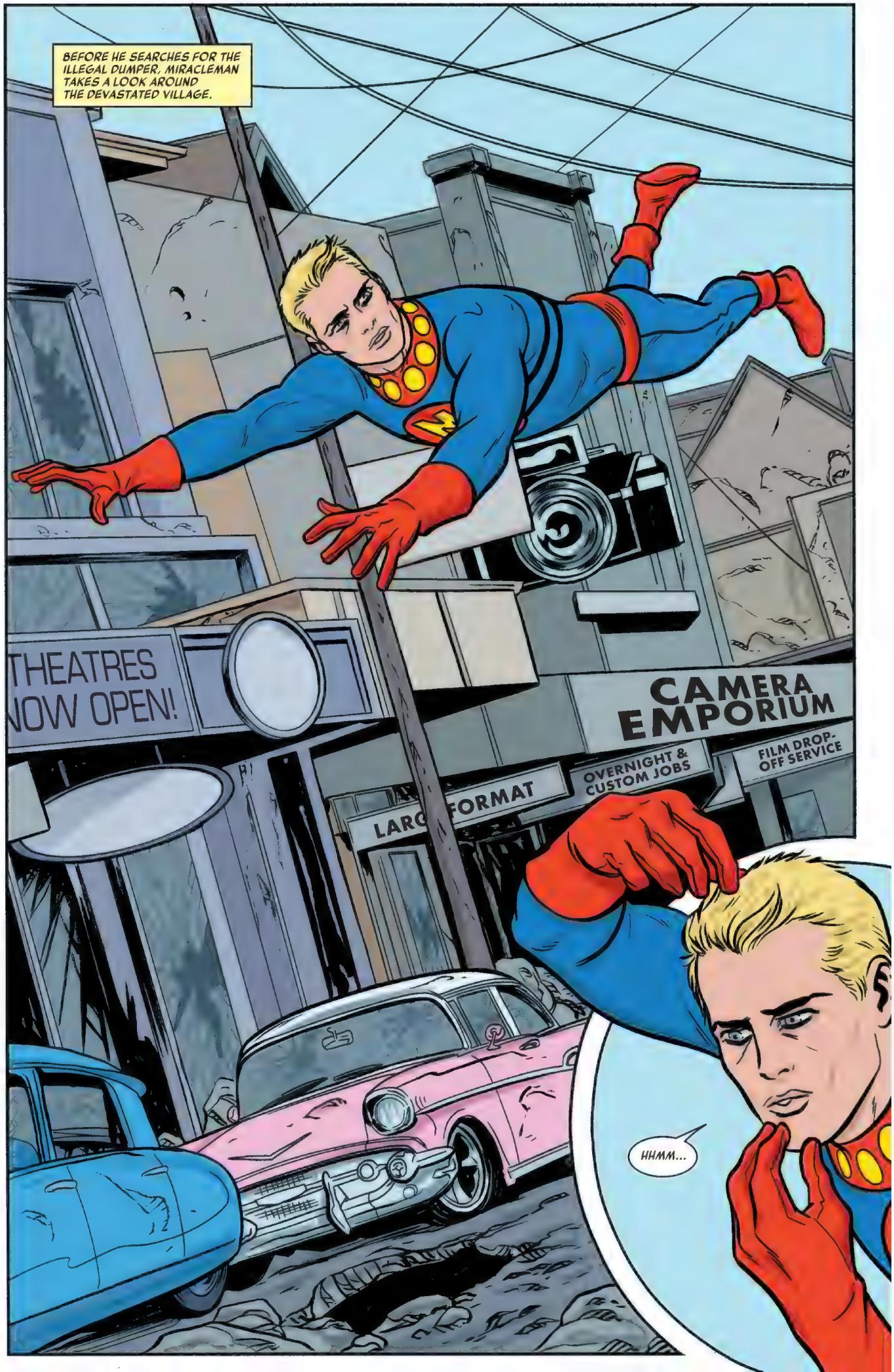
SOON, OUR HEROES ARE PUSHING THE EVIL MARINE MAMMALS OUT OF TOWN.

THAT NIGHT--

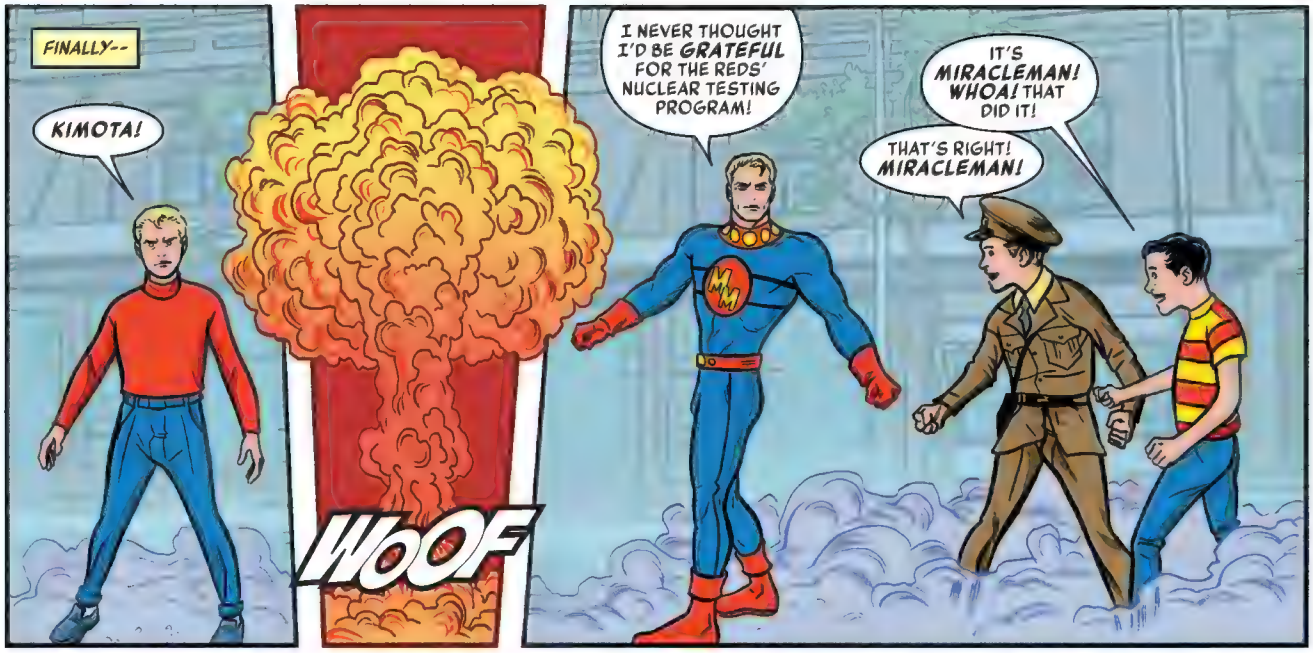
THE DOLPHINS ARE JUST BIDING THEIR TIME BEFORE THEY ATTACK AGAIN.
I BETTER GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS--AND FAST!

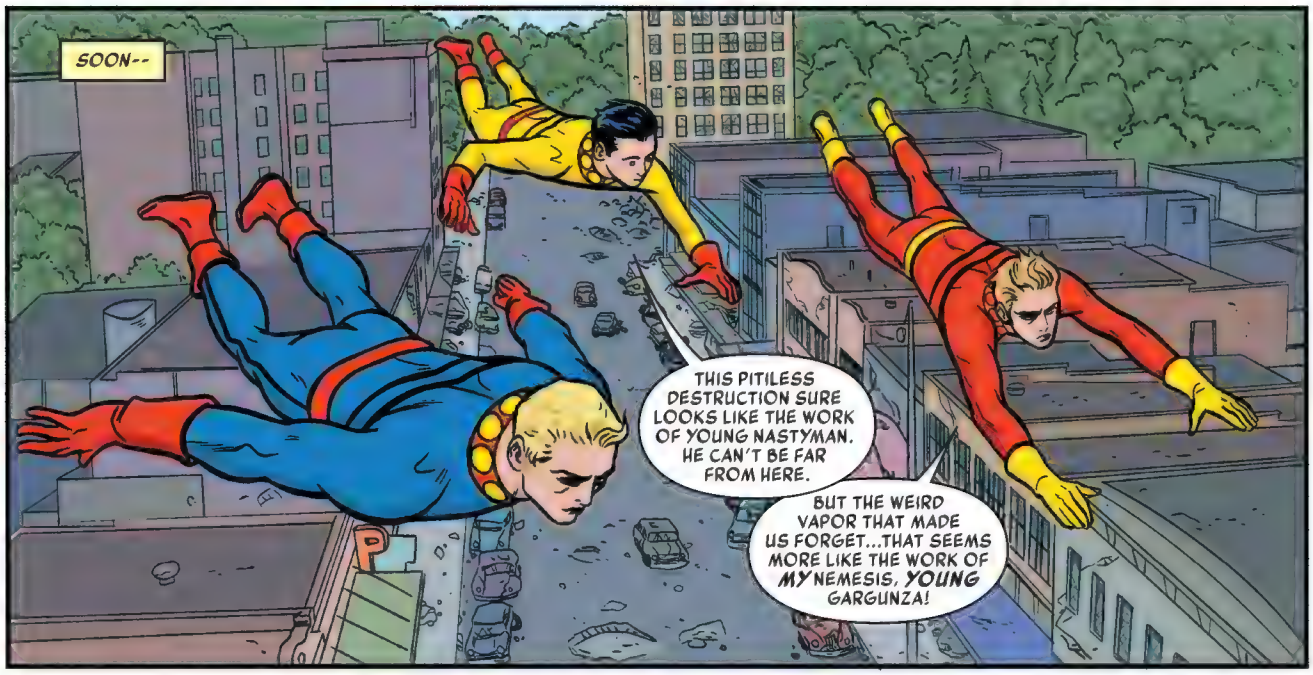
SOON--
I NOTICED THE DOLPHINS' WEIRD GLOW. MAYBE THAT'S A CLUE.
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO THOSE NORMALLY DOCILE SEA CREATURES.

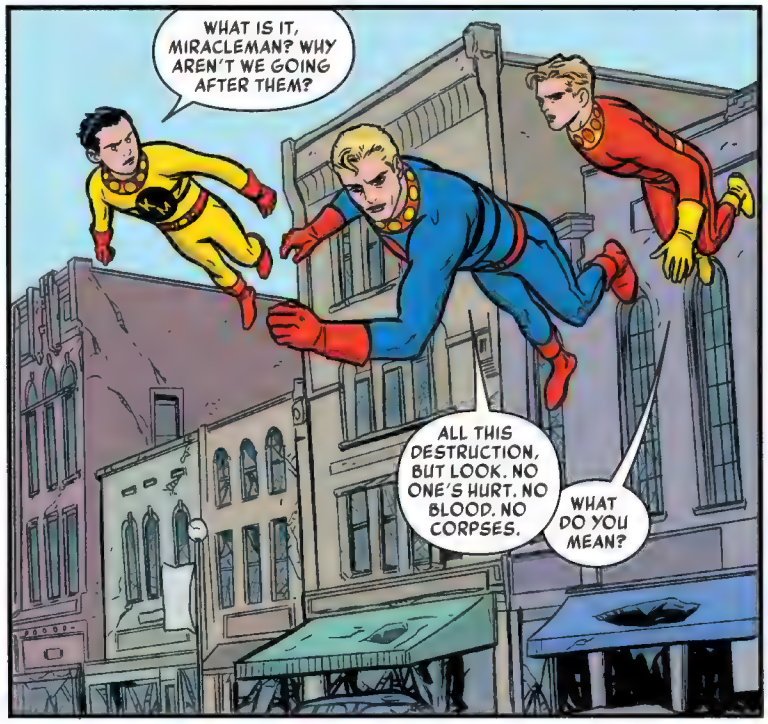

HUH? WHAT'S THIS?
BEFORE LONG, MIRACLEMAN IS TALKING TO THE KING OF THE DOLPHINS.
I NOW KNOW WHAT CERTAIN UNSCRUPULOUS COMPANIES ARE DOING. THIS IS WHY YOU'RE SO ANGRY WITH US.
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF SOMEONE DUMPED POISON IN YOUR HOME?
I WOULDN'T LIKE IT AT ALL, YOUR DOLPHIN-NESS.
BUT I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE ILLEGAL DUMPING, IF YOU ALL GO BACK TO THE SEA PEACEFULLY.
VERY WELL, LAND DWELLER...

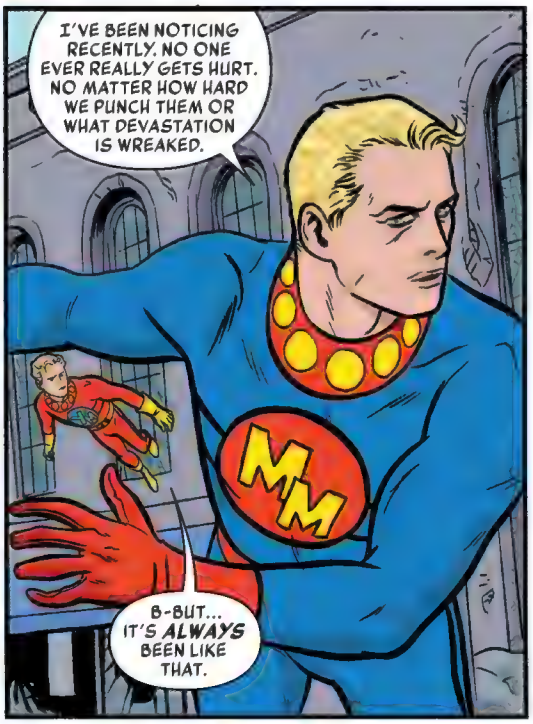

BEFORE HE SEARCHES FOR THE ILLEGAL DUMPER, MIRACLEMAN TAKES A LOOK AROUND THE DEVASTATED VILLAGE.
THEATRES NOW OPEN!
CAMERA EMPORIUM
OVERNIGHT & CUSTOM JOBS
FILM DROP-OFF SERVICE
LARGE FORMAT
HHMM...

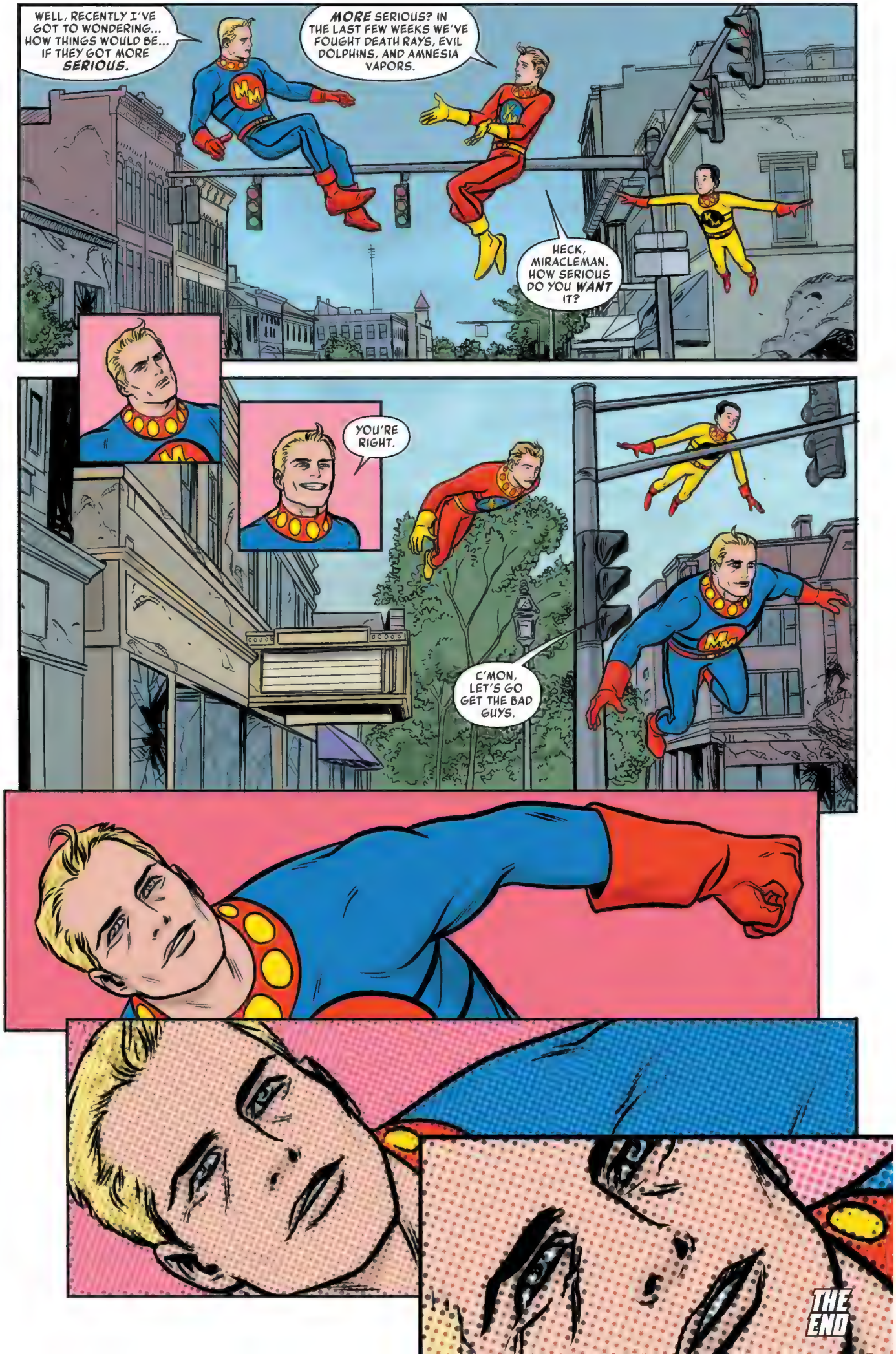
A WEEK LATER, YOUNG NASTYMAN IS HAVING FUN.
TVS. AUTOMOBILES. WASHING MACHINES. THERE'S SO MUCH TO BUY IN THIS MAIN STREET.
KRSHH
AND I'M GOING TO SMASH IT ALL UP!
HE'S NOT ONLY STRONG-- HE'S GOT NO EMPATHY!
BUT WHERE ARE OUR HEROES?
IT'S NO USE--I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER THE KEY WORD!
K--KIMATO!
KINNY-BOO!
AKIMBO!
IN A NEARBY LABORATORY--
AS LONG AS I KEEP MAKING THIS AMNESIA VAPOR, YOUNG NASTYMAN WILL BE UNTROUBLED BY THOSE PESKY MIRACLEMEN.
MY UNCLE WOULD BE PROUD OF HIS NEPHEW, YOUNG GARGUNZA! HUK- HUK!
MEANWHILE--
EVER SINCE THAT WEIRD MIST STARTED COVERING THE TOWN, I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER A THING...
MAYBE THIS IS THE END OF MIRACLEMAN AND HIS CHUMS.
WAIT, OVER THERE--
THERE'S...THERE'S SOMETHING THERE.
RUSKIES?
RUSKIES TEST NEW ATOMIC BOMB!
NO, NO. GOT TO THINK. ATOMIC. ATOMIC...
MOTICA!
KAMOTI!


FINALLY--
KIMOTA!
WOOF
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE GRATEFUL FOR THE REDS' NUCLEAR TESTING PROGRAM!
IT'S MIRACLEMAN! WHOA! THAT DID IT!
THAT'S RIGHT! MIRACLEMAN!


SOON--
THIS PITILESS DESTRUCTION SURE LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF YOUNG NASTYMAN. HE CAN'T BE FAR FROM HERE.
BUT THE WEIRD VAPOR THAT MADE US FORGET...THAT SEEMS MORE LIKE THE WORK OF MY NEMESIS, YOUNG GARGUNZA!

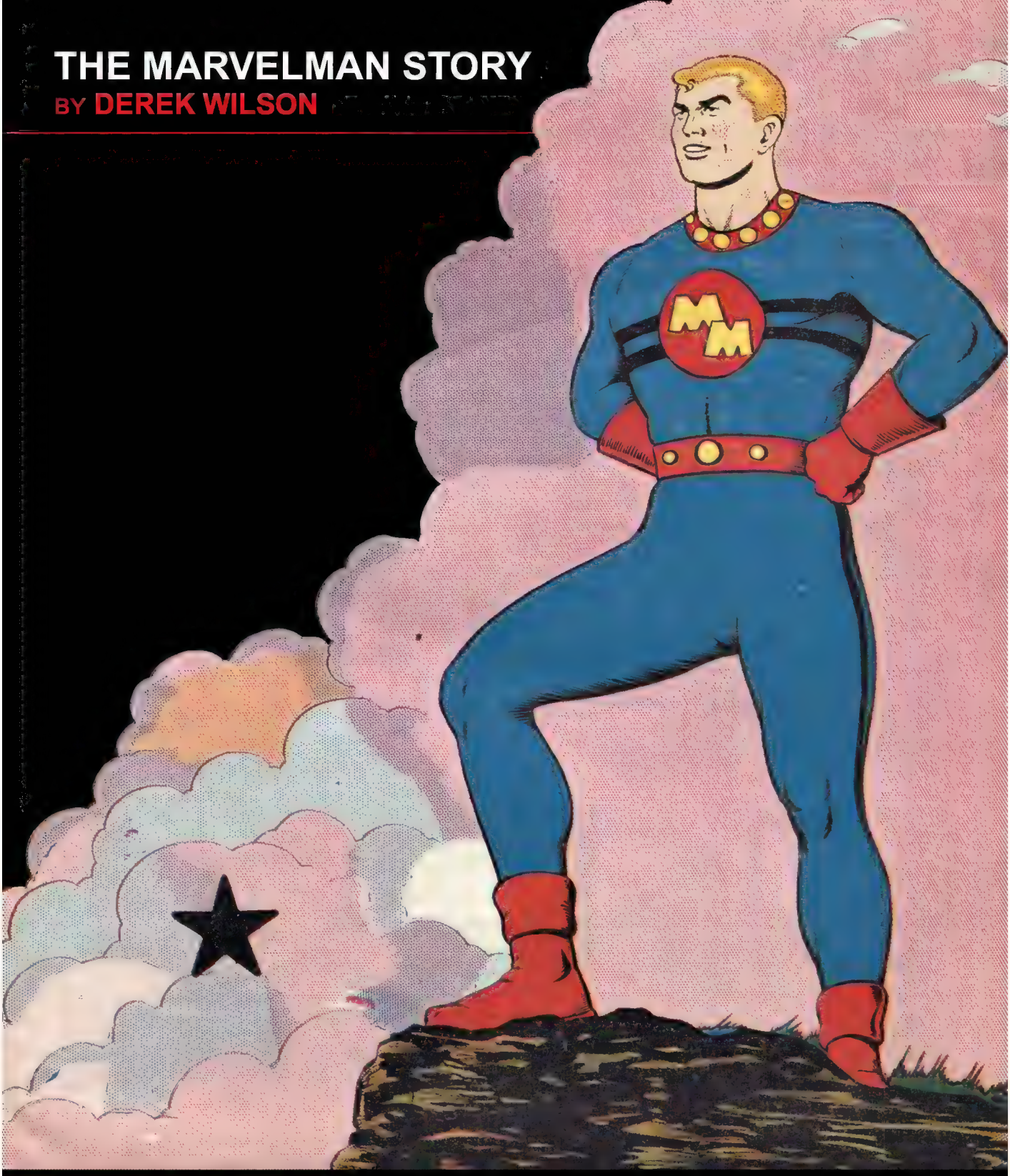

WHAT IS IT, MIRACLEMAN? WHY AREN'T WE GOING AFTER THEM?
ALL THIS DESTRUCTION, BUT LOOK. NO ONE'S HURT. NO BLOOD. NO CORPSES.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?


I'VE BEEN NOTICING RECENTLY. NO ONE EVER REALLY GETS HURT. NO MATTER HOW HARD WE PUNCH THEM OR WHAT DEVASTATION IS WREAKED.
B-BUT... IT'S ALWAYS BEEN LIKE THAT.


WELL, RECENTLY I'VE GOT TO WONDERING... HOW THINGS WOULD BE... IF THEY GOT MORE SERIOUS.
MORE SERIOUS? IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS WE'VE FOUGHT DEATH RAYS, EVIL DOLPHINS, AND AMNESIA VAPORS.
HECK, MIRACLEMAN. HOW SERIOUS DO YOU WANT IT?
YOU'RE RIGHT.
C'MON, LET'S GO GET THE BAD GUYS.
THE END

THE MARVELMAN STORY

BY DEREK WILSON



Marvelman collector and historian Derek Wilson reveals the origin of Britain's beloved homegrown super hero, details the character's publishing history and shares how Mick Anglo created something miraculous.

MARVELMAN was born of necessity on Feb. 3, 1954, after Captain Marvel lost his twelve-year legal fight with Superman.

In 1941, National Periodical Publications (now DC Comics) filed a lawsuit for copyright infringement against Fawcett Comics, claiming that Captain Marvel was a direct copy of Superman despite the obvious differences in the characters. The fact that Captain Marvel was outselling Superman was more likely the real motivation, but it made no difference in the outcome. Fawcett hung up the cape in 1953 and cancelled their Captain Marvel titles.

An injunction obtained in the United States had no jurisdiction in the United Kingdom, but it still posed a problem for publisher L. Miller & Son, who held the license to reprint Fawett's comics line in the U.K. With no more Captain Marvel stories being created, their inventory of material would not last for long.

The Captain Marvel titles (*Adventures of Captain*

Marvel, *Adventures of Captain Marvel Jr.*, *The Marvel Family* and *Mary Marvel*) were L. Miller & Son's best sellers. Just as in the United States, they attracted a large, young audience. Miller offered two weekly (*CM* and *CMJ*) and one monthly black-and-white titles (*MF*). *Mary Marvel* didn't survive beyond a few color issues.

The top title in Miller's comic book line could not be allowed to die. Veteran writer, artist and editor Mick Anglo was recruited to create an alternative, one that would prove to be historic. Anglo's cartooning career dated back to the early 1940s, and, since 1950, he had worked on Len Miller's *Space Commander Kerry* and *Space Commando* and, through Miller's son Arnold Miller's Arnold Book Company, *Captain Valiant* and *Ace Malloy of the Special Squadron*.

KIMOTA!

In late 1953, Anglo created a new cast of characters to replace the Captain Marvel Family: Marvelman and his alter ego, *Daily Bugle* copy boy Micky Moran; Young Marvelman (Dicky Dauntless); and, a year later, Kid Marvelman (Johnny Bates). Other names seriously considered for Marvelman included Miracleman and Captain Miracle.

Rather than getting his abilities from a magical wizard, Micky's super-powers came by way of Guntag Barghelt, a scientist who had discovered the Keyword to the Universe: Kimota ("atomic" backward, with creative license on the spelling). It was an atomic name for an atomic hero.

Marvelman's origin was summarized in top copy at the beginning of each issue: "A recluse Astro-Scientist discovers the key word to the Universe, one that can only be given to a Boy who is completely honest, studious, and of such integrity that he would only use it for the powers of good. He finds such a Boy in MICKY MORAN, a Newspaper Copy Boy, and treats him in a special machine which enables him to use the secret. Just before the Scientist dies, he tells MICKY the key word which is KIMOTA. Micky Moran remains as he was, but when he says the Key Word KIMOTA he becomes MARVELMAN, a man of such strength and powers that he is Invincible and Indestructible!" The origin story was finally depicted in *Marvelman* #65 (November 13, 1954).

Micky also possessesed the ability to grant the same atomic powers to other boys if they used them only for good. This is how Dicky Dauntless (Young Marvelman) and Johnny Bates (Kid Marvelman) gain their powers, but their key word was "Marvelman" instead of "Kimota."

The main enemies of the Marvel Family had been Dr. Sivana and Sivana Jr. and Mick Anglo followed suit, inventing his own pair of mad scientists. He recalled that his brother called him "Gargunza" when they were children and used the name for Marvelman's nemesis. Dr. Emil

Gargunza and Young Gargunza appeared in *Marvelman* and *Young Marvelman* comics, respectively.

Young Nastyman, an extra-terrestrial youth from the planet Victo, would take the villain slot occupied by Black Adam and battled both Young Marvelman and the Marvelman Family.

THE CHANGEOVER

As the end of L. Miller & Son's *Captain Marvel* and *Captain Marvel Jr.* titles was fast approaching, in issue #19 of each weekly series (dated December 23, 1953) an announcement was made on the Club Page. It explained that Billy Batson (Captain Marvel) and Freddy Freeman (Captain Marvel Jr.) wanted to lead normal lives and were giving their powers back to Shazam.

Issues #23 and #24 added additional copy to the series' cover logos with "The Marvelman" and "The Young Marvelman" priming readers for the coming change. Then, on February 3, 1954, *Marvelman* #25 and *Young Marvelman* #25 hit newsstands.

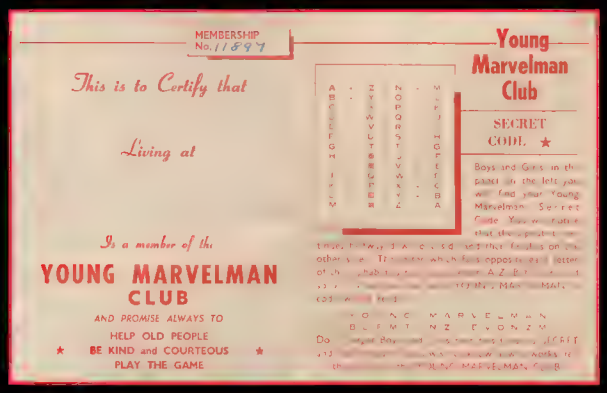
The changeover was a complete success. The format and the six-pence price remained the same — and sales actually *increased*.

Britain had its first super hero.

MONTHLY TITLE

Due to popular demand, in October 1956, a new monthly Marvelman title debuted. *Marvelman Family* portrayed adventures of all three Marvelman characters, including Kid Marvelman, who had made his debut in *Marvelman* #102 on July 30, 1955.

Although it was designated as a monthly, it actually ran as ten issues a year, with no release in December or January.



THE FAN CLUB

Readers were encouraged to join the Marvelman fan club and new membership badges featuring the Marvelman Family were released. Special announcements were featured in issues that could only be deciphered by initiated members via a "Secret Code Message." Later on, Club members were sent birthday cards from Marvelman and Young Marvelman.

Marvelman's fans were many and the late, great comedian/magician Tommy Cooper counted himself among them. In his 1975 autobiography *Just Like That!*, Cooper pasted photos of his face onto the *Marvelman* #267 splash page to transform Marvelman into

Obviously Mick Anglo had me in mind when he created Marvelman. I *was* known as the Mighty Cooperman.

Cooperman. In the book's dedication, Cooper thanked Anglo "for helping greatly with the writing."

THE ARTISTS

Marvelman's artists featured a stable who worked on all the titles, including Norman Light, Charles Baker, James Bleach (Kurt), John Whitlock, Stanley White, Denis Gifford, George Parlett, Frank Daniels, Dorothy Saporito and Roshan Kanga.

Don Lawrence, Roy Parker and Leo Rawlings provided most of the artwork for *Marvelman Family*.

And Mick Anglo drew most of the cover artwork.

MERCHANDISE

It is surprising that marketing of Marvelman merchandise was not more fully exploited in the 1950s and '60s, especially with the successful *Eagle* and Dan Dare toys in stores at the time. After all, Captain Marvel had been marketed very well in the U.K. with sweatshirts, jigsaws, coloring books, lead figurines and games; in the United States there had been a wonderland of Captain Marvel toys and merchandise and even a film serial starring Tom Tyler.

Various games like "Marvelman's Race to the Sun" and "The Marvelman Swoops and Rockets Game" were included in the annuals, but not as separate merchandise.

Four special Marvelman "magic" painting books were produced (two *Marvelman* and two *Young Marvelman*). The paper was coated with dried watercolors. By painting the pages with water and a brush, the color "magically" appeared, bringing the characters to life.

THE ANNUALS

Following the *Captain Marvel* and *Captain Marvel Jr.* annuals released in 1952, the first *Marvelman* and *Young Marvelman* annuals were released for Christmas 1954. From 1954-60, the annuals featured new stories with color interiors. The 1961-63 annuals reprinted stories, but in color. The annuals were the only time that Marvelman stories were printed in color.

The 100-page 1954-55 annuals were a larger format than normal, 10.5" x 8", with soft card covers and printed spines.

The 96-page 1956-60 annuals were 10" x 7.25" and were hardbound books with printed spines.

The 64-page 1961-63 annuals were 10" x 7", much thinner with hard carded covers and a taped spine.

Two annuals were released each year from 1954 to 1963, making a total of twenty annuals, but there was some confusion after Mick Anglo left in 1960: The 1961 annuals had Marvelman and Young Marvelman on their respective covers, but they were drawn wearing Captain Marvel's and Captain Marvel Jr.'s capes!

There were no annuals dated 1962, but the last four were dated 1963. It is unlikely that four annuals were issued at the same time, and most likely that the first two were printed Christmas 1962 and dated as 1963 to

extend their sales life, as is normal today.

Something unusual happened again with the final two annuals for 1963: They were titled *Marvelman Family Annual* and *Marvelman Jr. Annual*, showing that even at the end there was still some confusion over the characters' names without Mick Anglo at the helm.

These last annuals were very fragile and would lose pages if opened too far.

FOREIGN SHORES

As at home, Marvelman comics sold well abroad and all the titles were exported to the shores of Australia and New Zealand. In Australia, *Marvelman* and *Young Marvelman* were also being reprinted by Young's Merchandising Co., Sydney, using cheaper paper stock and different artwork for the covers. The Australian reprints have not been fully indexed, but when found they are recognizable by their eight pence price instead of the six pence price of the English releases. It is interesting to note that throughout *Marvelman*'s nine-year run from 1954-63 the cover price never increased.

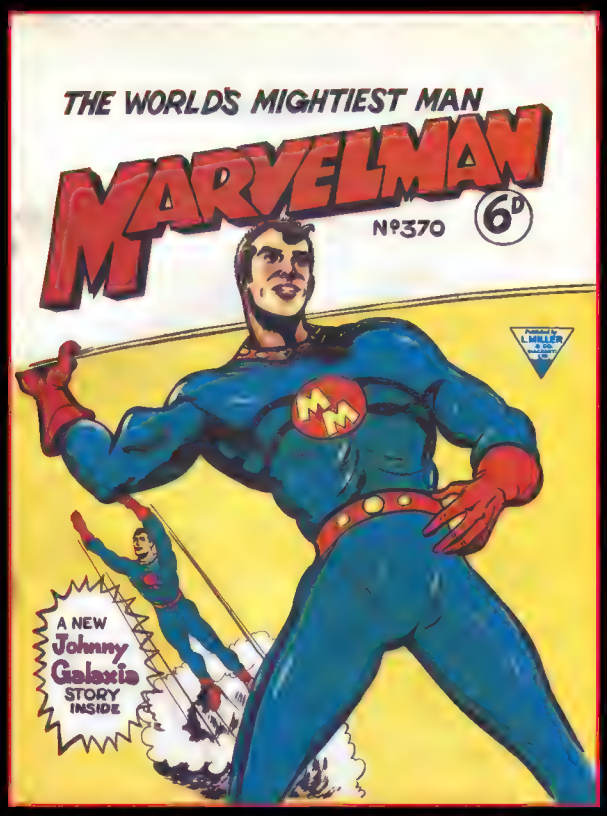
Other countries were translating *Marvelman* into their own languages as well.

In Italy, Marvelman sold well in releases that were huge by comparison to the U.K. comics. They were nearly a full A3 (11.69" × 16.54") in size, making the artwork very detailed and pleasant to see. There were only eight Italian issues, but they were 48 pages long and 100-percent Marvelman with no filler stories. There were also two Italian annuals, again nearly A3 in size — 96 pages and all Marvelman.

In Brazil, Marvelman was published as *Marvel Magazine*, and he was renamed Jack Marvel with the "MM" logo removed from his chest. Each issue featured a mix of Capitão Marvel (plus Jr.) and Jack Marvel. Young Marvelman was named Jack Jr. rather than Young Jack. The number of issues released has not been confirmed; however, issue #61 is dated 1964, meaning that it outlasted the U.K. run, which ended in 1963.

THE END

By 1960, sales were on the decline. Starting with issue #336 (February 3, 1960) both *Marvelman* and *Young Marvelman* were reduced from weekly to monthly. This



was about the same time that Mick Anglo left L. Miller & Sons, and the Marvelman titles began reprinting earlier strips.

Both *Marvelman* and *Young Marvelman* continued as monthlies until issue #370, dated February 1963, meaning that they ran for exactly nine years, practically to the day.

Total runs for each series were:

- *Marvelman* #25-370 (346 issues)
- *Marvelman/Family Annual* 1954-63 (10 issues)
- *Young Marvelman* #25-370 (346 issues)
- *Young Marvelman/Jr. Annual* 1954-63 (10 issues)
- *Marvelman Family* #1-30 (30 issues)
- 742 comics in all

A NEW BEGINNING

In 1982, Marvelman was reborn in the influential black-and-white British comics magazine *Warrior*. New Marvelman stories that modernized the character were featured in issues #1-11, #13-18 and #20-21 from 1982-84, and a new Young Marvelman story appeared in issue #12. *Marvelman Special* #1 (1984) presented reprints of classic 1950s-60s stories with a new framing sequence connecting both past and present eras.

In 1985, Marvelman moved across the pond to America where the series was retitled *Miracleman*. The *Warrior* material was reprinted in color over five-and-a-half issues before all-new stories commenced. After the series' original writer's tenure ended with issue #16, writer Neil Gaiman and artist Mark Buckingham took the reins. They planned a three book, eighteen issue *Miracleman* saga, "The Golden Age," "The Silver Age" and "The Dark Age," but "The Silver Age" was halted mid-storyline when their publisher fell into bankruptcy.

After years of effort with the series' creators, in 2013, Marvel acquired *Miracleman* and released the material in new editions. Readers eagerly await the groundbreaking series' conclusion.

MARVELMAN FAMILY #1 | October 1956 | "The Invaders from the Future" | Story By Mick Anglo | Art by Don Lawrence

Anglo and Lawrence's classic Marvelman Family adventure is presented here in its original form for the first time since 1956. The story was partially rescripted in 1985 to become *Miracleman*'s prologue.

THE MEN BOARD A STRANGE-LOOKING MACHINE..
THIS MACHINE WILL TAKE US BACK IN TIME. WE GO BACK TO AN ERA WHERE WE'LL RULE ALL
ROAR
SPEED 100,00 MILES-YEARS AN HOUR - TO THE 20TH CENTURY
YOUNG JOHNNY BATES IS STROLLING DOWN A COUNTRY ROAD....
HMM! GETTING LATE! GUESS I'D BETTER STEP ON IT IF I'M TO GET HOME BEFORE IT'S DARK!
SUDDENLY....
BOM
BOM
HOLY MACARONI! WHAT OUT OF SPACE WAS THAT?
I'LL NIP ALONG AND TAKE A LOOK...
IT IS GARRER AND HIS ARMY WHO HAVE LANDED....
WOW! GET A LOAD OF THAT!
MUST BE A HUSH-HUSH GOVERNMENT ROCKET.
A PORT OPENS, AND...
BOW, UNDERLINGS! BOW TO YOUR NEW MASTERS - OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES...

THE LOCALS THINK IT IS A GREAT GAG..
HA-HA! SOME STUNT. JUST LIKE ORSON WELLES. LOOKS REAL, TOO.
YOU LAUGH? YOU THINK IT FUNNY? JUST WATCH WHAT HAPPENS TO THIS HOUSE.
JEEPERS! W-WHAT SORT OF A WEAPON IS THAT?
WELL? DO YOU STILL THINK THIS IS ALL A JOKE? WE MEAN BUSINESS
HOLY MACARONI! THAT'S SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF EVERYBODY....
MARVELMAN!
AT THE NAME OF HIS HERO JOHNNY IS TRANSFORMED BY ATOMIC POWER INTO KID MARVELMAN.
WOOF
EASY WITH THOSE TOYS, BUSTER! YOU'LL HURT SOMEONE - IT WON'T BE ME...
IMPUDENT BRAT! WE'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU! THERE... WHA..? NO EFFECT...
I THINK YOU'LL FIND A LITTLE OF THIS MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE...

BUT MORE TIME MACHINES LAND, DISGORGING THE WARRIORS FROM THE FUTURE. THE KID HAS HIS HANDS FULL...
RIGHT! TO THE ATTACK! OUR NUMBERS AND WEAPONS MUST TELL...
HMM! THIS IS A BIG JOB! THIS LOT HAVE TO BE STOPPED BEFORE THEY REALLY GET CONTROL..
IF ONLY I CAN GET HOLD OF DICKY DAUNTLESS. I'M OFF TO BALLAHOO CITY
THE KID QUICKLY LOCATES DICKY DAUNTLESS, OF THE TRANSATLANTIC MESSENGER SERVICE..
TROUBLE! BIG TROUBLE! CALL IN YOUR OTHER SELF
WHAT'S THAT, KID? RIGHT! HERE GOES! MARVELMAN!
...AND NO SOONER DOES DICKY YELL THE NAME OF HIS HERO THAN HE, TOO, IS TRANSFORMED BY ATOMIC POWER
HE BECOMES THE MIGHTIEST BOY IN THE UNIVERSE.... YOUNG MARVELMAN...
WOOF
TOGETHER THEY FLY OFF, AND THE KID QUICKLY EXPLAINS THE SITUATION.....
....THERE MUST BE AT LEAST FIVE THOUSAND OF THEM
WELL! LET'S PITCH IN! THEYVE GOT TO BE STOPPED SOMEHOW!
RIGHT! LET THE BATTLE COMMENCE! SOON CHOP THEM DOWN TO OUR SIZE!
YESSIR! THIS WILL HELP LOWER THE ODDS.
4

BUT NO SOONER DO THE WARRIORS HIT THE GROUND THAN THEY RECOVER . . .
I DON'T GET IT ! THEY SHOULD STAY PUT FOR HOURS . I'M NOT PULLING MY PUNCHES
NOR AM I ! WHAT SAY WE GRAB ONE OF THESE CHARACTERS AND ASK SOME QUESTIONS?
GREAT IDEA! THIS GUY WILL DO FOR A START! EASY, PAL!
HOW IS IT THAT YOU'RE ABLE TO WITHSTAND OUR HAMMERING?
THE MAN READILY EXPLAINS..
....SO NOW YOU UNDERSTAND THAT AS WE COME FROM THE FUTURE YOU CANNOT HARM US. WE ARE INVINCIBLE !
MEANWHILE MORE OF GARRER'S TROOPS HAVE ARRIVED IN OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD AND ARE RAPIDLY OVERCOMING ALL OPPOSITION..
PARIS
HUZZAH! PARIS HAS FALLEN TO GARRER. NOW ON TO LONDON!
CANTON
HAH! WHAT CHANCE HAVE THEIR WEAPONS AGAINST OURS?
IN THE OFFICES OF THE "DAILY BUGLE" MICKY MORAN, COPY-BOY, READS THE TERRIBLE NEWS AND...
LOOKS LIKE MARVELMAN IS NEEDED IN A HURRY
DAILY BUGLE
DISASTER!!
KAMOTA!
AT THE MAGIC KEY-WORD MICKY BECOMES .....THE...
WOOF
MIGHTY MARVELMAN..
I'LL HEAD FOR THE SCENE OF THE FIRST LANDING FOR A START.
5

HE ARRIVES TO FIND YOUNG MARVELMAN AND KID MARVELMAN FIGHTING ALONGSIDE THE U.S. ARMY...
HMM! HOW MANY MORE OF YOU ARE COMING?
TUT-TUT! SHOULD HAVE WORN YOUR HELMETS - NOT THAT IT WOULD HAVE HELPED
..BUT WITH MARVELMAN ON THE SCENE THE INVADERS WILT AND FINALLY ARE SUBDUED.....
THAT'S THE LOT, I THINK! YOU'RE TOPS, MARVELMAN.
THE ARMY CAN TAKE OVER FROM HERE! WE'VE GOT OTHER SPOTS TO CLEAR UP
GARRER AND HIS MEN ARE PLACED UNDER ARMED GUARD....
THAT'S ONE VICTORY FOR US...
BUT GARRER AND HIS MEN ARE EQUIPPED WITH SPECIAL PARALYSIS RAY RINGS, WHICH THEY USE AS SOON AS THE MARVELMAN TRIO ARE OUT OF SIGHT....
HA! GOOD NIGHT, GUARD!
SOON ALL THE GUARDS ARE HELPLESS...
RIGHT! NOW WE ATTACK THE ARMY CAMP.
WITH THOSE THREE OUT OF THE WAY THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY...

HAVING SUBDUED THE INVADERS IN OTHER TROUBLE SPOTS, THE MARVELMAN FAMILY RETURN TO SEE RENEWED BITTER FIGHTING.
HOLY MACARONI! GARRER MUST HAVE GOT FREE - OR MORE OF THEM MUST HAVE LANDED
THE ARMY HASN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THE WEAPONS OF THE INVADERS
BANG!
BOOM!
WE'LL SPLIT UP. YOU TAKE THE LEFT FLANK: THE KID WILL TAKE THE RIGHT.....
AND, OF COURSE, YOU'LL TAKE THE CENTRE! GREAT IDEA!
GOOD LUCK, BOYS! WE'LL GIVE THEM A DRUBBING THIS TIME THAT THEY WON'T FORGET IN A HURRY..
WE'LL KNOCK THEM BACK YEARS INTO THE FUTURE
GARRER SEES MARVELMAN APPROACH....
QUICKLY! BLOW UP ALL OUR TIME MACHINES
IMMEDIATELY ALL THE MACHINES ARE DESTROYED..
BOOM
WHAT'S THE IDEA DESTROYING ALL YOUR MACHINES. YOU'LL NEVER GET BACK TO YOUR CENTURY.
EXACTLY! WE ARE STRANDED IN YOUR TIME. SO! WE ARE THUS COMPLETELY INDESTRUCTIBLE. AS MORE AND MORE OF MY MEN WILL ARRIVE THEY'LL DESTROY THEIR MACHINES
JUST THEN THE BOYS ARRIVE FROM THE FLANKS WITH BAD NEWS..
WE'RE UP AGAINST A BRICK WALL. AS FAST AS WE KNOCK THEM DOWN THEY GET UP.
WHAT CAN WE DO TO PUT THESE GUYS DOWN?

HMM! I'VE AN IDEA. NOW LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY.....
KID, YOU STAY HERE AND DO WHAT YOU CAN, WHILE WE GO FORWARD TO THE FUTURE, TO THE POINT OF DEPARTURE...
OKAY, MARVELMAN! JUST AS YOU SAY!
WE'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS WE CAN, KID!
GOOD LUCK! I'LL DO WHAT I CAN DO THIS END.
THE KID DIVES BACK INTO THE FRAY....
THAT'S FOR YOU, GARRER! YOU MIGHT BE INDESTRUCTIBLE — BUT YOU CAN STILL FEEL THIS
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS? IT'S MY CROSS DOUBLE PUNCH.
MEANWHILE THE OTHER TWO RACE FORWARD INTO TIME TO THE YEAR 30,100 A.D. ....
IS THIS THE TIME WE WANT, MARVELMAN?
DOWN WE GO!
YES! TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE UGLY BUILDINGS

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THEY REACH GARRER'S LAUNCHING SITE...
WE'RE RIGHT ON TIME! THEY'RE PREPARING TO TAKE OFF
RIGHT! BOARD THE SPACE-TIME SHIPS! LET'S GO!

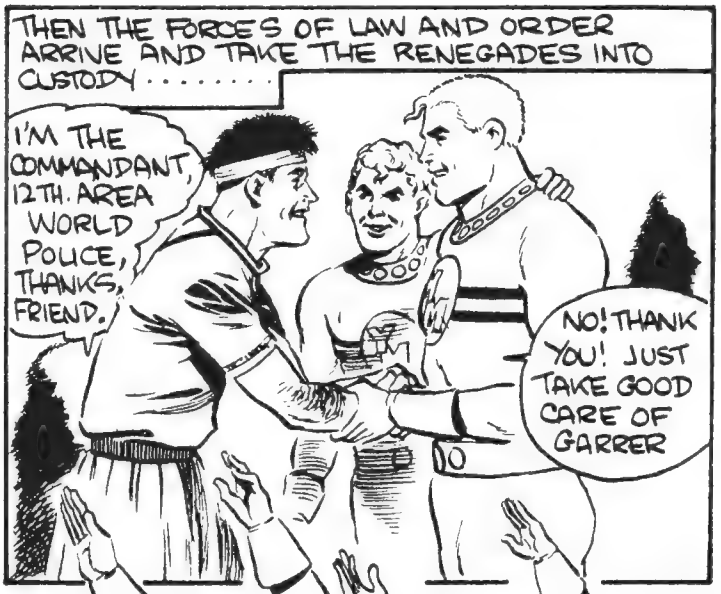
OKAY, YOUNG. WE'RE GOING TO DESTROY EVERY ONE OF THOSE MACHINES

TSK-TSK! THIS PLACE IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A JUNK-YARD. I LIKE THAT!
THAT PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCH TO THE LAST ONE. THEY ARE BEYOND REPAIR

GARRER IS FURIOUS.
BY THUNDER! HOW CAN IT BE? THEY'VE DESTROYED ALL OUR SHIPS! WHY I'LL-I'LL... MASSACRE THEM.

BUT.....
TAKE THAT, YOU MISERABLE POWER-MAD MANIAC. THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU'RE GOING TO GET.

TUT-TUT! LOOK AT GARRER, THE WOULD-BE DICTATOR


THEN THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER ARRIVE AND TAKE THE RENEGADES INTO CUSTODY.....
I'M THE COMMANDANT, 12TH. AREA WORLD POLICE, THANKS, FRIEND.
NO! THANK YOU! JUST TAKE GOOD CARE OF GARRER

DON'T WORRY! GARRER HAS BEEN A TROUBLE-MAKER FOR A LONG TIME. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM. YOU CAN RELY ON IT!

MARVELMAN IS SATISFIED...
GOOD! THEN WE'LL BE GETTING BACK TO THE 20TH. CENTURY

I WONDER WHAT THE RESULT WILL BE IN OUR TIME NOW THAT WE STOPPED THE ORIGINAL DEPARTURE..

AND IT IS A VERY BEWILDERED KID MARVELMAN BACK IN OUR TIME.....
SAY! ONE MINUTE I'M FIGHTING WITH DOZENS OF MEN AND THE NEXT MINUTE ...PHHHT...! THEY'VE ALL DISAPPEARED!

FINALLY THE MARVELMAN FAMILY ARE TOGETHER AGAIN.....
SAY! GARRER WAS NEVER HERE -BECAUSE HE NEVER LEFT... SOUNDS SCREWY
MAYBE, KID- BUT I GUESS THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS... OR WAS IT?
THE END

MIRACLEMAN

The character that would come to be known as Miracleman originally debuted as "Marvelman" in *Marvelman* #25 (February 3, 1954). British comics pioneer Mick Anglo steered the Marvelman Family's adventures in *Marvelman*, *Young Marvelman* and *Marvelman Family* from 1954 until their series' end in 1963.

When *Marvelman* was revived in 1982 for the black-and-white comics magazine *Warrior*, artist Garry Leach updated the character's costume with a modernized chest emblem and collar and refined the costume's color scheme. Although Leach was certain the classic "sky blue" costume (top-right) would be the perfect fit, he explored other color treatments, including one that inverted the character's traditional color scheme. Leach's final piece was then used as *Warrior's* Marvelman side bar/corner box artwork.

ABOVE: When "Marvelman" was changed to "Miracleman," Garry Leach reworked the series title lettering by hand to create a new title logo.

Leach adapted his Miracleman corner box illustration into a pinup that he recalls went unused in lieu of an ad.

...A DREAM OF FLYING

IT'S A DREAM OF **SNOW** AND OF **FIREBALLS**. A DREAM OF **DEATH** AND **NUMBING VERTIGO**...

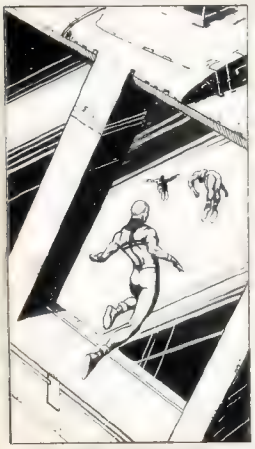
THERE IS NO **FEAR** AT FIRST...ONLY THE EERIE KEENING OF THE **WIND**, THE SWIRLING, SILENT **BLIZZARD** AND THE COLD, SHARP THRILL OF **ALTITUDE**...

HE IS NOT ALONE. LIKE FIREBIRDS IN RED AND YELLOW, TWO OTHER FIGURES SOAR BESIDE HIM. HE CANNOT SEE THEIR FACES!

HIS **POWER** COURSES THROUGH HIS VEINS LIKE **MOLTEN SILVER**. HIS **MUSCLES** MOVE WITH **PRECISE GRACE** BENEATH HIS SKIN. HE KNOWS HE IS **INVINCIBLE**...

...IT IS THEN THAT HE SEES THE VAST GREY SHAPE THAT FLOATS IN THE CHURNING WHITE. IT IS THEN THAT THE **FEAR** STARTS...

CONTEMPTUOUS OF GRAVITY, IT HANGS IN EMPTY SPACE BEFORE THEM LIKE A MASSIVE, BLOATED **SPIDER**. FILTHY WITH **SOOT** AND **OIL** IT **STAINS** THE AIR...



LIKE GAUDY INCAUTIOUS MOTHS HIS COMPANIONS PLUNGE TOWARDS THE HORROR, LEAVING HIM IN THEIR WAKE. CAN'T THEY **SEE**? DON'T THEY KNOW WHAT HAPPENS **NEXT**?

THE FEAR IS THERE, COILED IN HIS STOMACH AS HE WATCHES, UNABLE TO LOOK AWAY. THE SPIDER IS LAYING AN **EGG**! AN EGG THAT **BURNS** LIKE THE **SUN**...

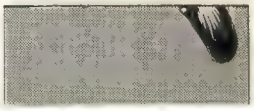
THE SKY CATCHES FIRE AND HE IS **SCREAMING**! SCREAMING AND **BURNING**...

HE SEES HIS FRIEND, THE ONE IN RED. SOMETHING **BAD** IS HAPPENING TO HIM... FIRST HE **FLICKERS**, A STROBING **DOPPLER-IMAGE** AGAINST THE SNOW...

... AND THEN HE **EXPLODES**!!

...AND THEN THERE IS ONLY THE **INFERNO** ABOUT HIM AS HE FALLS. INEXPLICABLY, A **WORD** FORMS ON SCORCHED LIPS... A **DREAM-WORD** WITH ALIEN SYLLABLES...

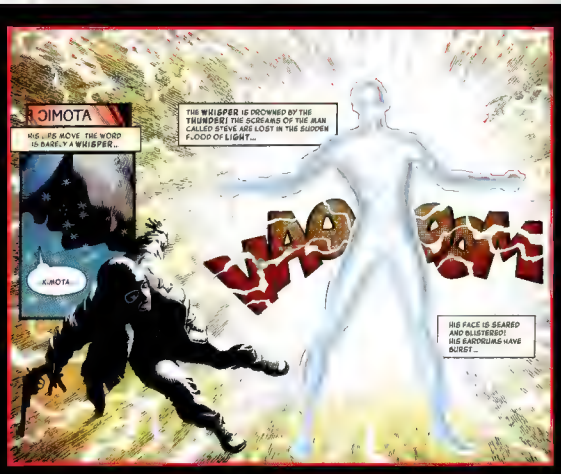
THE LAST THING HE HEARS IS THE SOUND OF **THUNDER**...



w. P.6

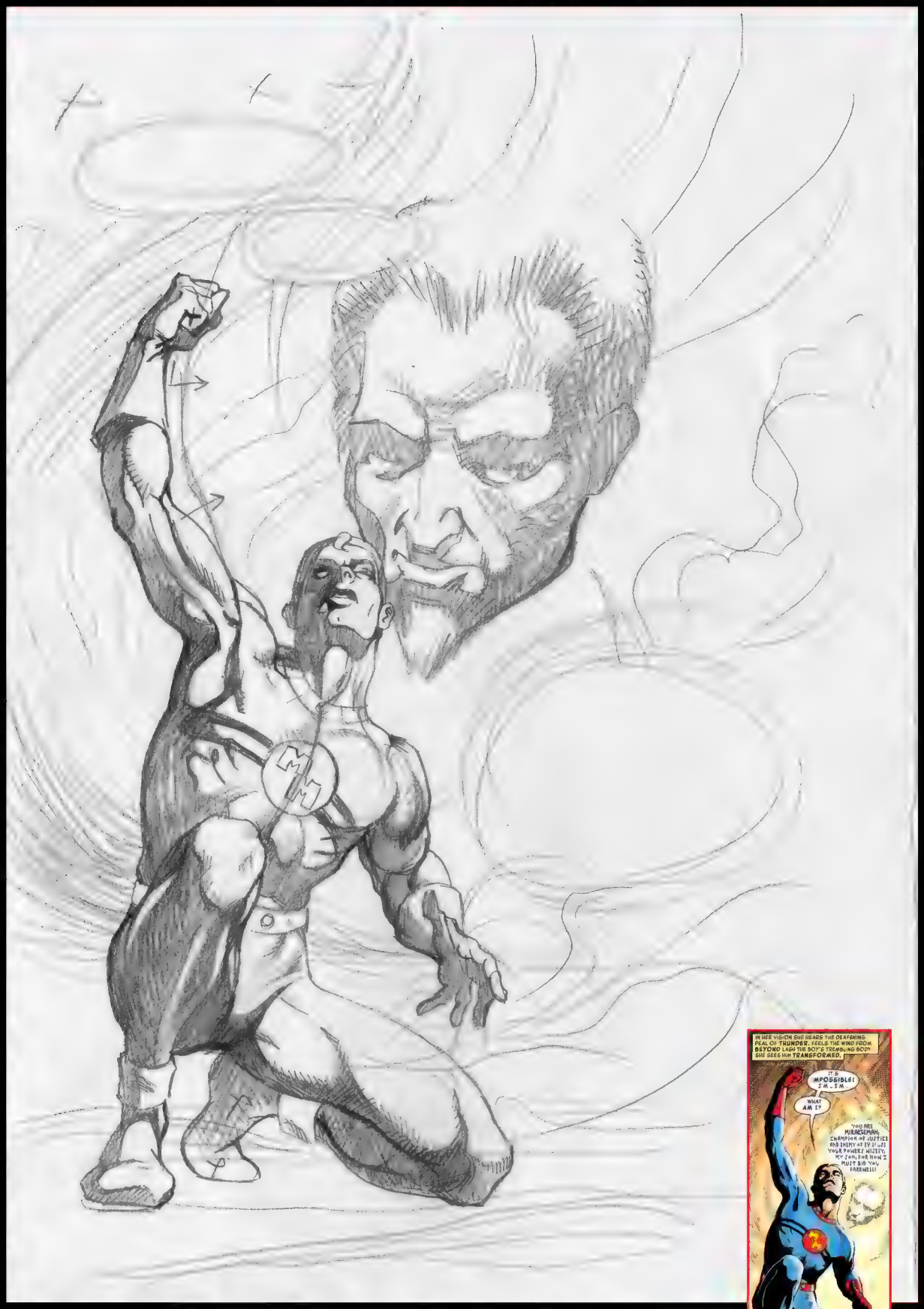
WARRIOR #1 | March 1982 | "...A Dream of Flying" | Page 2 | Panel 2 | Pencil Sketch | By Garry Leach

As part of his creative process, Garry Leach produced loose "pencil preliminary" sketches to explore pose, composition and page design. Once he hit upon an idea he liked, Garry would reduce or enlarge the sketch to the appropriate size to use it as a basis for the final pencils. This process allowed him to keep the final art boards "clean" for the application of the Letratone halftone screens.



WARRIOR #2 | April 1982 | "Legends" | Page 3 | Panel 5 | Pencil Sketch | By Garry Leach

Miracleman recounts how Guntag Borghelm granted him access to the key harmonic of the universe — Kimota!

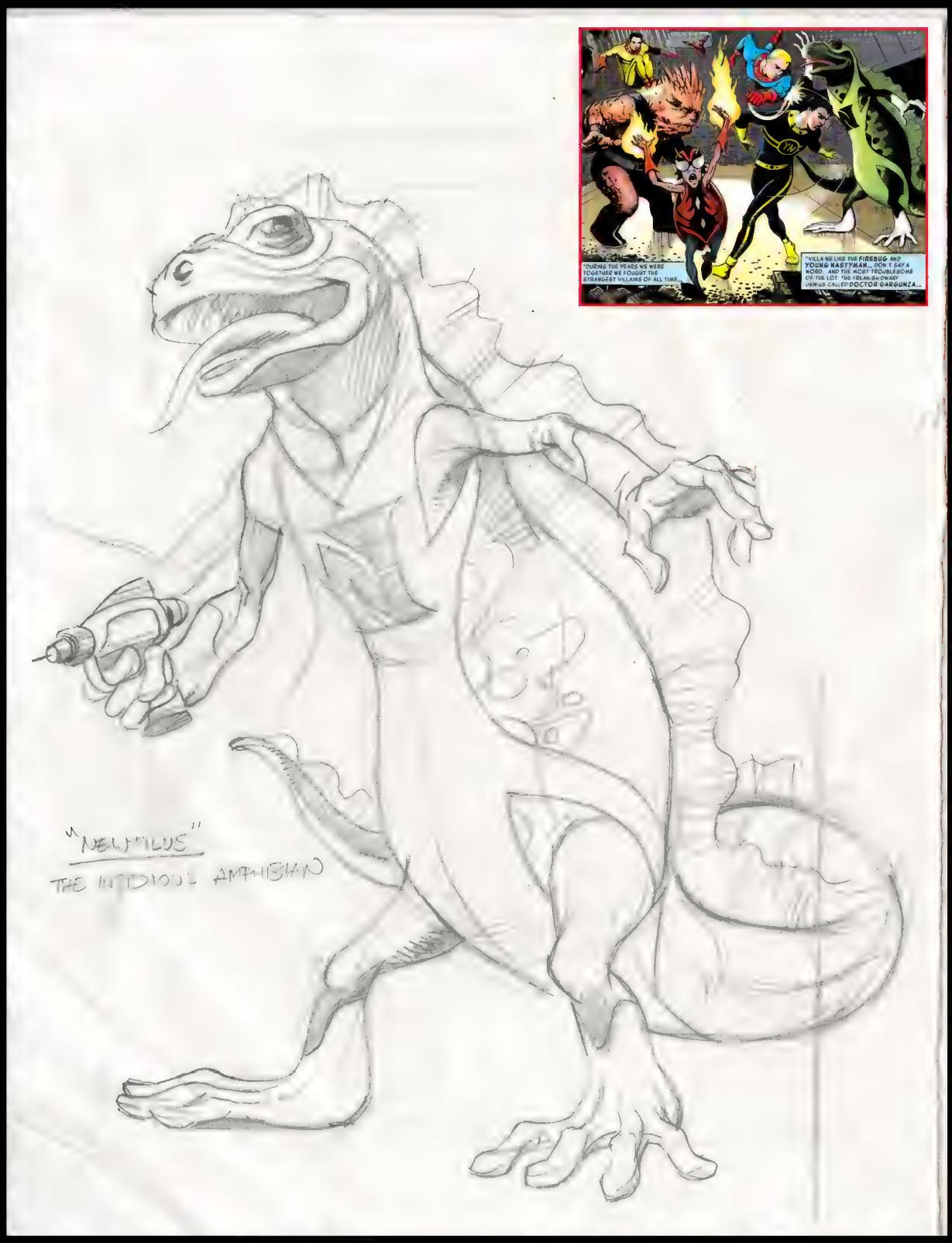


WARRIOR #2 | April 1982 | "Legends" | Page 4 | Panel 5 | Pencil Sketch | By Garry Leach

Kid Miracleman battles the Subterranean in a Miracleman Family adventure.

WARRIOR #2 | April 1982 | "Legends" | Page 4 | Panel 5 | Pencil Sketch | By Garry Leach

Growing up in the country, Garry Leach was fond of fishing for newts. When it came time to create Silver Age-style villains for the flashback sequences in "Legends," he tapped those childhood experiences for Newtilus.



WARRIOR #3 | July 1982 | "When Johnny Comes Marching Home..." | Page 2 | Panel 6 | Pencil Sketch

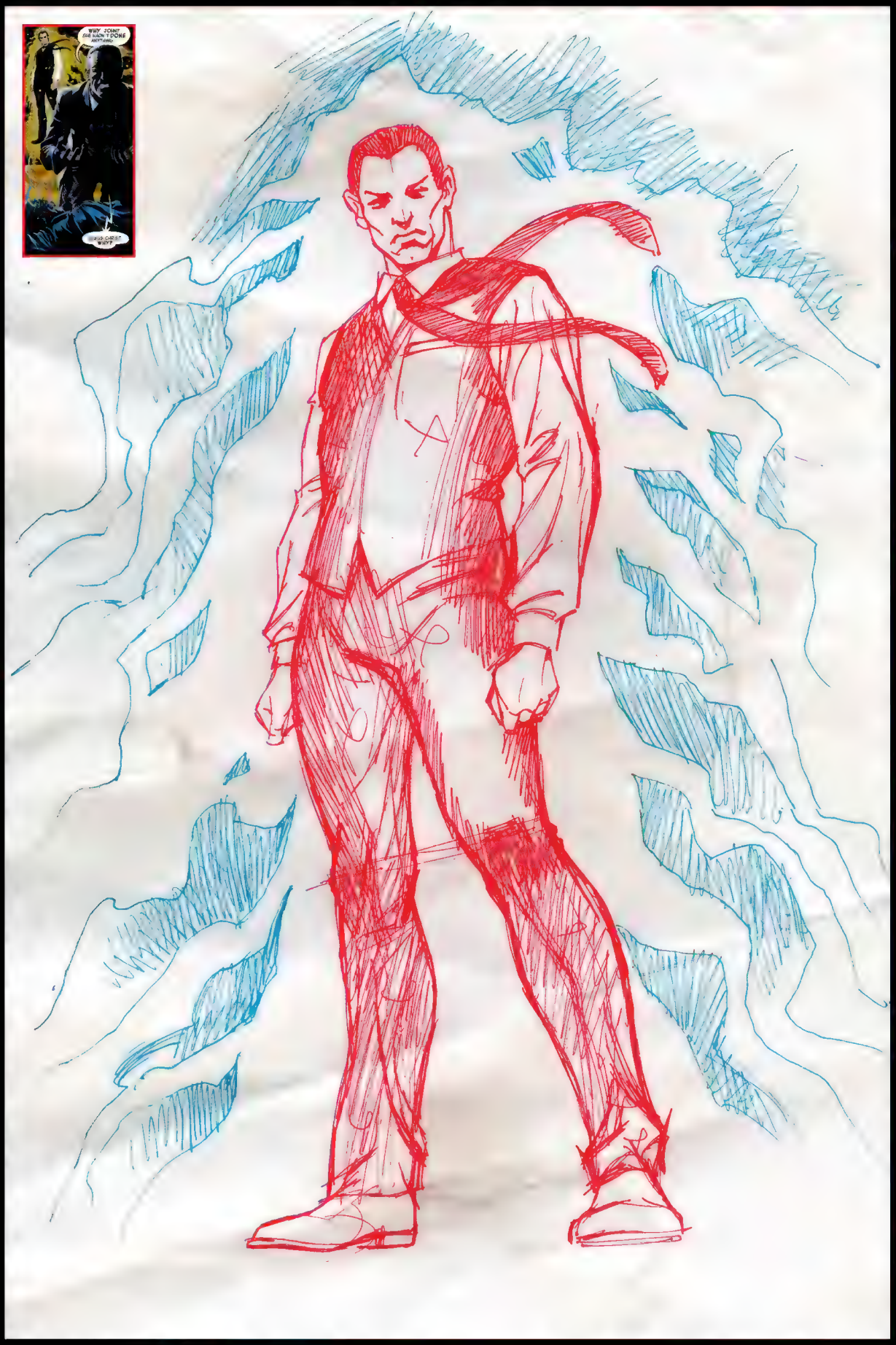
A young Kid Miracleman from a more innocent time barrels ahead alongside the title "When Johnny Comes Marching Home..." The title is a reference to an American Civil War-era song that embodied the longing of family for their sons at war. Little does Michael Moran know that Johnny Bates is losing his battle with Kid Miracleman.

Adult Johnny Bates | Character Design Sketch

Garry's first sketch of the adult Bates conveys the detached composure of a being that has left human connection behind.

WARRIOR #5 | September 1982 | "Dragons" | Page 2 | Panel 5 | Biro Sketch | By Garry Leach

Kid Miracleman's true nature is revealed in this ballpoint pen (Biro) sketch.



WARRIOR #5 | September 1982 | "Dragons" | Page 6 | Panel 7 | Pencil and Biro Sketch | By Garry Leach

Leach's iconic Bates panel was later repurposed as a title page for the first American edition of "Dragons." It was also featured as the cover art to a 1989 French reprint album.

THE BRITTLE FEBRUARY SUNLIGHT FALLS ON LIZ MORAN...WARM, ASLEEP, AND THIRTY SIX YEARS OLD..

LIZ MORAN, FORMERLY ELIZABETH SULLIVAN. LIZ MORAN, PROFESSIONAL ILLUSTRATOR AND DEVOTED WIFE...

LIZ MORAN, SIXTEEN YEARS A MARRIED LADY. HER LIFE IS HAPPY, COMFORTABLE, AND RESOLVED..

IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE LIZ MORAN WAS SURPRISED BY WHO SHE WOKE UP NEXT TO...

HER SKIN REMEMBERS A TOUCH THAT CRACKLED LIKE BARE WIRES. HER EYES REMEMBER HIS EERIE, PHOSPHORESCENT GRACE...

SHE REMEMBERS THE NIGHT BEFORE. AND SHE BELIEVES.

SHE WALKS FROM THE BEDROOM TO THE LOUNGE, DRIFTING, SMALL FEET SILENT ON THICK CARPET..

PAUSING, SHE TOUCHES THINGS

...A CHINA ORNAMENT, THE POLISHED WOOD OF A TABLETOP. TOUCHING, SHE RE-ESTABLISHES CONTACT WITH THE WORLD. SLOWLY RETRIEVING HER SENSE OF...

BRRRRRIINNNGGG

...REALITY.

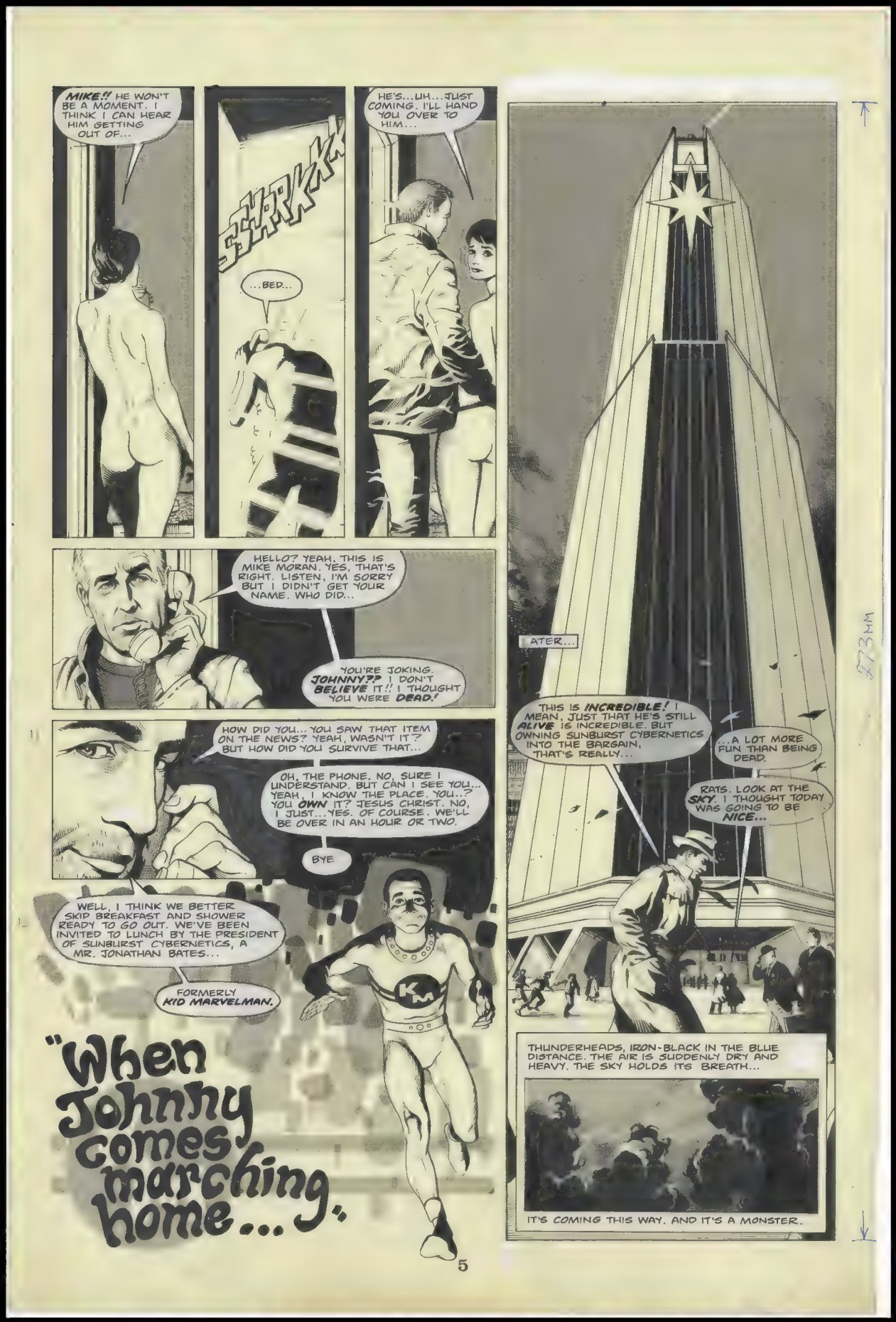
HELLO? YES? YES, THAT'S RIGHT, I'M MRS MORAN. WHO DID YOU SAY..?

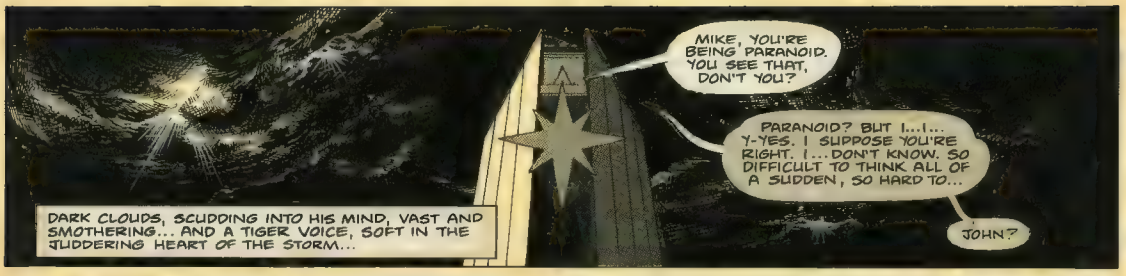
I'M AFRAID HE'S STILL ASLEEP. DID YOU WANT TO RING BACK OR...

NO. NO, THAT'S ALL RIGHT.

I'LL CALL HIM...

MARVELMAN

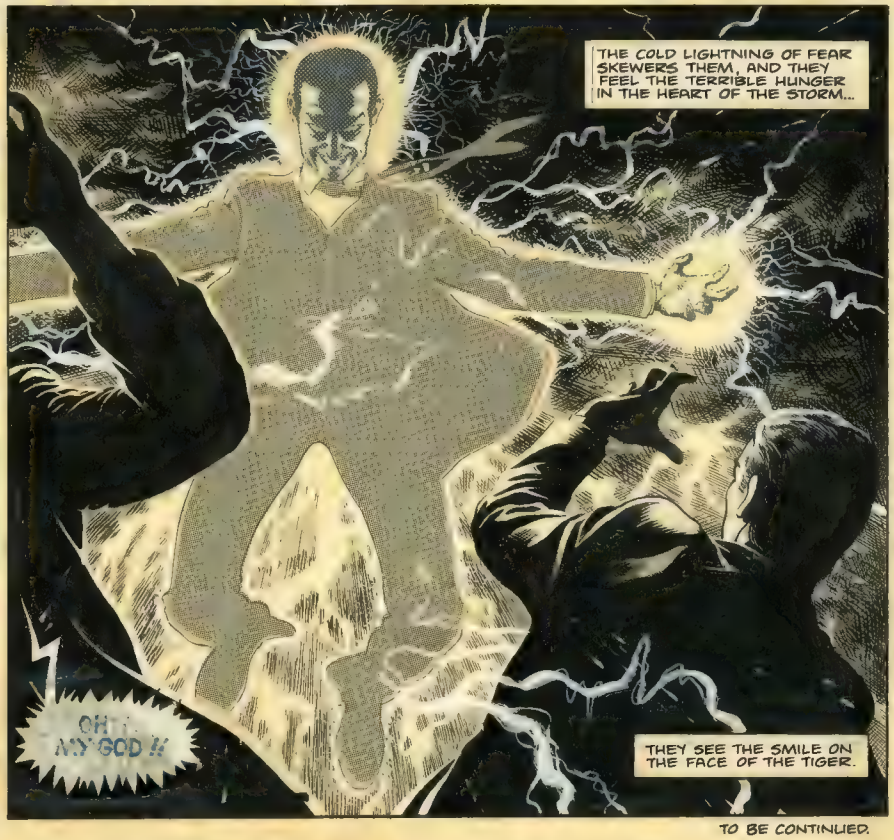

MIKE!! HE WON'T BE A MOMENT. I THINK I CAN HEAR HIM GETTING OUT OF...
SHRRK!
...BED...
HE'S...UH...JUST COMING. I'LL HAND YOU OVER TO HIM...
HELLO? YEAH, THIS IS MIKE MORAN. YES, THAT'S RIGHT. LISTEN, I'M SORRY BUT I DIDN'T GET YOUR NAME. WHO DID...
YOU'RE JOKING. JOHNNY?? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
HOW DID YOU... YOU SAW THAT ITEM ON THE NEWS? YEAH, WASN'T IT? BUT HOW DID YOU SURVIVE THAT...
OH, THE PHONE. NO, SURE I UNDERSTAND. BUT CAN I SEE YOU... YEAH, I KNOW THE PLACE. YOU..? YOU OWN IT? JESUS CHRIST. NO, I JUST...YES. OF COURSE. WE'LL BE OVER IN AN HOUR OR TWO.
BYE
WELL, I THINK WE BETTER SKIP BREAKFAST AND SHOWER READY TO GO OUT. WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO LUNCH BY THE PRESIDENT OF SUNBURST CYBERNETICS, A MR. JONATHAN BATES...
FORMERLY KID MARVELMAN.
KM
"When Johnny comes marching home..."
LATER...
THIS IS INCREDIBLE! I MEAN, JUST THAT HE'S STILL ALIVE IS INCREDIBLE. BUT OWNING SUNBURST CYBERNETICS INTO THE BARGAIN, THAT'S REALLY...
...A LOT MORE FUN THAN BEING DEAD.
RATS. LOOK AT THE SKY. I THOUGHT TODAY WAS GOING TO BE NICE...
THUNDERHEADS, IRON-BLACK IN THE BLUE DISTANCE. THE AIR IS SUDDENLY DRY AND HEAVY. THE SKY HOLDS ITS BREATH...
IT'S COMING THIS WAY. AND IT'S A MONSTER.
5



IT'S HERE, BLACK AND TERRIBLE INSIDE HIS SKULL. ITS TENDRILS ROIL BEHIND HIS EYES, DRAGGING HIM DOWN INTO THE DARK WITH NO DISTRACTIONS.

...NO INTERRUPTIONS.

THE CLOUDS WITHDRAW, UNCERTAIN, AND FOR A MOMENT . . THE LIGHT OF REASON FLOODS INTO HIS MIND ONCE MORE. HE SUDDENLY KNOWS WHAT HE MUST DO...



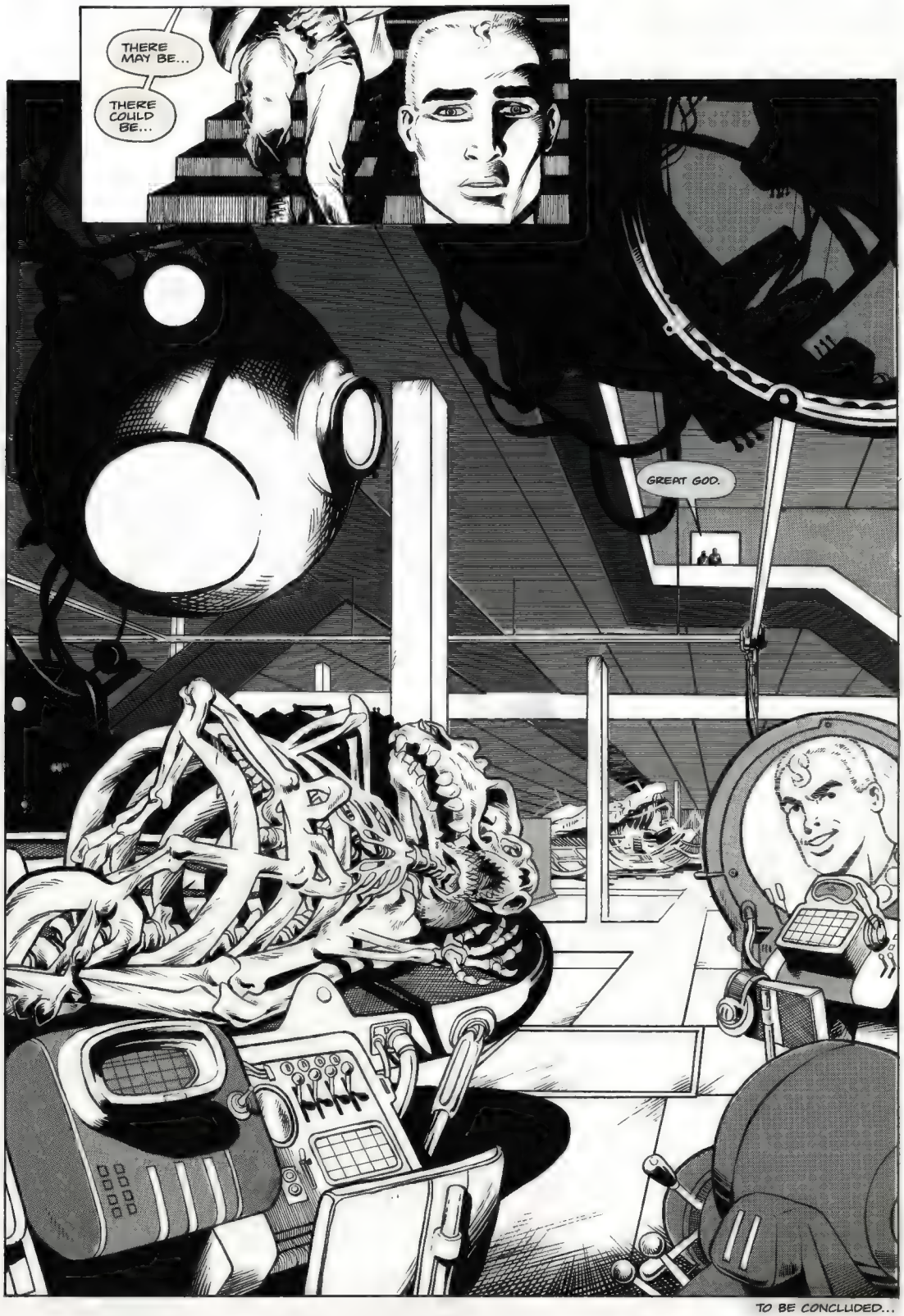
TO BE CONTINUED.

ANNUNCIATION:
ALL RIGHT, THAT'S EVERYTHING BACK IN THE CAR. IF YOU'VE FINISHED WE CAN GO HOME.
OKAY.
I WAS JUST THINKING... ABOUT THE AGE GAP BETWEEN YOU AND MARVELMAN. I THINK YOU AND MARVELMAN ARE TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE.
I THINK YOU HAVE TWO SEPERATE BODIES.
SAY THERE ARE TWO BODIES. SAY ONE EXISTS IN.. UH... 'REAL' TIME AND SPACE AND THE OTHER IS... UH... SOMEWHERE ELSE, UNTIL YOU SAY YOUR MAGIC WORD AND MAKE THE SWITCHOVER...
MAYBE THE BODY THAT OCCUPIES REAL TIME IS THE ONLY ONE THAT AGES... THE HUMAN BODY IN YOUR CASE, THE SUPERHUMAN ONE IN THE CASE OF JOHNNY BATES.
DOES THAT MAKE SENSE?
WELL, MAYBE. IT'S A BIT SCIENCE-FICTIONY. IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW WE SHARE THE SAME MIND IF WE DON'T SHARE THE SAME BODY, ALTHOUGH...
IT ISN'T EXACTLY THE SAME MIND. HE'S CLEVERER THAN ME. DID I TELL YOU THAT? WE SHARE THE SAME MIND AND MEMORIES BUT HE'S CLEVERER THAN I AM.
HMMM.
MIKE?
YEAH?
I'VE MISSED MY LAST TWO PERIODS AND I'M GOING TO HAVE A BABY AND IT ISN'T YOURS IT'S MARVELMAN'S.
WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO CHANGE TO MARVELMAN WITHOUT ROASTING THAT INNOCENT LITTLE BABY THE WAY YOU ROASTED THAT TERRORIST?
SHUT
SHUTT
AND HE THINKS "I'M A SUPERHERO."
AND HE THINKS "NOTHING CAN HURT ME."
AND HE THINKS "WHAT A STUPID WAY TO DIE."
MOO?
AND, FINALLY: "WHY SAPPHIRE TEETH?"
TO BE CONTINUED?

TO BE CONTINUED...

MARVELMAN WKP 10
Pg 7 Pnl 44-45

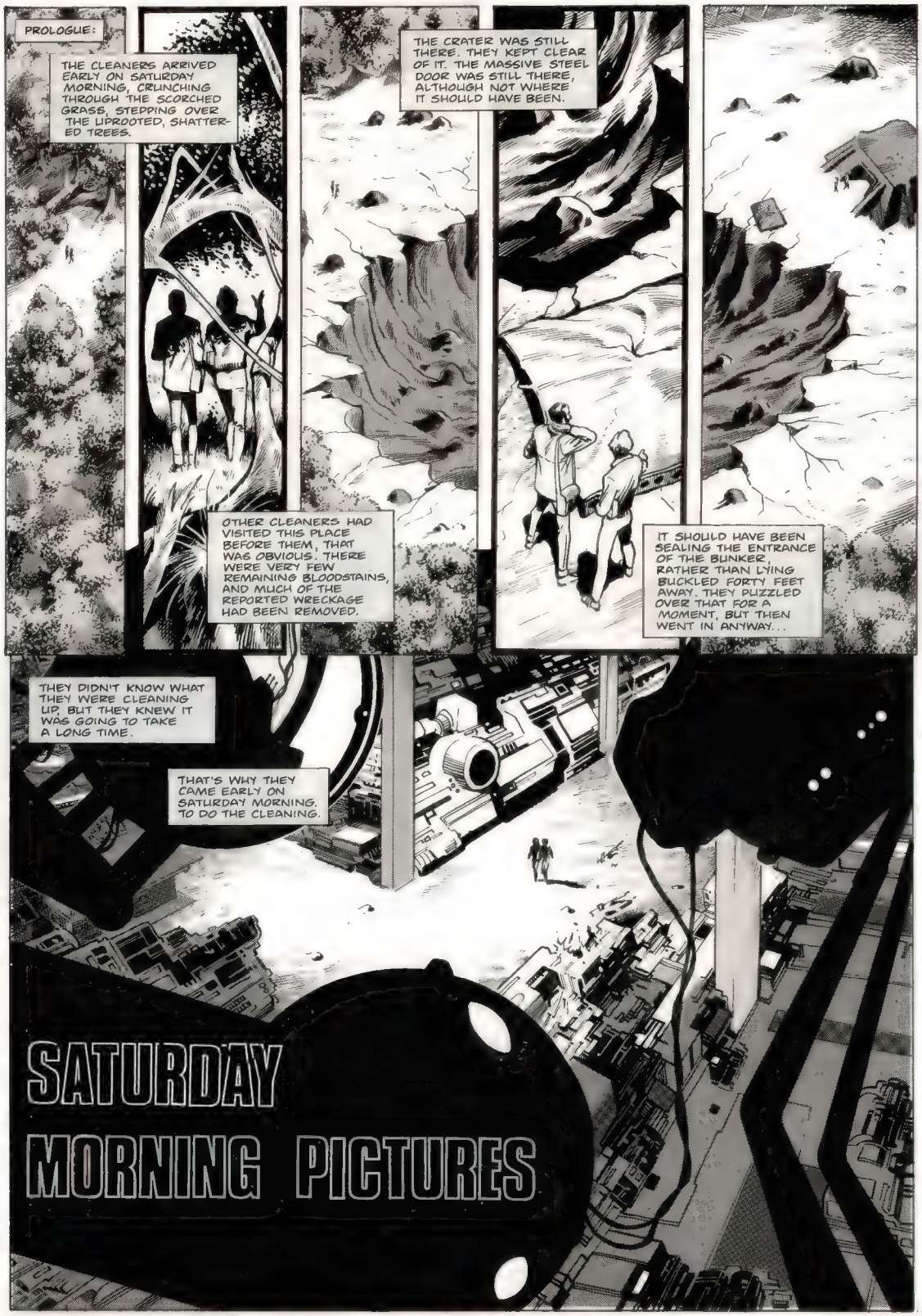


TO BE CONCLUDED...

To Jac
Best Wishes
Alan
Davis

"Marvelman" is based upon, and a continuation of, the 1954 L. Miller & Son Ltd character and is in no way associated with Marvel Comics

...DR. EMIL GARGUNZA.
GREETINGS.
AS YOU HAVE SEEN, BY EMPLOYING THE TECHNOLOGY GLEANED FROM THE VISITOR AND HIS CRAFT WE HAVE COMPLETELY PROGRAMMED THE MINDS OF THESE NEAR-DIVINE CREATURES...
...PROVIDING THEM IN THE PROCESS WITH AN UTTERLY MANUFACTURED IDENTITY WHICH IS OURS TO MANIPULATE AT WILL. TO WHIT: THE IDENTITY OF A CHILDREN'S COMIC-BOOK CHARACTER.
GAAARRR-GUNZAAAAAA!
"IT WAS AT 3·56 THAT THE VIDEO MACHINE MALFUNCTIONED AND JAMMED."
"IT WAS AT 3·56 THAT THE MONSTER WENT BERSERK."
...COMIC BOOK CHARACTER...
"THE DAMAGE WAS EXTENSIVE."
"WE CAN ONLY ASSUME THAT AFTER THE MONSTER'S INITIAL RAGE HAD ABATED, CREAM SOMEHOW MANAGED TO CALM HIM DOWN."
"FOR THAT, AT LEAST, WE CAN BE GRATEFUL TO HIM."
...COMIC BOOK CHARACTER...
...COMIC BOOK CHARACTER...
"WHATEVER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, CREAM AND THE SUPERHUMAN VACATED THE BUNKER AT 4·10 A.M."
"IT ONLY REMAINED FOR MYSELF AND THE CLEAN-UP CREW TO MOVE IN..."
"...AND PICK UP THE PIECES."
"REPORT ENDS."


PROLOGUE:
THE CLEANERS ARRIVED EARLY ON SATURDAY MORNING, CRUNCHING THROUGH THE SCORCHED GRASS, STEPPING OVER THE UPROOTED, SHATTERED TREES.
OTHER CLEANERS HAD VISITED THIS PLACE BEFORE THEM, THAT WAS OBVIOUS. THERE WERE VERY FEW REMAINING BLOODSTAINS, AND MUCH OF THE REPORTED WRECKAGE HAD BEEN REMOVED.
THE CRATER WAS STILL THERE. THEY KEPT CLEAR OF IT. THE MASSIVE STEEL DOOR WAS STILL THERE, ALTHOUGH NOT WHERE IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN.
IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN SEALING THE ENTRANCE OF THE BUNKER, RATHER THAN LYING BUCKLED FORTY FEET AWAY. THEY PUZZLED OVER THAT FOR A MOMENT, BUT THEN WENT IN ANYWAY...
THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE CLEANING UP, BUT THEY KNEW IT WAS GOING TO TAKE A LONG TIME.
THAT'S WHY THEY CAME EARLY ON SATURDAY MORNING. TO DO THE CLEANING.
SATURDAY MORNING PICTURES

"Catgames" introduces a page-length vertical panel that repeats throughout *Book Two*'s hunt scenes. The repeating form and images of predators and prey create a foreboding visual rhythm.

HIS MUSCLES SWIM LIKE FISH BENEATH HIS SKIN, HIS SKIN THAT GLIMMERS, ALIVE WITH STARS. HIS EYES DROWN HER. HE IS LIKE A GOD.
AND THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.
THE EMPTY AIR BETWEEN THEM IS ALIVE WITH INVISIBLE SIGNALS: THE SEMAPHOR OF DILATED PUPILS, THE MORSE OF HER BREATHING. HE APPROACHES. HER MOUTH IS DRY.
THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.
HANDS THAT CAN TEAR APART MOUNTAINS DRAW LIGHTNING-LINES DOWN HER SPINE.
FINGERS THAT CAN CRUMPLE STEEL TRACE THE SILENT 'O' OF HER LIPS.
SHE IS HIS WIFE. HIS BABY IS INSIDE HER.
HE WILL ALLOW NO HARM TO COME TO HER.
THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.
NOTHING.
SO WHY DOES SHE FEEL SO VULNERABLE?
AND AFRAID.
AND HUNTED.
"IT CAN'T RUN. IT CAN'T RUN ANYMORE."

Alan Davis

"IT WILL HAVE TO TURN."
"IT WILL HAVE TO FIGHT."
"HERE IT COMES."
"NOW"
NOW...
NOW...
NOW!!
TO BE CONTINUED...

Alan Davis

A SUPER HERO?
YES. YES, I SUPPOSE I AM.
MY NAME'S MARVELMAN.

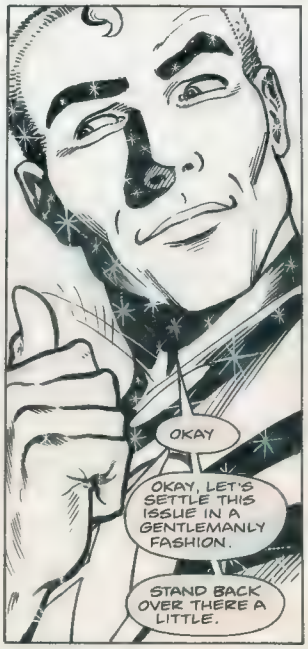
JASON OAKEY
NICE TO MEET YOU
WHAT'S ALL THAT SHINY STUFF?

IT'S MY FORCEFIELD
I CALL IT THE 'TINKERBELL EFFECT'
TINKERBELL IN PETER PAN YOU KNOW PETER PAN?

NOT PERSONALLY

NO
WELL, TINKERBELL FOLLOWED PETER PAN AROUND TINKERBELL WAS A FAIRY, AND.

FMF

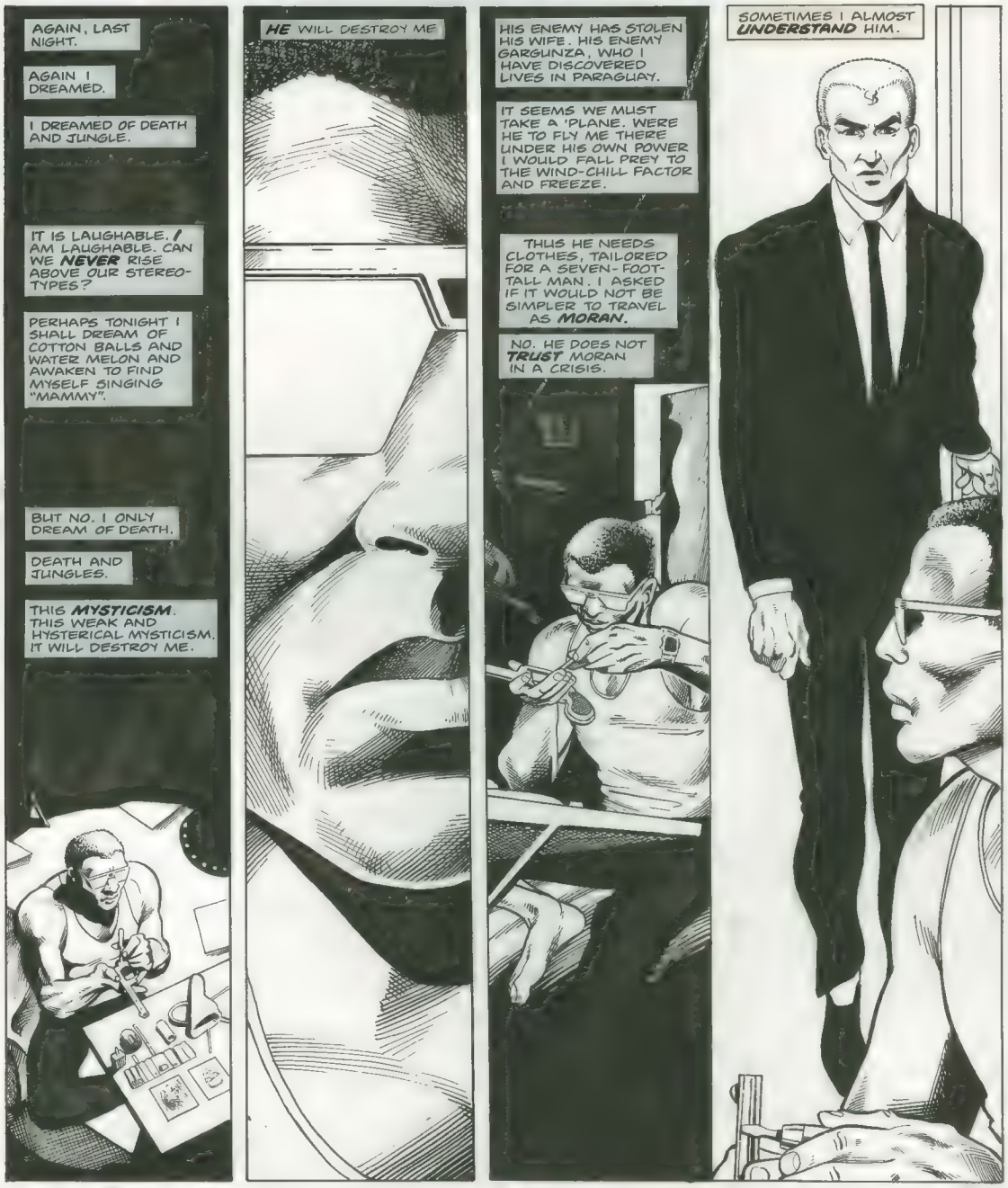

OKAY
OKAY, LET'S SETTLE THIS ISSUE IN A GENTLEMANLY FASHION.
STAND BACK OVER THERE A LITTLE.

THAT'S ABOUT FAR ENOUGH.
NOW WATCH THIS CAREFULLY.

"MY FORMER EMPLOYERS AGREED NOT TO TROUBLE US FURTHER."
"PERHAPS THEY HAVE GONE BACK UPON THEIR WORD. PERHAPS THEY HAVE DISCOVERED YOUR IDENTITY INDEPENDENTLY."
"LET US SEE..."
HELLO? SIR DENNIS ARCH...
CREAM?
WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU MEAN BY RINGING ME AT...
LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY, SIR DENNIS. I AM WITH MY...CLIENT AT THE MOMENT.
HE IS VERY UPSET. HIS WIFE HAS BEEN ABDUCTED.
BUT THEN YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU?
WHAT? HIS WIFE...?
CREAM, YOU AREN'T SUGGESTING THAT!...
CREAM, LISTEN, IN GOD'S NAME...
I SUGGEST YOU LISTEN, SIR DENNIS.
UNLESS SHE IS DELIVERED UNHARMED WITHIN THE NEXT HOUR, MY CLIENT WILL DEVASTATE LONDON.
AN HOUR AFTER THAT HE WILL REDUCE BIRMINGHAM TO POWDER.
THEN LIVERPOOL. THEN MANCHESTER. THEN SHEFFIELD...
CREAM NO! WE HAVEN'T GOT HER. PLEASE, HE MUST BELIEVE US...
CREAM, UPON MY OATH IN THE SIGHT OF GOD, WE HAVEN'T GOT HER! PLEASE...
THEY HAVEN'T GOT HER.
CREAM? ARE YOU THERE? LISTEN, IF SOMEONE'S ABDUCTED THE CREATURE'S WIFE, THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON IT CAN BE...

Warrior #16

MARVELMAN
THE APPROACHING LIGHT

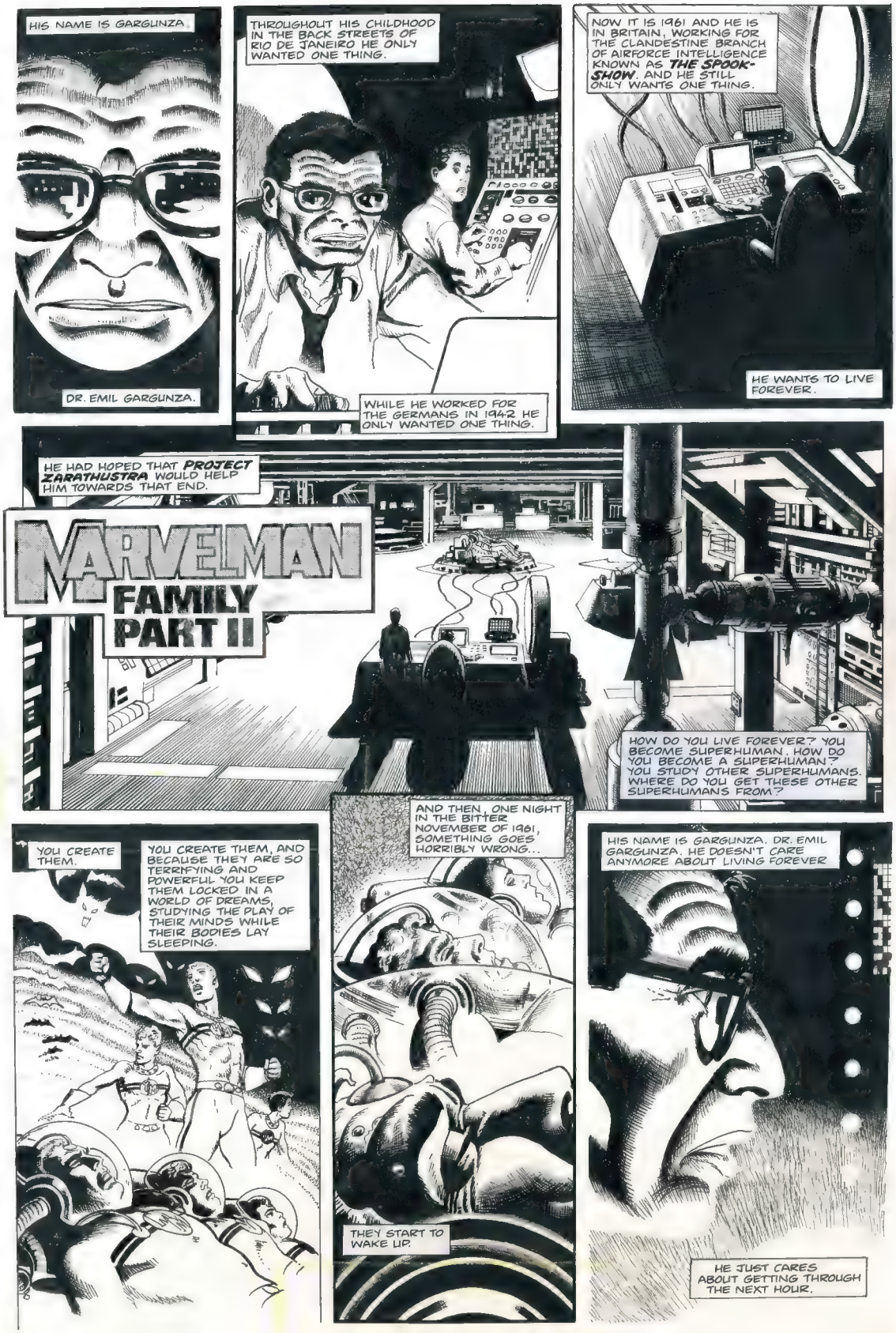


THERE.
HE DOESN'T LOOK SO SPECIAL, DOES HE? NOT QUITE THE GREAT BURNING JUJU AFTER ALL, EH?
STRIP HIM OF HIS GAUDY LEOTARD AND HE IS, AFTER ALL, BUT A MAN.
ALMOST.
ALMOST A MAN
AND DON'T FORGET, YOU HAVE SEEN HIM AFRAID. WHEN HE BELIEVED THAT THE MAN NAMED BATES HAD TAKEN HIS WIFE THERE WAS HUMAN TERROR IN HIS EYES.
NO. HE IS NOT SO MUCH.
...AND YET YOU FOLLOW HIM.
NATURALLY, THERE IS A REASON FOR THIS. YOU MUST LOCATE GARGUNZA TO SUIT YOUR OWN ENDS. HE HAS THE SECRETS THAT YOU REQUIRE. IT IS LOGICAL THAT YOU FOLLOW THIS MAN.
...AS IF YOU HAD A CHOICE.
BELOW US NOW, SOUTH AMERICA, SMOULDERING WITH THE PROBLEMS THAT BESET ITS COCAINE INDUSTRY, THRASHING IN A MORASS OF LOST WARS, AND ECONOMIC RUIN, AND LIGHT...
...AND SHADOW...
...AND JUNGLE.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA. THE COTSWOLD HILLS. NOVEMBER 1961...
COFFEE, DR. G?
"GAR-GUN-ZA," DOCTOR FABIAN. IT'S ONLY THREE SYLLABLES. PLEASE USE IT.
NO. NO COFFEE, THANK YOU.
THERE'S A PROBLEM.
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FEED THE BRUTES SCENARIO OH-NINE-OBLIQUE-NINE ALL EVENING...ONE OF THE VARIANT "YOUNG NASTY-MAN" ENCOUNTER SEQUENCES. THEY'RE RESISTING IT.
RESISTING IT? BUT SURELY THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE...
OF COURSE IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. IF IT WERE POSSIBLE IT WOULDN'T BE CAUSING ME ANY PROBLEMS WOULD IT? THEY'RE OVER-RIDING THE SOMATIC INDUCERS SOMEHOW...
IT'S THEIR MINDS. I WORRIED ABOUT THIS BACK IN '49 WHEN WE COMMENCED ZARATHUSTRA. ALL THEIR POWER COMES FROM THEIR MINDS, AND THOSE MINDS ARE DEVELOPING ALL THE TIME.
ALL THE TIME...
THE THING IS, THEY CAN'T BE DOING IT CONSCIOUSLY. ONE OF THEM MUST BE REACHING OUT WITH HIS SUBCONSCIOUS AND OVER-RIDING OUR GUIDANCE PROGRAMME IN SOME WAY...
DR. GARGUNZA? I THINK THE PROBLEM'S IRONED ITSELF OUT. LOOK... THE SCREENS ARE REGISTERING. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A CIRCUIT JAM. THEY'RE ACCEPTING DREAM INPUT AGAIN...
HOW VERY ODD.
...ESPECIALLY SINCE I GAVE UP AND SWITCHED THE SOMATIC INDUCERS OFF FIVE MINUTES AGO.
YOU ?
THAT ISN'T ONE OF OUR DREAM PROGRAMMES? BUT IF IT ISN'T, THEN...

I DON'T LIKE THIS.
I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL.
ALL THESE REFERENCES TO DREAMS... THIS "SLEEPYTOWN"... THEIR SUB-CONSCIOUS MINDS ARE TRYING TO TELL THEM THAT WHAT THEY'RE EXPERIENCING ISN'T REAL.
DO YOU KNOW, I THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO WAKE UP.
DOCTOR...
NOBODY AROUND. THIS PLACE SEEMS PRETTY QUIET...
HMMM. ALMOST TOO QUIET. LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN THAT HANGAR DOWN THERE...
H-HEY, PALS?
I THINK YOU BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS...
WHAT IS IT, K.M.? WHAT DO YOU SEE?
JEEPERS! WHAT TH...?
M-MICKEY? MICKEY, WHAT ARE THEY?
THEY'RE GIANTS. HUGE SLUMBERING GIANTS ENSNARED WITH WIRES AND CABLES...
...AND THEY LOOK LIKE US!
M.M., THIS IS GETTING SPOOKY. LET'S MOVE ON TO SOMEWHERE ELSE...
THIS IS ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING.
THEIR SUBCONSCIOUS MINDS ARE TRYING TO OVERLOAD ON ABSURDITY, TO SHOCK THE BRAIN INTO WAKEFULNESS BY CROSSING THE THRESHOLD OF DISBELIEF...

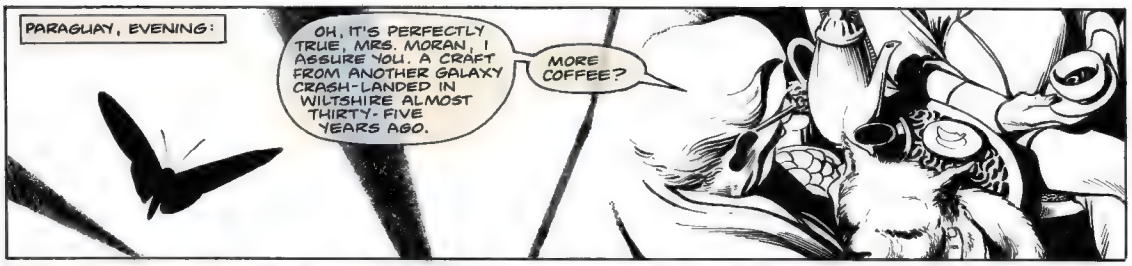

HIS NAME IS GARGUNZA.
DR. EMIL GARGUNZA.
THROUGHOUT HIS CHILDHOOD IN THE BACK STREETS OF RIO DE JANEIRO HE ONLY WANTED ONE THING.
WHILE HE WORKED FOR THE GERMANS IN 1942 HE ONLY WANTED ONE THING.
NOW IT IS 1961 AND HE IS IN BRITAIN, WORKING FOR THE CLANDESTINE BRANCH OF AIRFORCE INTELLIGENCE KNOWN AS THE SPOOK-SHOW. AND HE STILL ONLY WANTS ONE THING.
HE WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER.
HE HAD HOPED THAT PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA WOULD HELP HIM TOWARDS THAT END.
MARVELMAN FAMILY PART II
HOW DO YOU LIVE FOREVER? YOU BECOME SUPERHUMAN. HOW DO YOU BECOME A SUPERHUMAN? YOU STUDY OTHER SUPERHUMANS. WHERE DO YOU GET THESE OTHER SUPERHUMANS FROM?
YOU CREATE THEM.
YOU CREATE THEM, AND BECAUSE THEY ARE SO TERRIFYING AND POWERFUL YOU KEEP THEM LOCKED IN A WORLD OF DREAMS, STUDYING THE PLAY OF THEIR MINDS WHILE THEIR BODIES LAY SLEEPING.
AND THEN, ONE NIGHT IN THE BITTER NOVEMBER OF 1961, SOMETHING GOES HORRIBLY WRONG...
THEY START TO WAKE UP.
HIS NAME IS GARGUNZA. DR. EMIL GARGUNZA. HE DOESN'T CARE ANYMORE ABOUT LIVING FOREVER
HE JUST CARES ABOUT GETTING THROUGH THE NEXT HOUR.

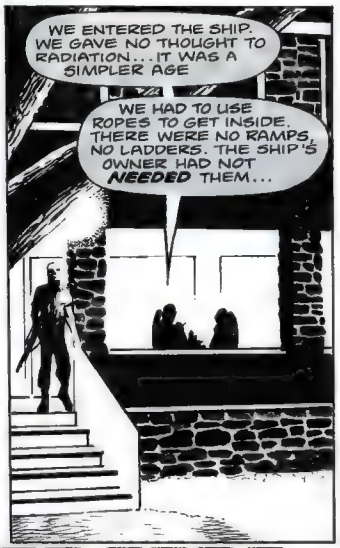
WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! WHO ELSE BUT THE NABOB OF NIGHTMARES COULD COME UP WITH A CREEPY SET-UP LIKE THIS? THAT EXPLAINS YOUR WEIRD SENSATIONS, M.M.!
IT DOES INDEED, DICKEY DAUNTLESS! BUT IT WILL AVAIL YOU NAUGHT...
...WHEN MY SIRENS OF SLUMBER HAVE YOU IN THEIR LETHAL CARESSES!!
GULP!
IT'S WORKING, DOCTOR! THE ELECTRO-ENCEPHALOGRAM SHOWS THEY'RE SLOWLY REVERTING TO THE WAVE-FORMATIONS OF OUR CONTROL SYSTEM.
HYPNOS, YOU RAT! YOU KNOW THAT WE CAN'T HIT GIRLS!!
HIT THEM? WHO WANTS...
NO!
THIS IS WRONG!
DON'T YOU SEE? WE'RE BEING SEDUCED! THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP US THINKING!
UH-OH! THE E.E.G IS ACTING UP AGAIN...

HOW DID HYPNOS KNOW YOUR SECRET IDENTITY, Y.M? HE CALLED YOU DICKEY DAUNTLESS! HOW DID HE KNOW??
AND THIS CASTLE. THESE POWERS! HE WASN'T LIKE THIS THE LAST TIME WE ENCOUNTERED HIM! NONE OF THIS IS REAL!
NONE OF IT!
THE CONSOLE! OUT OF MY BLOODY WAY, FABIAN...
I...I LEARNED OF YOUR YOUNG FRIEND'S IDENTITY WITH A SECRET MIND-SCANNING DEVICE, AND AS FOR MY NEW-FOUND ABILITIES, THEY...
...THEY WERE GIVEN TO ME BY THE MAYOR OF THE FIFTH DIMENSION IN RETURN FOR SAVING HIS DAUGHTER'S LIFE, AND...
NO! YOU'RE LYING! LOOK AT THIS CHAMBER...
IT'S CHANGING! EVERYTHING'S CHANGING! EVEN MY COSTUME!
DOCTOR... LOOK AT THIS...
MY GOD. CAN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS BE THAT POWERFUL? I NEVER DREAMED...
IF HE SHOULD WAKE... IF HE REALLY IS THAT POWERFUL, THEN...
THEN HE'LL KILL US, FABIAN. BE SURE OF THAT. JUST LOOK UP AT THAT SCREEN...

TO BE CONTINUED...

MM Bk 2 Ep 6
Pg 1 Pnl 1-5

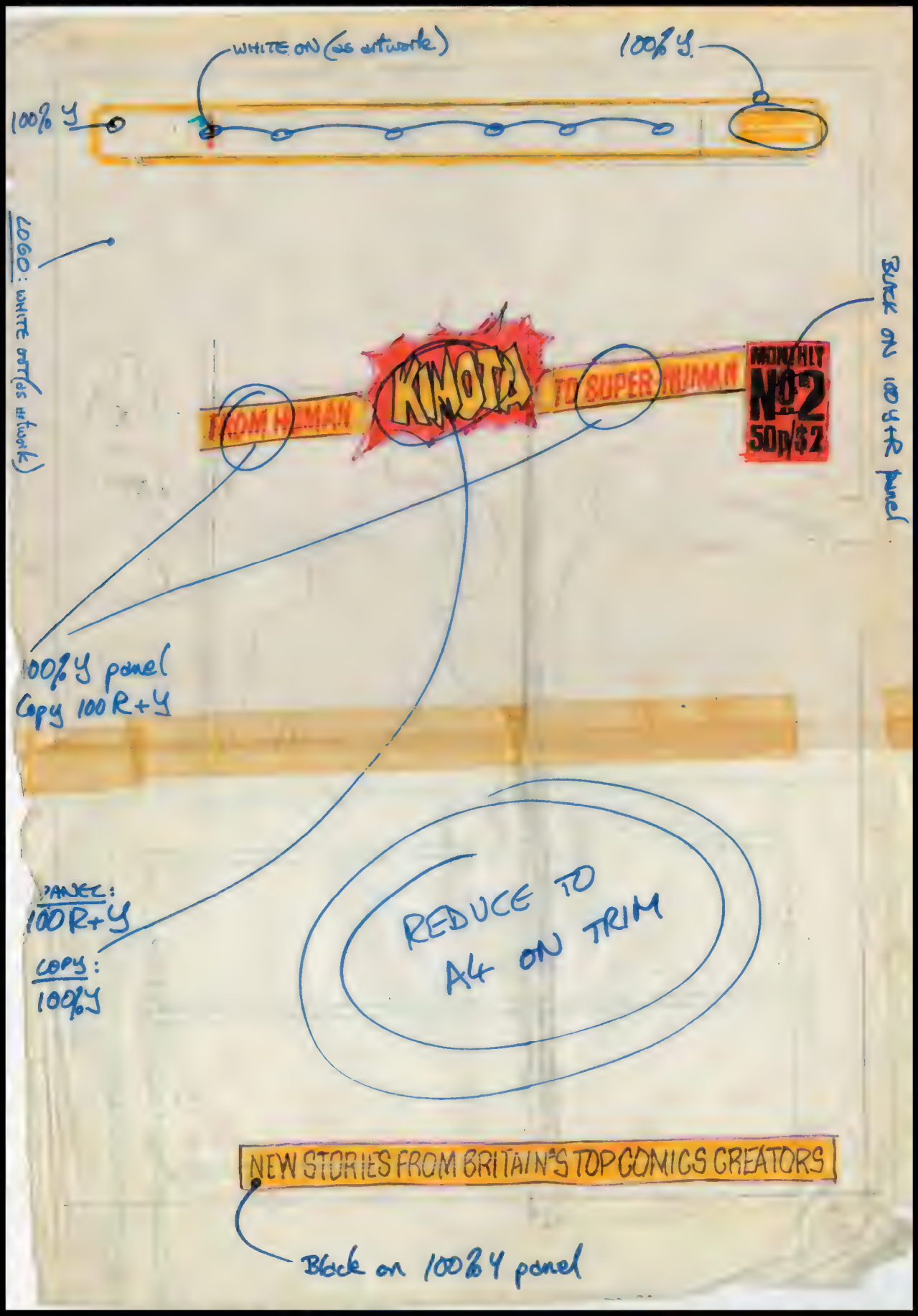




TO BE CONTINUED...

WARRIOR #2 | April 1982 | Cover | Original Art | By Garry Leach

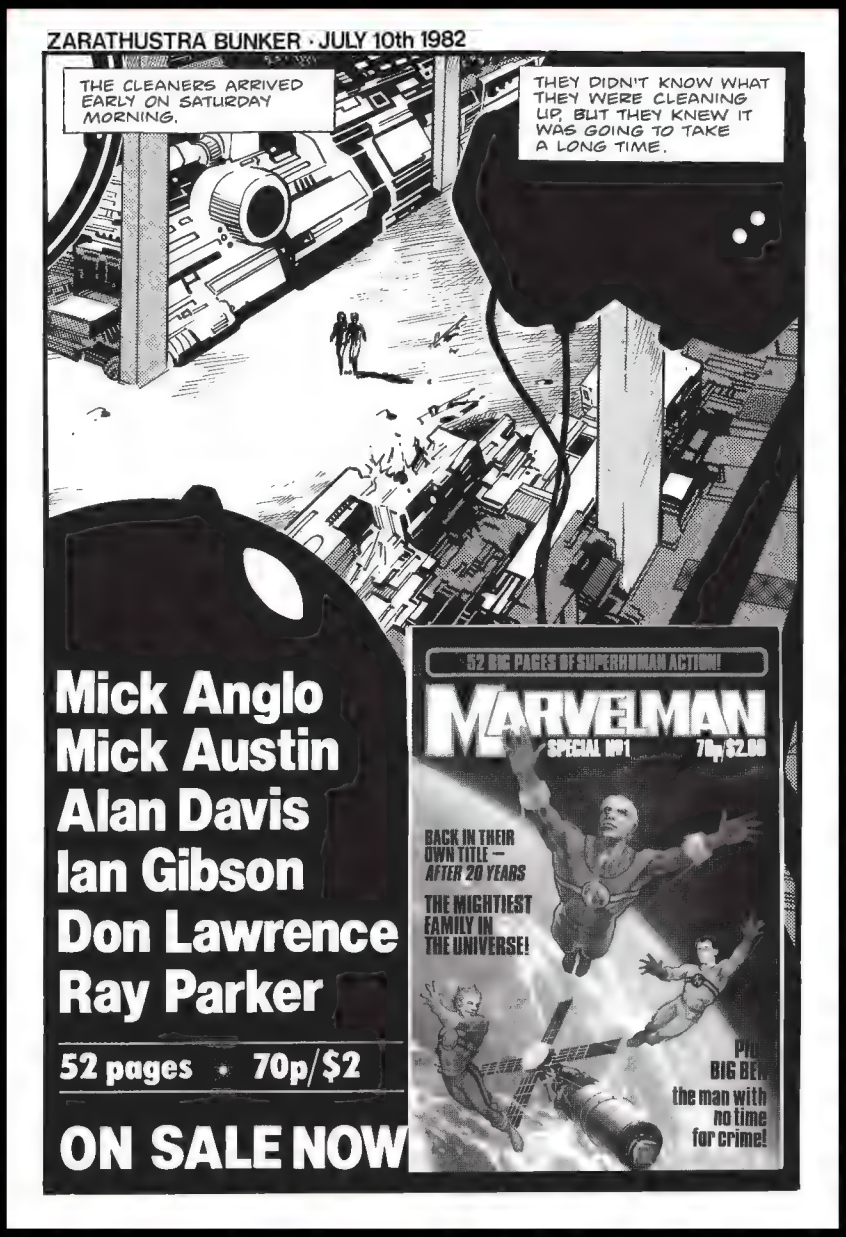
This annotated vellum overlay was attached to *Warrior* #2's cover art to instruct the printer on how to handle the logo and typography color and overall cover design.



Austin

AUSTIN

MARVELMAN SPECIAL #1 | 1984 | Cover | Mick Austin



Marvelman Special #1 reprinted a selection of classic Marvelman tales with the new feature "Saturday Morning Pictures" serving as a framing story. First among the adventures reprinted was Mick Anglo and Don Lawrence's October 1956 "The Invaders from the Future" from *Marvelman Family* #1 (title page at bottom left).

When the stories from *Warrior* first saw publication in the United States starting with *Miracleman* #1 (August 1985), "Invaders" was partially redialogued and used as a prologue to introduce the American audience to the characters.

Garry Leach drew a new shot of Miracleman for this version of "Invaders'" title page (bottom right); he also created the new closing page featuring the quotation from Friedrich Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*.

***MIRACLEMAN* #1 | Retailer and Convention Flyer | Original Art | By Garry Leach**

Garry Leach repurposed his artwork from *Miracleman* #1's "The Invaders from the Future" prologue as a promotional flyer for comic shops and conventions. Retailers could add their location, hours and sales information in Miracleman's speech balloons with a "Kimota!" for good measure.

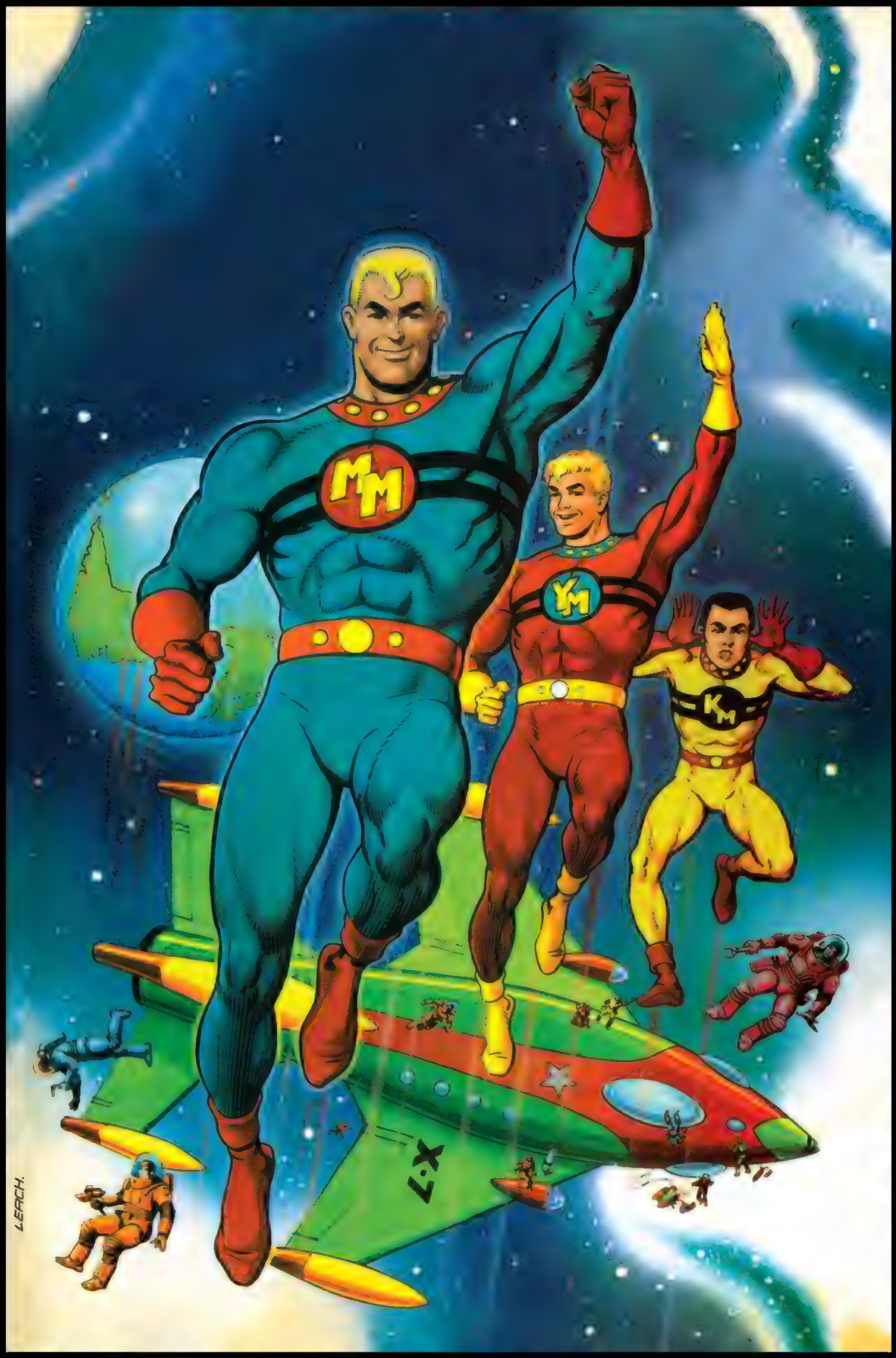
MIRACLEMAN #1 | August 1985 | Cover | By Garry Leach

MIRACLEMAN #2 | October 1985 | Cover | Pencil and Biro Sketch | By Garry Leach

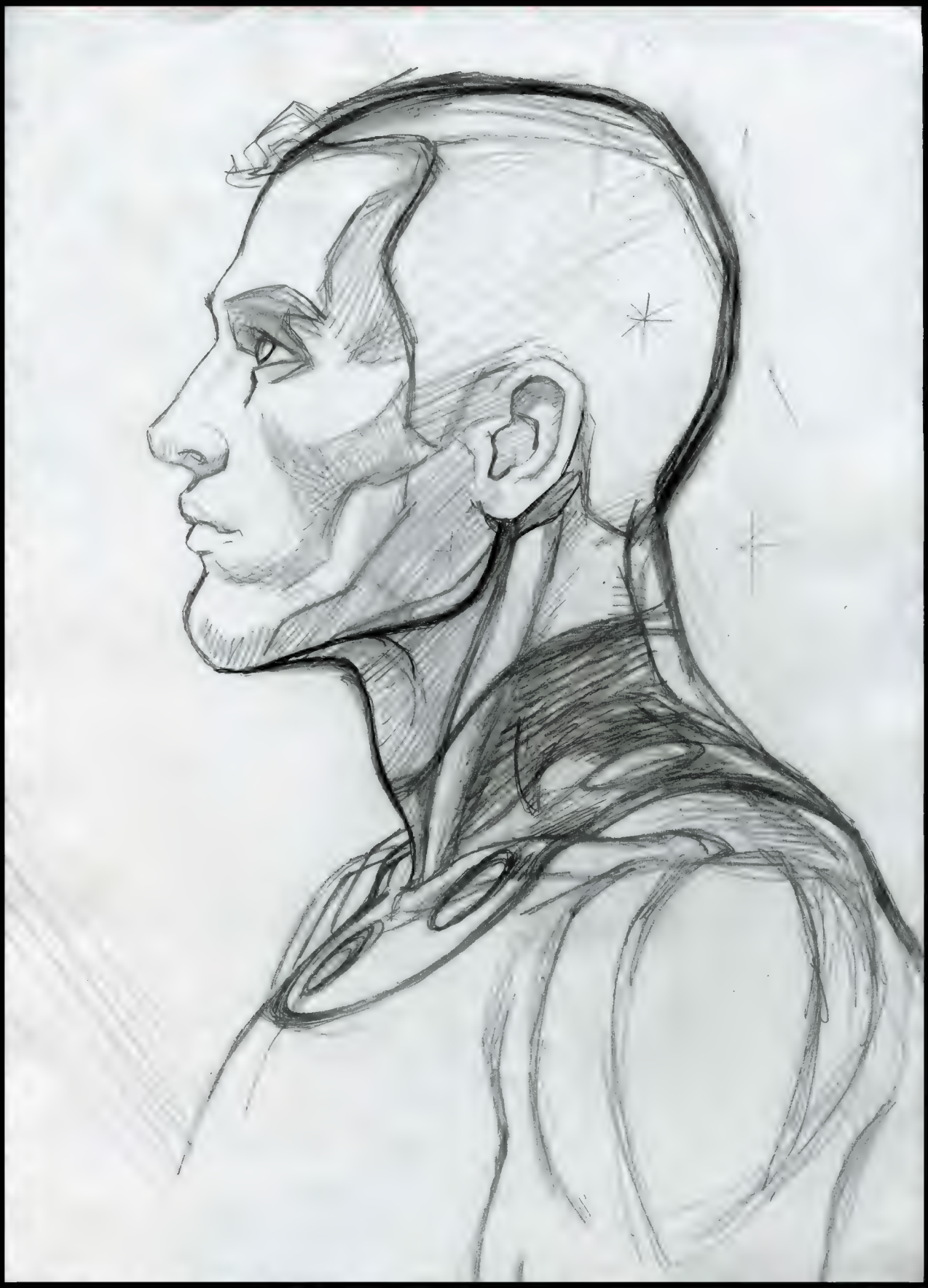
MIRACLEMAN #2 | October 1985 | Cover | By Garry Leach

MIRACLEMAN: BOOK ONE – A DREAM OF FLYING | August 1988 | Cover | Original Art | By Garry Leach

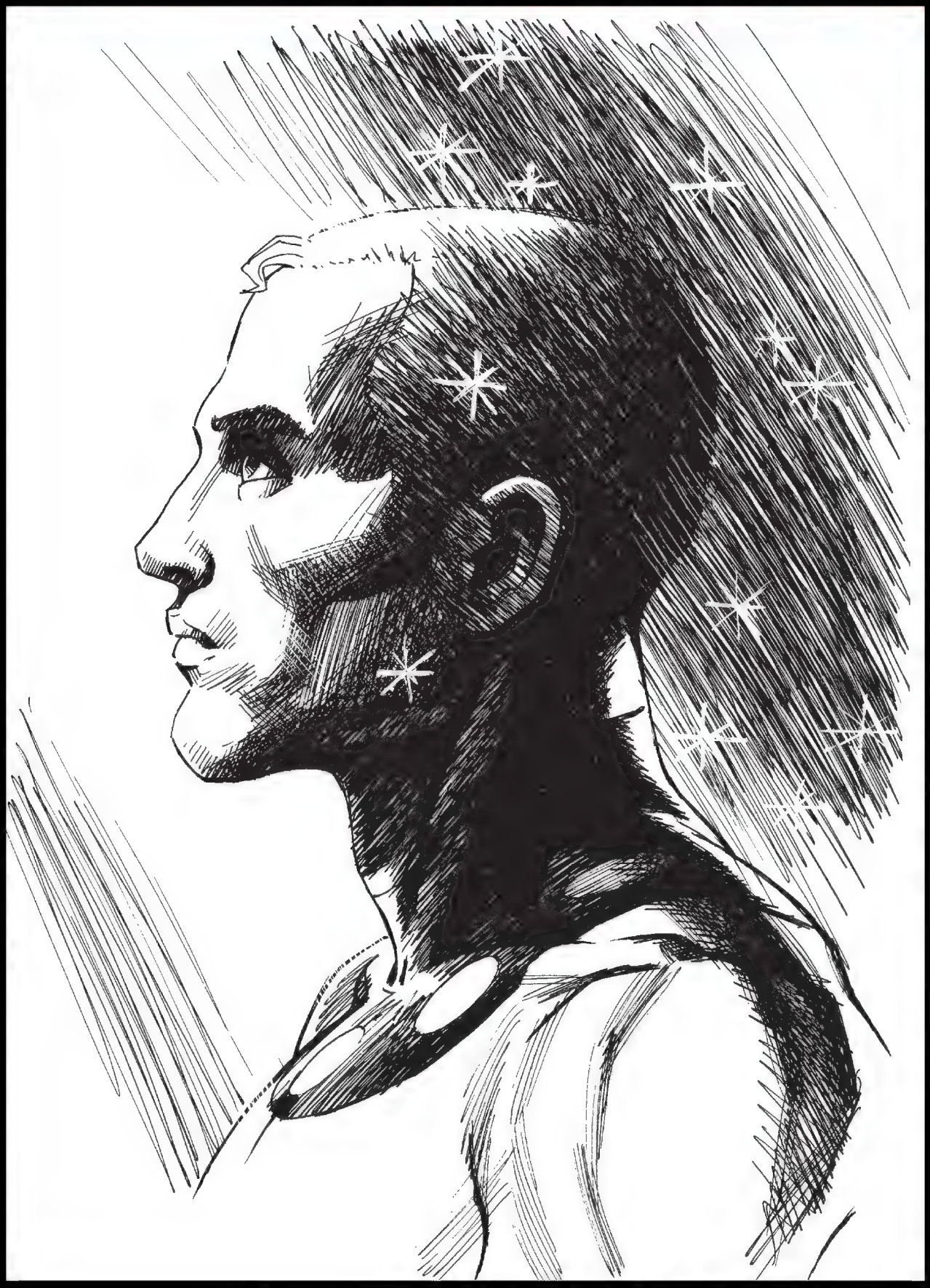
MIRACLEMAN FAMILY #1 | June 1988 | Cover | By Garry Leach



A1 SKETCHBOOK | 2004 | Miracleman Profile Sketch | Pencil Art | By Garry Leach



A1 SKETCHBOOK | 2004 | Miracleman Profile Sketch | By Garry Leach



A1 SKETCHBOOK | 2004 | Miracleman Pinup | By Garry Leach

Leach describes this piece as a "transitional Miracleman" blending Mick Anglo's version of the character with his own.

Leach returned to his "Dragons" (*Warrior* #5) panel for this Bates pinup.

WARRIOR | Warpsmith Concept Biro Sketch | By Garry Leach

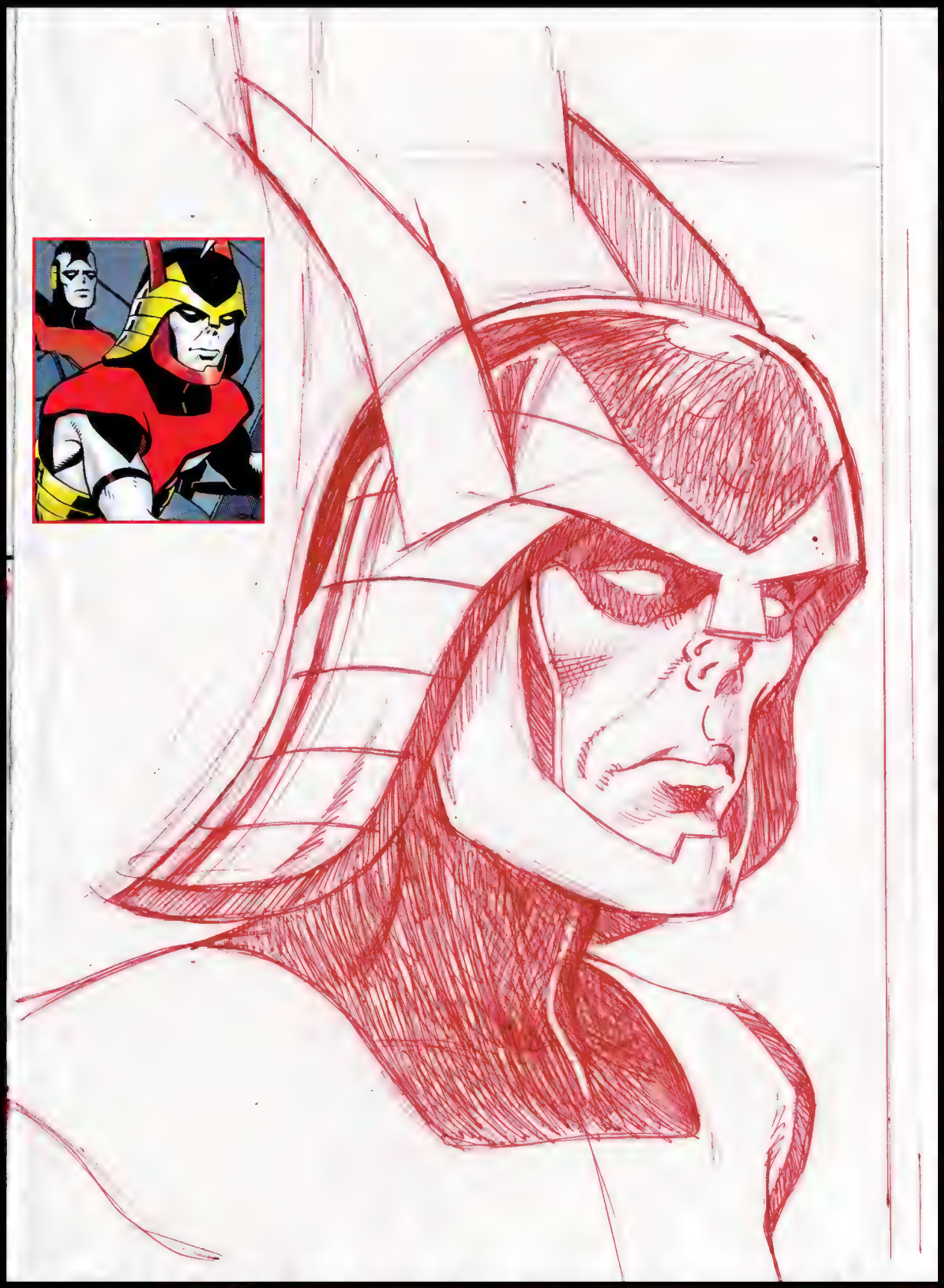
Garry jettisoned this early concept for the Warpsmiths, feeling that it skewed too strongly toward science fiction. He refined it into a more super-hero-style design for the characters' published appearance.

Garry created this Warpsmith model sheet for Steve Dillon, Paul Neary and Alan Davis to maintain a consistent look in *Warrior* #4's "The Yesterday Gambit." He further streamlined the design from here for *Warrior* #9-10's "Cold War, Cold Warrior," amending the helmet so that its "tusks" wouldn't interfere with the view of the character's face.

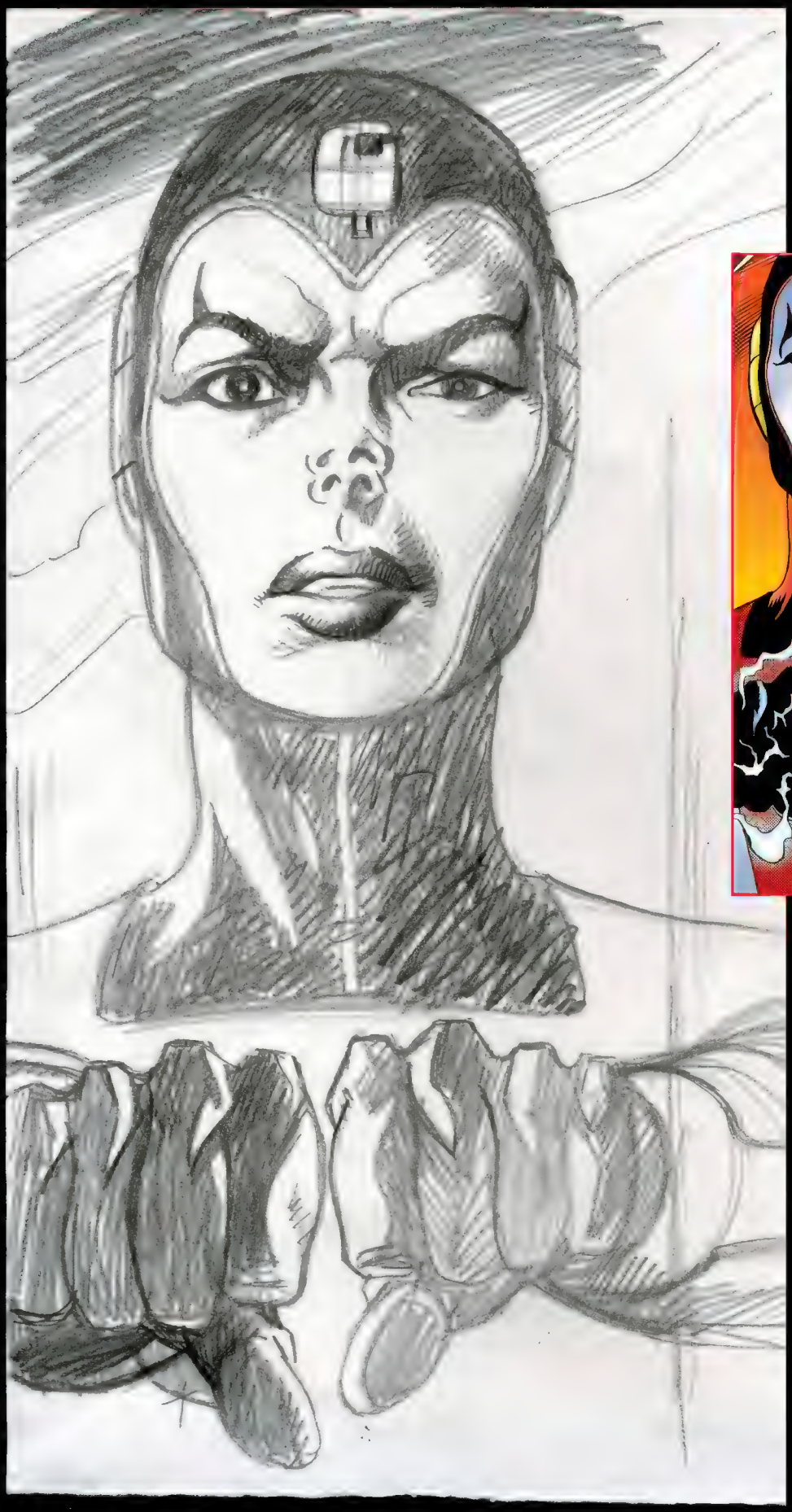
After the *Warrior* trilogy ("Ghostdance" was planned for *Warrior* #14), the Warpsmiths' world would have expanded.

New stories would have explored other aspects of the Warpsmith society, as shown in these character concepts.

WARRIOR #9 | January 1983 | "Cold War, Cold Warrior" | Page 2 | Panel 1 | Biro Sketch | By Garry Leach

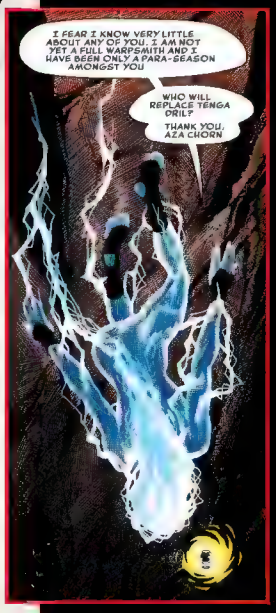


WARRIOR #9 | January 1983 | "Cold War, Cold Warrior" | Page 3 | Panel 3 | Pencil Sketch | By Garry Leach



A1 #1 | 1989 | "Ghostdance" | Page 3 | Panel 2 | Pencil Sketch | By Garry Leach

A1 #1 | 1989 | "Ghostdance" | Page 6 | Panel 1 | Pencil Sketch | By Garry Leach

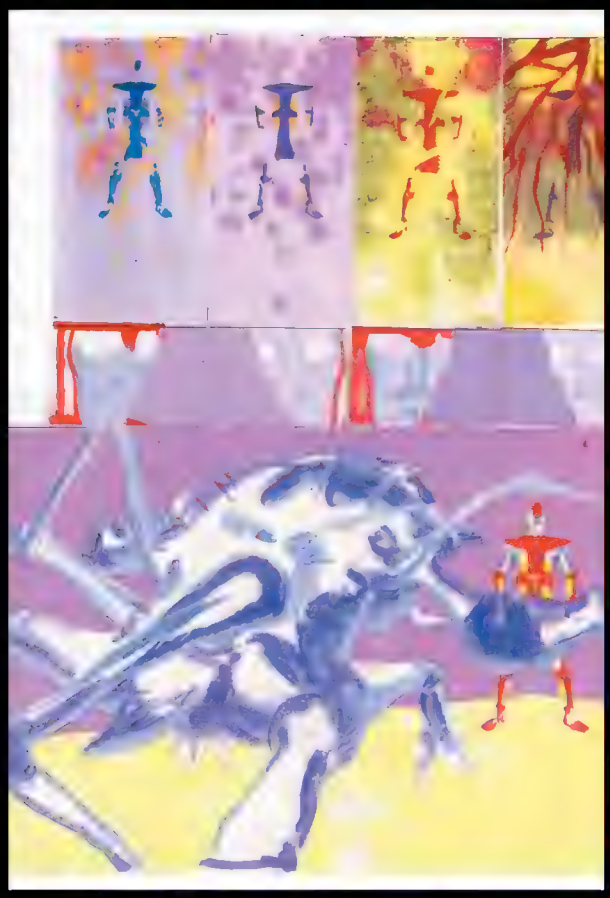


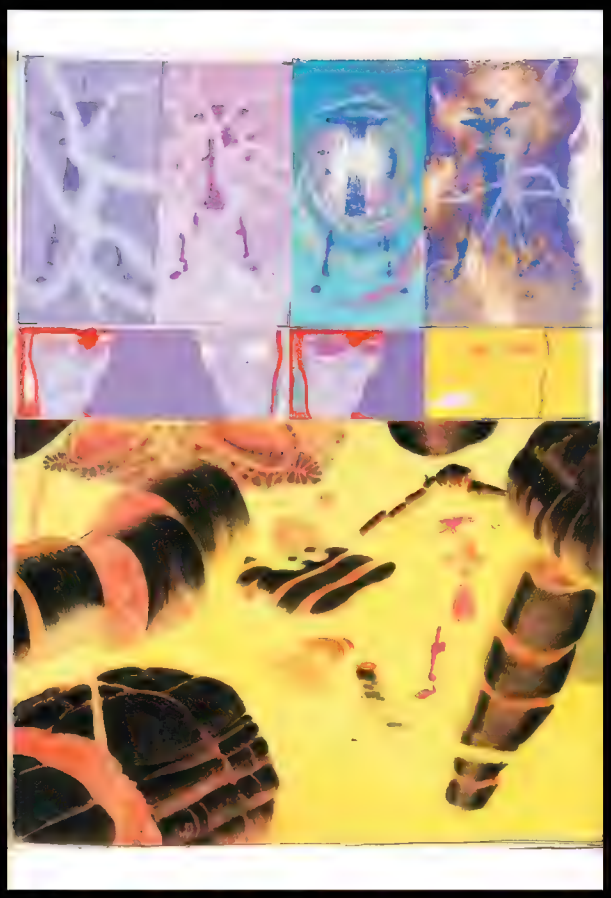
HO-HI. ALWAYS THE SAME REACTION. YOU ARE NEW AMONGST US, UXU CHIL. YOU MAY DELIVER THE CUSTOMARY CAUTION.
I-I AM HONOURED, PHON MOODA.
WE ARE THE WARPSMITHS OF HOD...
... WE ARE THE POWER THAT CANNOT BE IMAGINED. FRIENDS OF THE GULF, WE WILL HONOUR AND SERVE YOU. ENEMIES OF THE GULF, WE WILL DESTROY YOU WITHOUT QUALM.
WHAT TO DO, GIMMY? WHAT TO DO??
SHUT IT KRANKY-BOY. THEY'RE TRYING TO BIFF US UNDER. THEY WON'T REALLY PULL ANY RED BUSINESS ON US.
OUR BADDIE DADDY SAID WE HAD TO ALIGN THE WOOZY-BOX BEFORE HE LET GO OF THE LOUIE. IF WE MUFFLE THE SHUFFLE NOW WE'LL BE POOR PORK.
'A TRUE. I SAY WE JIFF THEIR BIFF AND I SAY WE DO IT...
...NOW
THEY HAVE IGNORED THE CAUTION. HRRIN LULI... DISPLACE THEM TO WITHIN THE RESTRAINT CHAMBERS BACK AT THE HOME CLUSTER.
SACRED DAO. IT ISN'T WORKING. THEY MUST BE WEARING INTERFERERS...
QYS! I KNEW IT! INTERFERERS ARE DEVICES OF THE RHORDRU MAKERS.
WHO BUT THE QYS COULD AFFORD THEM? WE MUST...
OH DAO.
...STOP THEM...
MMMPH!
...IMMEDIATELY!
HHUK!
HUSHABYE AND KRANK HAVE BEEN MOUSED! THE GHOSTS WEREN'T BOASTING!
DON'T TREMBLE OUT ON ME NOW, JOXIE. HIT THOSE TALL AND TERRIBLES WITH YOUR STATUE-CUBE. I'M RUNNING FOR THE MUN!

STASIS FIELD! HE'S FROZEN THE OTHERS IN A TIME GLITCH WHILE SHE MAKES FOR THE CORE COMPLEX. I'M THE ONLY ONE OUT OF RANGE...
SSSSSSSKKKKKKKKKKEEEEEE
I'M NOT A FULL WARPSMITH YET. I CAN'T MAKE THIS KIND OF DECISION. IF SHE IS A QYS WEARING FALSE FLESH... IF THAT IS A BOMB...
BUT WHAT IF SHE IS ONLY A GULF CHILD ON A DARE? CAN I RISK LETTING HER DESTROY OUR DEFENCES? CAN I RISK THE GOODWILL OF THE GULF WORLDS?
WHAT DO I DO?
"FRIENDS OF THE GULF WE WILL HONOUR AND SERVE YOU. ENEMIES OF THE GULF WE WILL...
"...DESTROY YOU..."
THE SUPPORT PILLARS! THEY'RE WARPING OUT! THEY'RE...
GIMMEEEEEE...
"...WITHOUT QUALM."
Y- YOU SMEARED HER! SHE WAS MY GIMMY-JUKIE AND YOU SMEARED HER!
SHE WASN'T GOING TO SPLATTER YOUR BATTERY. IT WAS A HA-HA! SHE HADN'T GOT A BOMB!
IT WAS JUST A HA-HA!
...SHE HADN'T GOT A BOMB.
OH GIMMY.
GIMMEEEEEEEEE...

AXEL PRESSBUTTON #2 | December 1984 | "Cold War, Cold Warrior" | Painted Color | By Garry Leach

In 1984, Garry Leach remastered his artwork, stripping out much of the original Letratone, and hand-painted the coloring for the first color edition of "Cold War, Cold Warrior." A selection of his blue line painted originals, which were used as the basis for this edition's coloring, are presented below.



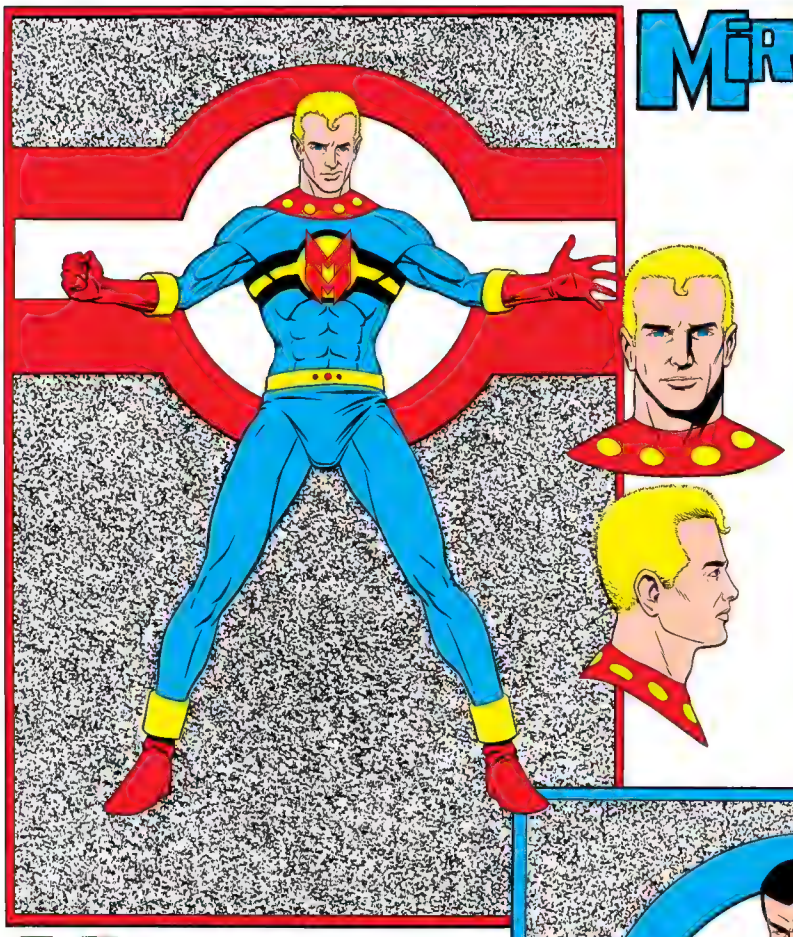


WARRIOR #10 | April-May 1983 | Cover | Original Art | By Garry Leach

A1 #1 | 1989 | Cover

Pencil Art | By Garry Leach

Chuck Austen (who at the time went by the last name Beckum) launched his career in comics after working in Lucasfilm's art department. After a short story for *Alien Encounters*, he landed the spot as *Miracleman*'s new artist. In preparation for his work on the series, he drew a series of pinups featuring the book's cast.



MIRACLEMAN

Mike Moran's father flew with the R.A.F. during World War II. When he died, Mike was orphaned and a secret branch of Airforce Intelligence known as THE SPOOKSHOW used him as a test subject in an experiment termed PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA.

In 1954 Mike was given the ability to exchange his place in space and time with a superpowered cellular replicate, MIRACLEMAN. The body occupying infra-space has no consciousness and does not age. Though the two bodies are separate, all thoughts and memories are shared through the use of an infra-spacial trigger device, activated by the 'magic' word, "Kimota."

For the next eight years Mike lay dreaming the many adventures of Miracleman, while his responses and reactions were tested by ZARATHUSTRA's mastermind, Professor Gargunza.

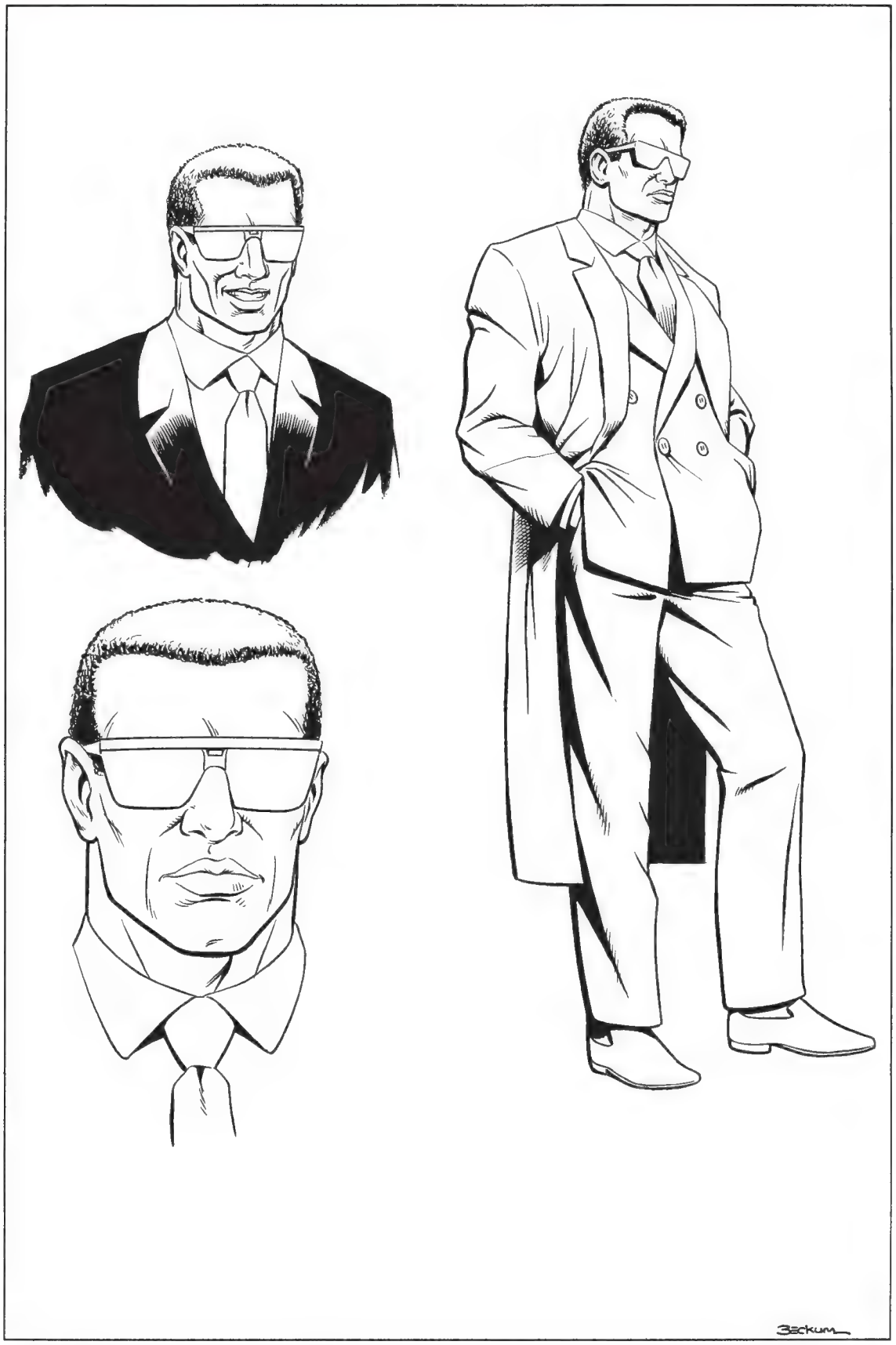
In 1963, THE SPOOKSHOW decided to terminate PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA by destroying Miracleman with an atomic bomb. They were only partially successful. Unknown to all, Mike Moran awoke months later, burned, broken and with no memory of having been Miracleman. He managed to piece his life back together, becoming a freelance journalist and marrying a woman named Liz. In 1982, while covering a terrorist attack on a nuclear power plant, he stumbled across his magic word and Miracleman was back.

KID MIRACLEMAN

John Bates is the orphaned child of deceased Air Force personnel, and like Mike Moran, he was used by THE SPOOKSHOW as a test subject in PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA. In 1954 was given the ability to change places in space and time with a superpowered cellular replicate, KID MIRACLEMAN, through the use of the 'magic' word, "Miracleman." As with Mike Moran/Miracleman, all of Johnny Bates/Kid Miracleman's thoughts and memories are shared between the two bodies, while the body occupying infra-space has no consciousness and does not age.

For eight years Johnny Bates was put through the same dream tests as Miracleman, and when PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA was terminated in 1963, Kid Miracleman also survived. Unlike Mike Moran, he remembered everything, and he decided to retain the powers of Kid Miracleman while assuming the identity of John Bates. For the next 19 years Kid Miracleman aged and went on to found a large trans-global electronics firm, amassing money and power along the way. When Miracleman returned, Kid Miracleman saw him as a threat to his position and tried to kill him. In the ensuing battle, Kid Miracleman accidentally spoke his magic word, changing him back to thirteen-year-old Johnny Bates. Since then he has spoken his magic word several times, but for some unknown reason no transfer has occurred.

MIRACLEMAN #3 | November 1985 | Unused Mr. Cream Pinup | By Chuck Austen



Miracleman Pinup | By Chuck Austen & Steve Oliff

MIRACLEMAN #6 | February 1986 | Miracleman Pinup | By Chuck Austen & Steve Oliff

MIRACLEMAN #6 | February 1986 | Miracleman Pinup | By Chuck Austen & Steve Oliff

MIRACLEMAN #6 | February 1986 | Unused Pinup | Original Art | By Chuck Austen

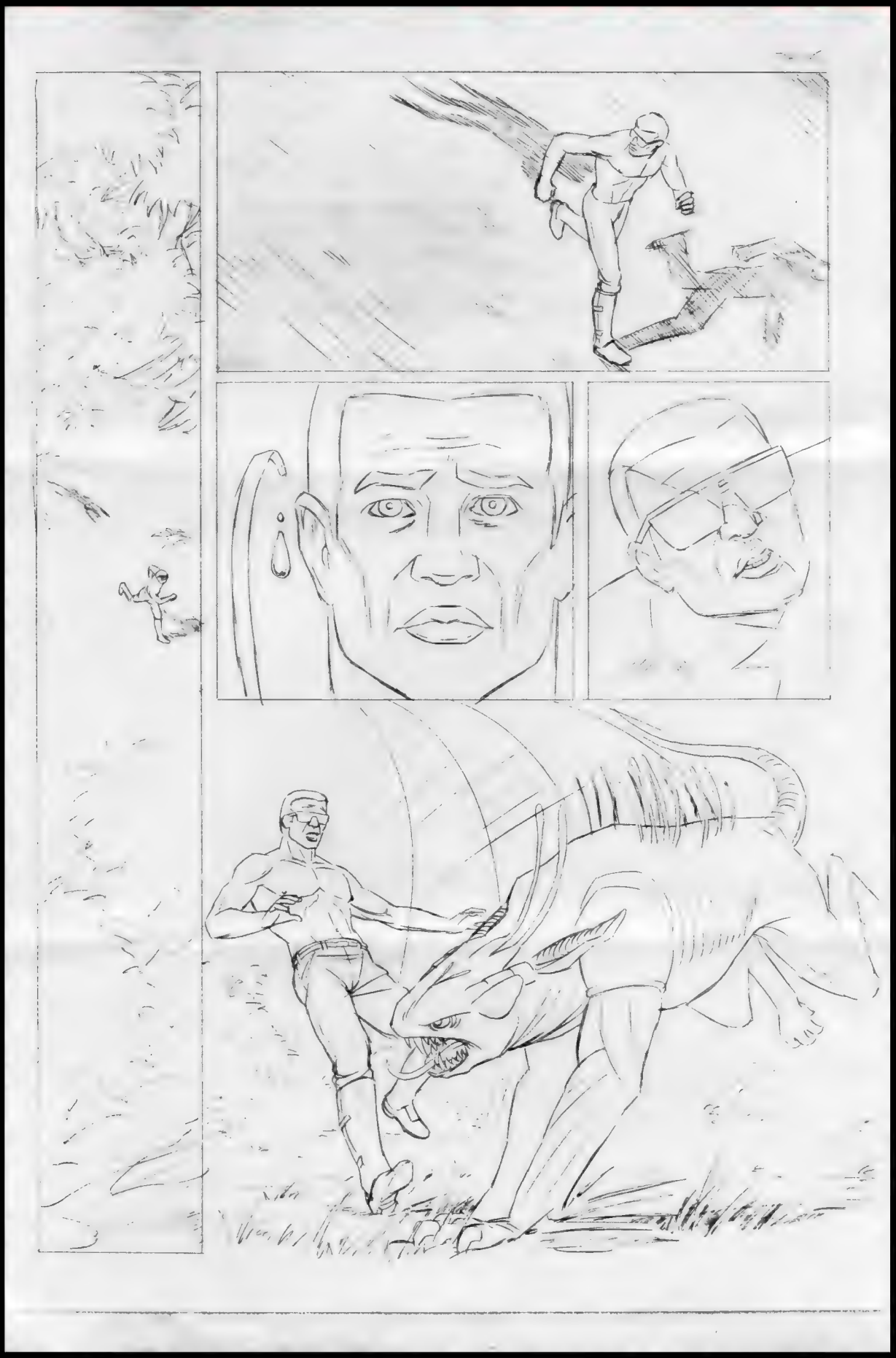
MIRACLEMAN #6 | February 1986 | "All Heads Turn as the Hunt Goes By" | Page 1 | Pencil Layout

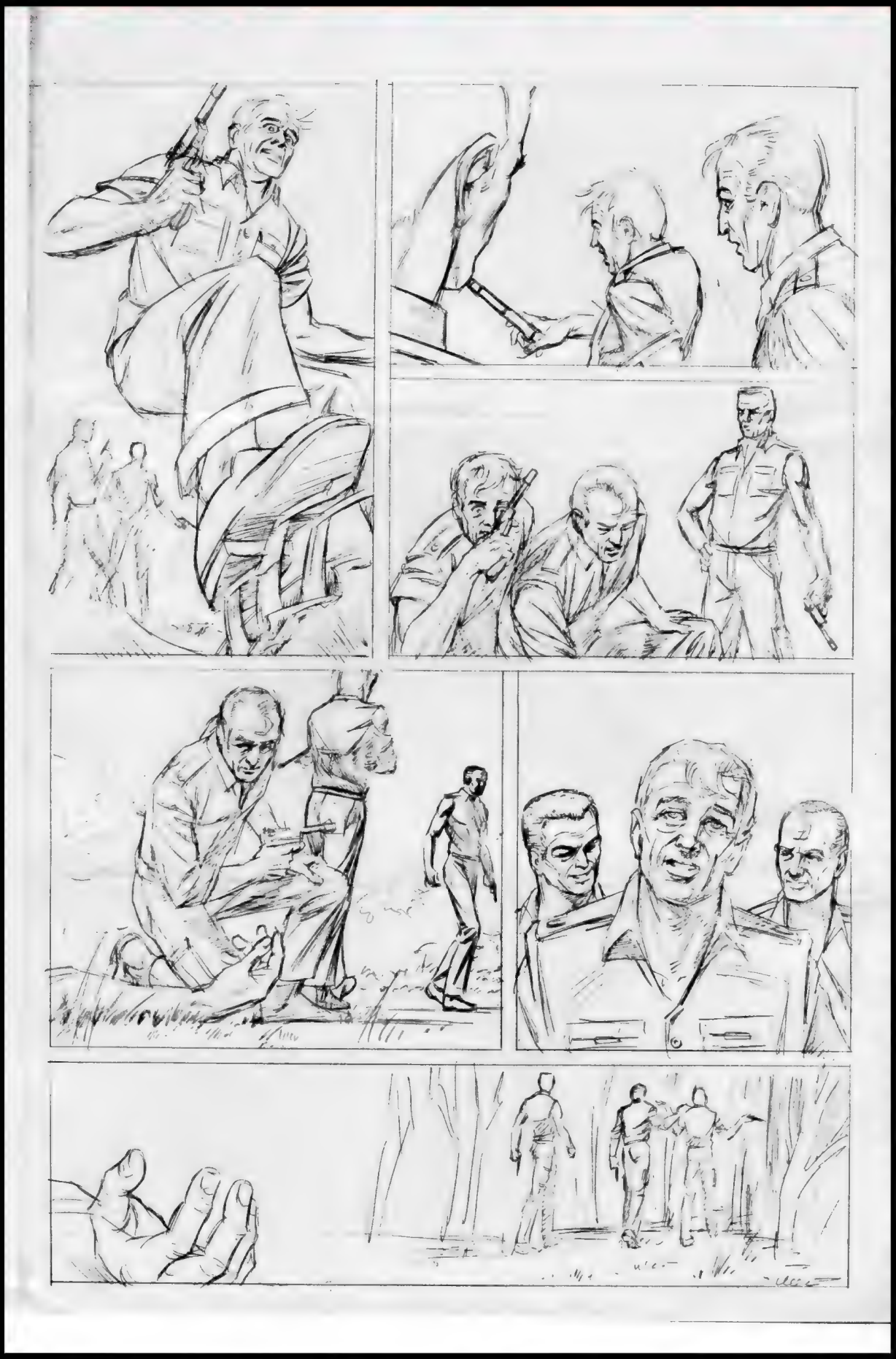
Chuck Austen's process involved first doing rough pencil layouts for approval before moving to tightened pencil art and then finished inks. Note that panel 5 of this page was restaged in the final version.

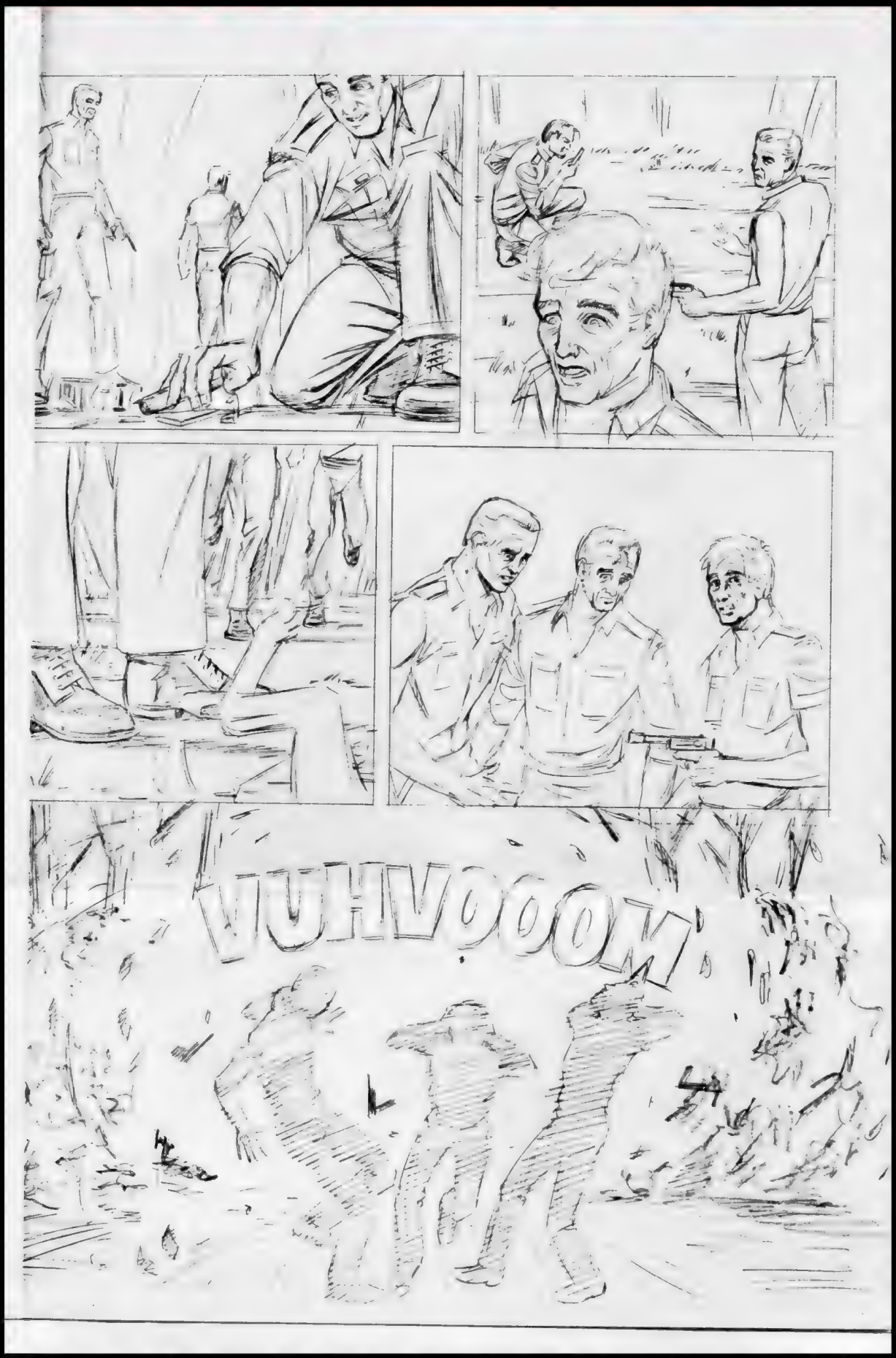
Note that Austen revised the first two panels to tighter shots in his final art.

Austen revised panel 1's spider and bird in his final art to enhance the life-and-death subtext of the moment.

Note the return of the recurring vertical panel introduced in "Catgames" to underscore the threat to Mr. Cream.



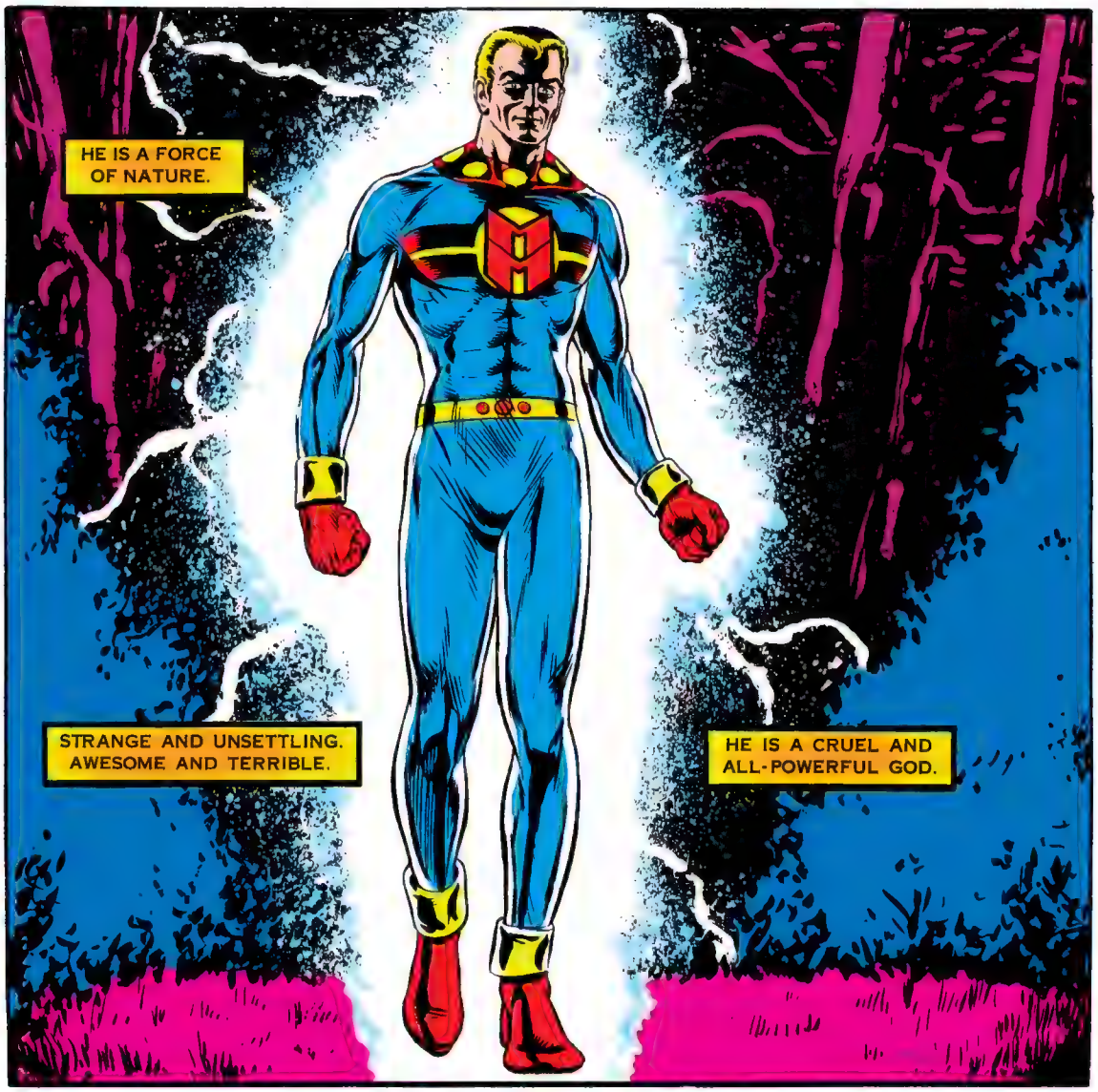



VUHVOOOM

MIRACLEMAN #7 | April 1986 | "Bodies" | Page 8 | Pencil Layout | By Chuck Austen

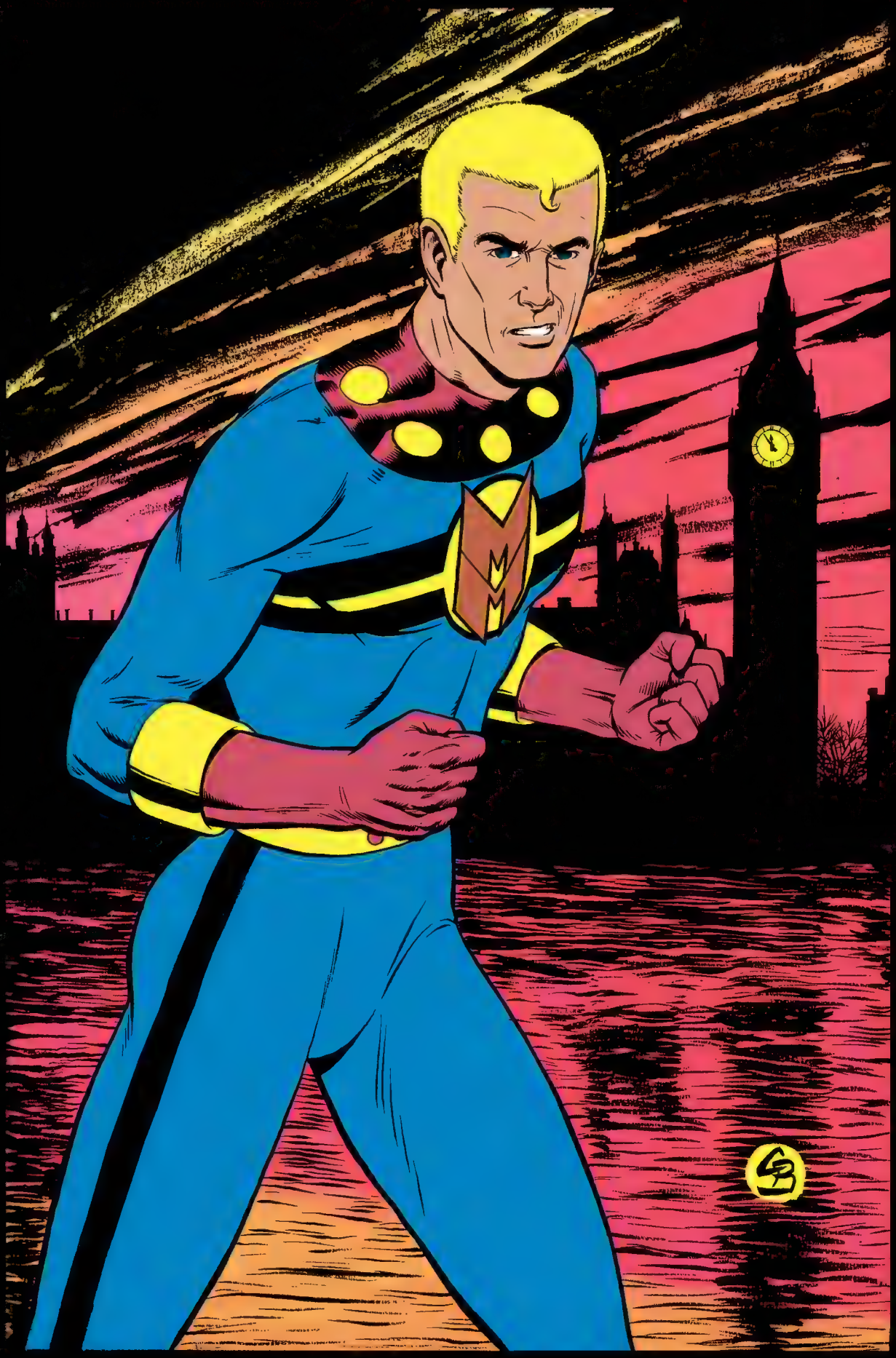
Pencil rough photocopies for *Miracleman* #7 "The Wish I Wish Tonight" have not survived.

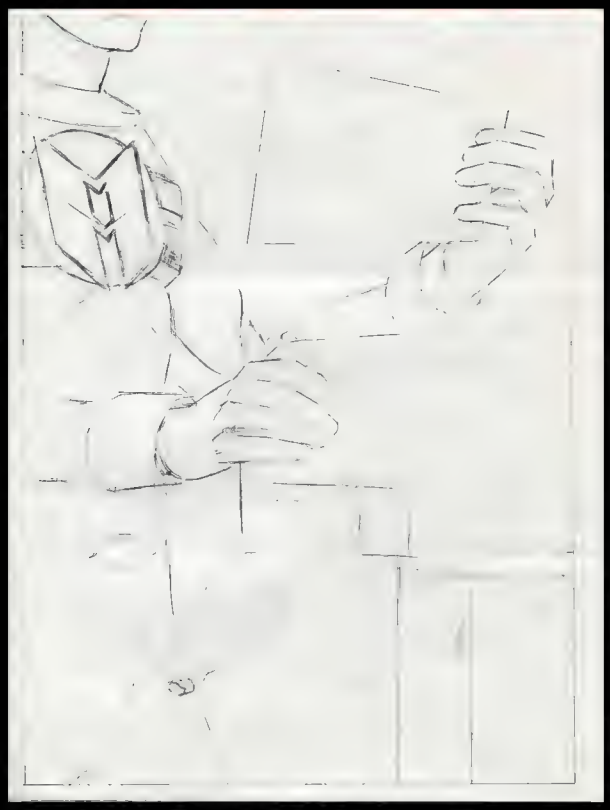
Utilizing Chuck Austen's *Miracleman* #7, page 8 art, this house ad ran in June 1986 titles to promote issue #8. The issue had to be delayed after a catastrophic flood in Guerneville, CA, severely damaged the publisher's facilities.

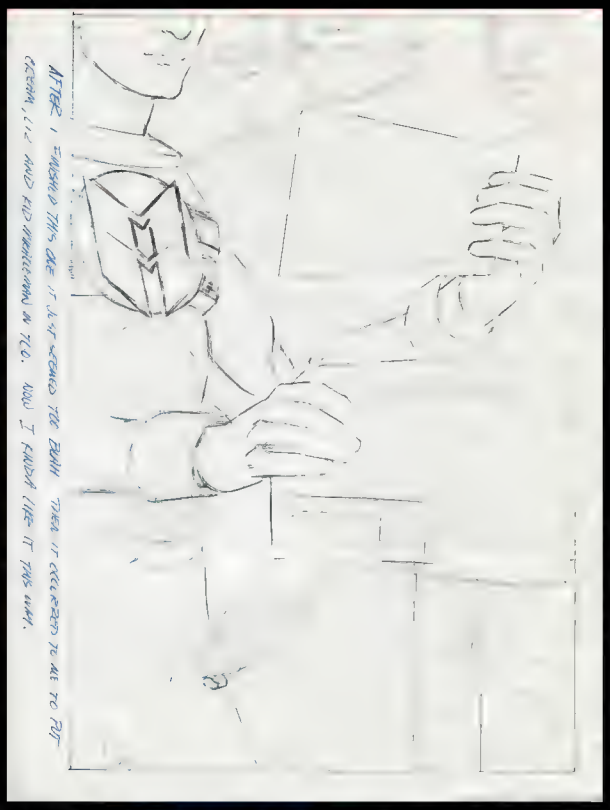


BEYOND ANY HOPE OF MERCY.

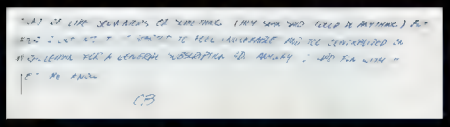
ECLIPSE EXTRA #16 | April 1986 | Cover | By Chuck Austen







Austen's margin notes to the revised first concept read, "After I finished this one it just seemed too blah. Then it occurred to me to put Cream, Liz and Kid Miracleman in too. Now I kinda like it this way."



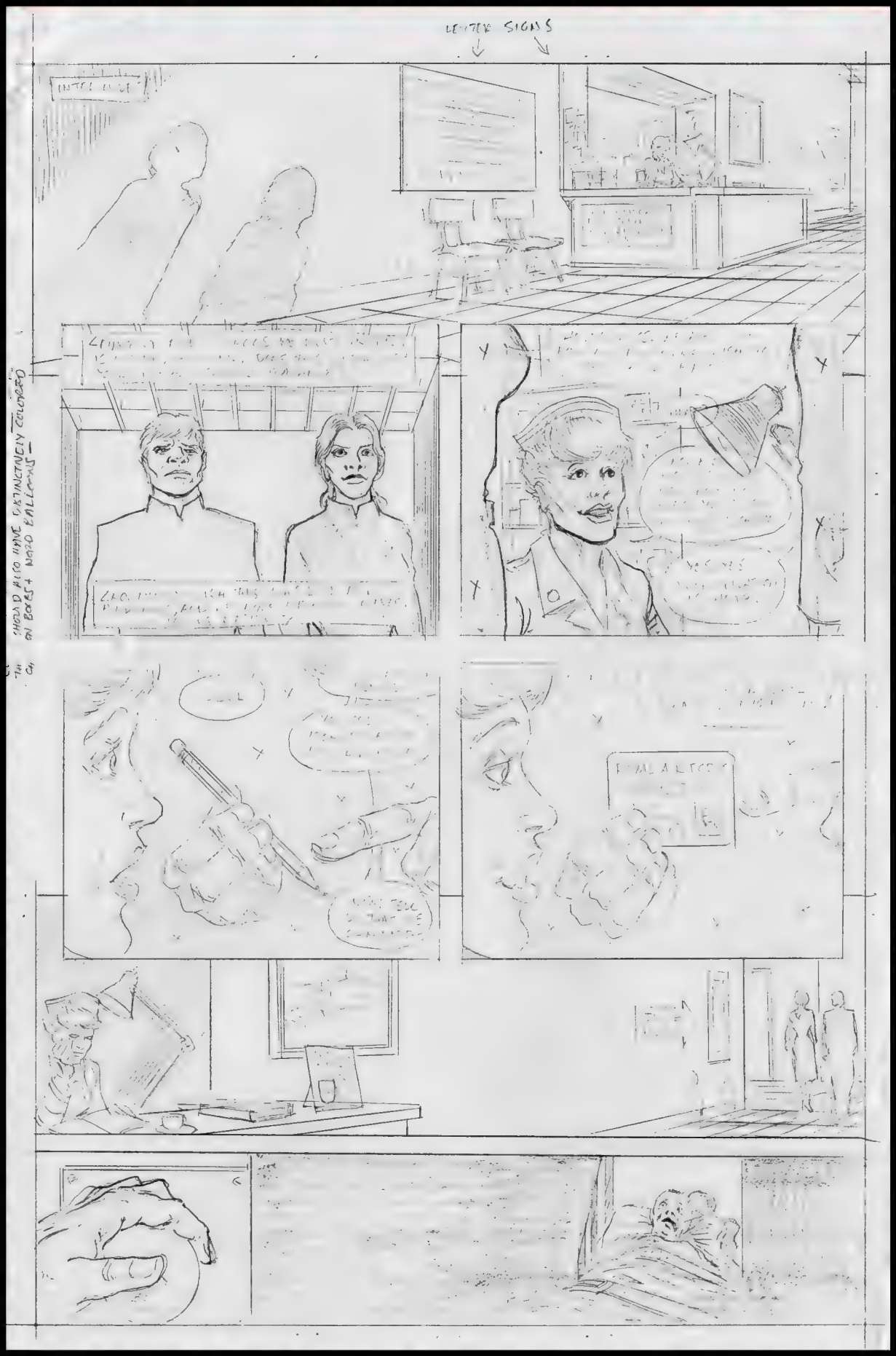
Austen also included a second concept sketch with the note to his editor, "This was my initial idea. I thought it would be neat to include elements from all of MM's adventures in the background. Sort of like souvenirs or something. (Hey, Sean said I could do anything.) But after I got into it, it started to feel unworkable and too centralized on Miracleman for a general subscription ad. Anyway, I had fun with it. Let me know. – CB"

MIRACLEMAN #9 | July 1986 | Subscription Ad | Original Art | By Chuck Austen

ANOTHER SUBSCRIPTION FORM.
I GUESS IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP UP WITH YOU, AND EVERYONE ELSE AT ECLIPSE.
DAILY MIRROR

MIRACLEMAN #9 | July 1986 | "Scenes from the Nativity" | Page 9 | Pencil Art | By Rick Veitch

Pencil art photocopies for *Miracleman* #9, pages 1-8 have not survived.



INTERLUDE:
SAINT CRISPIN'S HOSPITAL FOR THE MENTALLY ILL CHILDREN'S WARD
ALL VISITORS MUST CHECK IN AT REGISTRATION DESK
FIRE HOSE
<FIRST OF FIVE CUCKOOS WE MUST INSPECT IS WITHIN, BROTHER. DOES THIS DESTABILIZE YOUR PSYCHO-CHEMIC BALANCE?>
<NO. MERELY WISH THIS DONE AND HINDWARDS, AND WE HOME WITH OUR WIVES. LET US ENTER.>
HELLO, MISS. WE ARE WORK FOR AIR FORCE. WE WISH TO SEE CHILD BATES.
WHAT?
NO...NO VISITORS JUST NOW, LOVE. NOT UNLESS YOU'VE GOT SOME IDENTIFICATION...
YES, YES. IDENTIFICATION IS HERE...
LOOK:
YOU DO NOT SEE PENCIL.
YOU SEE IDENTIFICATION FOR AIR FORCE.
NOW: TELL US THAT WE CAN ENTER.
MNH?
UHH, OH, WELL, THAT ALL SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER. PLEASE GO RIGHT IN.
ROYAL AIR FORCE
JERRY'S KIDS
FIRE HOSE
COLOUR NOTE— THESE TWO HAVE OLIVE SKIN. THEY SHOULD ALSO HAVE DISTINCTIVELY COLOURED CAPTION BOXES + WORD BALLOONS

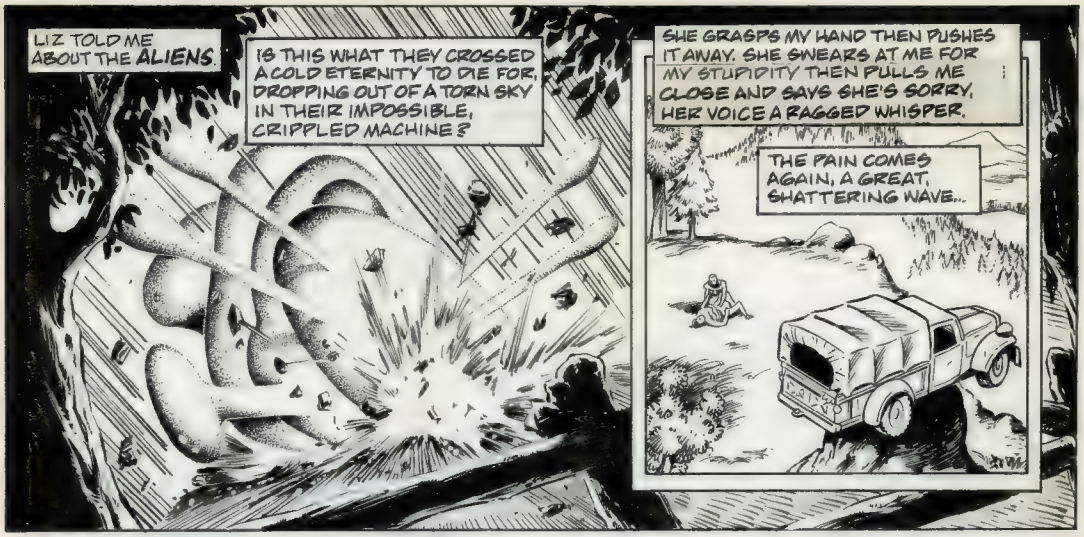
MIRACLEMAN #9 | July 1986 | "Scenes from the Nativity" | Page 10 | Pencil Art | By Rick Veitch

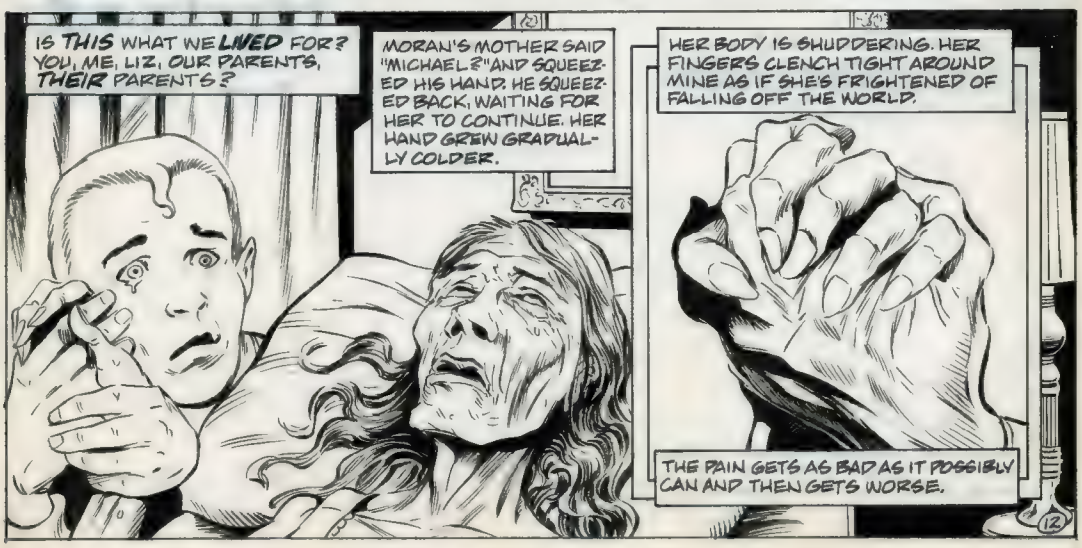
MIRACLEMAN #9 | July 1986 | "Scenes from the Nativity" | Page 11 | Pencil Art | By Rick Veitch

In 1986, *Miracleman* #9's birth scene was regarded as controversial or even inappropriate for a comic book by some. The creative and editorial team stood by the scene's life-affirming importance and on the principle of the comic book medium's capacity to convey material of any type. Rich Veitch utilized the 1965 photobook *A Child Is Born*, a book recommended for children and widely available in public libaries, as reference for the scene. In the decades since, the birth scene retains high creative and critical regard as a landmark moment for American comics.

MIRACLEMAN #9 | July 1986 | "Scenes from the Nativity" | Page 12 | Pencil Art | By Rick Veitch

Ron— Put the 3 panels on the left—all flashbacks—in tints of one color, please.

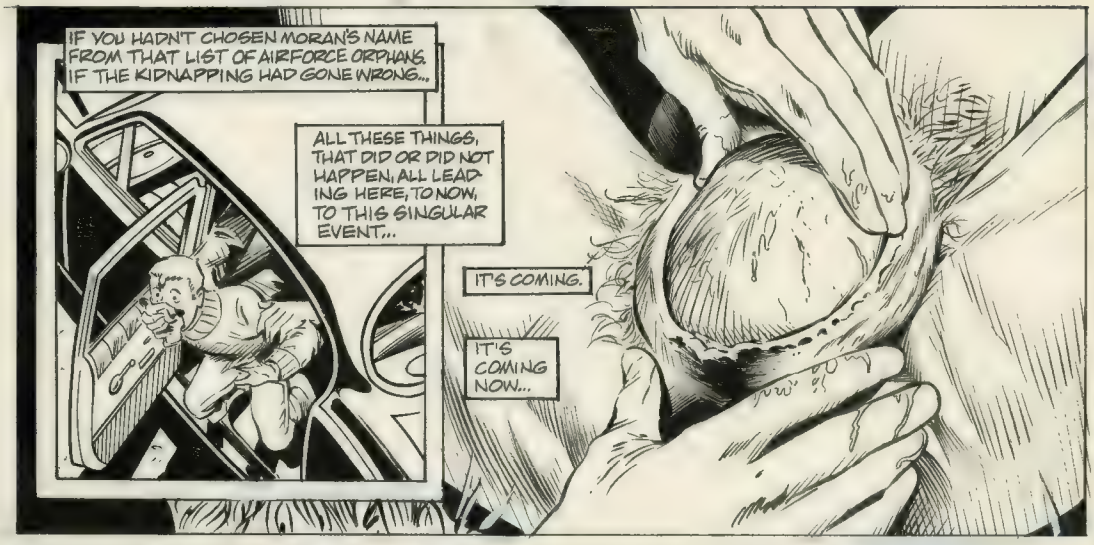


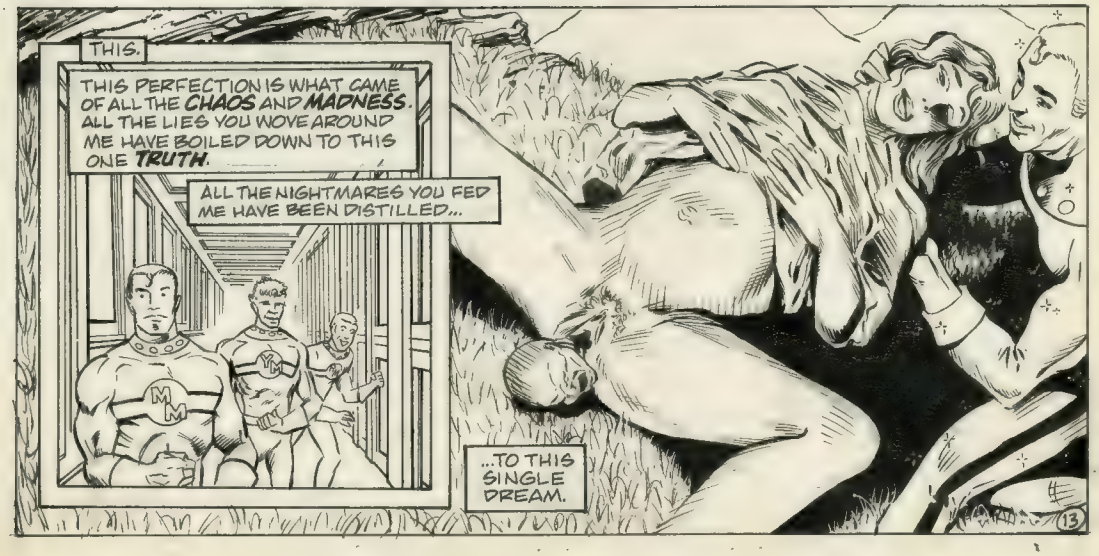


MIRACLEMAN 9 13

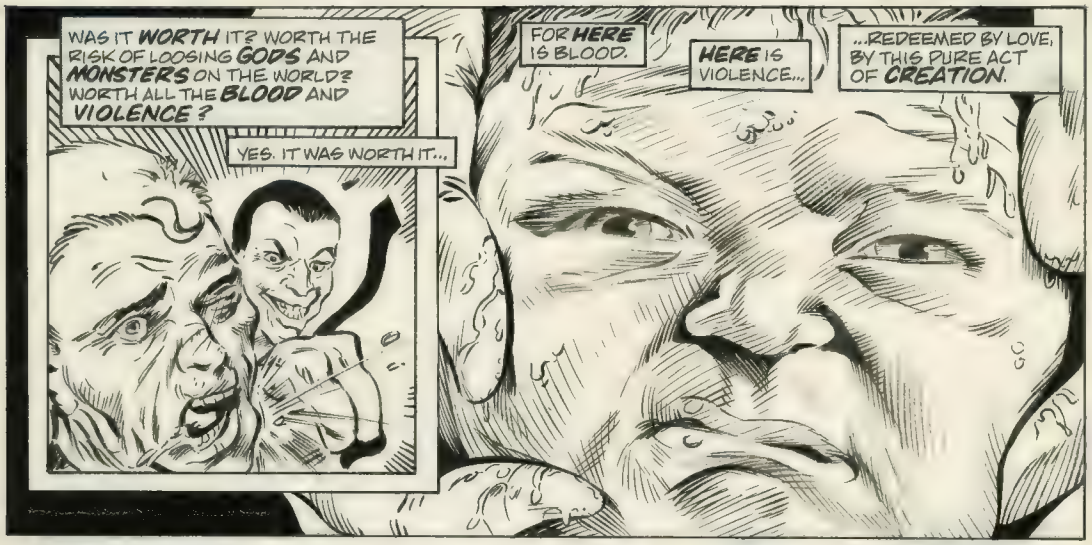
COLOR NOTE – AGAIN, PLEASE TINT FLASHBACK PANELS AS ON PREVIOUS PAGE.

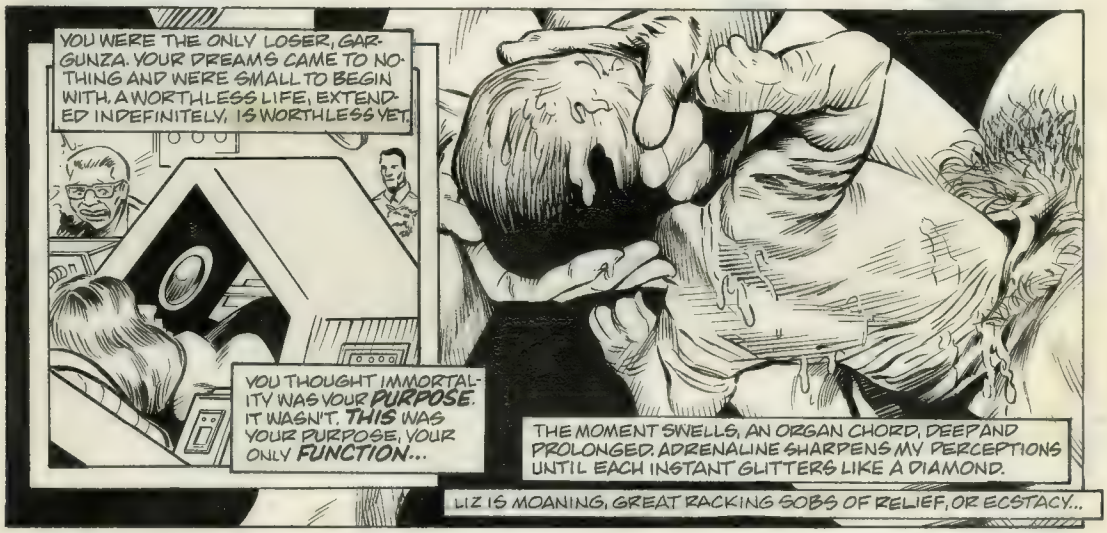
COLOUR ↓ TINT FLASHBACK PANELS AS ON PREVIOUS PAGE.

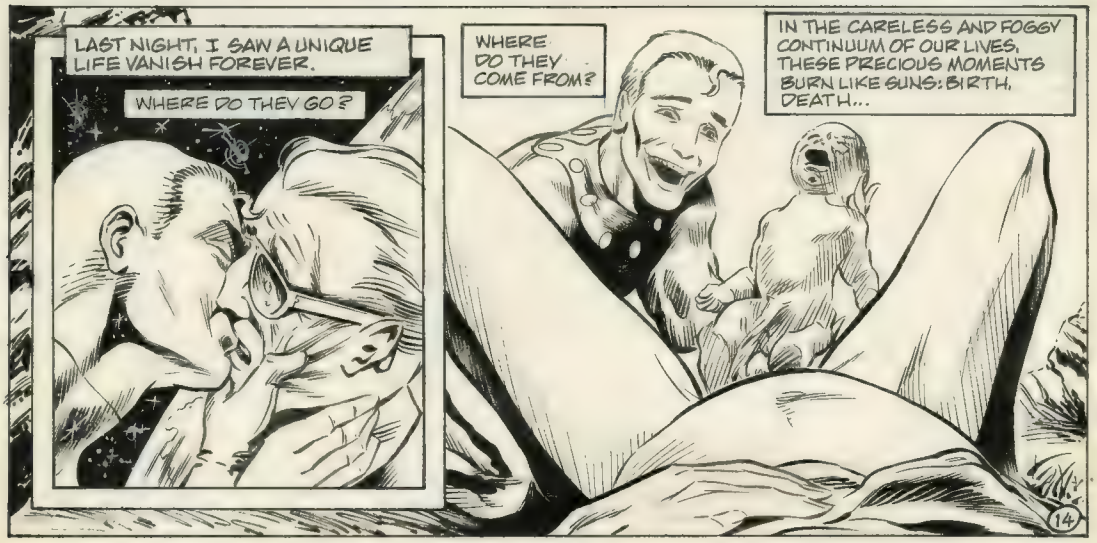




MIRACLEMAN 9
14
COLOR NOTE – AGAIN, FLASHBACKS TINTED TO CONTRAST WITH PRESENT TIME AS ON PAGES 12+13
WAS IT WORTH IT? WORTH THE RISK OF LOOSING GODS AND MONSTERS ON THE WORLD? WORTH ALL THE BLOOD AND VIOLENCE?
YES, WAS IT WORTH IT...
HERE IS BLOOD...
HERE IS VIOLENCE...
..REDEEMED BY LOVE, BY THIS PURE ACT OF CREATION.
YOU WERE THE ONLY LOSER, SATISFIED YOUR DREAMS CAME TO NOTHING AND YOU WERE SMALL TO BEGIN WITH. A WORTHLESS LIFE, EXTENDED INDEFINITELY, IS YET WORTHLESS.
YOU THOUGHT IMMORTALITY WAS YOUR PURPOSE. IT WASN'T. THIS WAS YOUR PURPOSE. YOUR GREAT CONCEIT.
THE MOMENT SWELLS, AN ORGAN CHORD, DEEP AND PROLONGED. AN ENERGY SHAPPENS MY PERCEPTIONS UNTIL EACH IS SMALL GLITTERS LIKE A DIAMOND.
LIZ IS MEANING, GLEAM, BRACING AS A BELIEF, OR EASTER.
LAST NIGHT, I SAW A UNIQUE LIFE VANISH FOREVER.
WHERE DO THEY GO?
WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?
IN THE CARELESS AND FOGGY CONTINUUM OF OUR LIVES, THESE PRECIOUS MOMENTS BURN LIKE SUNS: BIRTH! DEATH..


WAS IT WORTH IT? WORTH THE RISK OF LOOSING GODS AND MONSTERS ON THE WORLD? WORTH ALL THE BLOOD AND VIOLENCE?
YES. IT WAS WORTH IT...
FOR HERE IS BLOOD.
HERE IS VIOLENCE...
...REDEEMED BY LOVE, BY THIS PURE ACT OF CREATION.


YOU WERE THE ONLY LOSER, GARGUNZA. YOUR DREAMS CAME TO NOTHING AND WERE SMALL TO BEGIN WITH. A WORTHLESS LIFE, EXTENDED INDEFINITELY, IS WORTHLESS YET.
YOU THOUGHT IMMORTALITY WAS YOUR PURPOSE. IT WASN'T. THIS WAS YOUR PURPOSE, YOUR ONLY FUNCTION...
THE MOMENT SWELLS, AN ORGAN CHORD, DEEP AND PROLONGED. ADRENALINE SHARPENS MY PERCEPTIONS UNTIL EACH INSTANT GLITTERS LIKE A DIAMOND.
LIZ IS MOANING, GREAT RACKING SOBS OF RELIEF, OR ECSTACY...


LAST NIGHT, I SAW A UNIQUE LIFE VANISH FOREVER.
WHERE DO THEY GO?
WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?
IN THE CARELESS AND FOGGY CONTINUUM OF OUR LIVES, THESE PRECIOUS MOMENTS BURN LIKE SUNS: BIRTH, DEATH...
14

MIRACLEMAN #9
PG. 15
LIZ IS CRYING, LAUGHING, ASKING, "IS SHE ALRIGHT? IS SHE ALRIGHT?" OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
YES.
YES, SHE'S ALRIGHT!

THESE ARE THE MOMENTS WHEN WE ARE *REAL*.

LIZ IS CRYING; LAUGHING; ASKING, "IS SHE ALLRIGHT?"IS SHE ALLRIGHT?", OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

YES.

YES, SHE'S ALL RIGHT.
15

MIRACLEMAN #9
PG. 16 END.
REMOVING MY GLOVE, I SNIP THE UMBILICAL CORD WITH MY THUMBNAIL AND KNOT IT INTO A HAVEL.
MOMENTS LATER THE PLACENTA SLIPS OFF, A MARVELOUS LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM OF GLISTENING RIBBONRY, NO LONGER NEEDED.
IT IS OCTOBER 30TH, 1982. LIZ HOLDS OUR DAUGHTER IN HER ARMS. WE ARE TOGETHER AGAIN, AND ALL THE DRAGONS HAVE SLAIN.
OUR WORLD IS SAFE, AND SANE.
... AND SILENT!
MA-MA.
TO BE CONTINUED...

MIRACLEMAN #9 | July 1986 | Cover | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

68%

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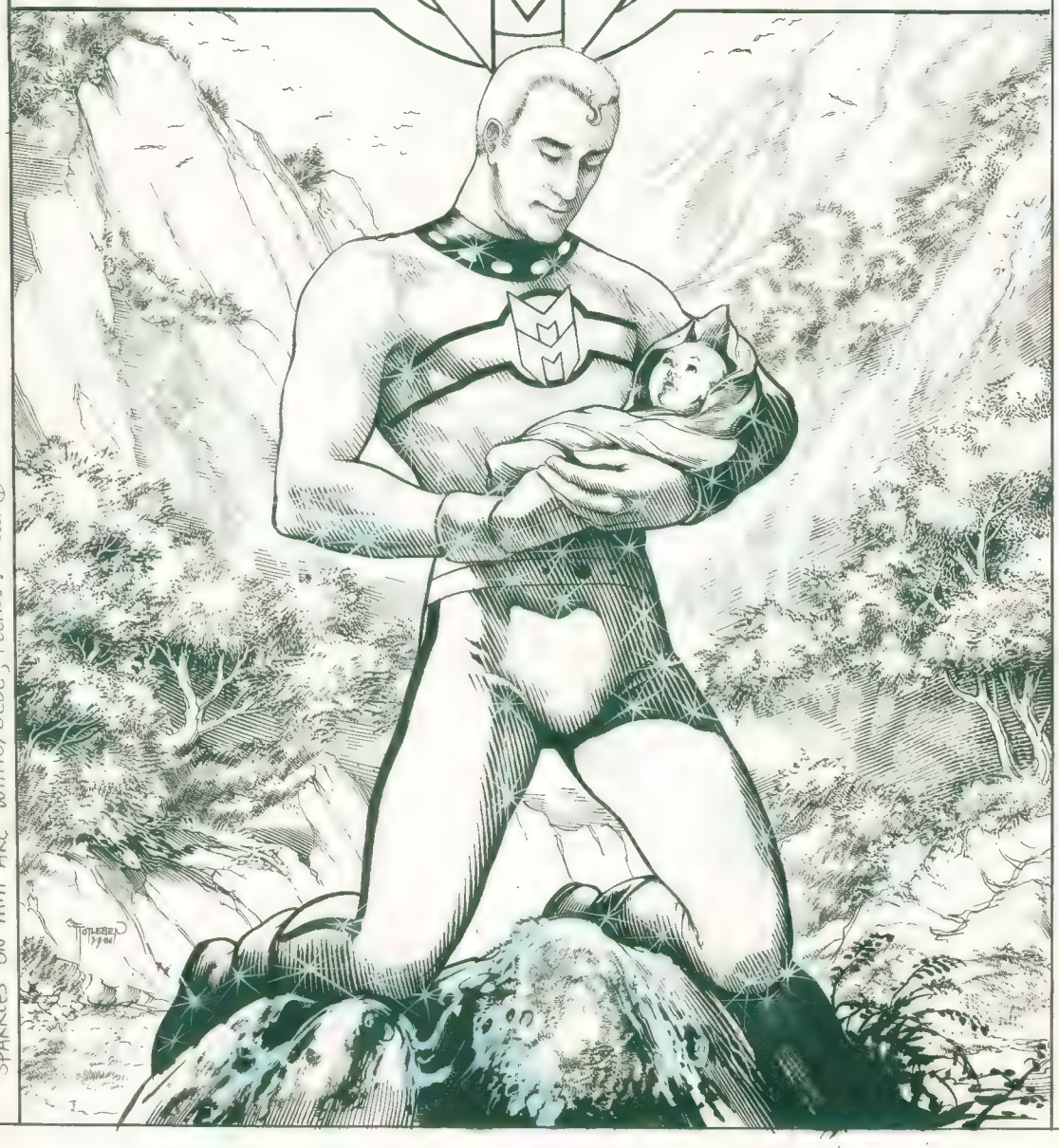


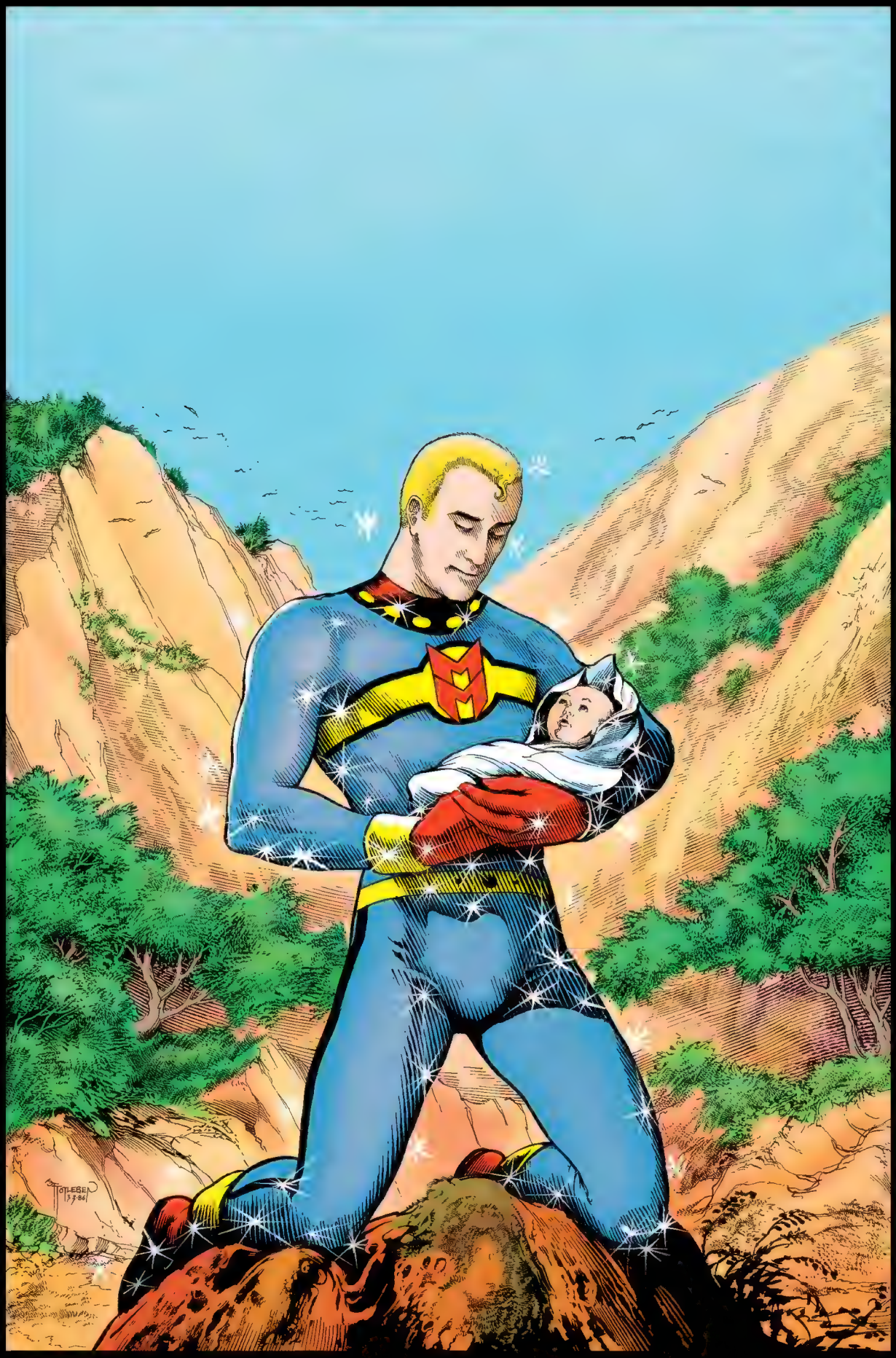
IF ANY PROBLEMS WITH THIS COVER ARISE GIVE ME A CALL - J.T.

SPARKLES ON MM ARE WHITE/BLUE, PLEASE! - cat

153

COLOR NOTES: B.G. COLORS SHOULD BE HANDLED NATURALISTICALLY & ATMOSPHERIC.
SKY SHOULD BE MELLOW - NO FLASHY SUNSETS, ETC. FOLLOW THRU WITH SPARKLES ON M.M.

MIRACLEMAN #9 | July 1986 | Cover | By John Totleben

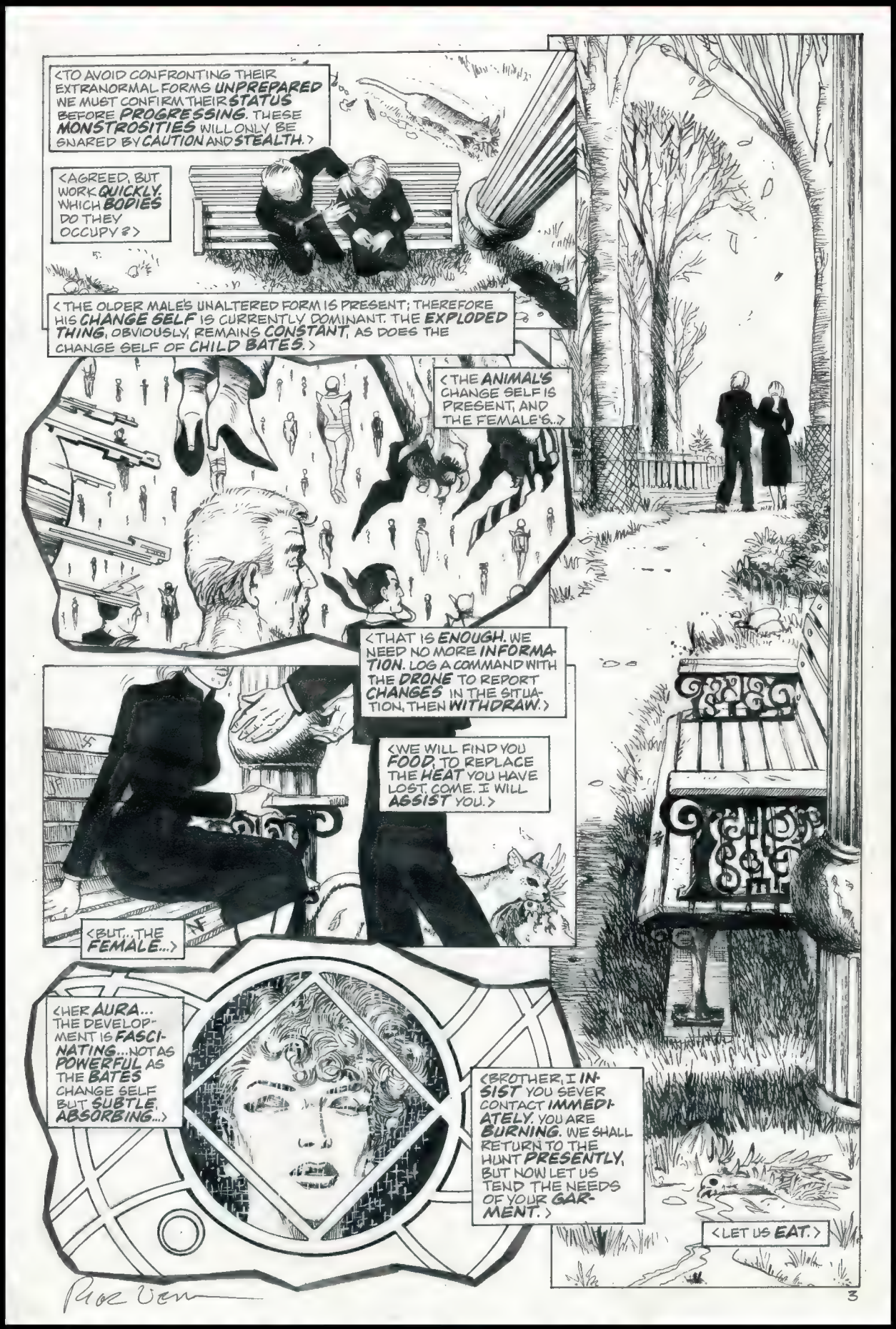


MIRACLEMAN #10 | December 1986 | "Mindgames" | Page 1 | Pencil Art | By Rick Veitch

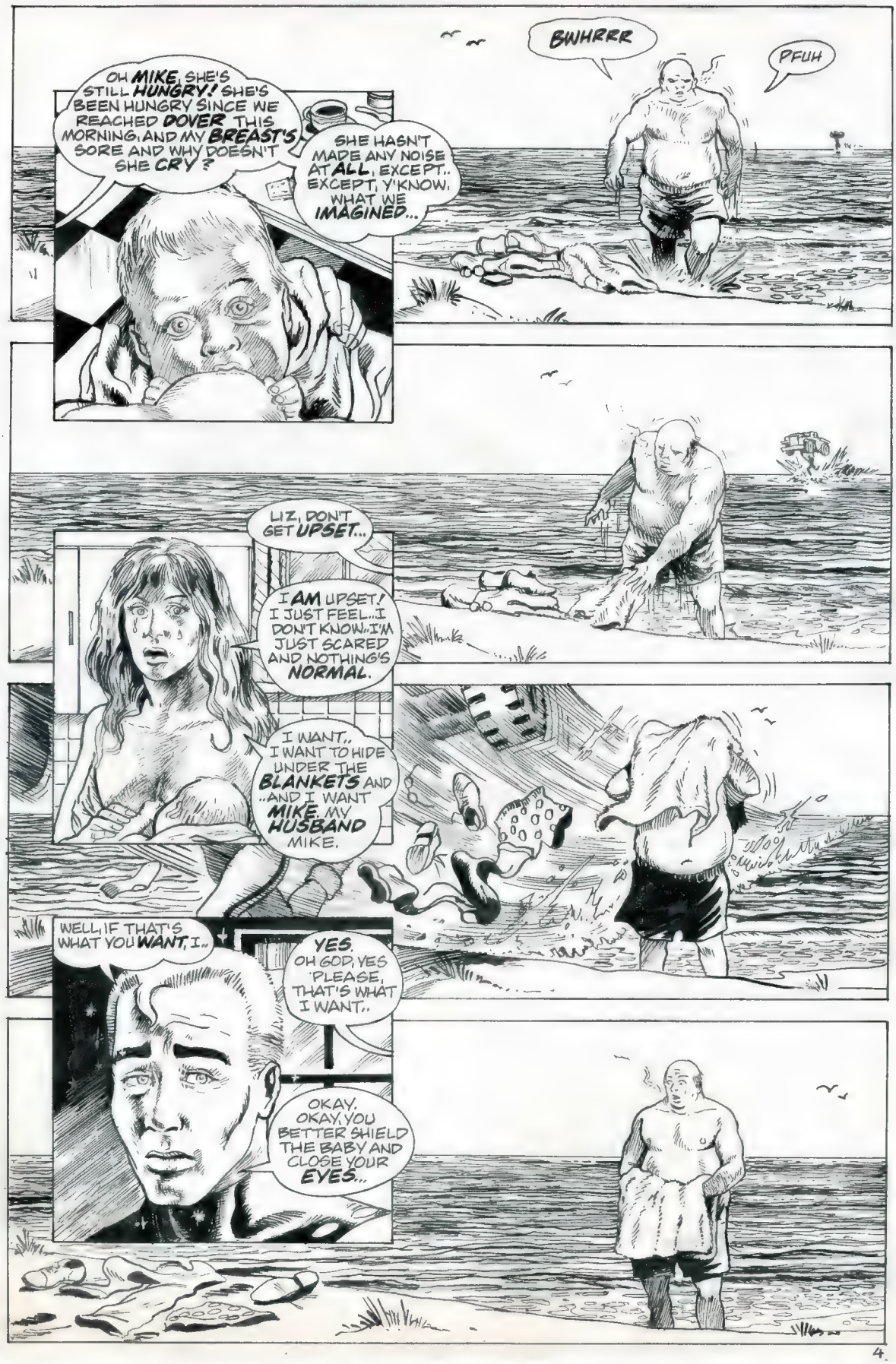
Here Veitch employs the vertical panel page layout from "Catgames," closing *Book Two*'s exploration of who is the hunter and the hunted.

MIRACLEMAN #10 | December 1986 | "Mindgames" | Page 2 | Pencil Art | By Rick Veitch

JOHN - HEAVY AURA OF TWINKLES AROUND MIRACLEMAN!


<TO AVOID CONFRONTING THEIR EXTRANORMAL FORMS UNPREPARED WE MUST CONFIRM THEIR STATUS BEFORE PROGRESSING. THESE MONSTROSITIES WILL ONLY BE SNARED BY CAUTION AND STEALTH.>
<AGREED, BUT WORK QUICKLY. WHICH BODIES DO THEY OCCUPY?>
<THE OLDER MALE'S UNALTERED FORM IS PRESENT; THEREFORE HIS CHANGE SELF IS CURRENTLY DOMINANT. THE EXPLODED THING, OBVIOUSLY, REMAINS CONSTANT, AS DOES THE CHANGE SELF OF CHILD BATES.>
<THE ANIMAL'S CHANGE SELF IS PRESENT, AND THE FEMALE'S...>
<THAT IS ENOUGH. WE NEED NO MORE INFORMATION. LOG A COMMAND WITH THE DRONE TO REPORT CHANGES IN THE SITUATION, THEN WITHDRAW.>
<WE WILL FIND YOU FOOD, TO REPLACE THE HEAT YOU HAVE LOST. COME. I WILL ASSIST YOU.>
<BUT... THE FEMALE...>
<HER AURA... THE DEVELOPMENT IS FASCINATING... NOT AS POWERFUL AS THE BATES CHANGE SELF BUT SUBTLE, ABSORBING...>
<BROTHER, I INSIST YOU SEVER CONTACT IMMEDIATELY. YOU ARE BURNING. WE SHALL RETURN TO THE HUNT PRESENTLY, BUT NOW LET US TEND THE NEEDS OF YOUR GARMENT.>
<LET US EAT.>
3

4
BUHHH!
LIZ, DON'T GET UPSET.
I AM UPSET!
YES.


BWHRRR
PFUH
OH MIKE, SHE'S STILL HUNGRY! SHE'S BEEN HUNGRY SINCE WE REACHED DOVER THIS MORNING, AND MY BREAST'S SORE AND WHY DOESN'T SHE CRY?
SHE HASN'T MADE ANY NOISE AT ALL, EXCEPT.. EXCEPT, Y'KNOW, WHAT WE IMAGINED...
LIZ, DON'T GET UPSET...
I AM UPSET! I JUST FEEL..I DON'T KNOW..I'M JUST SCARED AND NOTHING'S NORMAL.
I WANT,, I WANT TO HIDE UNDER THE BLANKETS AND ..AND I WANT MIKE, MY HUSBAND MIKE.
WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, I..
YES. OH GOD, YES PLEASE, THAT'S WHAT I WANT,,
OKAY. OKAY, YOU BETTER SHIELD THE BABY AND CLOSE YOUR EYES...

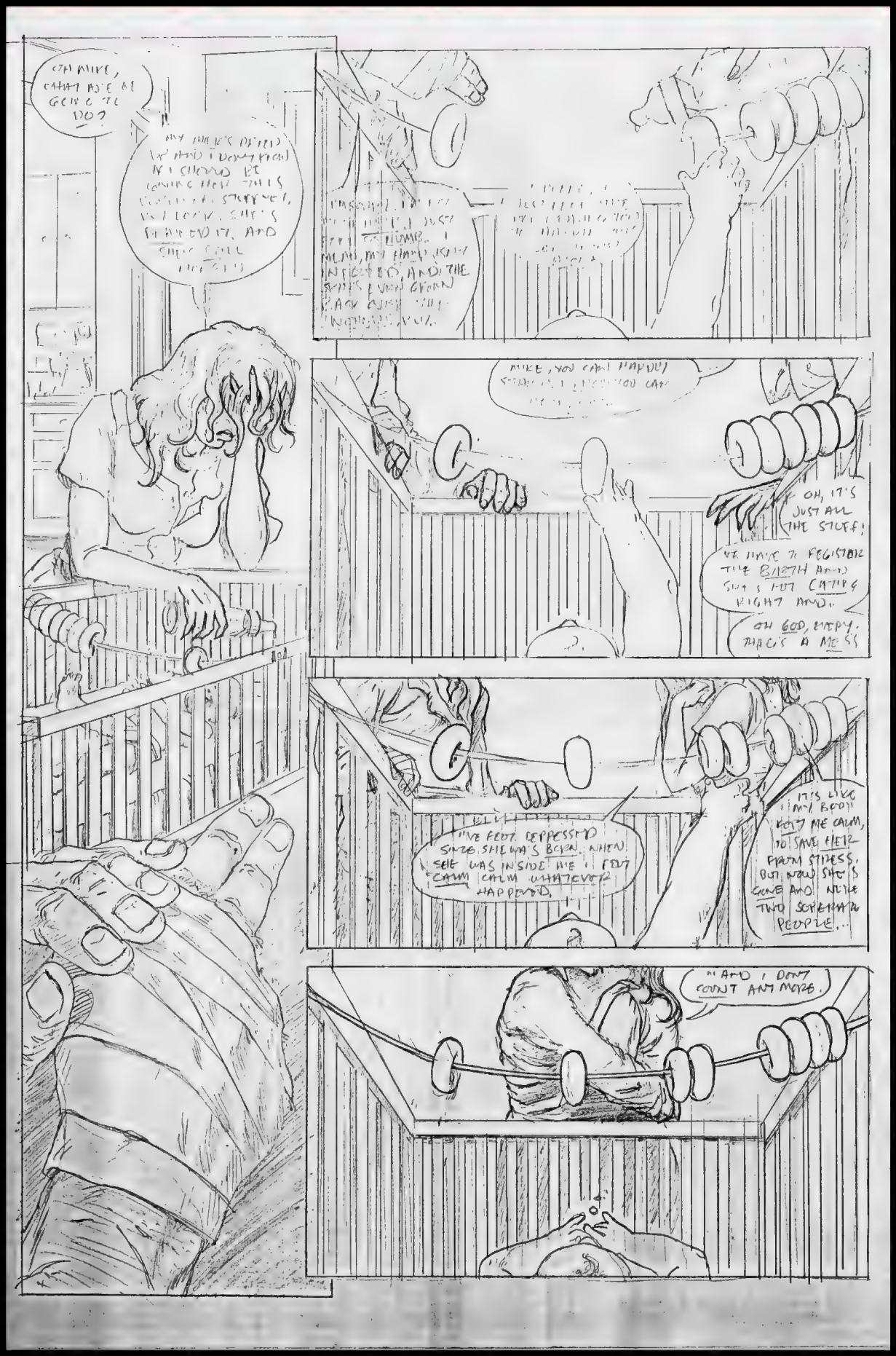
MIRACLEMAN #10 | December 1986 | "Mindgames" | Page 5 | Pencil Art | By Rick Veitch

KIMOTA.
LIZ?
MIKE?
MIKE, OH JESUS, WHAT'S...? WHAT'S HAPPENED? YOU'RE COVERED IN, IN..
OH GOD.
WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU?
THIS? OH.. OH, THIS IS ALL RIGHT. IT'S ALL RIGHT. I MEAN, IT DOESN'T HURT...
I'M SORRY ABOUT MY CLOTHES. I'LL WASH THEM. IS THAT THE BABY?
I'M OKAY, REALLY. I'M GREAT.
GREAT.
NO PROBLEM.
MIKE?

MIRACLEMAN #10 | December 1986 | "Mindgames" | Page 6 | Pencil Art | By Rick Veitch

NO! STOP IT!
YOU ARSE-KISSING LITTLE MAGGOT, STOP THIS IMMEDIATELY!
I-I'M FEELING BETTER NOW, I..
I'D LIKE TO BE MOVED IN... WITH SOME OTHER CHILDREN..
OH JESUS, I'LL, UH, I'LL GO AND TELL SOMEBODY, WAIT THERE AND, UH, KEEP TALKING..
SEE? I'VE BEATEN YOU! I CAN LEAVE YOU LOCKED HERE IN THE DARK ALONE AND FORGET ABOUT YOU!
YOU'RE NOTHING! NOTHING BUT TALK!
YOU BLOODY LITTLE BASTARD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE..
DOCTOR!
WHAT... HAVE... YOU... DONE?

MIRACLEMAN #10 | December 1986 | "Mindgames" | Page 8 | Pencil Art | By Rick Veitch



MIRACLEMAN 10
P
YOU COUNT TO ME. THIS THING WILL BRING US CLOSER TOGETHER THAN EVER, WE.
UH..
LIZ? ARE YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK SORT OF PAIN.
PAIN? NO, I..
I DON'T FEEL PAIN AT ALL. ALL OF A SUDDEN...I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE IT'S JUST TALKING TO YOU, BUT...
ALL OF A SUDDEN, I FEEL REALLY HAPPY. THAT DOESN'T ADD UP, DOES IT?
UH, NEW, MAYBE.. YOU HEARD ABOUT POST-NATAL MOOD SWINGS AND STUFF, ALTHOUGH THIS DOES SEEM RATHER...
NO. FORGET IT... IF YOU'RE HAPPY THAT'S WHAT COUNTS!
OH, I AM! I'M AS HAPPY AS WHEN WINTER WAS INSIDE ME
+, YEAH, BUT YOU SEEM CHANGEABLE, IF WE CAN DO-
MIKE, I'VE GOT YOU, AND NOTHING WILL EVER COME BETWEEN US.
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A MIRACLE WORKER IN THE FAMILY, WHO NEEDS A DOCTOR?
THAT'S HER NAME, DIDN'T I TELL YOU? IT POPPED INTO MY HEAD FROM NOWHERE! (WINTER MOANS)
OH, MIKE, I FEEL SO CONFIDENT WELL WORK THINGS OUT... IT'S JUST A LEARNING PROCESS, THAT'S ALL.

MIRACLEMAN 10
10
YEAH-YEAH, I DONNO WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU DR. McCARTHY
SO DO I, MRS GRAMMONT
WELL, IT MAKES A CHANGE, THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY! MOST DOCTORS WON'T LOOK AT YOU UNLESS YOU'RE PRIVATE.
WELL, WE CAN'T HAVE THAT
MY ADVICE IS TO GO HOME AND LAY DOWN IN FRONT OF CORONATION STREET. HERE'S A GLASS OF GRIPE. GIVE YOURSELF A GUINESS OF TIME.
OOH, DOCTOR YOU SHOULDN'T
RUBBISH. DOCTOR KNOWS BEST!
OKAY x 9
DOCTOR, YOU'RE AN ANGEL IN HUMAN FORM AND NO MISTAKE.
I'LL BE SEEING YOU NEXT WEDNESDAY, THEN?
UHH... YES. YES, OF COURSE, NEXT WEDNESDAY
GOODBYE, MRS GRAMMONT
PLEASE TO EXCUSE ME! WILL FEMALE DOCTOR LEAVE BE INSPECTING OUR SICKNESS NOW?
UMP? OH, HANG ON A MO, I'LL SEE IF SHE'S READY...
AND I TOLD YOU, IT'S DR. McCARTHY! I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'VE GOT THAT FROM
DOVE SKINNED PEOPLE IN BLACK

Y'KNOW, I DUNNO WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU, DR. McCARTHY.
I KNOW YOU STILL CAN'T FIND OUT WHAT'S UP WITH MY WATER WORKS, BUT I DO ENJOY OUR LITTLE CHIN-WAGS.
SO DO I, MRS. GRIMMOND.
WELL, IT MAKES A CHANGE, THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY! MOST DOCTORS WON'T LOOK AT YOU UNLESS YOU'RE PRIVATE.
WHAT THAT BLOODY WOMAN'S DONE TO THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE, IT MAKES MY BLOOD BOIL.
WELL, WE CAN'T HAVE THAT...
MY ADVICE IS TO GO HOME AND CALM DOWN IN FRONT OF CORONATION STREET. HERE'S A COUPLE OF QUID... GET YOURSELF A GUINNESS OR TWO...
OOH, DOCTOR, YOU SHOULDN'T.
RUBBISH. DOCTOR KNOWS BEST.
IT'S OKAY TO SAY NO
COLOR - OLIVE SKINNED PEPLE IN BLACK
DOCTOR, YOU'RE AN ANGEL IN HUMAN FORM, AND NO MISTAKE.
I'LL BE SEEING YOU NEXT WEDNESDAY, THEN?
UHH...YES. YES, OF COURSE. NEXT WEDNESDAY.
GOODBYE, MRS. GRIMMOND...
PLEASE TO EXCUSE ME: WILL FEMALE DOCTOR LEAR BE INSPECTING OUR SICKNESS NOW?
UM? OH, HANG ON A MO, I'LL SEE IF SHE'S READY...
...AND I TOLD YOU, IT'S DR. McCARTHY. I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'VE GOT 'LEAR' FROM.
10

MIRACLEMAN 10
11
I AM MISTAKEN. PLEASE ASK IF SHE WILL INSPECT US.
YES, HANG ON, I'M BUZZING HER.
OH, HELLO, DOCTOR. I'VE GOT A MR. AND MRS SMITH OUT HERE... NO. NO, THEY'RE NEW PATIENTS. SHALL I SEND THEM IN?
UH... CAN YOU TELL ME MORE ABOUT THEM?
WELL, I THINK THEY'RE FOREIGN. THEY SAID SOMEONE RECOMMENDED YOU TO THEM, BUT THEY KEEP GETTING YOUR NAME WRONG.
THEY ASKED FOR A DR.
WHEN I SAID WE DIDN'T HAVE ONE, THEY ASKED IF WE HAD ANOTHER FEMALE DOCTOR!
I MENTIONED YOU, AND THEY SAID THAT'S WHO THEY'D MEANT. SHALL I SEND THEM IN DOCTOR?
DOCTOR? HELLO?
DR. McCARTHY?
WHAT WAS THAT? I DIDN'T CATCH.
KIM WHO?
MIRACLEMAN 10

I AM MISTAKEN. PLEASE ASK IF SHE WILL INSPECT US.
YES, HANG ON, I'M BUZZING HER...
OH, HELLO, DOCTOR. I'VE GOT A MR. AND MRS. SMITH OUT HERE... NO, NO, THEY'RE NEW PATIENTS. SHALL I SEND THEM IN?

UH...CAN YOU TELL ME MORE ABOUT THEM?
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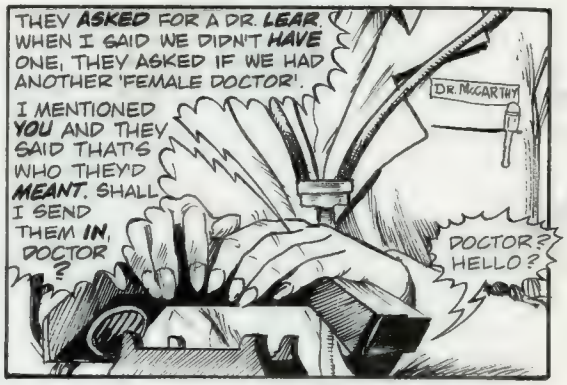
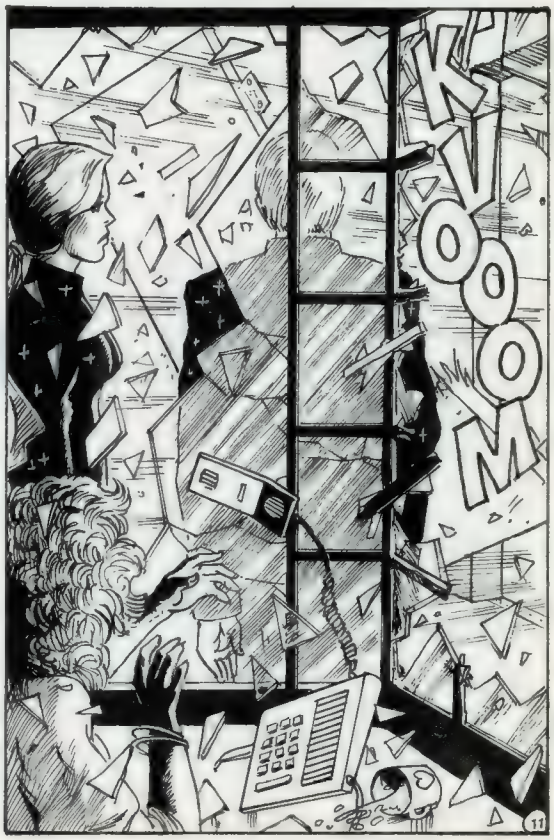
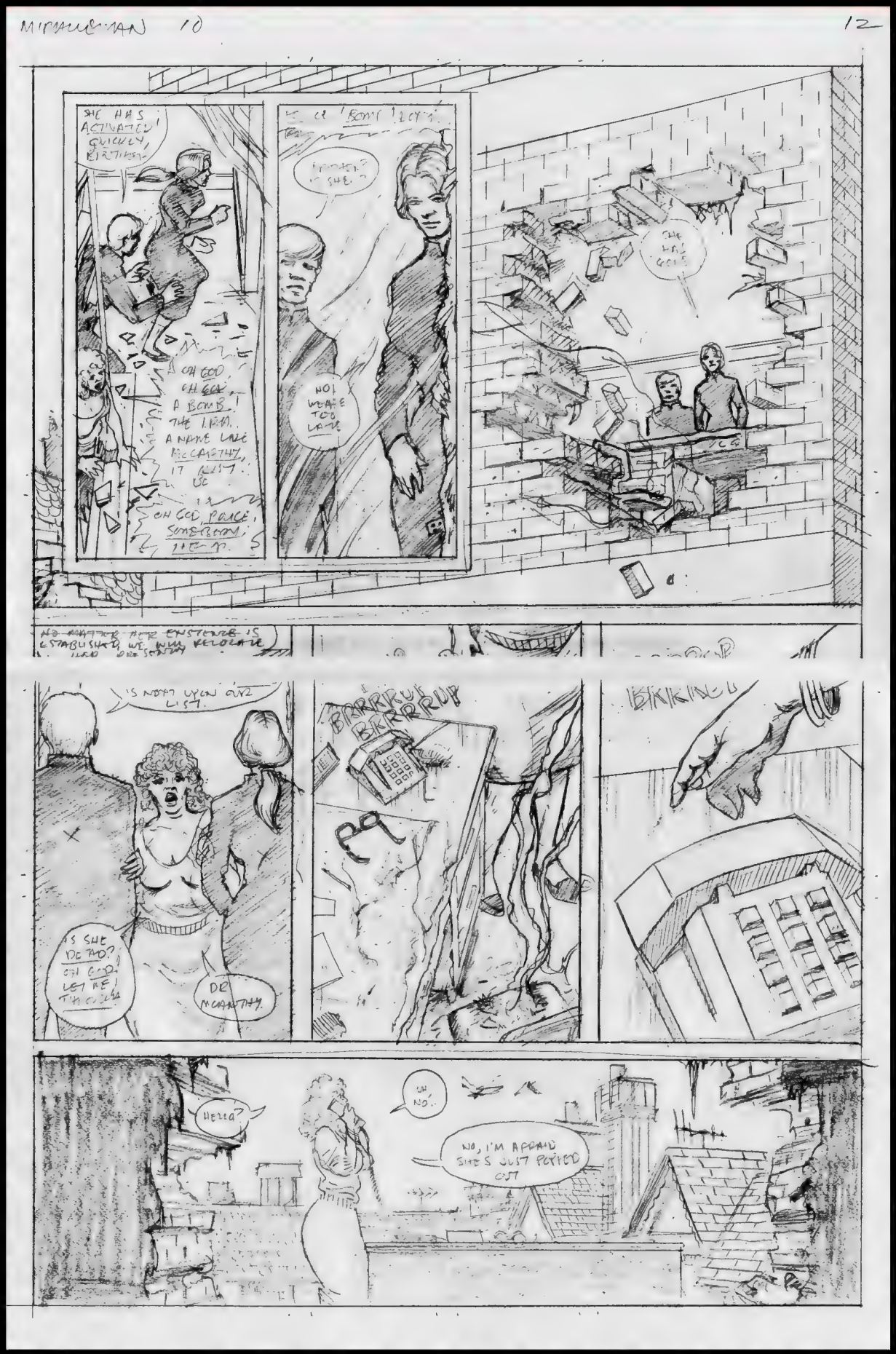
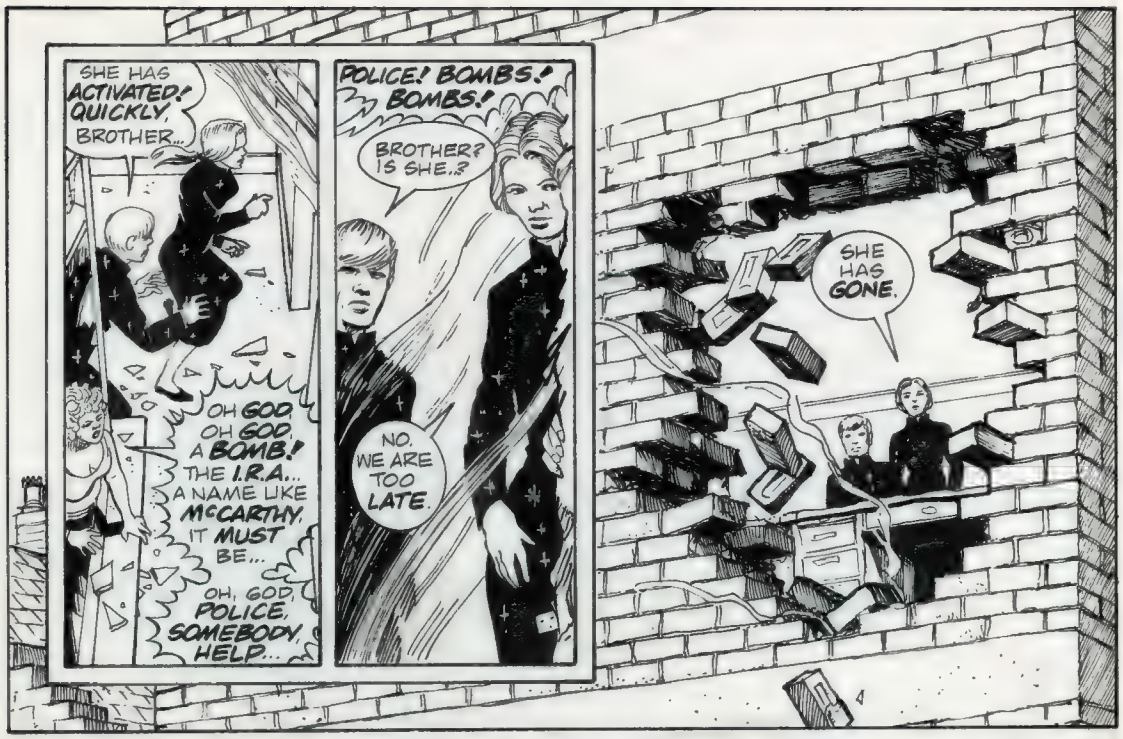

THEY ASKED FOR A DR. LEAR. WHEN I SAID WE DIDN'T HAVE ONE, THEY ASKED IF WE HAD ANOTHER 'FEMALE DOCTOR'.
I MENTIONED YOU AND THEY SAID THAT'S WHO THEY'D MEANT. SHALL I SEND THEM IN, DOCTOR?
DR. McCARTHY
DOCTOR? HELLO?

DR. McCARTHY?
WHAT WAS THAT? I DIDN'T CATCH...
KIM WHO?


KVOOOM
11

MIRACLEMAN #10 | December 1986 | "Mindgames" | Page 12 | Pencil Art | By Rick Veitch




SHE HAS ACTIVATED! QUICKLY, BROTHER...
OH GOD, OH GOD, A BOMB! THE I.R.A... A NAME LIKE MCCARTHY, IT MUST BE...
OH, GOD, POLICE, SOMEBODY, HELP...
POLICE! BOMBS! BOMBS!
BROTHER? IS SHE..?
NO, WE ARE TOO LATE.
SHE HAS GONE.

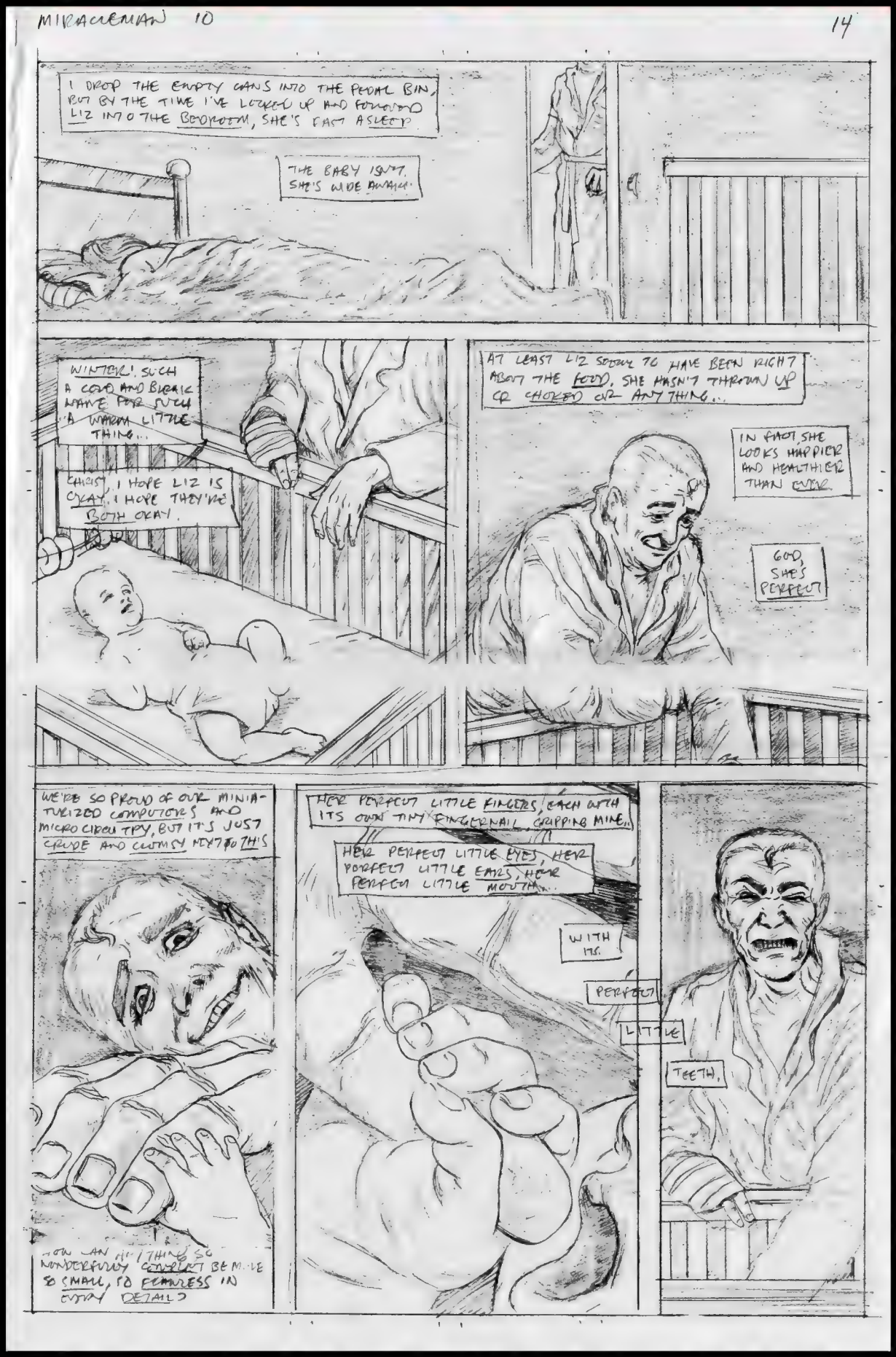
NO MATTER. HER EXISTENCE IS ESTABLISHED. WE WILL RE-LOCATE HER PRESENTLY.
COME...LET US LEAVE THIS PLACE. THE ANIMAL IS NEXT UPON OUR LIST.
IS SHE DEAD? OH GOD, LET ME THROUGH!
DR. MCCARTHY?

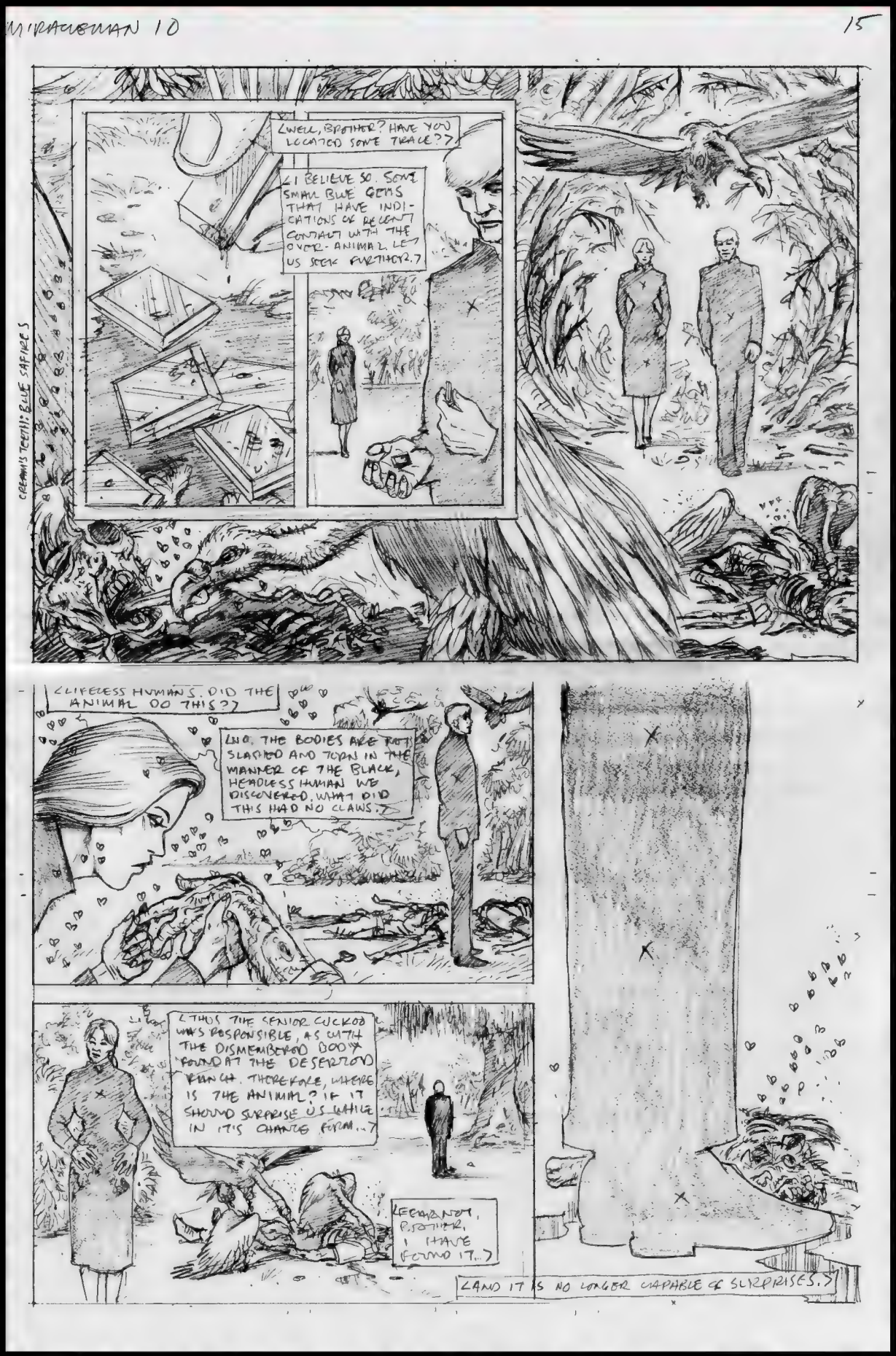
BRRRRUP BRRRRUP BRRRRUP BRRRRUP

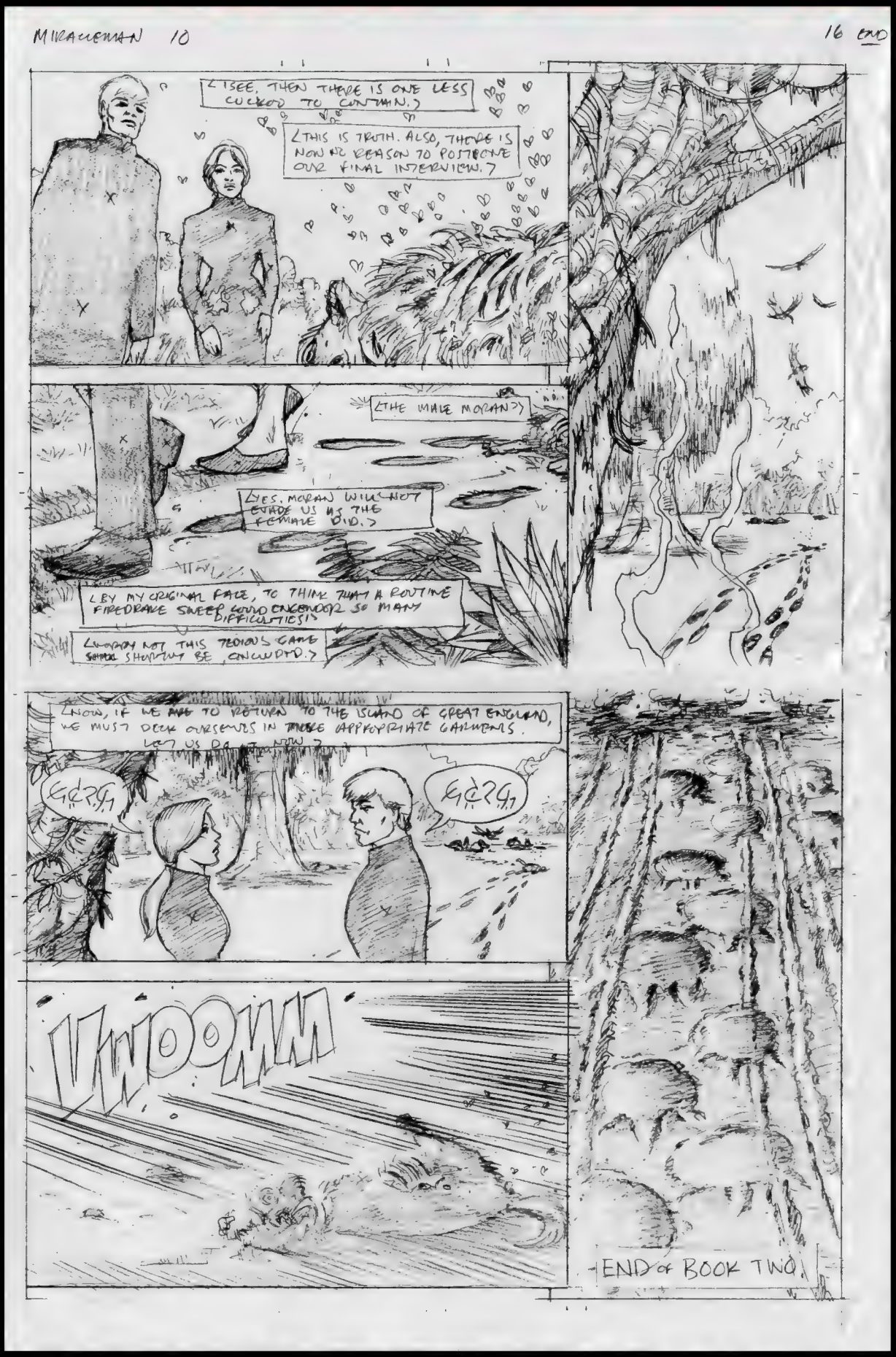
BRRRRUP BRRRRUP

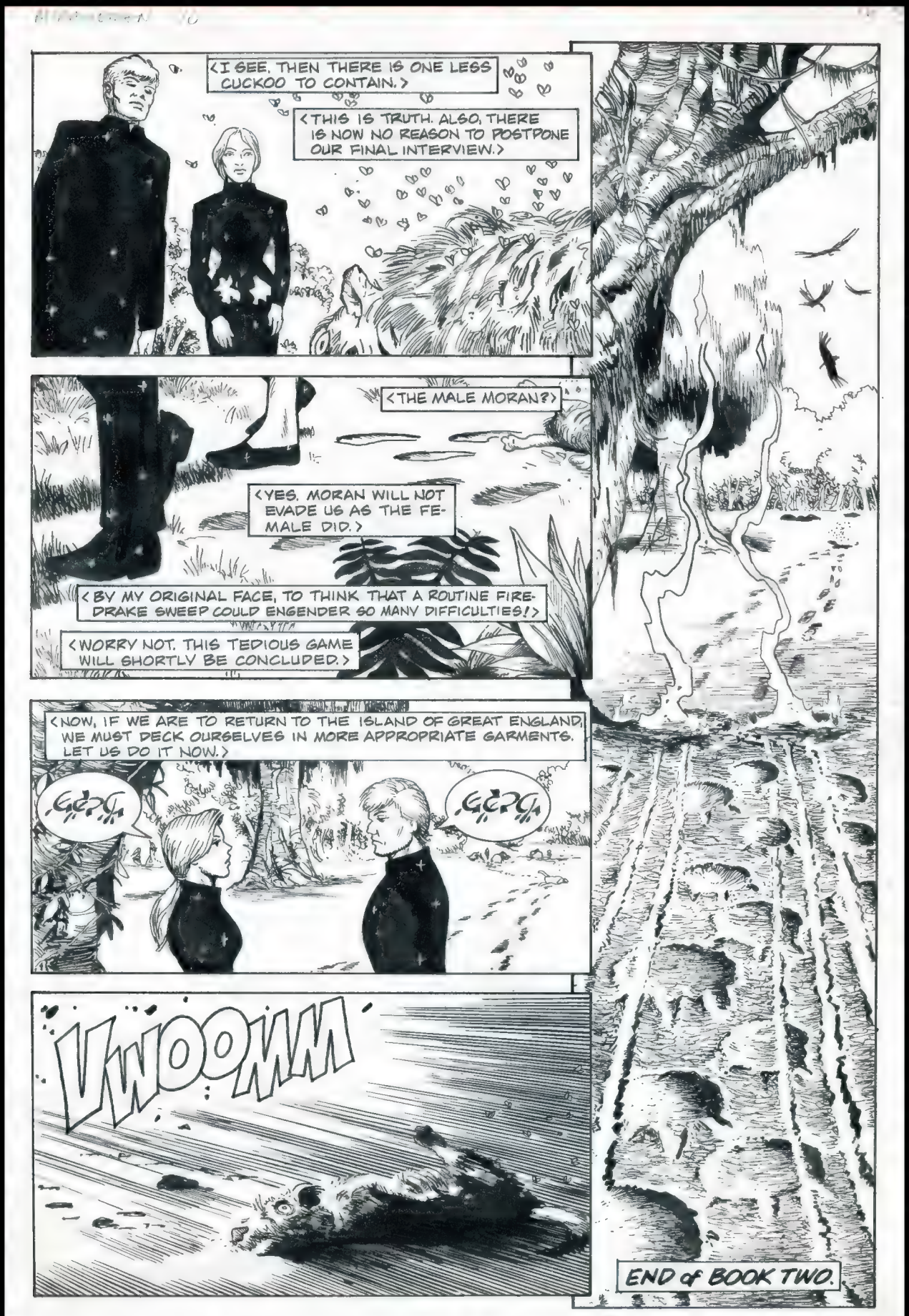
HELLO?
UH, NO...
NO, I'M AFRAID SHE'S JUST POPPED OUT...
12

MIRACLEMAN 10
13
THERE, SHE'LL BE OUT LIKE A LIGHT IN A MOMENT. SHE'S JUST LYING THERE GURGLING
AT LAST. SHE'S FINALLY DRUNK ENOUGH, THEN? I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE BOTTLES WEREN'T SATISFYING HER AT ALL.
SUPER PARENTING
OH, THEY WEREN'T, SO I TRIED HER ON SOMETHING ELSE.
Y'KNOW, I'M REALLY TIRED. I THINK I'LL TURN IN AND GET SOME SLEEP BEFORE SHE NEEDS FEEDING AGAIN.
OH, YOU KNOW, I JUST TRIED HER ON SOMETHING MORE SUBSTANTIAL. IT SEEMED TO DO THE TRICK.
TINNED FOOD? WHAT..?
WELL, I DON'T KNOW, SOMETHING JUST TOLD ME IT WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO. MOTHER'S INSTINCT, I SUPPOSE. ANYWAY SHE SEEMED TO ENJOY IT SO WHAT'S THE HARM?
UH, SURE. WHAT WAS IT YOU GAVE HER FINALLY?
JESUS! LIZ, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? SHE ISN'T A WEEK OLD YET!
LIZ, THERE'S FOUR EMPTY TINS HERE!
MMM, WELL, SHE WAS HUNGRY.
GOODNIGHT, LOVE. I'LL TRY NOT TO WAKE YOU WHEN SHE GETS ME UP IN THE NIGHT.
"SHE WAS HUNGRY"?


MIRACLEMAN 10
14
I DROP THE EMPTY CANS INTO THE PEDAL BIN, BUT BY THE TIME I'VE LOCKED UP AND FOLLOWED LIZ INTO THE BEDROOM, SHE'S FAST ASLEEP.
THE BABY ISN'T. SHE'S WIDE AWAKE.
WINTER! SUCH A COLD AND BREAK WAVE FOR SUCH A WARM LITTLE THING...
EMMA? I HOPE LIZ IS OKAY. I HOPE THEY'RE BOTH OKAY.
AT LEAST LIZ SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN RIGHT ABOUT THE FOOD, SHE HASN'T THROWN UP OR CHOKED OR ANYTHING...
IN FACT, SHE LOOKS HAPPIER AND HEALTHIER THAN EVER.
GOD, SHE'S PERFECT
WE'RE SO PROUD OF OUR MINIATURIZED COMPUTERS AND MICRO CIRCUITRY, BUT IT'S JUST CRUDE AND CLUMSY NEXT TO THIS
HOW CAN AN THING SO WONDERFULLY COMPLEX BE MADE SO SMALL, SO FEARLESS IN EVERY DETAIL?
HER PERFECT LITTLE FINGERS, EACH WITH ITS OWN TINY FINGERNAIL, GRIPPING MINE...
HER PERFECT LITTLE EYES, HER PERFECT LITTLE EARS, HER PERFECT LITTLE MOUTH...
WITH ITS
PERFECT
LITTLE
TEETH.


MIRACLEMAN 10
15
CREAM'S TEETH: BLUE SAPHIRES
(WELL, BROTHER? HAVE YOU LOCATED SOME TRACE?)
(I BELIEVE SO. SOME SMALL BLUE GEMS THAT HAVE INDICATIONS OF RECENT CONTACT WITH THE OVER-ANIMAL. LET US SEEK FURTHER.)
(LIFELESS HUMANS. DID THE ANIMAL DO THIS?)
(NO. THE BODIES ARE NOT SLASHED AND TORN IN THE MANNER OF THE BLACK, HEADLESS HUMAN WE DISCOVERED. WHAT DID THIS HAD NO CLAWS.)
(THUS THE SENIOR CUCKOO WAS RESPONSIBLE, AS WITH THE DISMEMBERED BODY FOUND AT THE DESERTED RANCH. THEREFORE, WHERE IS THE ANIMAL? IF IT SHOULD SURPRISE US WHILE IN IT'S CHANGE FORM...)
(REMARKABLY, BROTHER, I HAVE FOUND IT...)
(AND IT IS NO LONGER CAPABLE OF SURPRISES.)


MIRACLEMAN 10
16 END
<I SEE, THEN THERE IS ONE LESS CUCKOO TO CONTAIN.>
<THIS IS TRUTH. ALSO, THERE IS NOW NO REASON TO POSTPONE OUR FINAL INTERVIEW.>
<THE MALE MORAN?>
<YES. MORAN WILL NOT EVADE US AS THE FEMALE DID.>
<BY MY ORIGINAL FACE, TO THINK THAT A ROUTINE FIREDRAKE SWEEP COULD ENGENDER SO MANY DIFFICULTIES!>
<WORRY NOT THIS TEDIOUS GAME SHORTLY BE CONCLUDED.>
<NOW, IF WE ARE TO RETURN TO THE ISLAND OF GREAT ENGLAND, WE MUST DECK OURSELVES IN MORE APPROPRIATE GARMENTS. LET US DO IT NOW.>
VWOOMM
END OF BOOK TWO


<I SEE. THEN THERE IS ONE LESS CUCKOO TO CONTAIN.>
<THIS IS TRUTH. ALSO, THERE IS NOW NO REASON TO POSTPONE OUR FINAL INTERVIEW.>
<THE MALE MORAN?>
<YES. MORAN WILL NOT EVADE US AS THE FEMALE DID.>
<BY MY ORIGINAL FACE, TO THINK THAT A ROUTINE FIRE-DRAKE SWEEP COULD ENGENDER SO MANY DIFFICULTIES!>
<WORRY NOT. THIS TEDIOUS GAME WILL SHORTLY BE CONCLUDED.>
<NOW, IF WE ARE TO RETURN TO THE ISLAND OF GREAT ENGLAND, WE MUST DECK OURSELVES IN MORE APPROPRIATE GARMENTS. LET US DO IT NOW.>
WHOOMM
END of BOOK TWO.

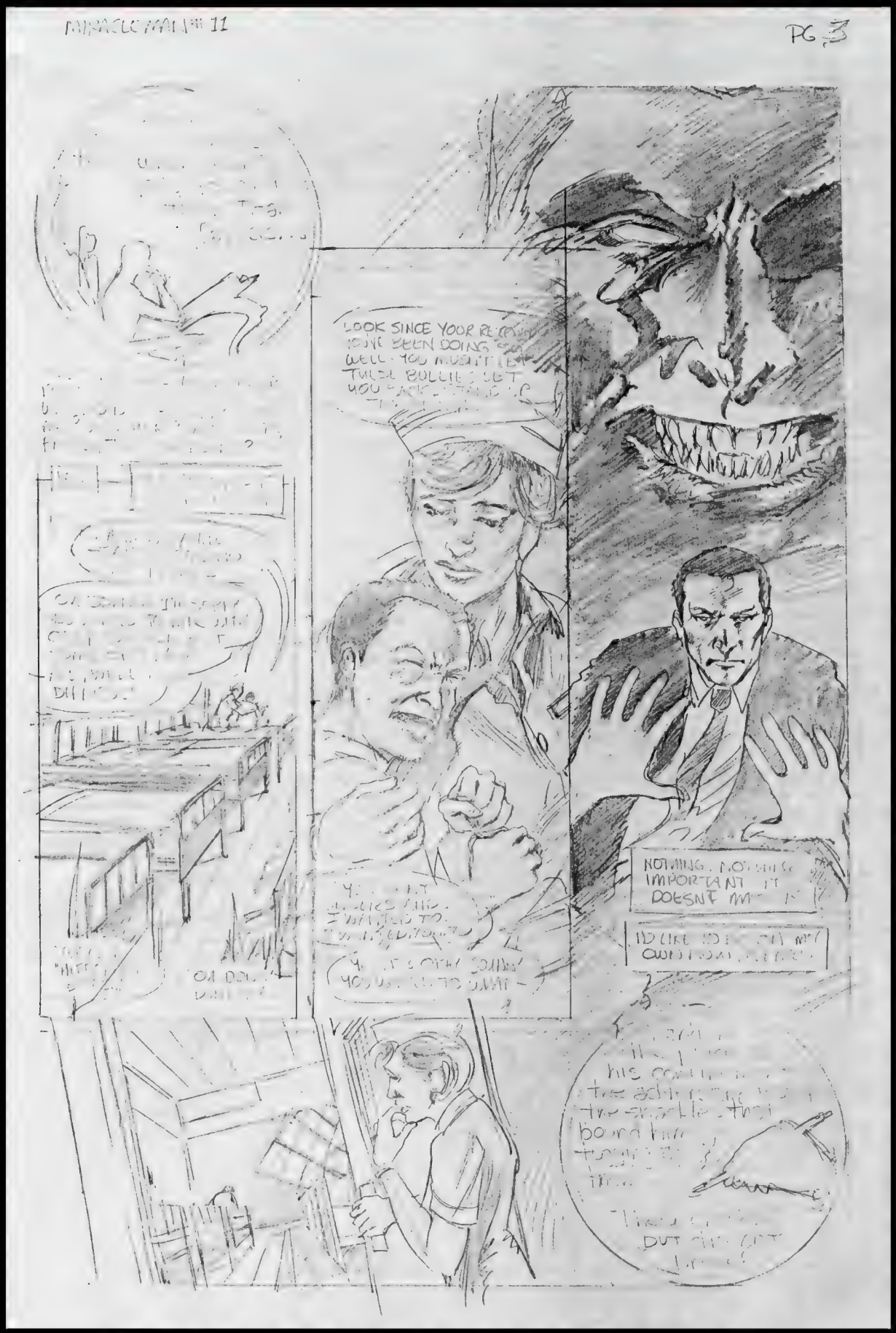
MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | "Cronos" | Page 1 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

For *Book Three*'s 1987 scenes, inspiration was found in the work of Winsor McCay. McCay's newspaper comic strips *Little Nemo in Slumberland* and *In the Land of Wonderful Dreams* were famous for his giant 16" x 23" broadsheet depictions of Slumberland's fantastic dreamscapes. John Totleben renders Olympus using an open line style evoking McCay's work while capturing the pyramid's endless wonders and godlike scale.

MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | "Cronos" | Page 2 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

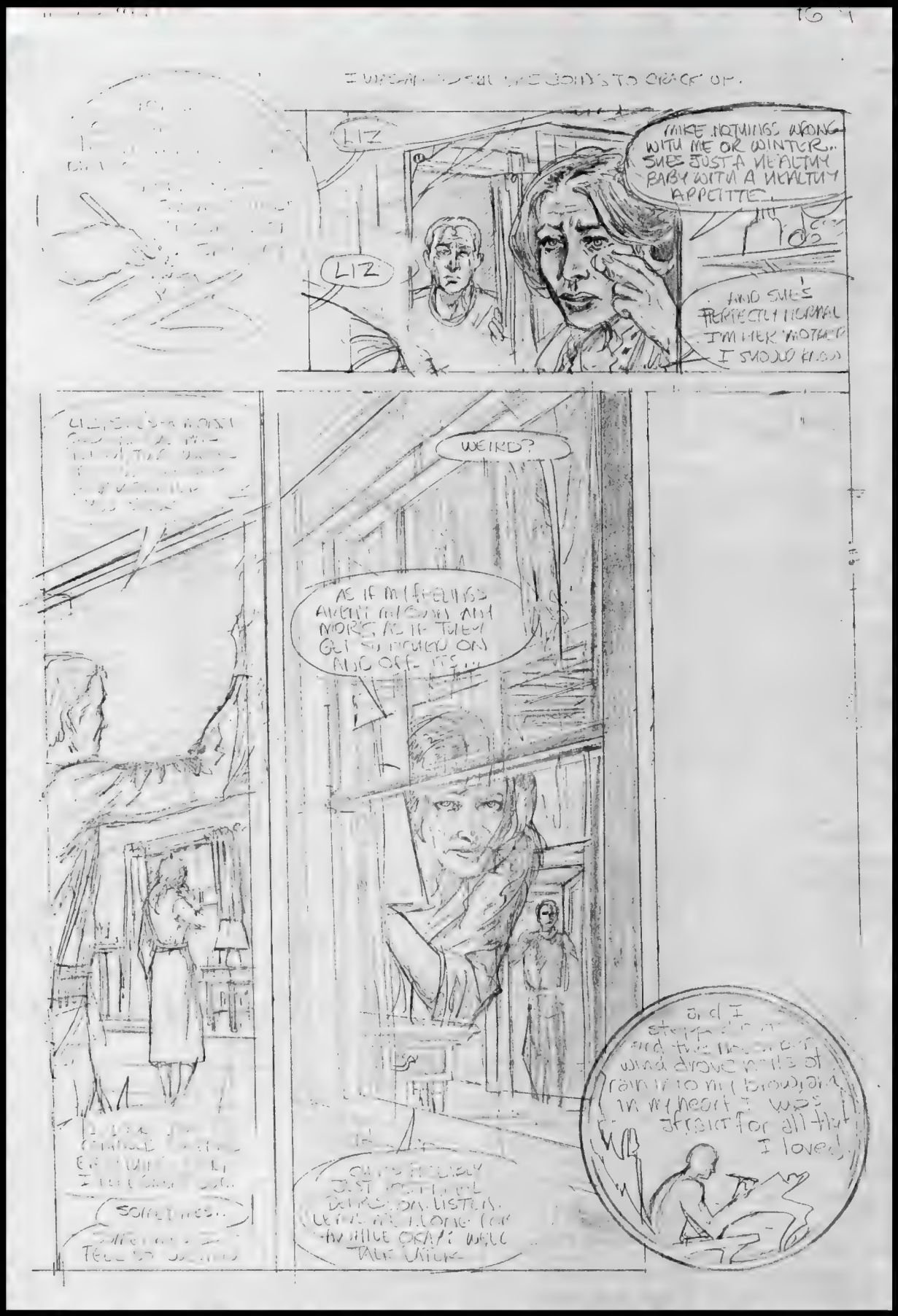
In Greek mythology Cronos was a Titan, an early generation of gods, and the father of Zeus and the Olympians. Cronos is destined to be overthrown by his children and battles them in a war to decide which gods will rule the universe.

Note that for the final art, the camera angle was switched on the last panel, focusing on Johnny Bates instead of Nurse Trish.



MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | "Cronos" | Page 4 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

The growing rift between Mike and Liz Moran is subtly conveyed: They never look each other directly. Liz's distorted emotions are reflected in a cracked mirror and through the pouring rain.



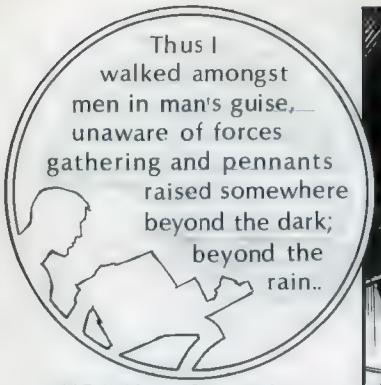
MIRACLEMAN #11
PG.4
For my own part it was the frail human chain binding me to this world that seemed most in danger of snapping.
LIZ. I WAS AFRAID FOR LIZ.
I WAS SO AFRAID SHE WAS GOING TO CRACK UP...
LIZ...
LIZ...
MIKE, NOTHING'S WRONG, WITH ME OR WINTER. SHE'S JUST A HEALTHY BABY WITH A HEALTHY APPETITE...
...AND SHE'S PERFECTLY NORMAL. I'M HER MOTHER. I SHOULD KNOW.
LIZ, SHE'S A MONTH OLD AND SHE HAS TEETH. TWO WEEKS AGO, THAT WOULD HAVE WORRIED YOU SICK...
I...LOOK, I'M CONFUSED. SOMETIMES EVERYTHING'S FINE, I FEEL GREAT, BUT
SOMETIMES...
...SOMETIMES I FEEL SO WEIRD.
WEIRD?
AS IF MY FEELINGS AREN'T MY OWN ANY MORE. AS IF THEY GET SWITCHED ON AND OFF. IT'S...
...OH, IT'S PROBABLY JUST POST-NATAL DEPRESSION. LISTEN, LEAVE ME ALONE FOR A WHILE, OKAY? WE'LL TALK LATER.
..and I stepped out, and the November wind drove nails of rain into my brow, and in my heart I was afraid for all that I loved.
4.
JOHN TOTLEBEN

MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | "Cronos" | Page 5 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

In contrast to the 1987 Olympus setting, for the 1982 scenes Totleben employs more frequent spotted blacks and heavy crosshatching. Set in enclosed rooms, tight spaces and dead ends, the techniques amplify the scenes' tension and emphasize the human scale.

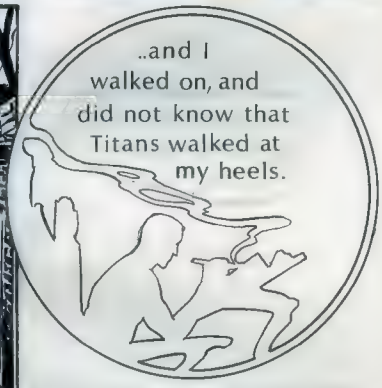
MIRACLEMAN #11

PG. 5



TURNING THE HEAVY PAGE, I CONTINUE.

OUT IN THE NIGHT, THE WINDSWEPT PARK OFFERED ITS BLEAK CONSOLATION...



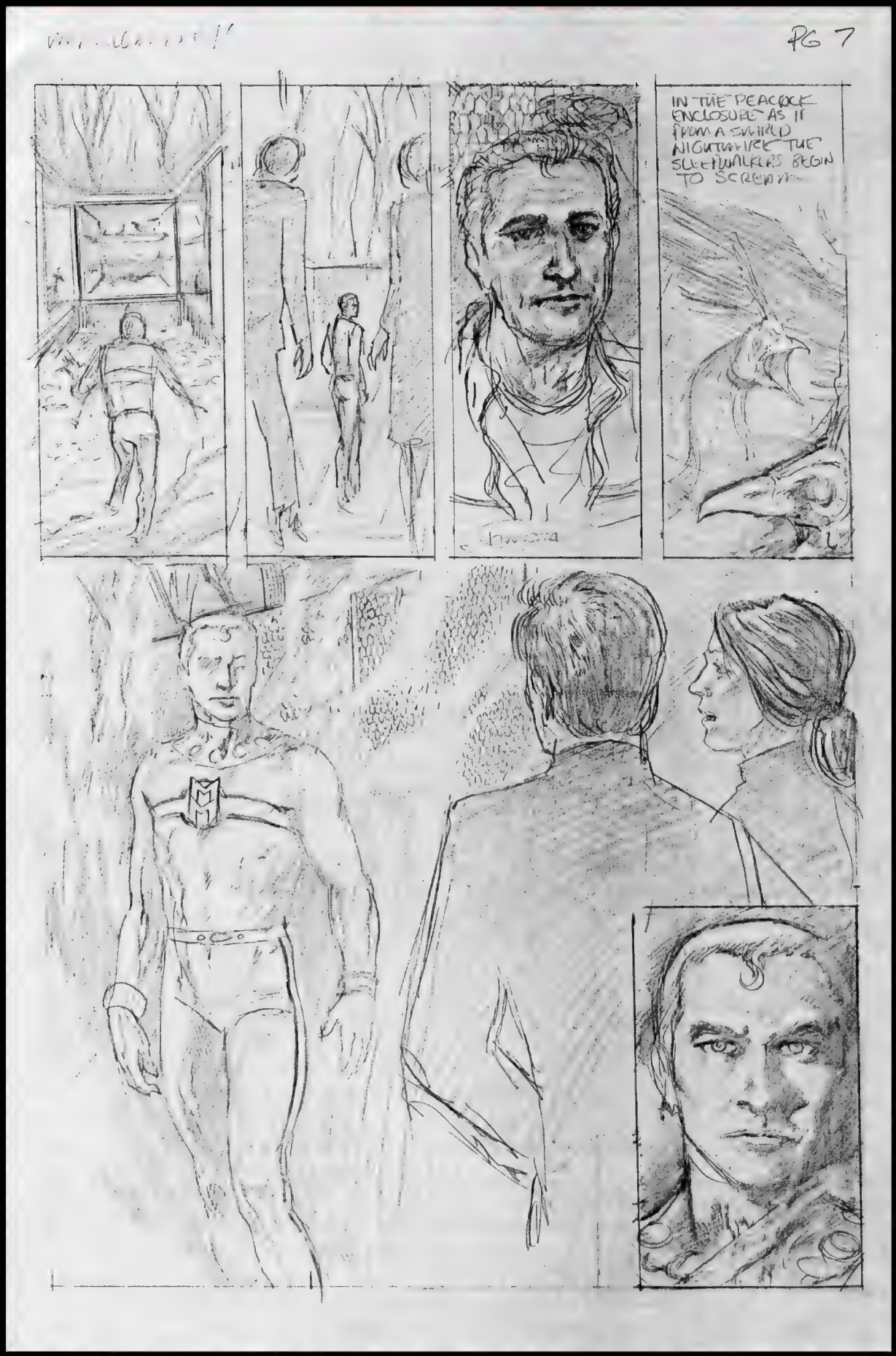
NOT UNTIL IT WAS TOO **LATE.**

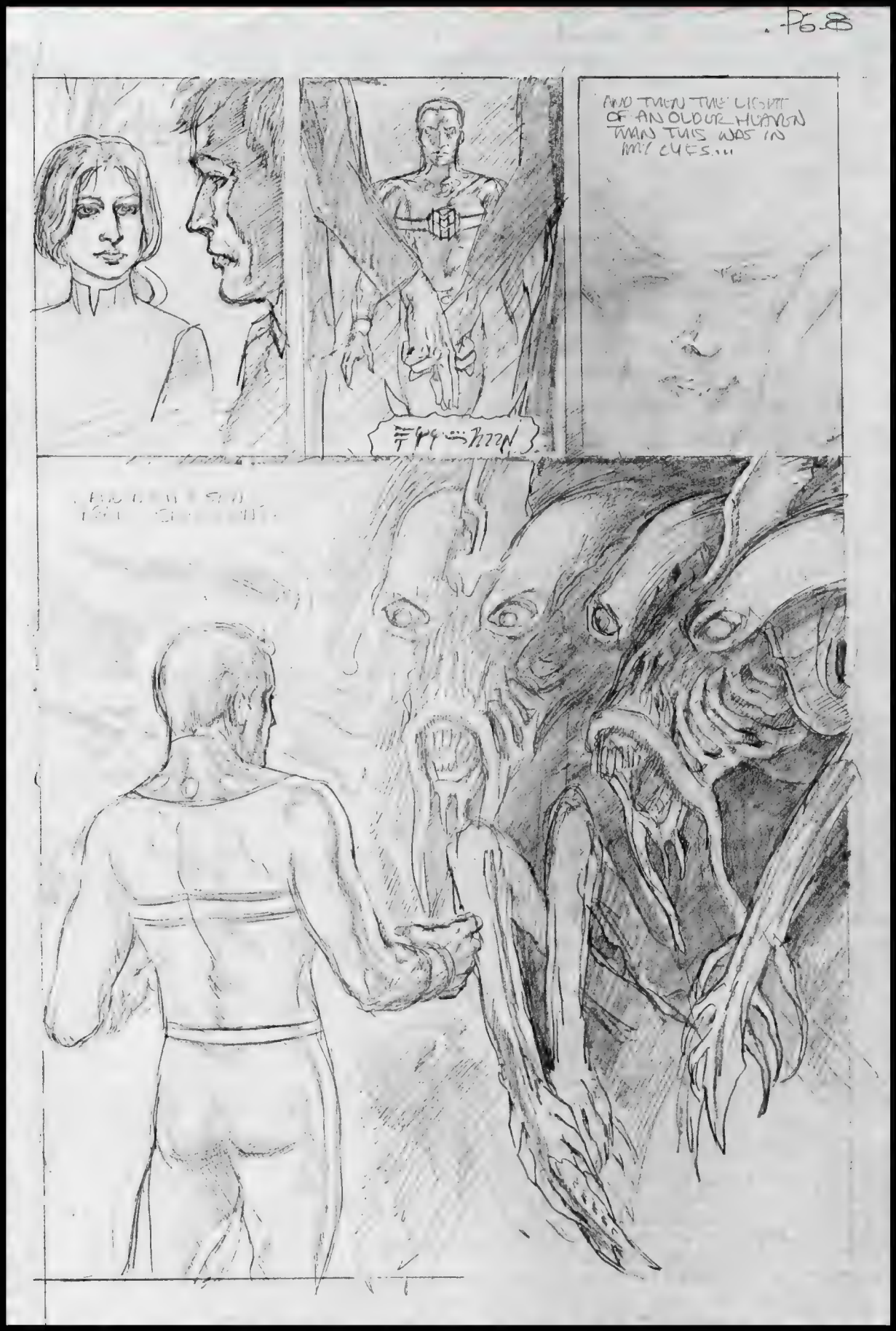
THE BANDSTAND. I REMEMBER I PAUSED AT THE ***BANDSTAND...***

COLOR NOTE: PANEL 4 :- THIS IS MIRACLEWOMAN / SAME COLOR HAIR AS M.M. / LEGS SHOULD BE BARE SKIN / RED BOOTS

JTOTLEBEN

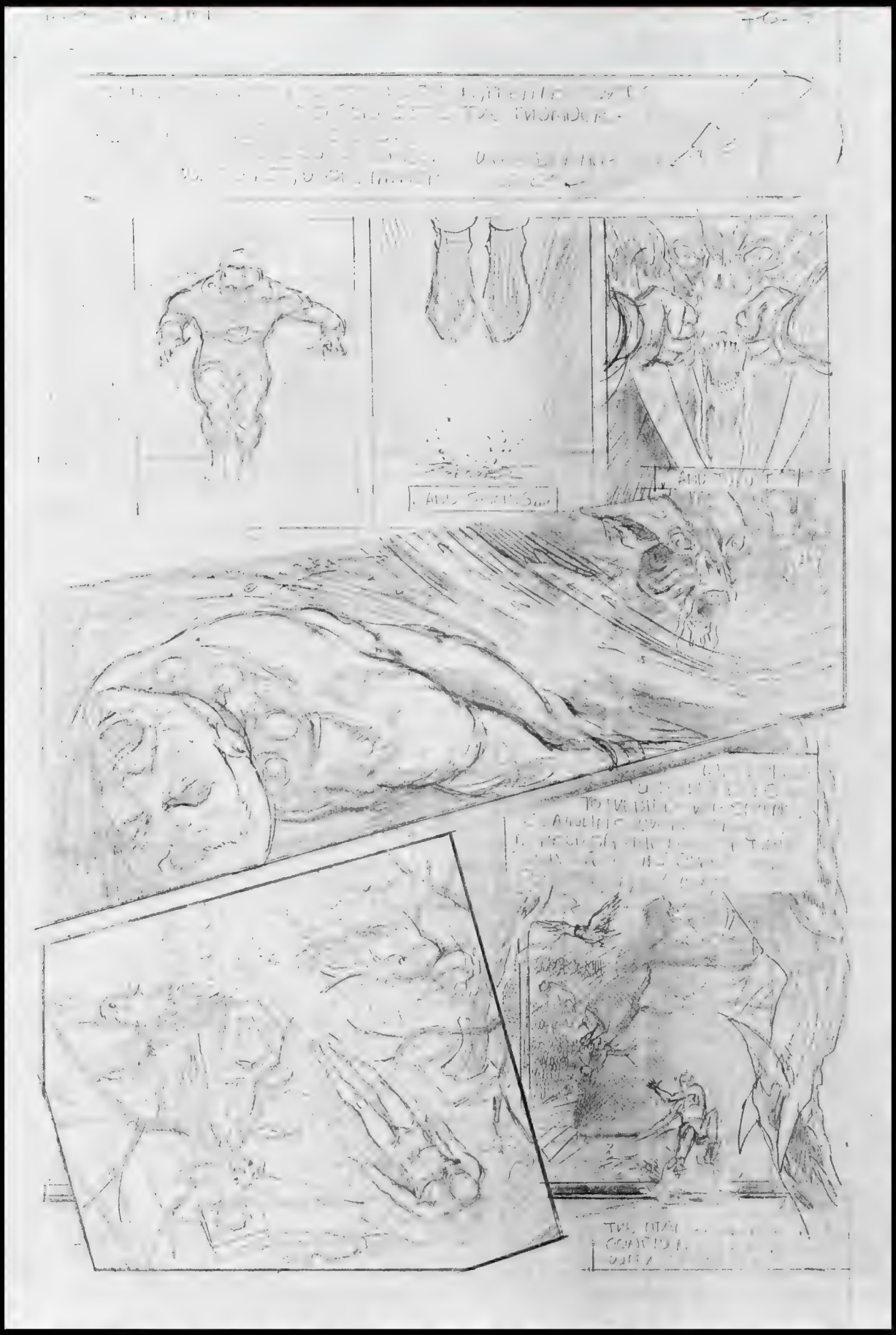
MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | "Cronos" | Page 6 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben


PG 7
IN THE PEACOCK ENCLOSURE AS IF FROM A SWIRLD NIGHTMARE THE SLEEPWALKERS BEGIN TO SCREAM

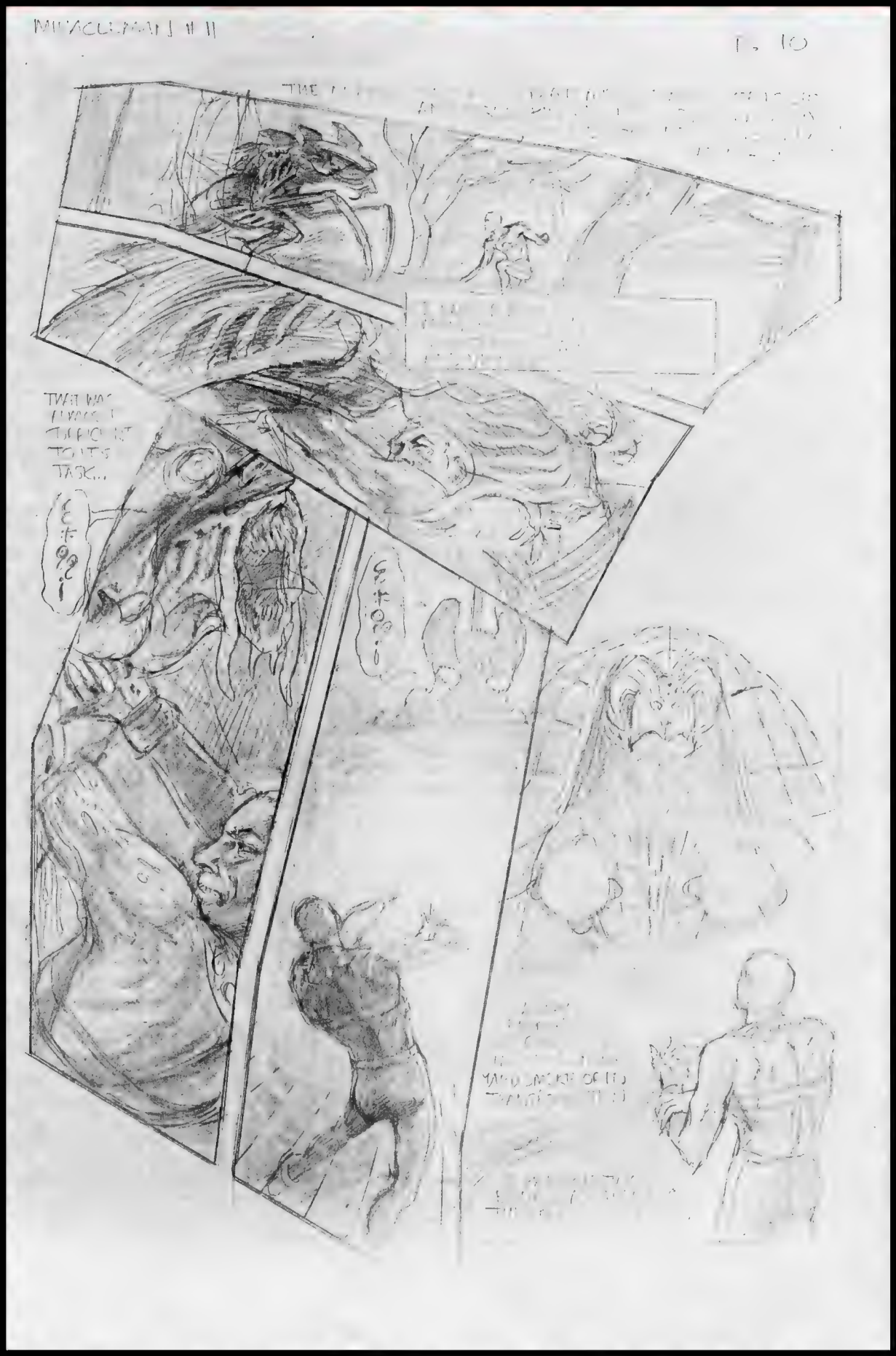

P6.8
AND THEN THE LIGHT OF AN OLDER HEAVEN THAN THIS WAS IN MY EYES...

MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | "Cronos" | Page 9 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

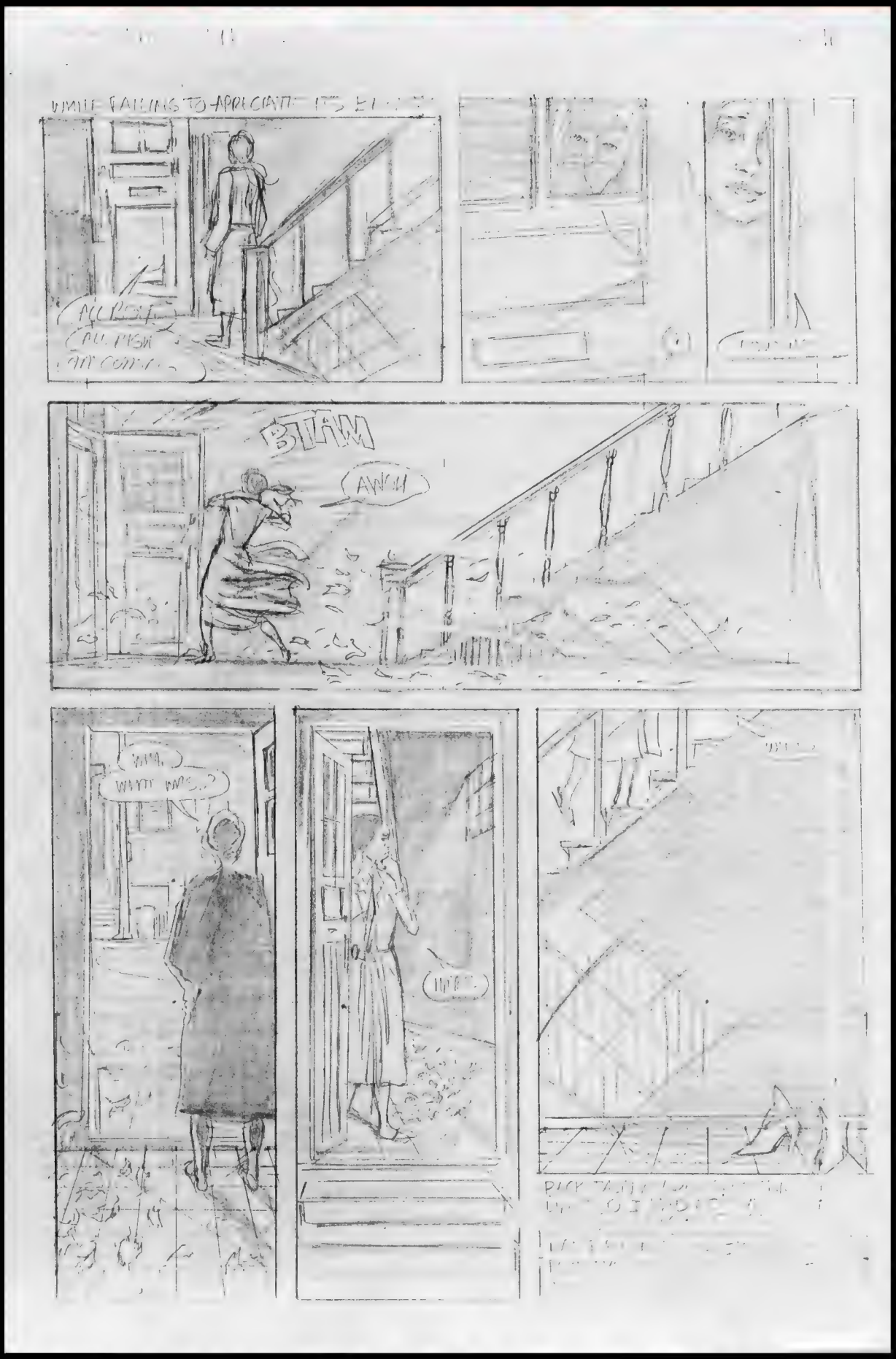
During action scenes, Totleben drops the traditional panel grid for angular freestyle layouts that convey motion, speed and shock. The change visually underscores Miracleman's loss of control.

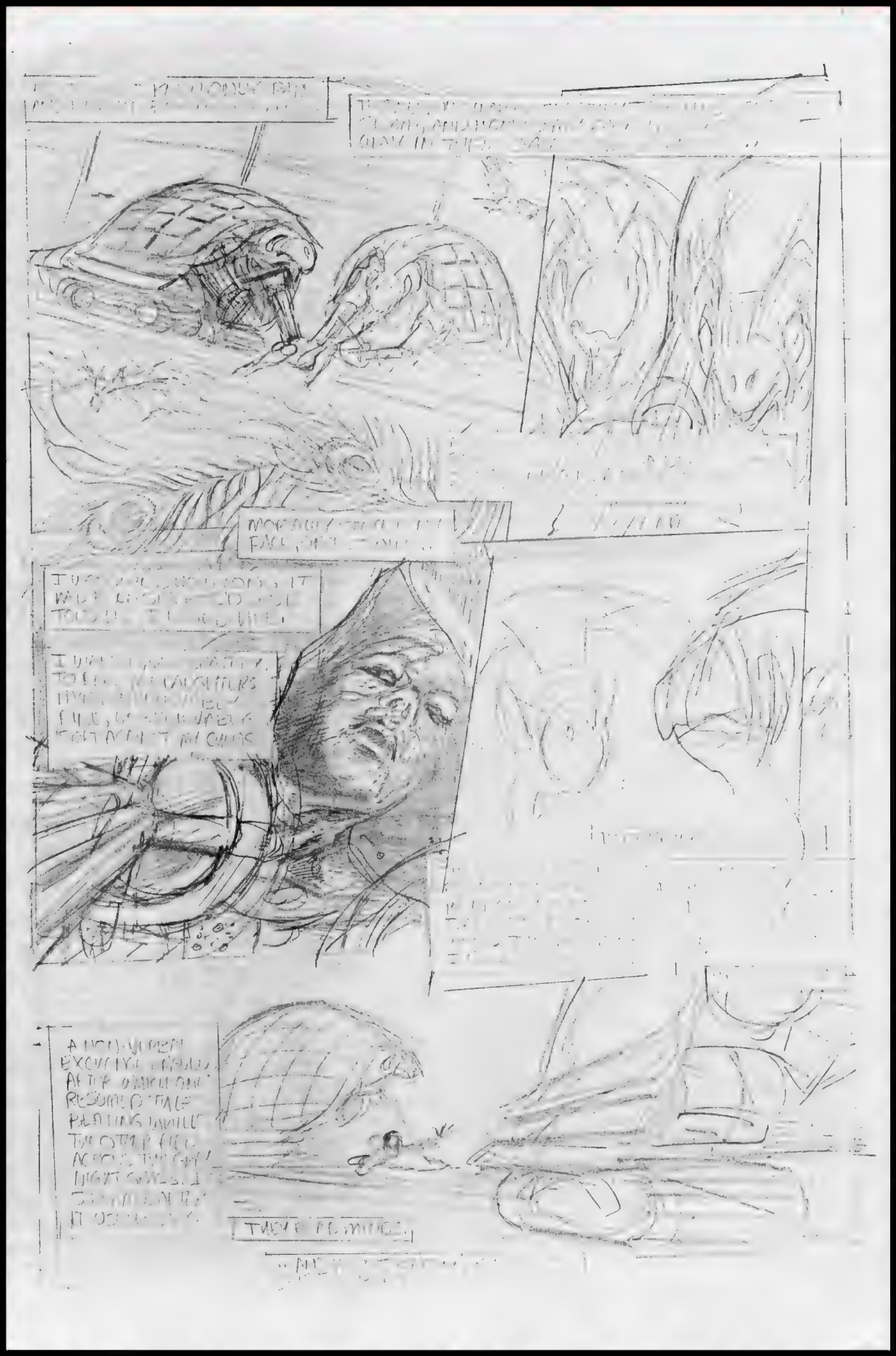


MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | "Cronos" | Page 10 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben



MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | "Cronos" | Page 11 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben





MIRACLEMAN #11

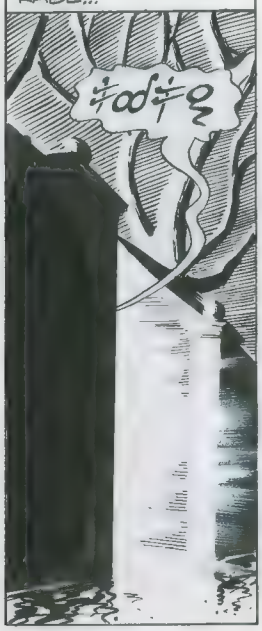
PG. 12

MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | "Cronos" | Page 13 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

MIRACLEMAN #11

PG. 13

THE BRUTE CROUCHED UPON MY CHEST, GRINDING SPARKS FROM ITS JAWS. THEY SHOWERED HOT UPON MY CHEEK, UPON THE PETROL OF MY DESPERATE RAGE...



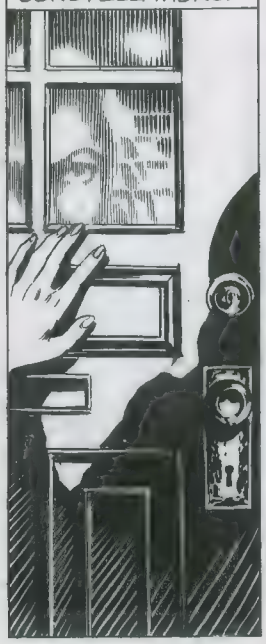
ITS ACCOMPLICE WOULD ALREADY HAVE LEFT THE PARK...

FRACTURING TWO OF MY OWN FINGERS I PUNCHED THROUGH ITS ABDOMEN, IMMEDIATELY DRENCHED IN ITS SCALDING FLUIDS, STEAMING AND PHOSPHORESCENT.

SHUDDERING IN THE WAY THAT PIGS DO UPON REALIZING THEIR THROATS ARE CUT, IT PRONOUNCED FIVE DREADFUL SYLLABLES.

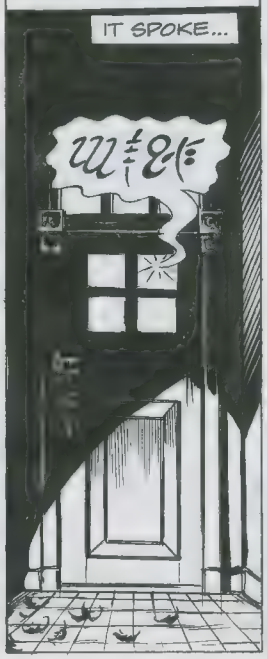
BRIEFLY, I EMBRACED AN INFANT SUN THAT SCRIBBLED BRIGHT, AUTISTIC CRAYON LINES ACROSS EACH RETINA. IT BECAME SOMETHING LIKE A GIANT, SEVERED HAND; A STICKY MOUTH GLISTENING IN ITS PALM.

I PULVERIZED ONE OF ITS KNUCKLES. THE BLACK LIPS WRITHED, INCONTINENT, ABOUT A PROFANITY COINED BENEATH OTHER CONSTELLATIONS.



I COULD NOT STAY THE RECITAL OF ITS BARE, INCENDIARY HAIKU. I COULD NOT SLAM THE COVERS SHUT UPON ITS HIDEOUS VOCABULARY.

IT SPOKE...



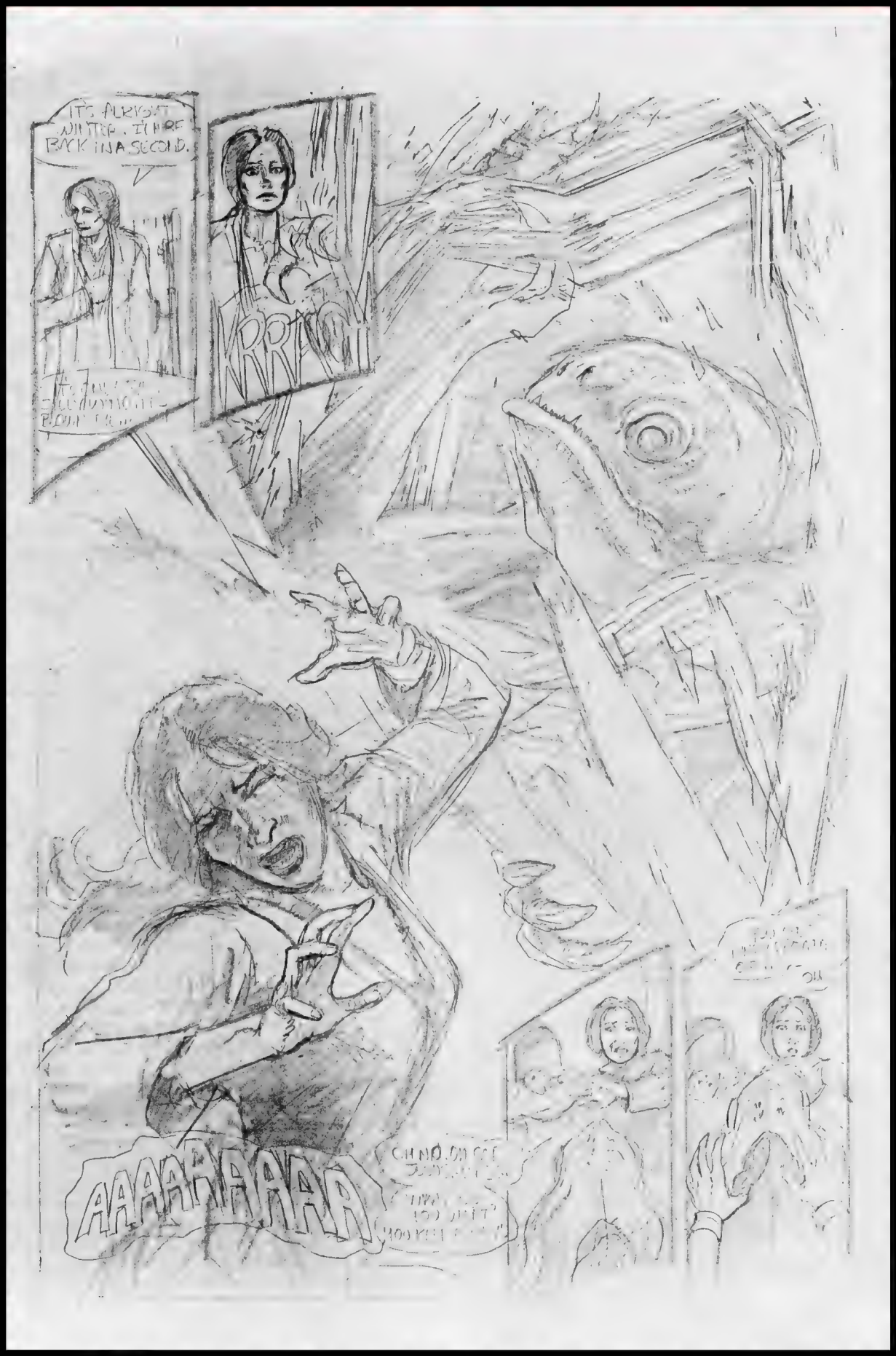
GOD CLAPPED HIS HANDS.

ITS NEW FORM LOOKED AND FELT LIKE A SHARK TURNED INSIDE-OUT. I PROMISED THAT MY WIFE SHOULD NOT FALL PREY TO THESE NOVEMBER HORRORS...

...KNOWING ALREADY THAT MY PROMISE WAS MEANINGLESS.

JT/TOTLEBEN

MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | "Cronos" | Page 14 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

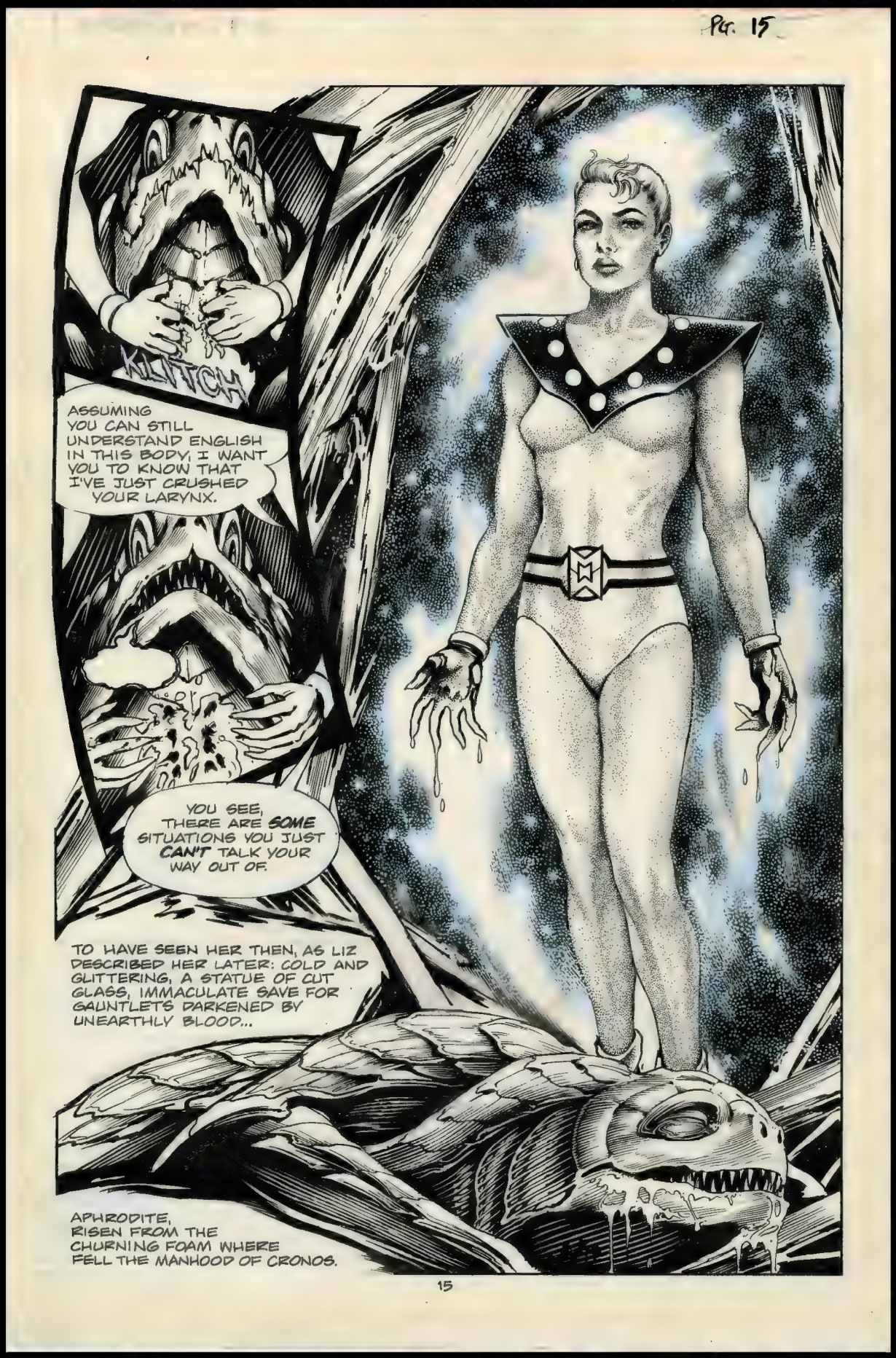


MIRACLEMAN #11
Pg 14
IT'S ALL RIGHT, WINTER. I'LL BE BACK IN A SECOND.
IT'S ONLY THE SILLY WIND. IT'S BLOWN THE...
KRRACK
AAAAAAAAA
OH NO, OH GOD, JESUS, PLEASE...
WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU KEEP AWAY!
YOU GET AWAY FROM ME, OR...
OH.
JOHN TOTLEBEN
14

MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | "Cronos" | Page 15 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

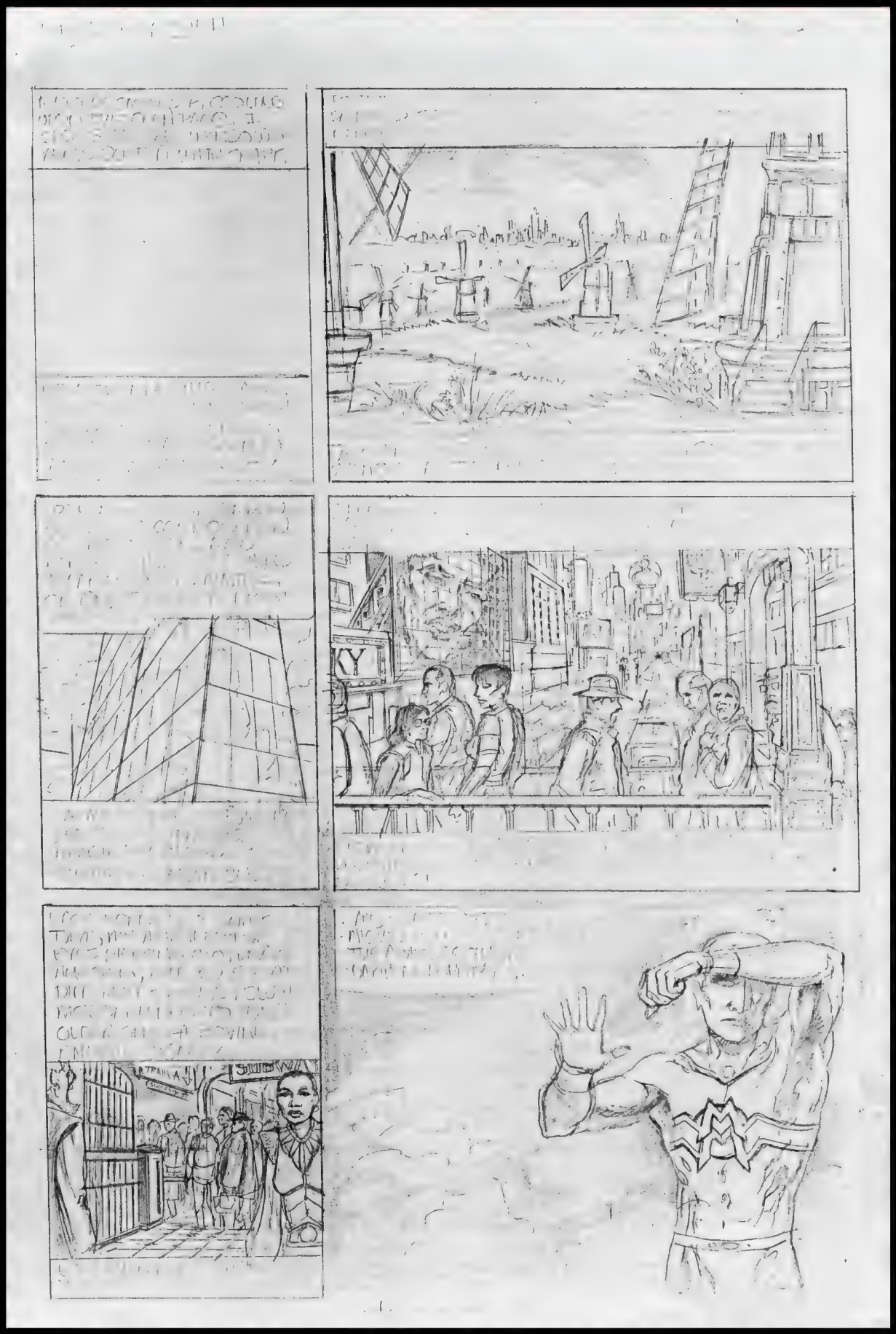
Revealed at last, Miraclewoman asserts her place as a new god by mortally wounding one of her "titan" forebears.

Totleben's pose for Miraclewoman evokes Sandro Botticelli's 15th-century painting *The Birth of Venus*.



MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | "Cronos" | Page 16 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

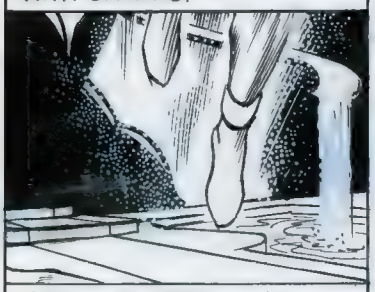
Note that Miracleman's pose in the last panel is revised to a brooding, rather than anguished, expression in the final artwork.



MIRACLEMAN #11

Pg 16

MY WORDS SMOULDER, COOLING UPON THE OPEN PAGE. I CROSS TO THE WINDOWS, HEELS DUSTED WITH SPARKS.

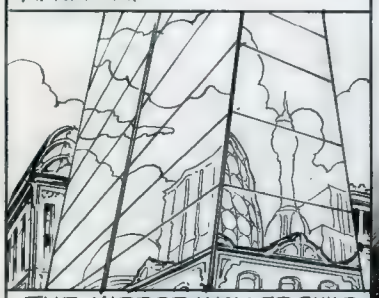


MORE THAN A THOUSAND FLOORS BELOW, WIND-DRIVEN CLOUDS DRAG ZEBRA SKINS OF SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW ACROSS THE WAKING CITY.

TO THE NORTH, THE SAME BREEZE DRIVES THE PAINTED SAILS OF WINDMILL FORESTS THAT WRING ELECTRICITY FROM CLEAR SKIES.

THE GREAT VANES TURN, SERENE AS KITES, GORGEOUS AND HYPNOTIC AS THE FANS OF GEISHAS.

LOOKING DOWN, LONDON BECOMES A COMPOSITION OF SMOKE-BLUES AND 'FORTIES-FILM-GRAY, VIEWED BY AN ABSTRACT PAINTER, OR ONE SUFFERING FROM APHASIA.



THE MIRROR-WALLED BUILDINGS ARE SKY-AQUARIUMS, IMAGINARY CLOUDS SWIMMING UNDER GLASS.

ON A TRAFFIC-LOOM, NEEDLESTREAMS OF CARS DART NORTH-SOUTH ON GREEN, PAUSING ON RED WHILE THE SHUTTLE MOVES EAST-WEST.

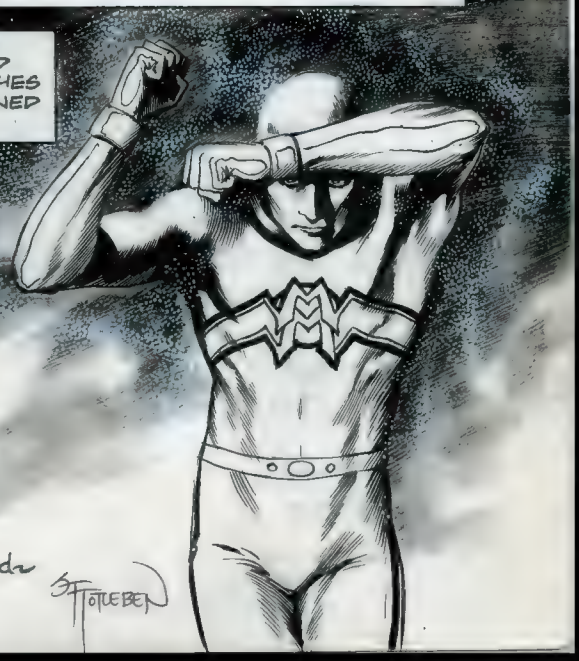
FROM ANIMATED HOARDINGS, ROUGED BOYS SNEER AT PEDESTRIANS GROWN PALE IN THE SHADE OF A NEW FUJI.

COLOR NOTE— IF POSSIBLE, PAINT IN CLOUDS THEN REMOVE BLACK LINES

EACH MORNING I WATCH THEM, MY MARVELOUS EYES PIERCING CLOTHING AND SKIN, ABLE TO SEE AT DIFFERENT SPEEDS. SLOW-MOTION LENDS THE OLDER ONES A BOVINE, ANIMAL DIGNITY.

EACH EVENING, I WALK THE AIRLESS BATTLEMENTS...

...AND SCATTER TO THE NIGHT'S COLD VECTORS THE ASHES OF THEIR UNOPENED PRAYERS.



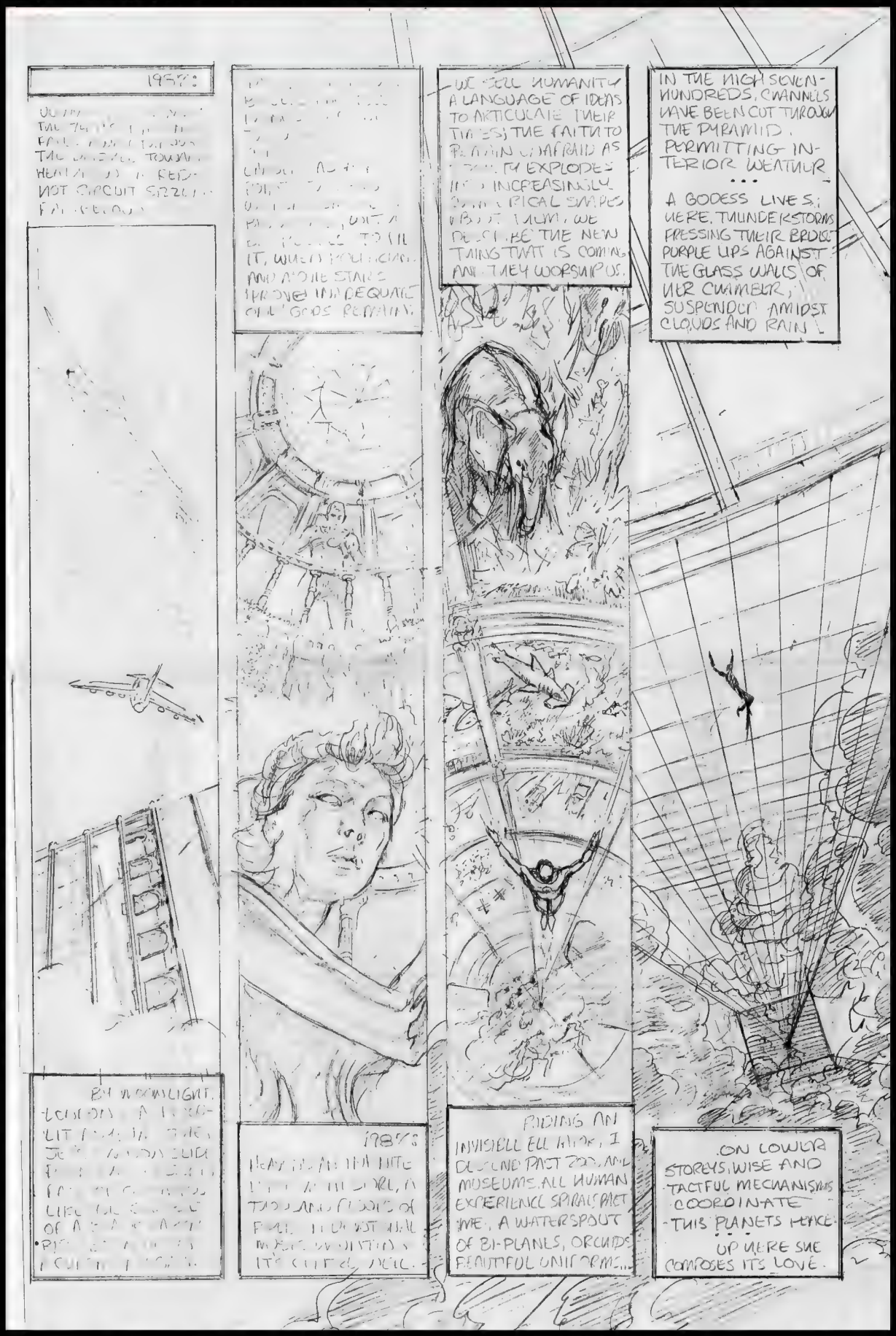
LAST PANEL: M.M. LEANING ON WINDOW. REFLECTION OF NIGHT SKY/CLOUDS.

~to be continued~

JT TOTLEBEN

MIRACLEMAN #12 | September 1987 | "Aphrodite" | Page 1 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

In Olympus, Miracleman has gathered every wonder and piece of human history and mythology imaginable: Babylonian hanging gardens, a zoo akin to Noah's ark, classic cars — even thundering storm clouds.



MIRACLEMAN #12 | September 1987 | "Aphrodite" | Page 2 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

The vertical panel layout of this chapter's 1987 scene adds to the sense of Olympus' immense scale while conveying the temple's towering interiors as a house of the gods fit only for those who can fly.

Aphrodite to Miracleman's Zeus, Miraclewoman's section of Olympus is filled with totems of love and desire.

Snapping back to 1982, a human scale is imposed with the return of a traditional panel grid.

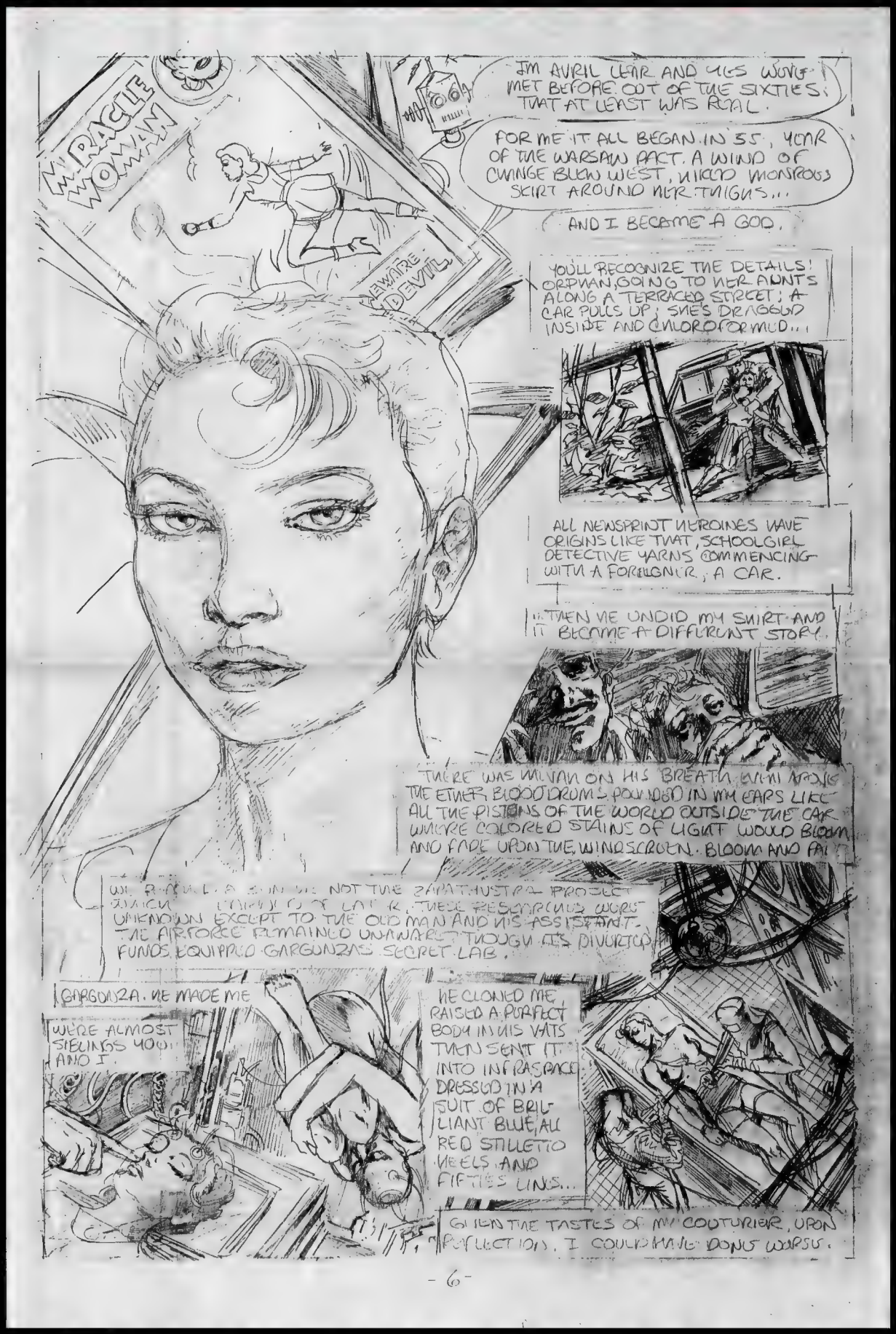
In contrast to Miracleman's lunging and struggling, Miraclewoman asserts her calming presence and confident authority by holding Liz in her arms and lightly touching Miracleman.

MIRACLEMAN #12/PG. 5

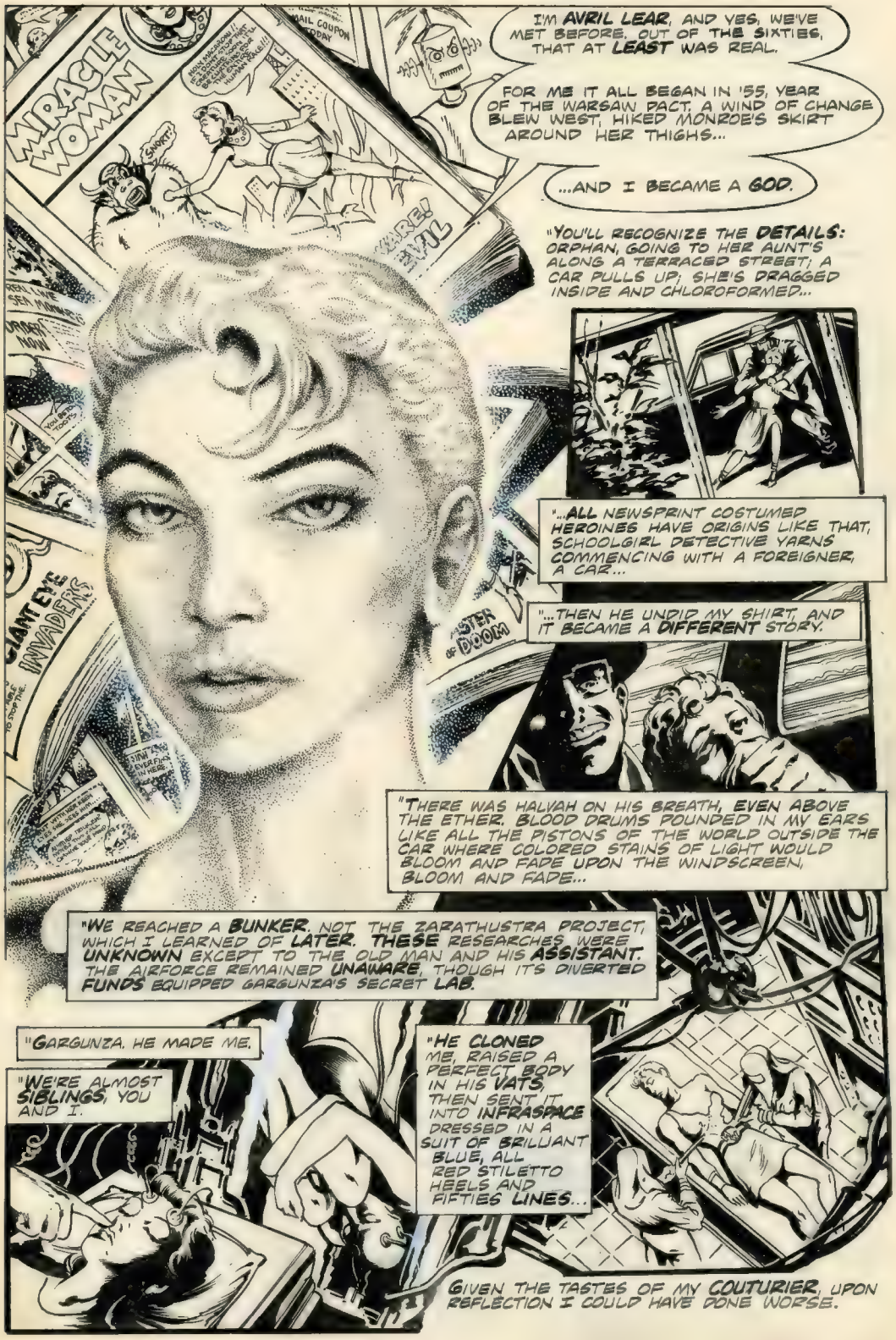
"NEARBY, SURROUNDED BY OUR REASSURING MESS OF DOMESTICITY, TWO DREAM-BEASTS LURKED, WHILE LIZ AND I SAT STUNNED AS ALL REALITY SEEPED FROM OUR LIVES, AND LISTENED TO THE ANGEL TELL HER TALE..."

MIRACLEMAN #12 | September 1987 | "Aphrodite" | Page 6 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

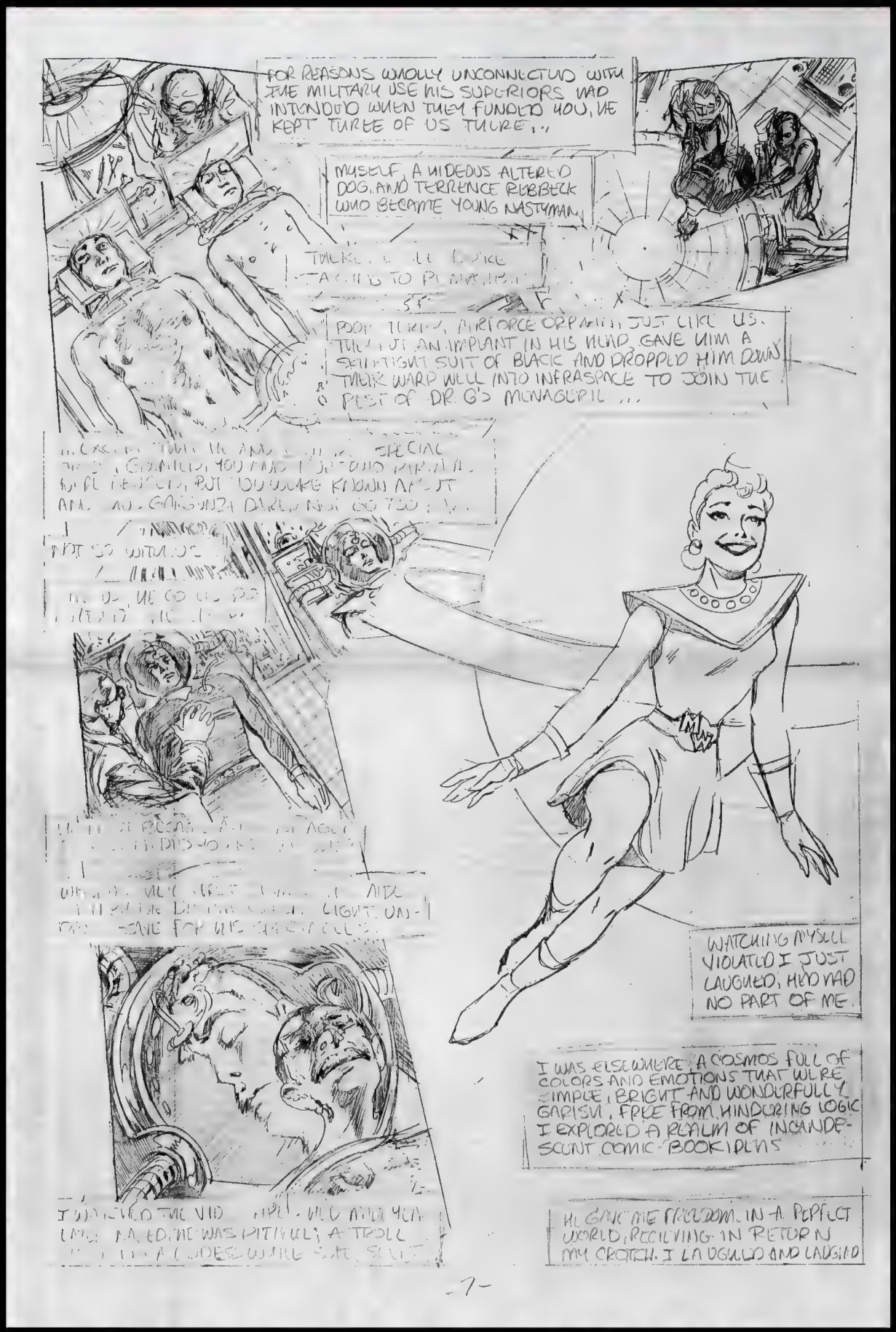
To capture Miracleman and Miraclewoman's aloof, androgynous, godlike beauty, Totleben channeled the work of the artist Mel Odom.



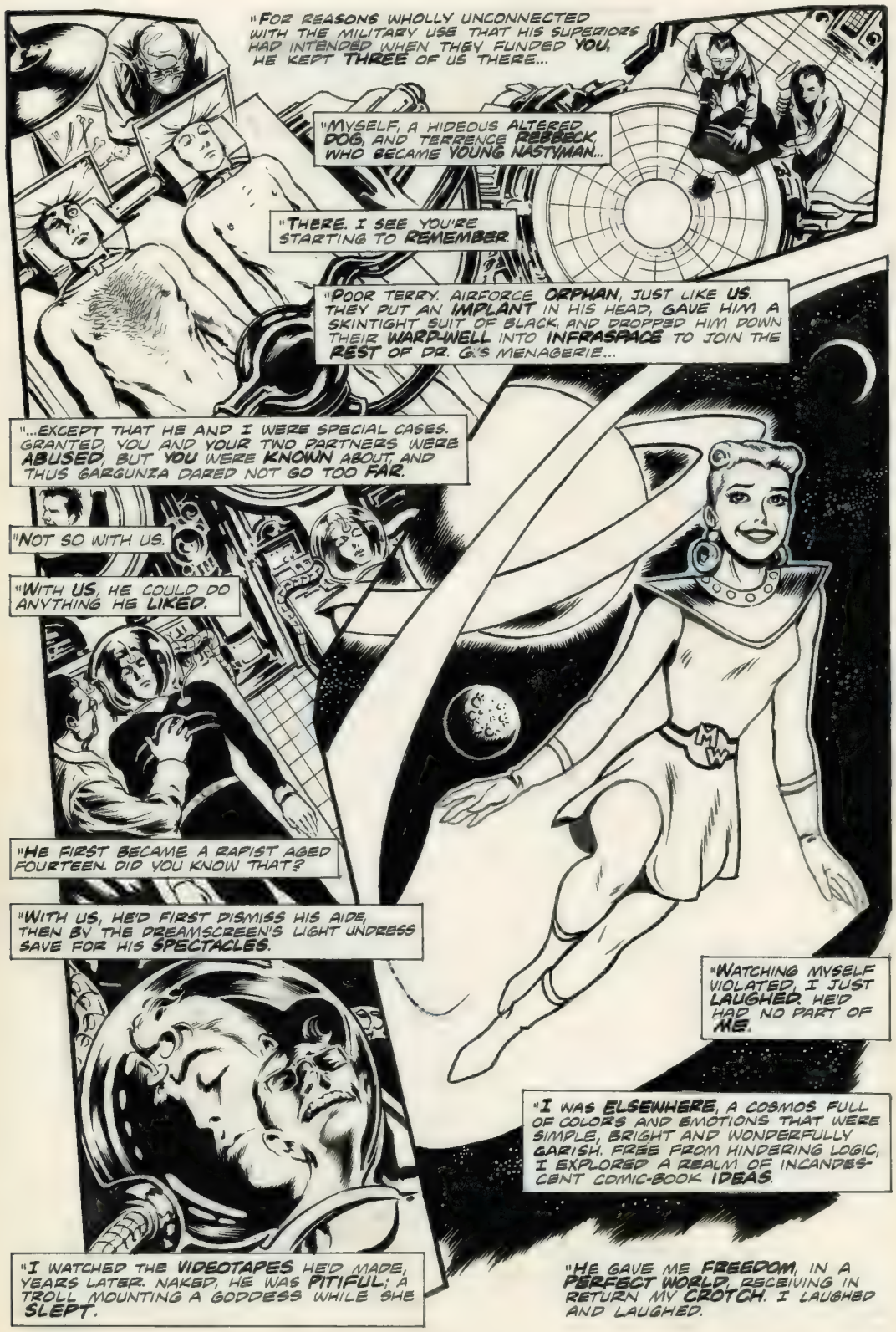
MIRACLEMAN#12/PG.6



At the bottom-left, Gargunza's warped face and corrupt intentions are reflected off the perfection of the sleeping Miraclewoman.



MIRACLEMAN #12 / PG 7



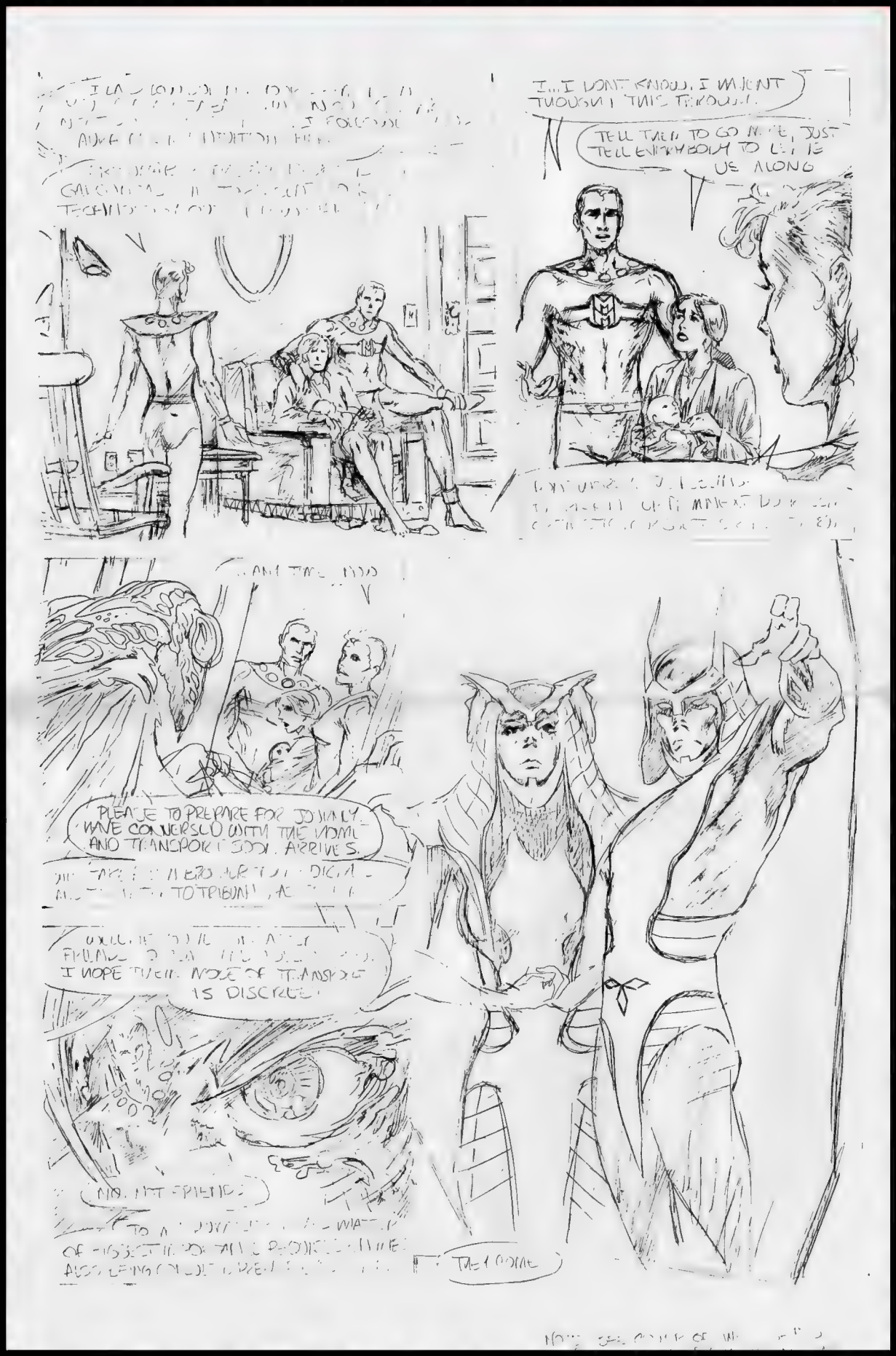
MIRACLEMAN #12 | September 1987 | "Aphrodite" | Page 8 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

Totleben employs an art style inspired by pulp illustration and 1940s-50s teen comic books for Miraclewoman's dream adventures.

Pencil art photocopies have not survived for *Miracleman* #12, pages 9-12.

MIRACLEMAN #12 / PG. 9

The Warpsmiths' entrance shatters the page's structure, foreshadowing the changes their arrival will bring.



MIRACLEMAN #12/pg 13

MIRACLEMAN #12 | September 1987 | "Aphrodite" | Page 14 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

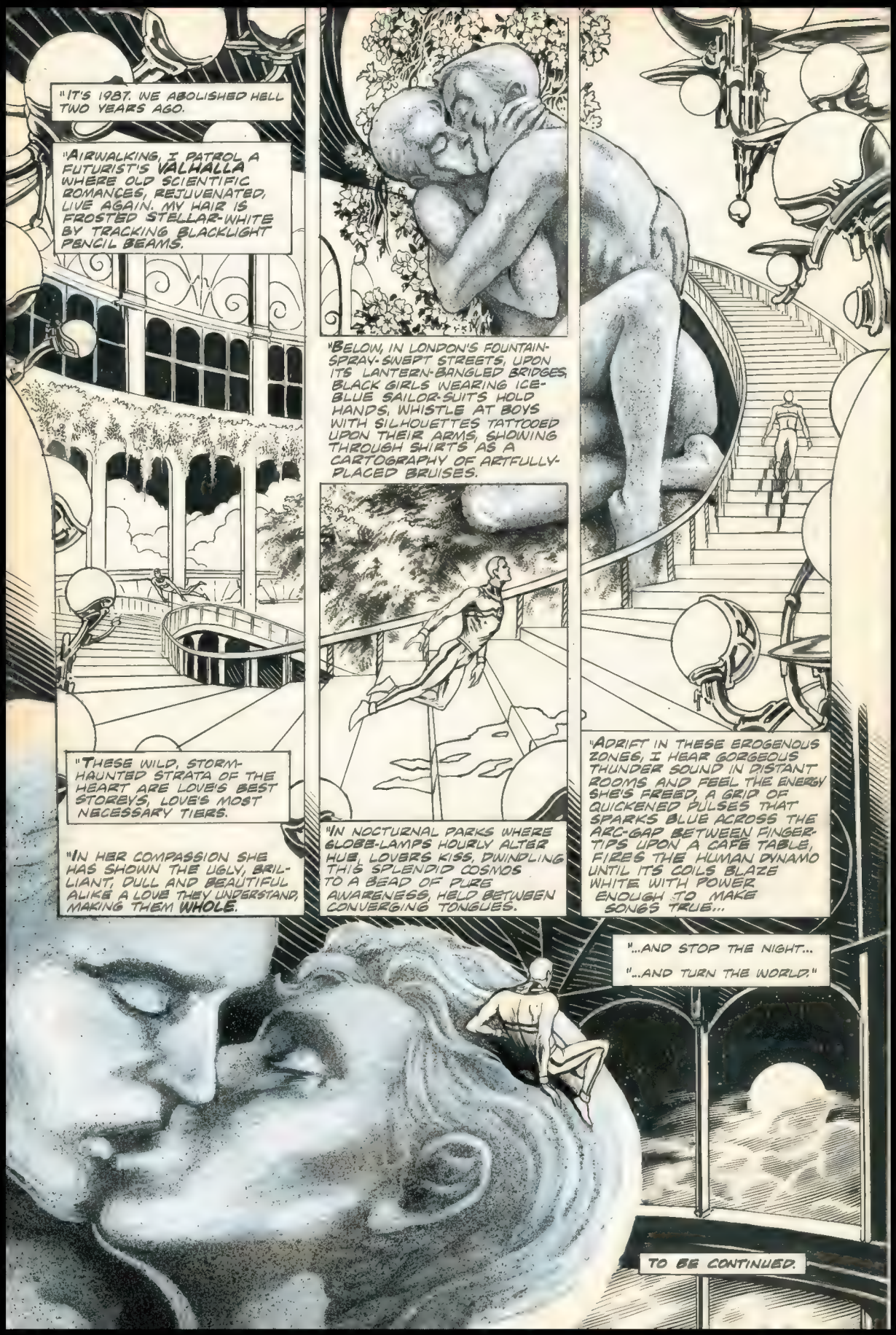
Miracleman and the Warpsmith Aza Chorn glance at each other in the first panel as a reference to their meeting in the time-travel story "The Yesterday Gambit."

MIRACLEMAN #12 / PG. 14

If the eyes the window to the soul, Johnny Bates can see nothing but torment within and without.

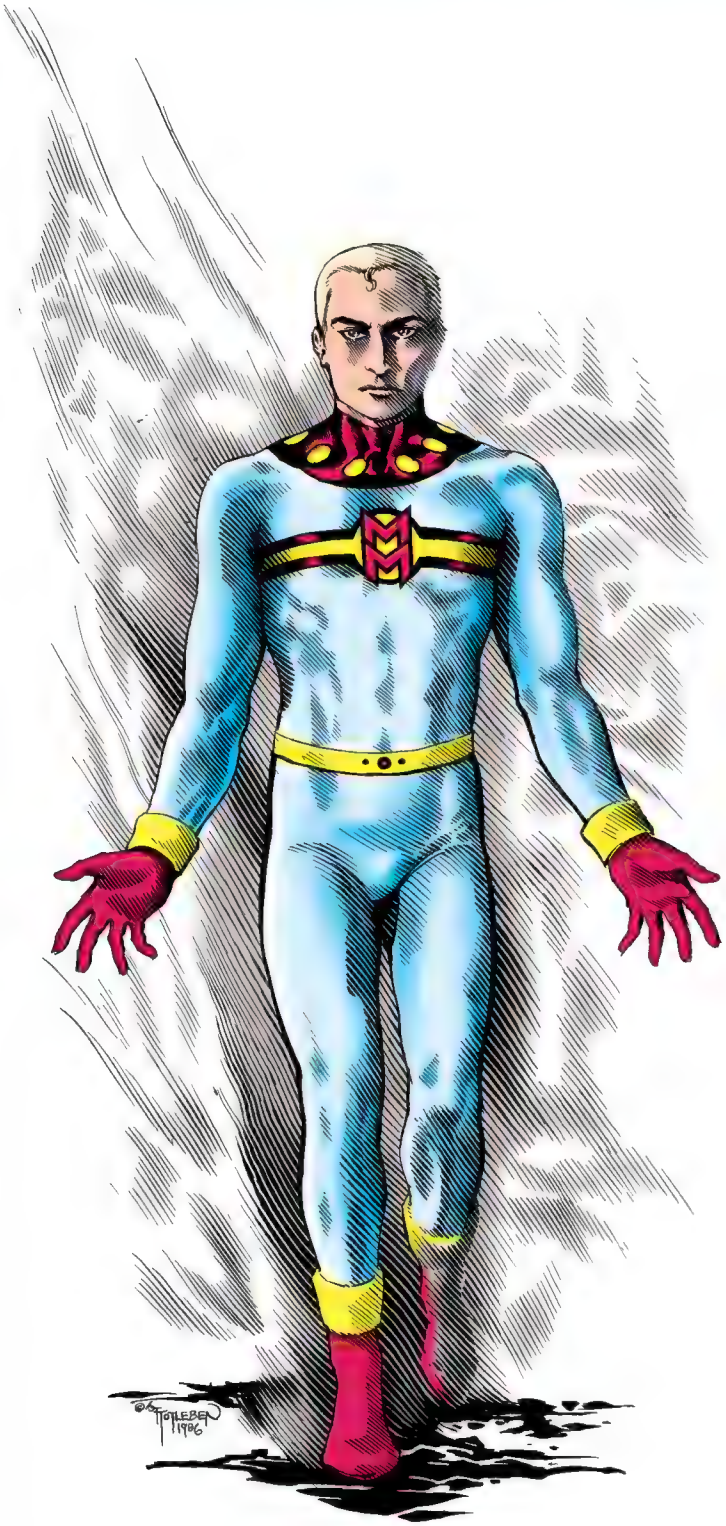
"...AND ITS PURGATORIES."
CUH! LOOKOO IT ENT: ISS MARSTER BATES!
'KINELL. MASTER BATES! YOU A BIDDUVA WANKER, THEN, AY?
HE GRASSED US UP TO THAT NURSE WITHA TITS. SMAKKIZFAKKINEDDIN...
SANI-WIPES
tch. NOT ANOTHER BEATING? TRY NOT TO WET YOURSELF THIS TIME, EH?
LOOK AT THEM LAUGHING, RETARDED LITTLE MAGGOTS. THEY WOULDN'T LAUGH IF I GOT MY HANDS ON THEM.
YOU NEED ONLY SAY THE WORD...
WOULDN'T THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES BE WORTH IT? ALL YOU NEED DO IS--
NO! NO NO NO!
I DON'T CARE IF THEY BEAT ME UP, OR KILL ME, OR ANYTHING! I WON'T LET YOU OUT!
I WON'T.
:nnuhuch:
NOW WASH YOUR HANDS
EXIT
TRASH
"IN HIS DARK PLACE, THE ENEMY STRAINED AGAINST BONDS THAT SEEMED MORE FRAGILE THAN THE FINEST THREAD, YET WOULD NOT BREAK.
"THOUGH I MIGHT CLIMB TO HEAVEN'S THRESHOLD, HE'D NOT CEASE TO POUND UPON HELL'S GATES.

The flight through Miraclewoman's suite in panels 1-3 was inspired by the January 27, 1907, chapter of *Little Nemo in Slumberland*'s "The Palace of Ice" serial.


"IT'S 1987. WE ABOLISHED HELL TWO YEARS AGO.
"AIRWALKING, I PATROL A FUTURIST'S VALHALLA WHERE OLD SCIENTIFIC ROMANCES, REJUVENATED, LIVE AGAIN. MY HAIR IS FROSTED STELLAR-WHITE BY TRACKING BLACKLIGHT PENCIL BEAMS.
"BELOW, IN LONDON'S FOUNTAIN-SPRAY-SWEPT STREETS, UPON ITS LANTERN-BANGLED BRIDGES, BLACK GIRLS WEARING ICE-BLUE SAILOR-SUITS HOLD HANDS, WHISTLE AT BOYS WITH SILHOUETTES TATTOOED UPON THEIR ARMS, SHOWING THROUGH SHIRTS AS A CARTOGRAPHY OF ARTFULLY-PLACED BRUISES.
"THESE WILD, STORM-HAUNTED STRATA OF THE HEART ARE LOVE'S BEST STOREYS, LOVE'S MOST NECESSARY TIERS.
"IN HER COMPASSION SHE HAS SHOWN THE UGLY, BRILLIANT, DULL AND BEAUTIFUL ALIKE A LOVE THEY UNDERSTAND, MAKING THEM WHOLE.
"IN NOCTURNAL PARKS WHERE GLOBE-LAMPS HOURLY ALTER HUE, LOVERS KISS, DWINDLING THIS SPLENDID COSMOS TO A BEAD OF PURE AWARENESS, HELD BETWEEN CONVERGING TONGUES.
"ADRIFT IN THESE EROGENOUS ZONES, I HEAR GORGEOUS THUNDER SOUND IN DISTANT ROOMS AND FEEL THE ENERGY SHE'S FREED, A GRID OF QUICKENED PULSES THAT SPARKS BLUE ACROSS THE ARC-GAP BETWEEN FINGER-TIPS UPON A CAFE TABLE, FIRES THE HUMAN DYNAMO UNTIL ITS COILS BLAZE WHITE WITH POWER ENOUGH TO MAKE SONGS TRUE...
"...AND STOP THE NIGHT...
"...AND TURN THE WORLD."
TO BE CONTINUED.

MIRACLEMAN #13 | November 1987 | House Ad

Originally drawn for a T-shirt, this John Totleben illustration was published as a house ad circa *Miracleman* #13's release because the T-shirt manufacturer was unable to reproduce the level of detail in Totleben's artwork. It also appeared in advance solicitations as cover art for issue #12, but was never intended to be that issue's cover.



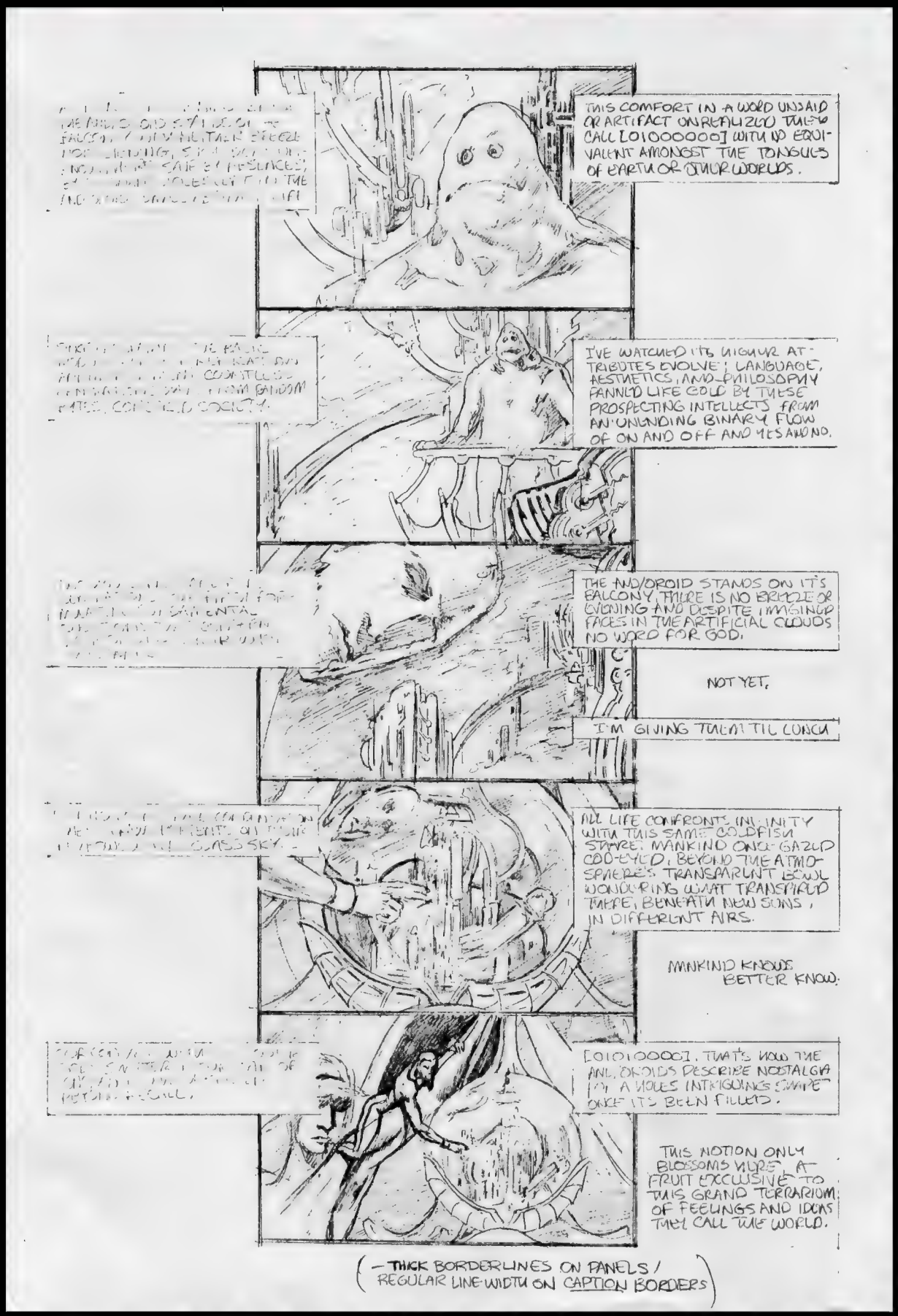
M

There's only one comic book title on the stands today that can offer you the critically acclaimed writing power of The Original Writer and the beautiful rendering style of John Totleben.

Only one.

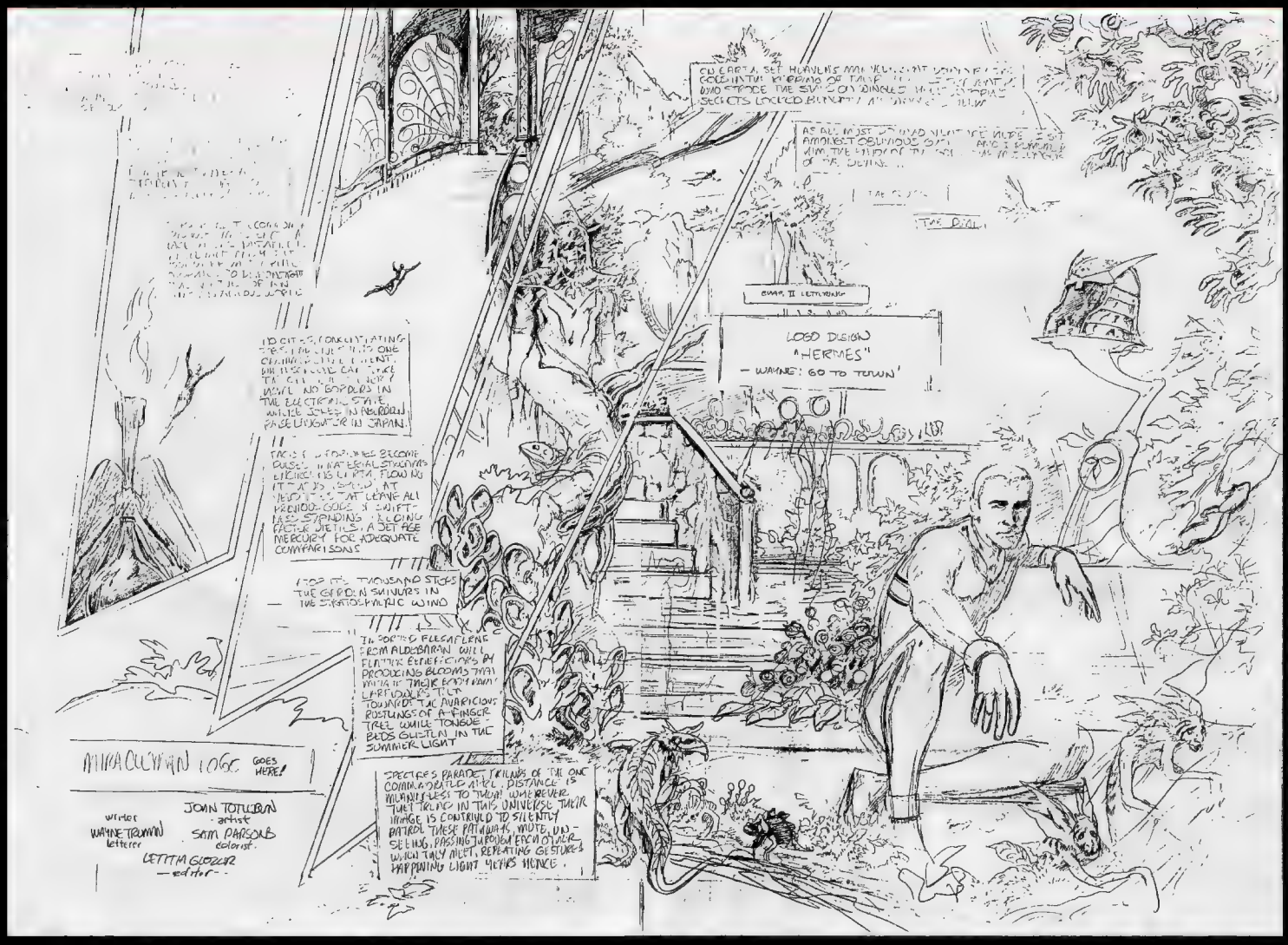
It starts with an M.

This chapter opens with the civilization that has evolved inside the glass globe atop Miracleman's throne.



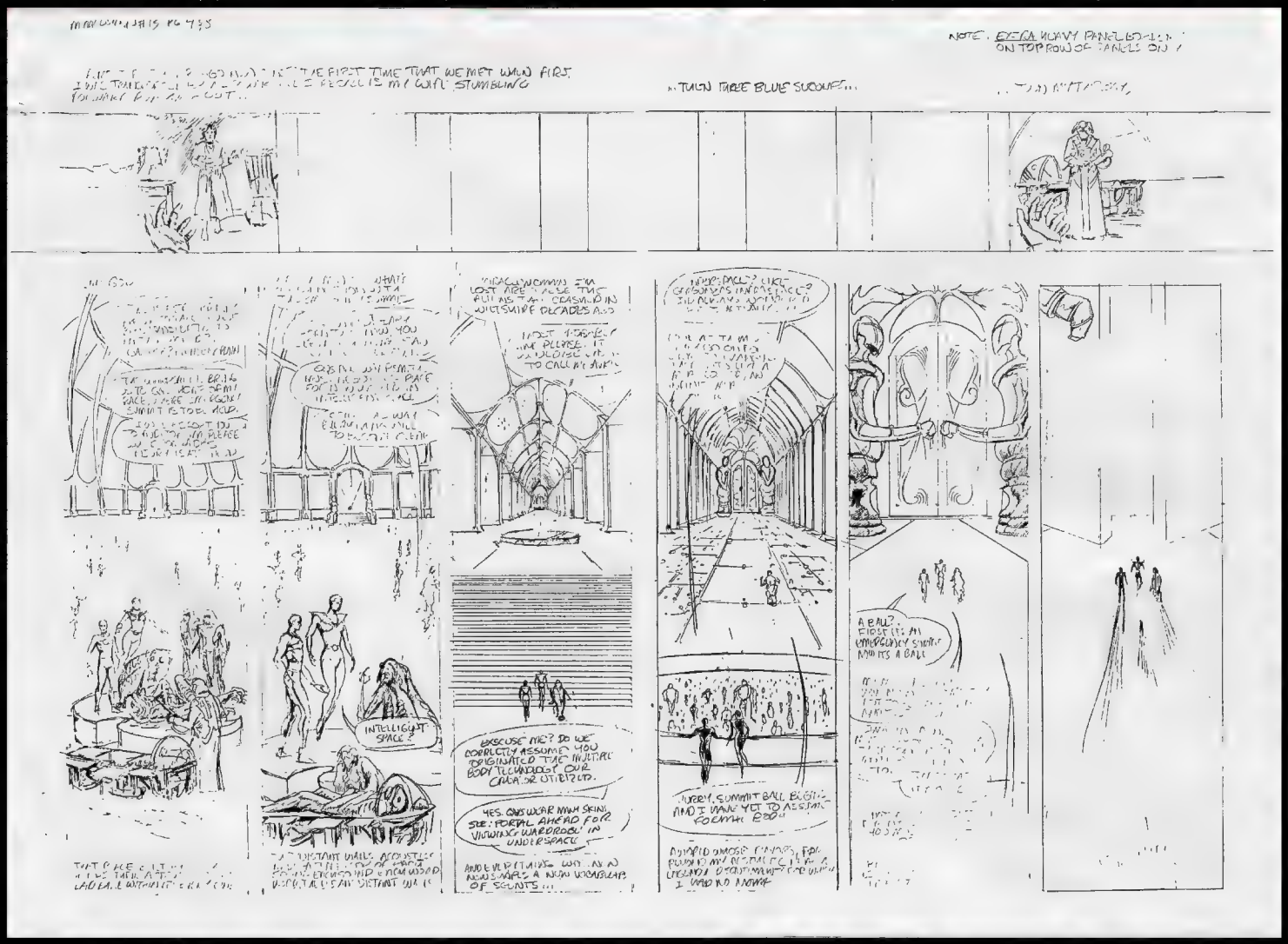
(—THICK BORDERLINES ON PANELS / REGULAR LINE-WIDTH ON CAPTION BORDERS)

Pages 2-3 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben



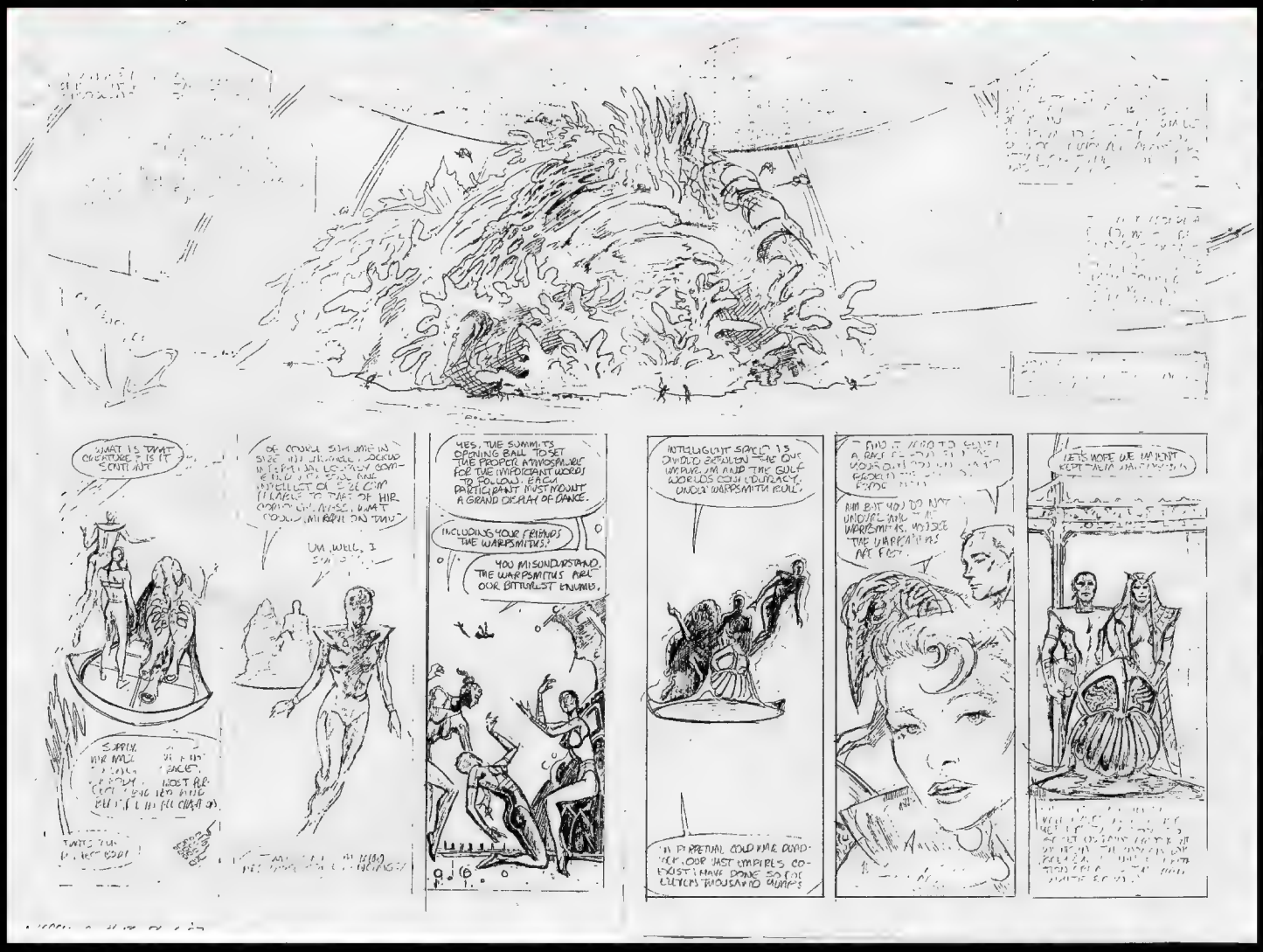
Little Nemo's influence is on full display as Miracleman enters the world of the Qys.

Soaring rooms, endless hallways and creatures that are not what they seem create a dream come real.



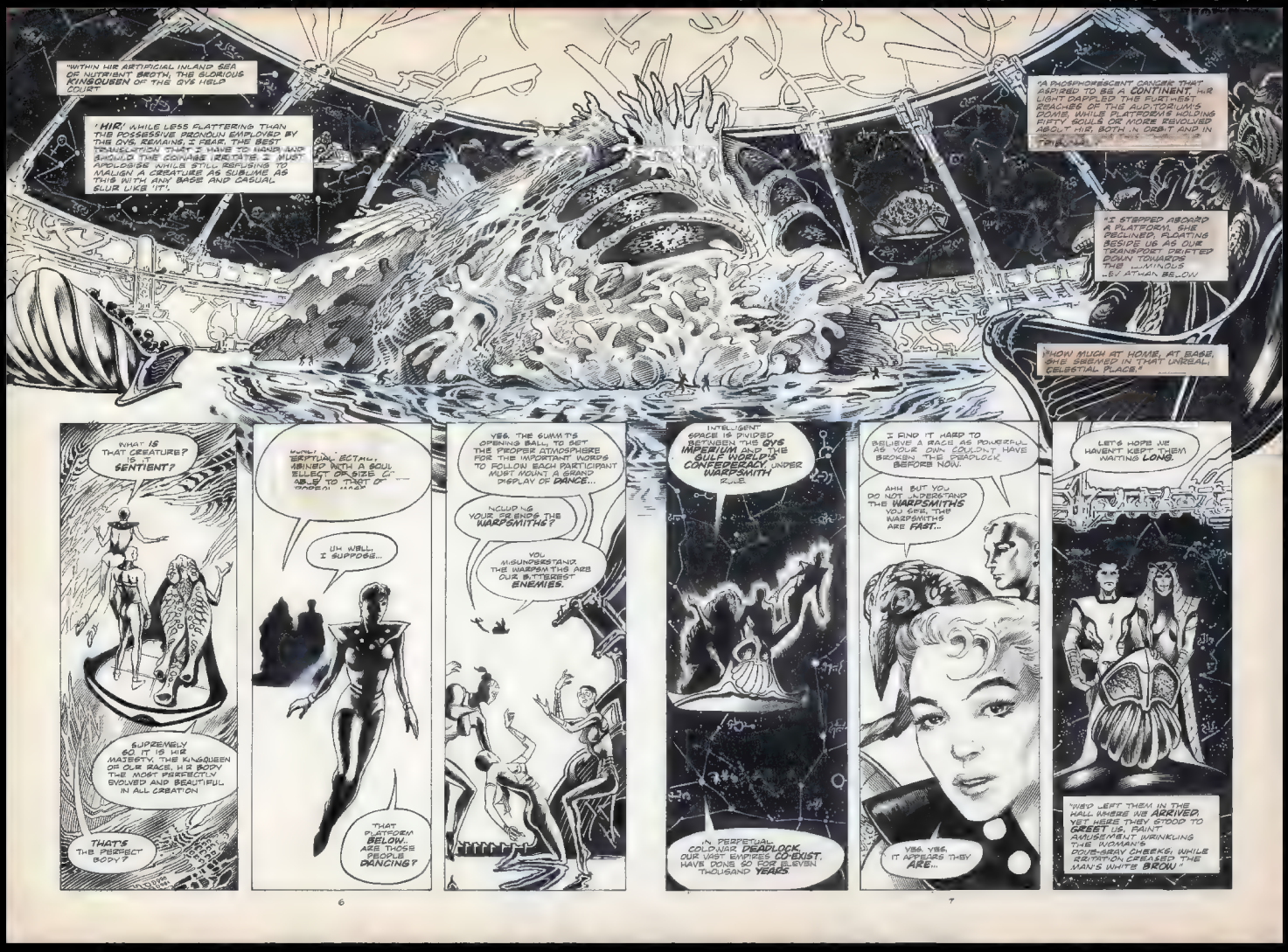
The doors to the summit room open with a flash not unlike Miracleman's transformation.

A new realm of experience and possibility unfolds before him.



The charts on the summit chamber walls are star maps of known worlds.

The Qys and the Warpsmiths contest and divide engagement with those qualifying as "intelligent space."

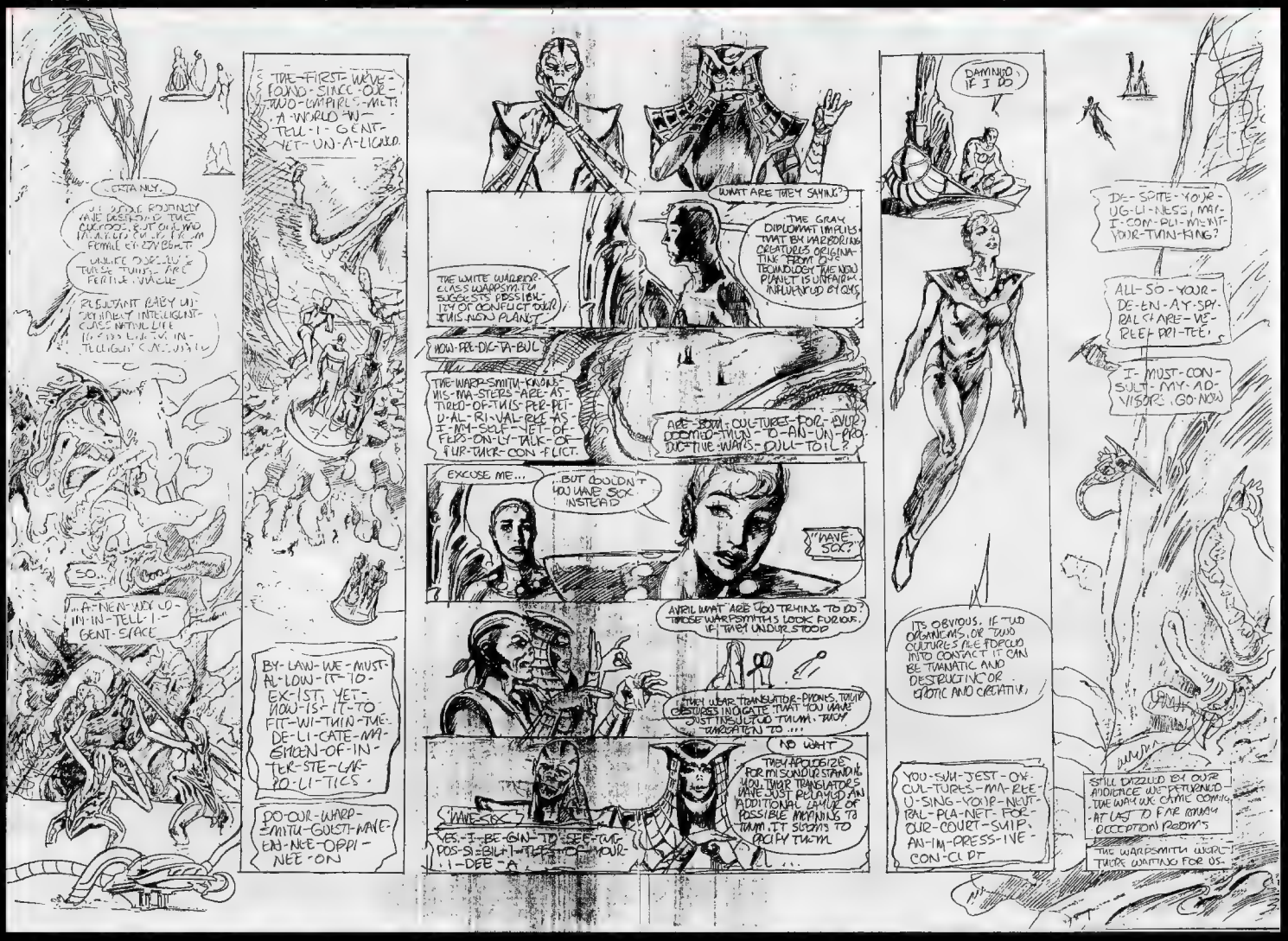


CURSE TO THAT ALL OTHER REELS ARE PAINFULLY SLOW
SILENCE
THEIR MASTERY OF SPACE WATCHES OUR OWN MANIPULATION OF IDENTITY. THEIR POWER IS..
A GENT OF THE QYS STAND FORTH
WE WILL COM MUN I CATE IN IN GUL ISH FOR THE CON VEE NEE ENCE OF OUR TE REST RE AL GUESTS.
A GENT OF THE QYS WHY ARE YOU NOT AT TIRED IN BO IDLE WEAR MORE FOR MAL AND A PRO PREE AT ?
YOUR PARDON, MAJESTY. I'VE HAD NO OPPORTUNITY FOR CHANGE. WILL MAKE REPAIR AT ONCE!
IT IS GOOD.
PLEASE NOW TO PRO VIDE ALL DE TAILS OF MI SHAN TO PLA NET EARTH
IT IS MY HONOR, MAJESTY.
SENT ON A FIRE DRAKE SWEEP THE QYS SHIP, GLA, CRASHED INTO PLANET EARTH WITH ALL HANDS LOST
INVESTIGATING WE DISCOVERED SIX EARTH BEASTS HAD BEEN TRANS FORMED BY DEBASED QYS TECHNOLOGY. THREE OF THESE CUCKOOS ARE NOW DEAD, TWO MORE ARE HERE.
WELL ?
SPEAK FORTH A GENT OF THE QYS. YOUR KING QUEEN WAITS TO HEAR HER ANSWER

Johnny Bates stands before his own tribunal — with Kid Miracleman as his only counsel.

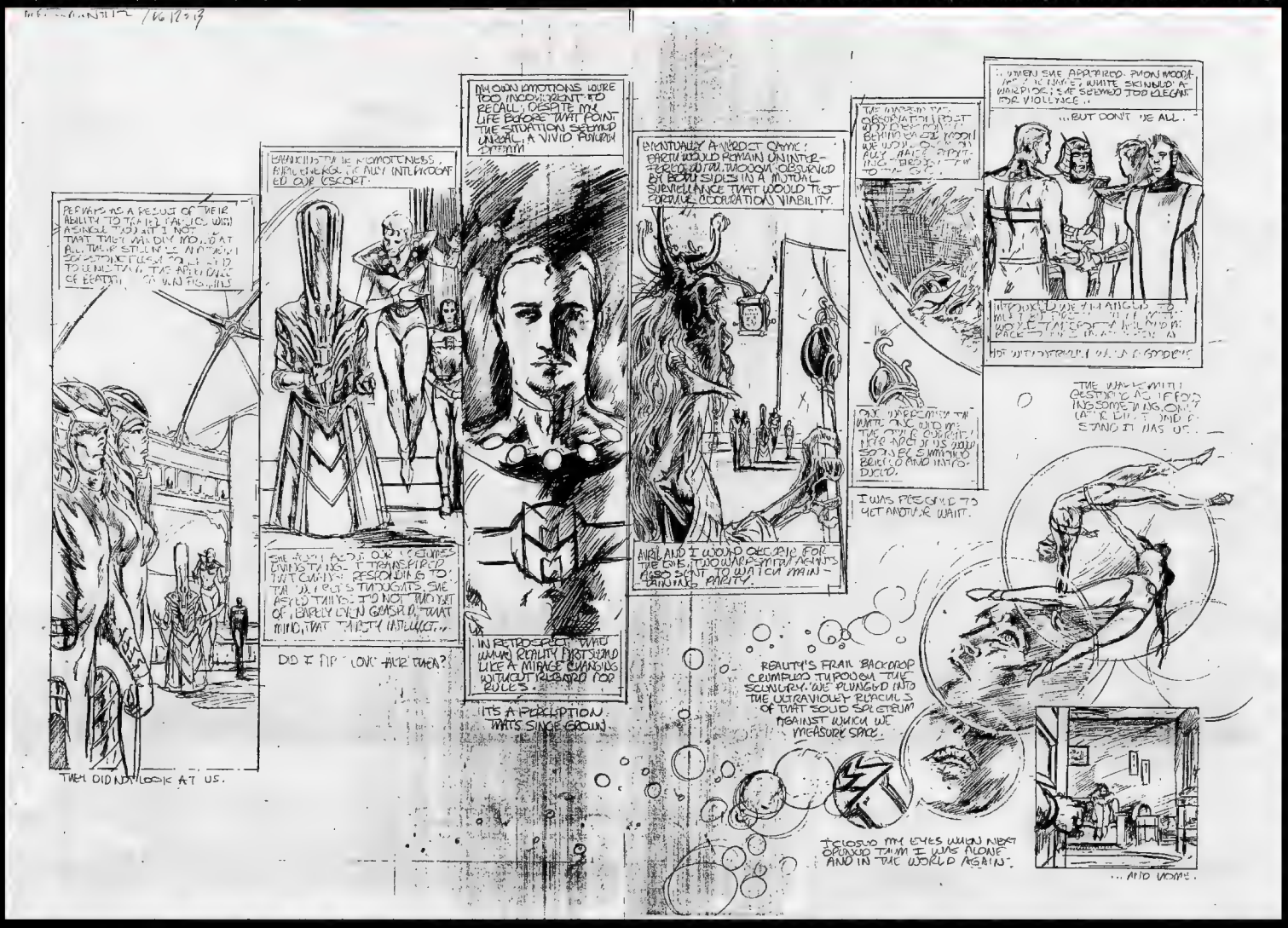
Double-page spreads are used as a structural device throughout the scenes set on Qys.

The format underscores the utter vastness of the Qys' world and their civilization's broader view of life.



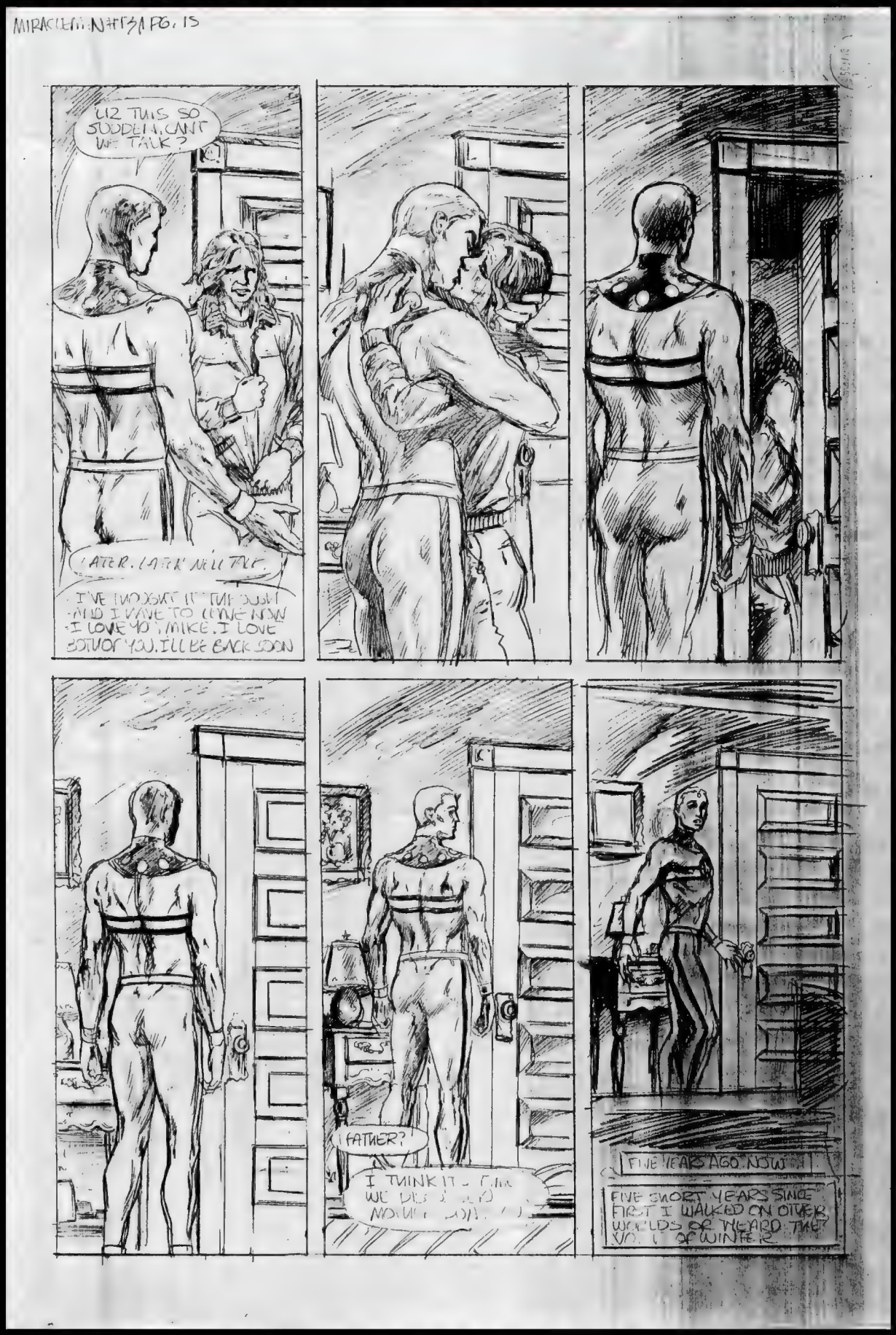
This spread's final art employs color as a key storytelling device.

Each panel is matched to a color in the visual spectrum to convey the broader lens Miracleman sees through.

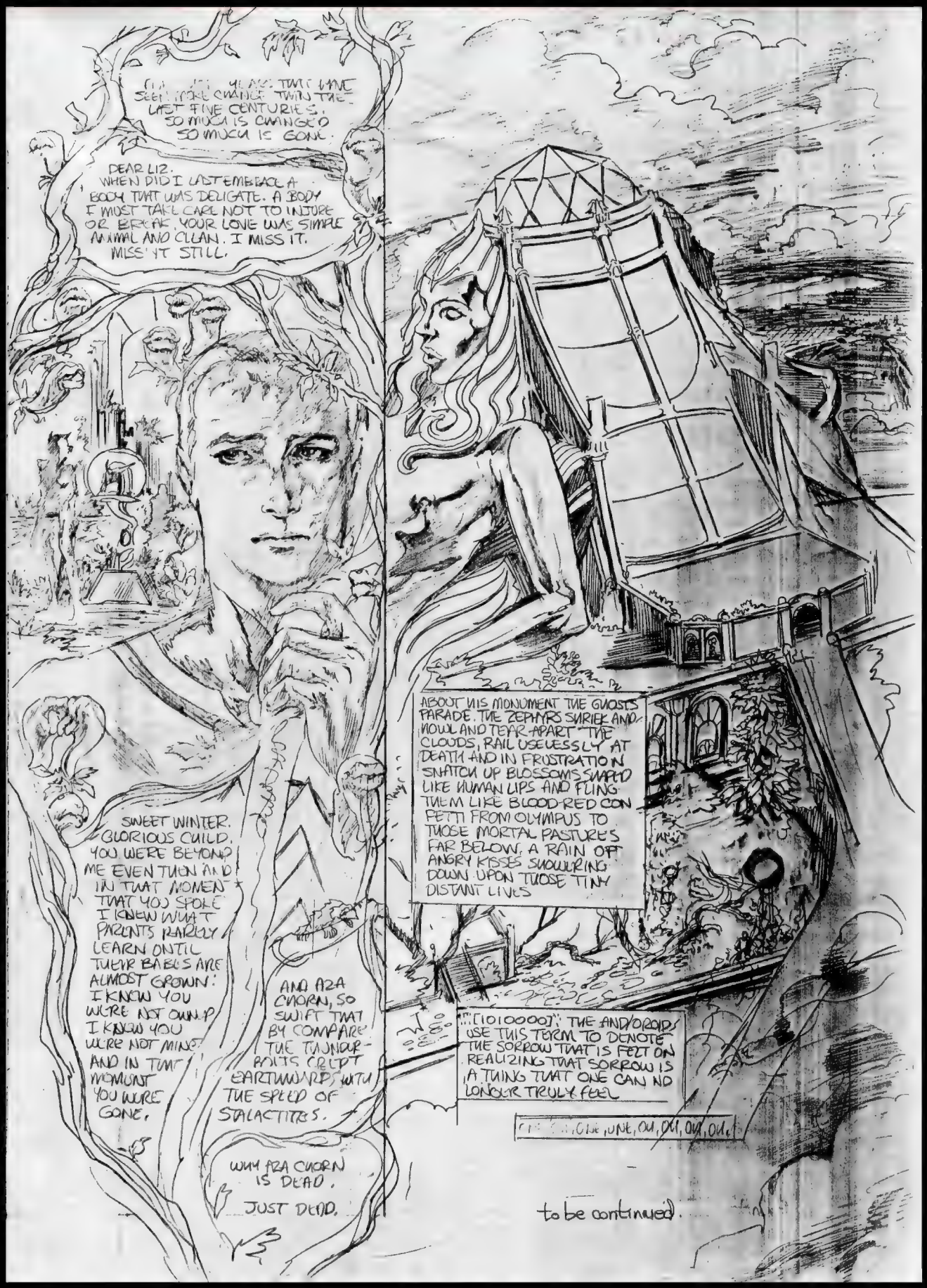


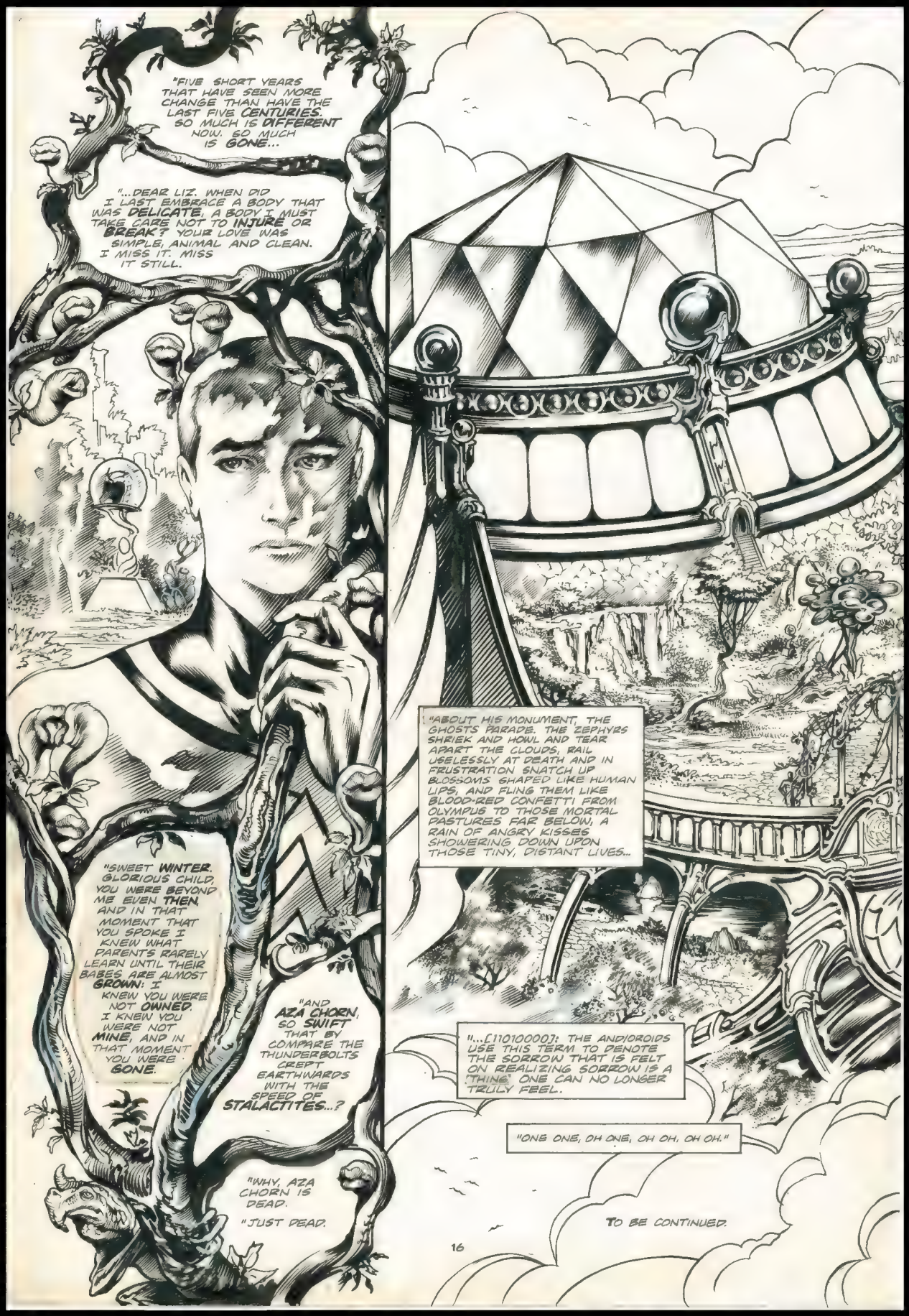
Shifting from the expansive double-page spreads on Qys, Miracleman's return to Earth brings with it a page design that retracts into a grid layout. The normal world suddenly becomes confining by comparison.

So enamored with his journey and exposure to the Qys and Warpsmiths, Miracleman can no longer comprehend how overwhelming their recent experiences have been for Liz.

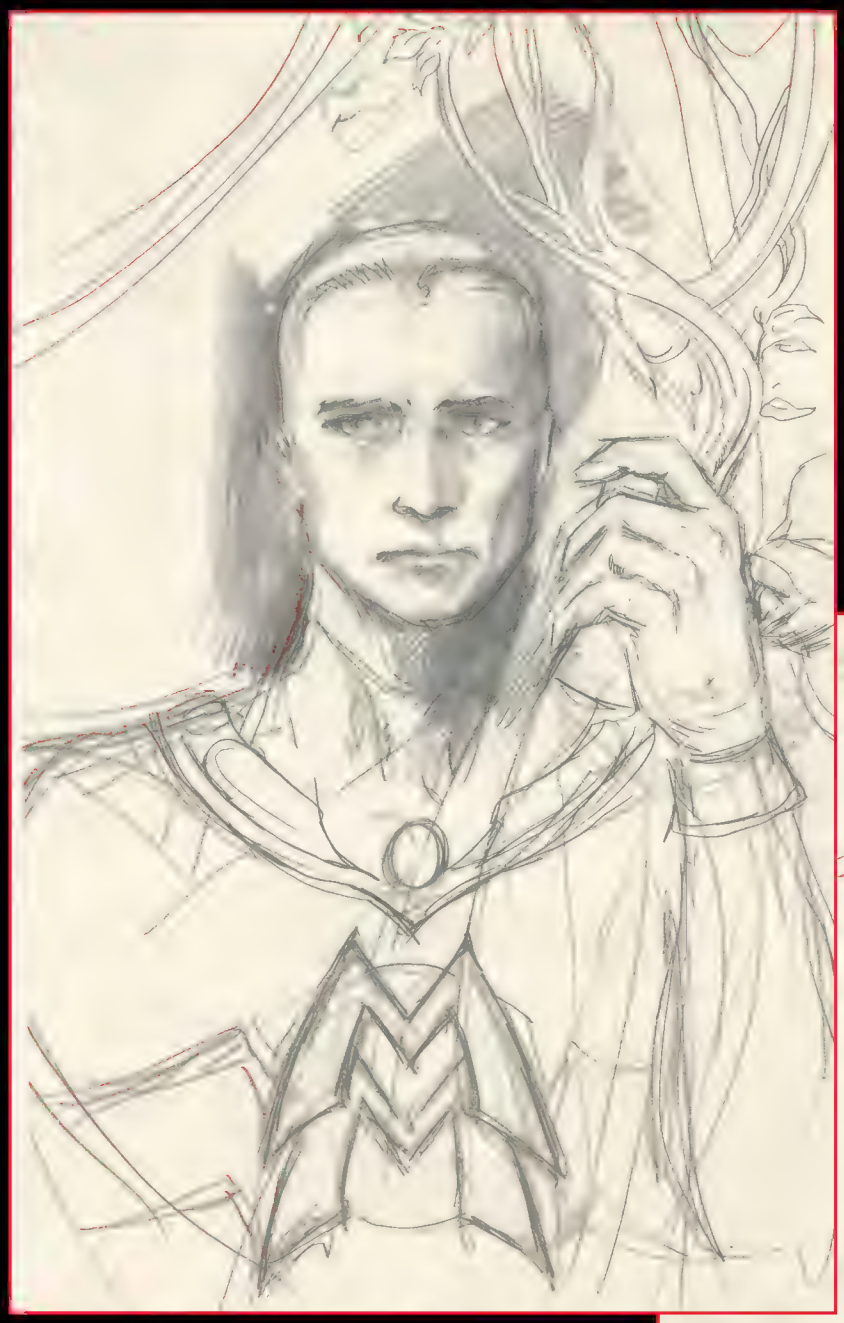


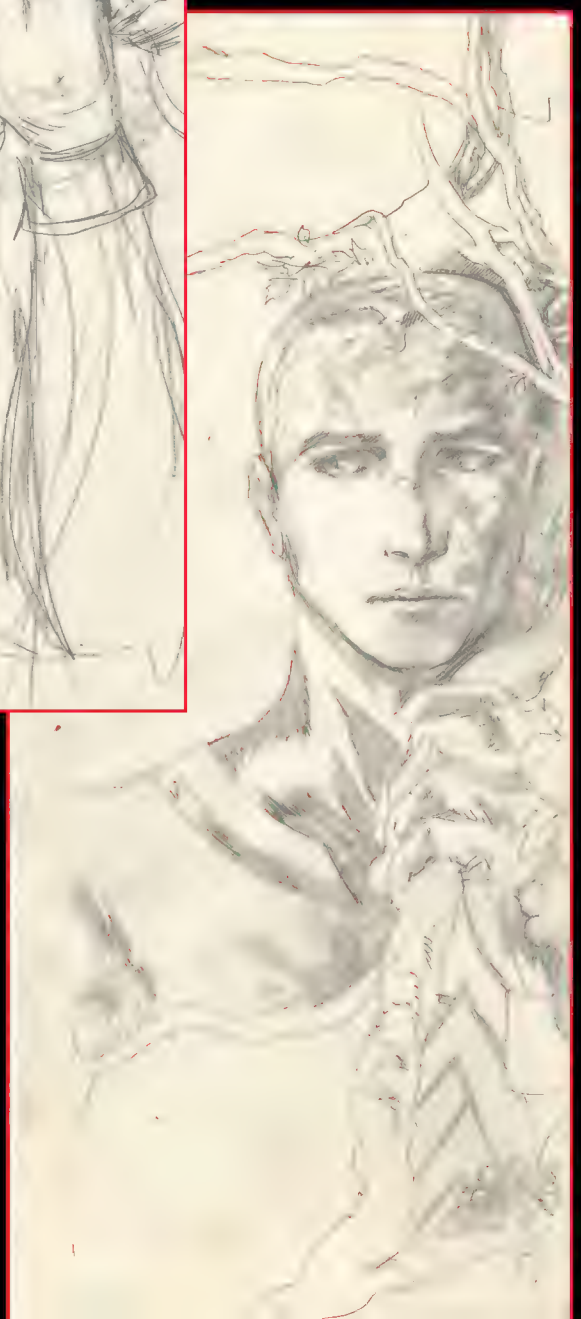
In the final artwork, Totleben revised the second panel, redesigning Olympus' peak and cropping in closer on the memorial gardens.




"FIVE SHORT YEARS THAT HAVE SEEN MORE CHANGE THAN HAVE THE LAST FIVE CENTURIES. SO MUCH IS DIFFERENT NOW. SO MUCH IS GONE...
"...DEAR LIZ. WHEN DID I LAST EMBRACE A BODY THAT WAS DELICATE, A BODY I MUST TAKE CARE NOT TO INJURE OR BREAK? YOUR LOVE WAS SIMPLE, ANIMAL AND CLEAN. I MISS IT. MISS IT STILL.
"SWEET WINTER. GLORIOUS CHILD, YOU WERE BEYOND ME EVEN THEN, AND IN THAT MOMENT THAT YOU SPOKE I KNEW WHAT PARENTS RARELY LEARN UNTIL THEIR BABES ARE ALMOST GROWN: I KNEW YOU WERE NOT OWNED. I KNEW YOU WERE NOT MINE, AND IN THAT MOMENT YOU WERE GONE.
"AND AZA CHORN, SO SWIFT THAT BY COMPARE THE THUNDERBOLTS CREPT EARTHWARDS WITH THE SPEED OF STALACTITES...?
"WHY, AZA CHORN IS DEAD.
"JUST DEAD.
"ABOUT HIS MONUMENT, THE GHOSTS PARADE. THE ZEPHYRS SHRIEK AND HOWL AND TEAR APART THE CLOUDS, RAIL USELESSLY AT DEATH AND IN FRUSTRATION SNATCH UP BLOSSOMS SHAPED LIKE HUMAN LIPS, AND FLING THEM LIKE BLOOD-RED CONFETTI FROM OLYMPUS TO THOSE MORTAL PASTURES FAR BELOW, A RAIN OF ANGRY KISSES SHOWERING DOWN UPON THOSE TINY, DISTANT LIVES...
"...[11010000]: THE ANDIOROIDS USE THIS TERM TO DENOTE THE SORROW THAT IS FELT ON REALIZING SORROW IS A 'THING' ONE CAN NO LONGER TRULY FEEL.
"ONE ONE, OH ONE, OH OH, OH OH."
TO BE CONTINUED.
16

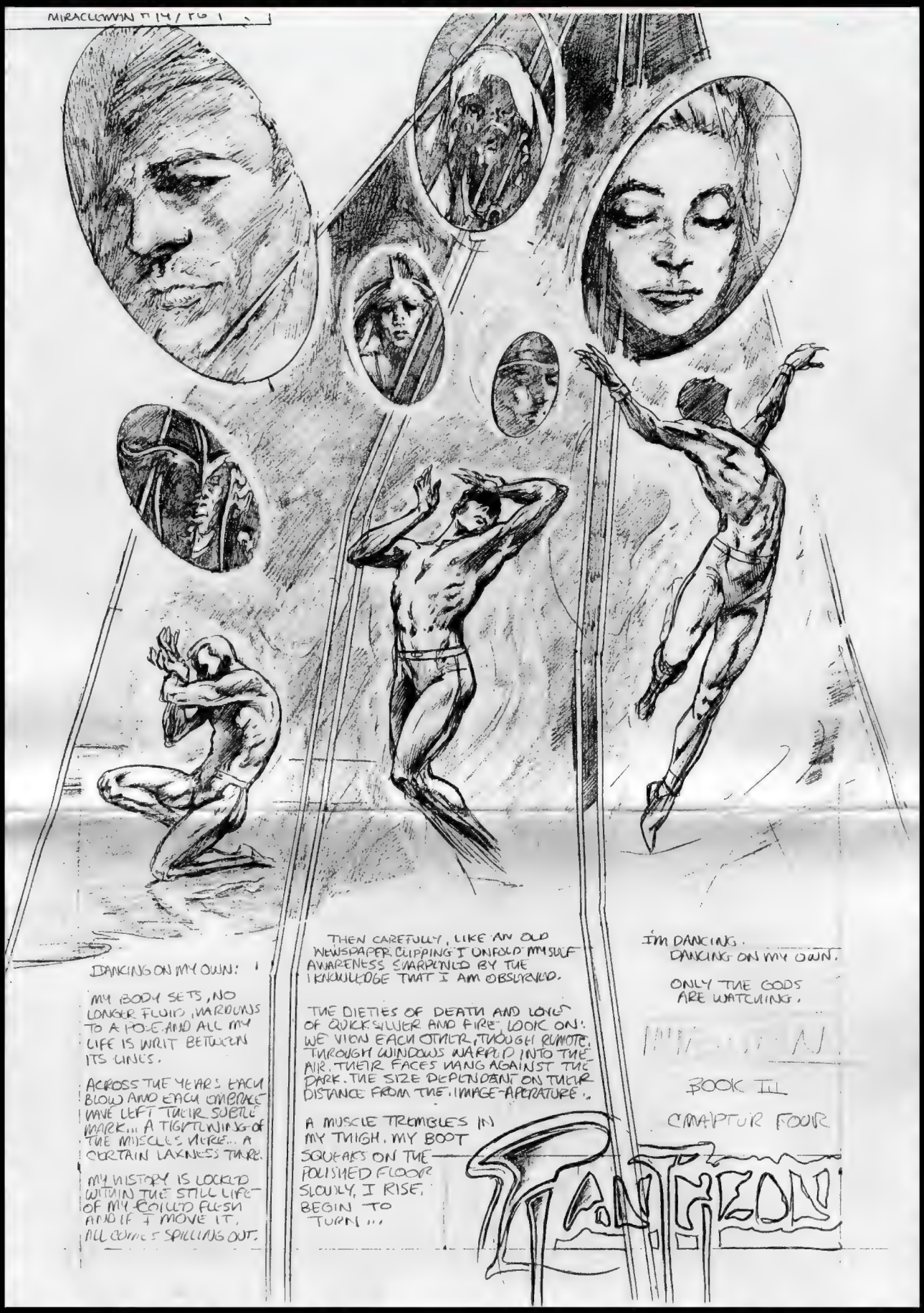
MIRACLEMAN #13 | November 1987 | "Hermes" | Page 16 | Pencil Studies | By John Totleben





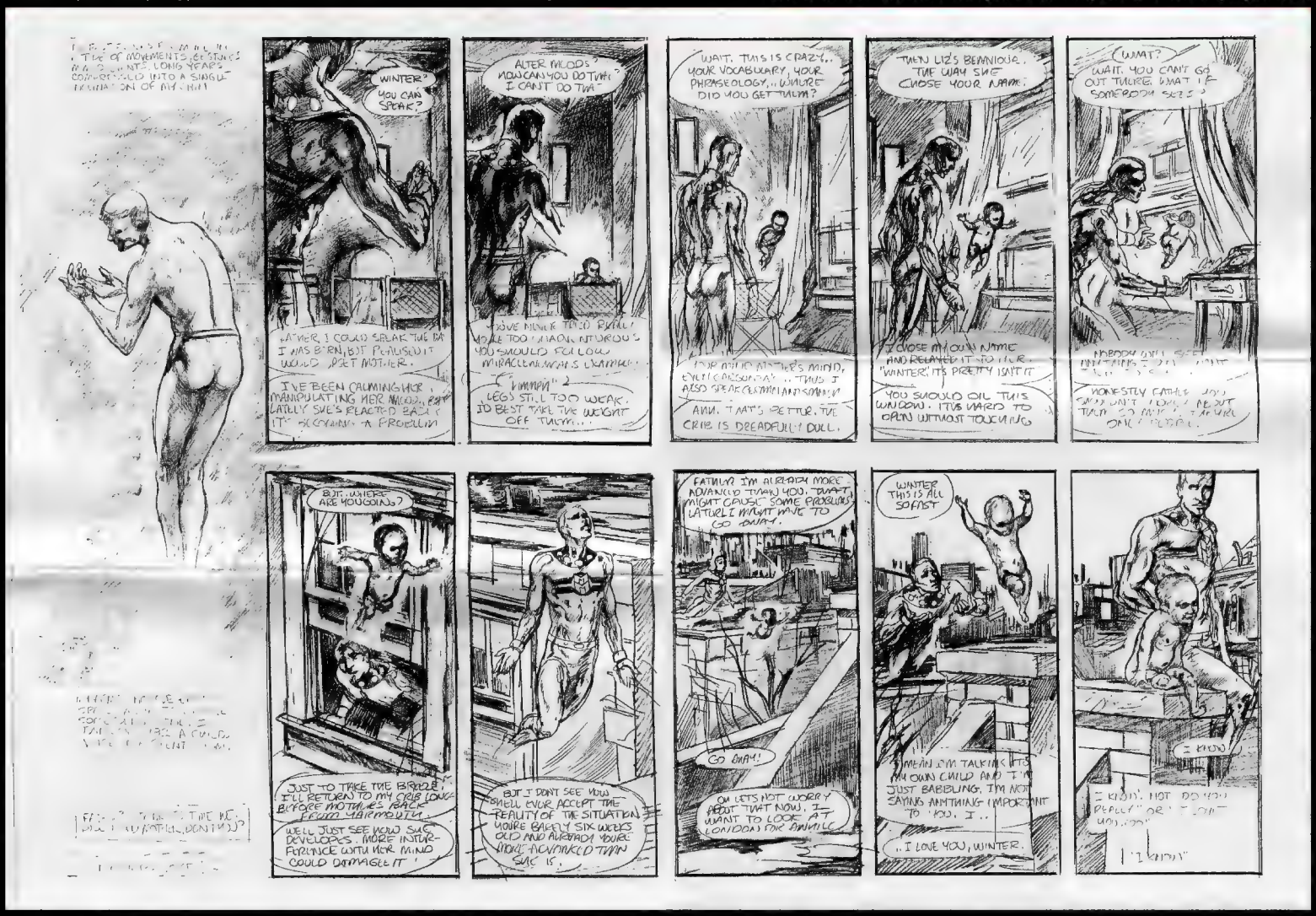
MIRACLEMAN #14 | April 1988 | "Pantheon" | Page 1 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

Though concealed, the new members of the Pantheon — Huey Moon, Mors, Kana Blur, Phon Mooda and the British Bulldog — watch on as Miracleman begins his tragic dance.



Miracleman's pose in the opening panel embodies his love and concern for Winter, as if he was cradling her.

But all children leave the home eventually and the closer they're held, the sooner they may break free.



Miracleman's tightly grasped hands convey the bonds being formed with Miraclewoman and the Warpsmiths.

MIRACLEMAN #14/PG.4
"I'M DANCING, TURNING LIKE A WORLD. MY BODY MOVES FROM SPACE TO SPACE, MY MIND FROM TIME TO TIME...
"...LIZ CALLED TO SAY SHE WASN'T COMING HOME YET; THAT SHE LOVED ME; THAT SHE WAS CONFUSED.
"AS WE GREW DISTANT, WORLDS ELSEWHERE DREW CLOSER. JOINING AVRIL, I'D ARRANGED TO MEET THE WARPSMITHS IN THEIR HOUSE BEHIND EARTH'S MOON. I LEFT WINTER READING, ALONE...
"...IT'S NOT AS IF SHE NEEDED ME.
"I MET WITH AVRIL IN DEEP SPACE, HER COSTUME BRIGHT AGAINST THE MILKY WAY'S PEARLY BLUR, AND WAS SURPRISED AT HOW MUCH IT EXCITED ME TO MEET WITH HER AGAIN.
"BEHIND THE MOON WE FOUND A WORLD OF CRYSTAL SHOT WITH STEEL, ALIGHTING ON A YAWNING AIRLOCK'S RIM.
"AS LIGHT AND ATMOSPHERE SPILLED THROUGH THE INNER DOOR, WE SAW THE WARPSMITHS COME TO GREET US: TALL PHON MOODA, GLOWERING AZA CHORN...
"...SINCE LAST WE'D MET THEY'D MASTERED ENGLISH, PERFECT B.B.C. PRONUNCIATION THAT SEEMED QUITE INCONGRUOUS AMONGST THE OTHERWORLDLY HALLS THEY LED US THROUGH.
"IT SEEMED, BEYOND OUR WORLD, THERE WAS A COSMOS FILLED WITH FABLE, WHERE THE QYS WERE DRAGONS, AND THE WARPSMITHS SORCERERS..."
MY GOD. WHAT'S THAT?
A HOLOGRAM, PROJECTED ON A CONTOURED BASE THAT SHOWS TERRESTRIAL EVENTS AS THEY OCCUR. IF YOU DESIRE, WE'LL STROLL ACROSS IT WHILE WE TALK.
JOHN TOTLEBEN
4

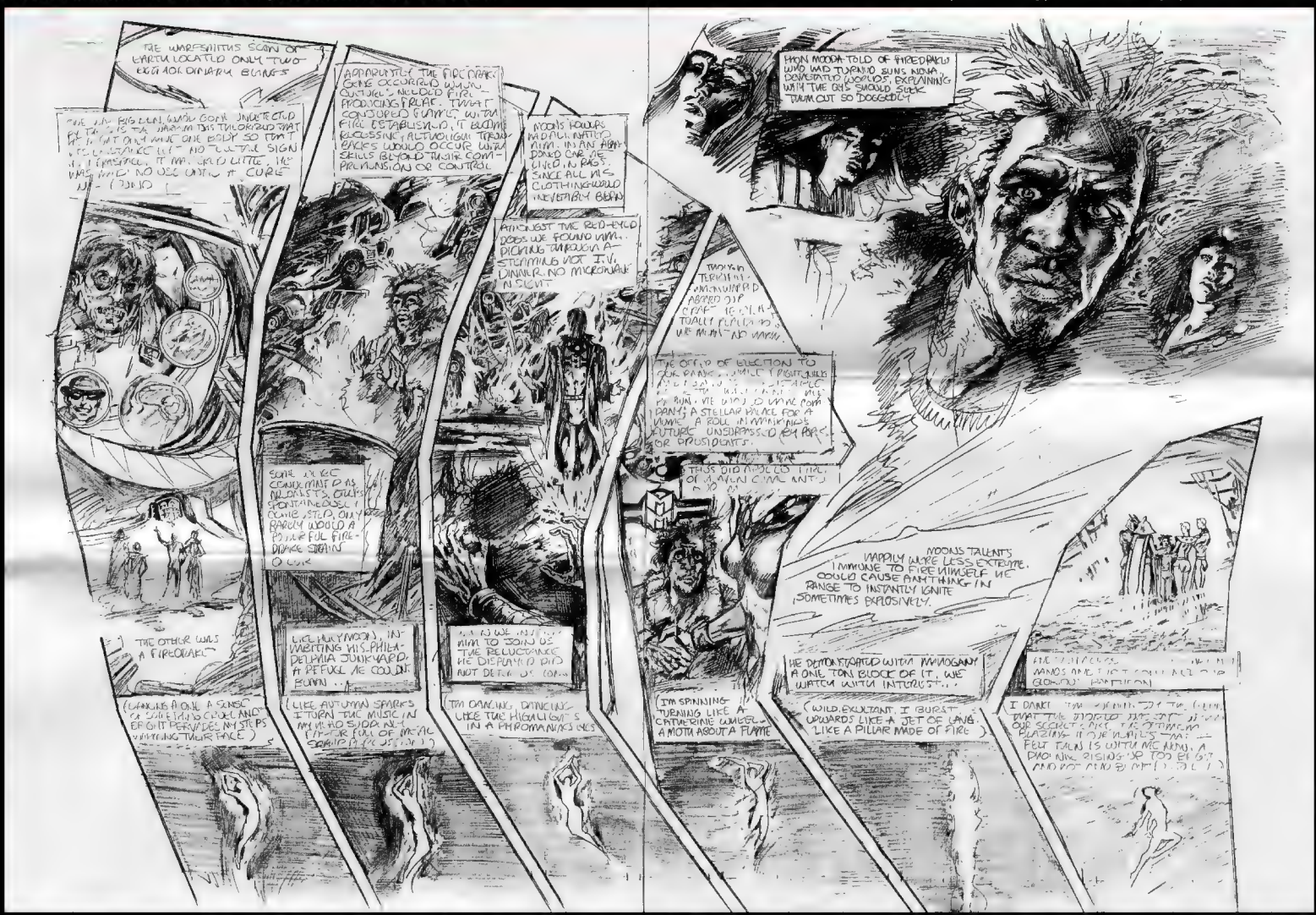
MIRACLEMAN #14 | April 1988 | "Pantheon" | Page 5 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

The Pantheon stand as giants astride the world; their towering forms and whimsical demeanor channel *Little Nemo*.

M.M. #14 / Pg. 5
CAREFUL...THE SPIN IS FASTER THAN IT LOOKS...
WITH PRACTICE, ONE BECOMES ACCUSTOMED TO THE MOTION, THE EXPERIENCE OUTWEIGHING THE DISCOMFORT THAT'S INVOLVED.
YOUR WORLD'S A FASCINATING PLACE. ENJOY THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SEE IT AND REMEMBER IT AS IT IS NOW.
WHY? WILL IT CHANGE?
INVARIABLY. IT'S THE LAW OF EXTRAORDINARY BEINGS: INTRODUCE ONE TO A CULTURE AND THERE'LL SOON BE DOZENS. I HAVE SEEN IT PROVEN ON A DOZEN DIFFERENT WORLDS.
YOU'LL NOTICE THERE'RE ALREADY FOUR OF US
THEN WE'VE SOMEHOW CAUSED OTHER SUPERHUMANS TO OCCUR?
NOT YOU: THE FIREDRAKE THAT THE QYS WERE SEEKING WHEN THEY CRASHED, WHICH MADE YOU POSSIBLE AND BROUGHT US HERE.
IF THERE ARE ANY OTHER SUPERHUMANS HERE ON EARTH, THE GATHERING WILL BRING THEM WITHIN REACH.
"THE GATHERING"? WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S STANDARD PRACTICE WITH NEW WORLDS TO SEEK OUT THEIR EXISTING TALENT AND ASSEMBLE IT. BETTER SUCH CREATURES BECOME FRIENDS THAN TURN AGAINST US WHEN OUR PRESENCE BECOMES KNOWN.
YOUR WORLD ENTERS A NEW AND GLORIOUS AGE. WE MUST ALL WORK AS ONE TO BASE ITS TRANSFORMATION. THE CHANGE IS WORTH THE EFFORT, BE ASSURED.
INDEED, YOU'LL HARDLY RECOGNIZE THE PLACE.
Totleben

Miracleman's dance burns with enthusiasm for Huey Moon's entrance into the Pantheon's ranks.

He erupts into a blazing phoenix, but soon tragedy will turn that fire to ash.



MIRACLEMAN #14 / PGS 6-7
"THE WARPSMITHS SCAN OF EARTH LOCATED ONLY TWO EXTRADIMENSIONAL BEINGS
"ONE WAS BIG BEN, WHO, SOME UNDETECTED BY THE SYS THE WARPSMITHS THEMSELVES THAT HE WASN'T ONLY HAVE ONE BODY SO THAT HIS EXISTENCE LEFT NO TELTALE SIGN IN INFRASPACE. IT MATTERED LITTLE. HE WAS MAD. NO CURE WAS EVER
"THE OTHER WAS A FIREDRAKE
DANCING ALONE, A SENSE OF SOMETHING CRUEL AND ANGRY
"ACCIDENTALLY, THE FIREDRAKE GENE CONFERRED WHEN CULTURES NEEDED FIRE, PRODUCING FREAKS THAT CONJURED FLAME. WITH FIRE BECOMING THE DOMINANT BEHAVIOR, RECESSIVE, ALTHOUGH THROWBACKS WOULD OCCUR WITH BEYOND THEIR COMPREHENSION OR CONTROL
"SOME WERE DOMINATED AS ARSONISTS. THESE SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUSTED ONLY RARELY, WOULD A POWERFUL
LIKE HUEY MOON
BURN
"MOON'S POWERS WERE ALIENATED WHEN IN AN ABANDONED CAR HE LOST HIS RAGS SINCE AS HE CLOTHING WOULD BURN
"MOON'S ARMS WERE BARED, HIS BODY THE SOLID HIS BURNING THROUGH A STEAM NO LONGER NO LONGER IN SIGHT
KIM DANCING, DANCING LIKE THE HIGHLIGHTS IN A PYROMANIAC'S EYES
US LONG
"THOUGH TERRIFIED WHEN WARPED AROUND OUR CRAFT SIGNALLING HIS UNDERSTOOD HE MEANT NO HARM
"THE OFFER OF ELECTION TO OUR RANKS WAS ... AND NEW, WAS IRRESISTIBLE AFTER THE WILDERNESS HE'D KNOWN. THE WORLD WAS COMPANY. A STRANGE PLACE FOR A HOME. A FOLK IN RANKS THAT WOULD PASSED BY POPES OR PRESIDENTS
"AND DO APOLLO, AS HE HAS DONE NO
KIM SPINNING, TURNING LIKE A CATHERINE WHEEL, A MOTH ABOUT A CANDLE
"MOON'S TALENTS WARPED WERE LESS EXTREME WHILE TO FIRE A WEAPON HE COULD CAUSE ANYTHING IN RANGE TO INSTANTLY ... EXPLOSIVELY.
"HE DEVOUR-RATED IN MAHOGANY. A ONE ON BUILDING INTEREST
WILD, EXULTANT, I BURST UPWARDS LIKE A JET OF NOVA, LIKE A PILLAR OF FIRE.
"AND THEN HUMANITY ... SOMEWHERE ... PANTHEON
CURE: THE ... IN OUR HEARTS. THEN IS BIRTH, HIS PHOENIX RISING UP TO ... HOT AND BRIGHT.

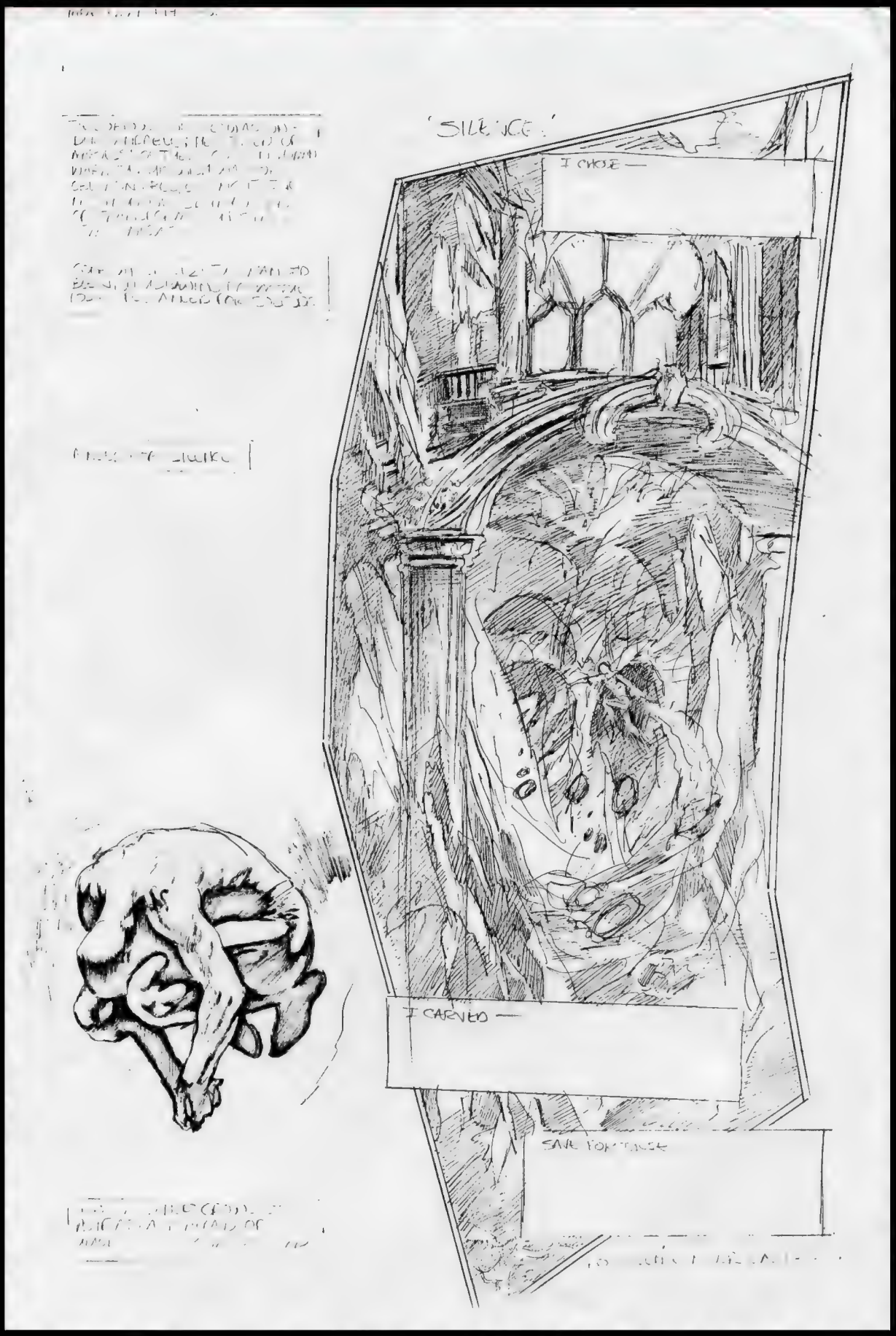
Pained, Miracleman reaches out for something missing. His pose here is the reverse of "Pantheon" pages 2-3.

Instead of cradling something dear, the pose underscores Miracleman's sadness over the loss of his wife.

As his sorrows mount, Miracleman raises his hands to shelter himself from facing Michael Moran's "suicide."

MIRACLEMAN #14 | April 1988 | "Pantheon" | Page 12 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

With the loss of his family and his previous life complete, Miracleman closes himself off into a ball; all movement stops, and he sinks into silence.



"THE CURIOUS SUICIDE WAS UNDERSTANDABLE: HE'D TIRED OF MARVELS; OF THEIR COST IN HUMAN WARMTH. HIS WISH WAS FOR OBLIVION. RESPECTING IT, I'VE NOT PRONOUNCED MY WORD OF TRANSFORMATION SINCE THAT NIGHT.
"GONE: WINTER; LIZ; THE MAN I'D BEEN. WITHDRAWING FROM THE LOSS, I FELT A NEED FOR SOLITUDE.
"A NEED FOR SILENCE.
"HERE THE DANCE GROWS STILL, AS IF AT LAST AFRAID OF WHERE ITS STEPS MIGHT LEAD.
"I CHOSE THE NAME AS CAREFULLY AS I CHOSE THE SITE: DOWN IN THE MARIANAS TRENCH, CHALLENGER DEEPS, ITS DEEPEST POINT.
"I CARVED MY HOME FROM ROCKS THAT HAD FOREVER BEEN UNTOUCHED BY LIGHT, DOWN WHERE STRANGE FISHES, PAPER-THIN, SURVIVED IN PRESSURES THAT CRUSHED EVEN THEIR MOST THICKLY-ARMORED KIN.
"SAVE FOR THESE SIGHTLESS SHOALS I WORKED ALONE, AND BUILT MY HOUSE AND NAMED IT SILENCE, KNOWING EVEN THEN, PERHAPS, THAT IT COULD NOT ENDURE FOR LONG AS MY REFUGE...
"...FOR SILENCE NEVER LASTS.
TOTLEBEN
12

Miracleman explodes into motion. The agony of what is to come rips across his face as he raises his arms and looks up, searching for answers.

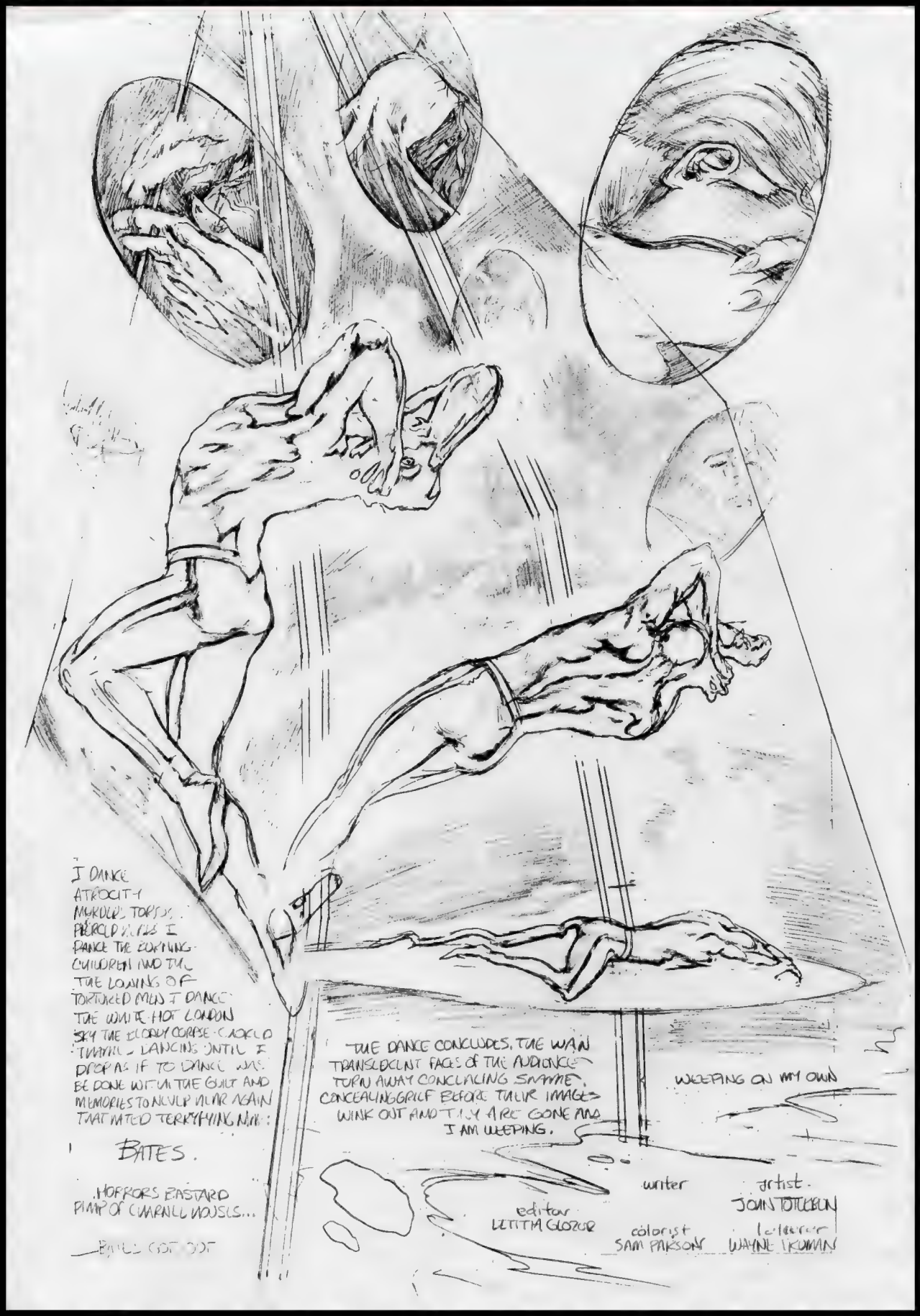
MIRACLEMAN #14/PG. 13
"THE FINAL MOVEMENT STARTS WITH AN UNNERVING SUDDENESS; WITH VIOLENCE IN MY EVERY MOVE; WITH PANIC IN MY EYES.
"IN 1985, WE WENT TO HELL AND LEARNED THE COST OF PARADISE.
LOOKADIM CRYIN'! WOTCHA CRYIN' FOR, YER LITTUL POOF? THAT DIDDUN URT.
ENT LIKE A PROPER BLOKE, IZZY? MORE LIKE A SKINNY LITTUL TART.
YEAH.
YEAH, A'SSRIGHT. JUSS LIKE A TART.
I FINK I'LL GIVE 'IM ONE.
NAR! C'MON, YOU MENTAL BLEEDER, LEAVE 'IM.
LOOK WADDAPPUND LARST YEAR; WHEN YOU SHAGGED THAT KID..
SHATCHAFAKKINOLE AND WOTCH THE DOOR.
GOO ON, PETE. TURN 'IM OVER.
WHAT...?
...WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME? STOP IT!
STOP IT!
THERE...
AAAAAAA!
OH, NOOOOO. OH PLEASE, DON'T. I CAN'T TAKE THIS. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I CAN'T!
YOU LOVE IT, YOU LITTUL POOF. SAY YOU LOVE IT.
I...
...I'M SORRY.
I'M SO SORRY.
MIRACLEMAN.
"IN 1985, THE CHILD WAS WEEPING IN A ROOM THAT STANK OF STEAM AND PEOPLE'S FEET. HE HAD ENDURED SO MUCH, COULD NOT BE BLAMED FOR WHAT HE DID. I HAD ABANDONED HIM. THE FAULT WAS MINE. ALL MINE.
"IN 1985...
13
JOHN TOTLEBEN

MIRACLEMAN #14 | April 1988 | "Pantheon" | Page 14 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

After three years trapped by Johnny Bates, Kid Miracleman returns in a blinding flash. An open, white panel captures the reader's shock and offers a space for limitless horrors to be imagined.

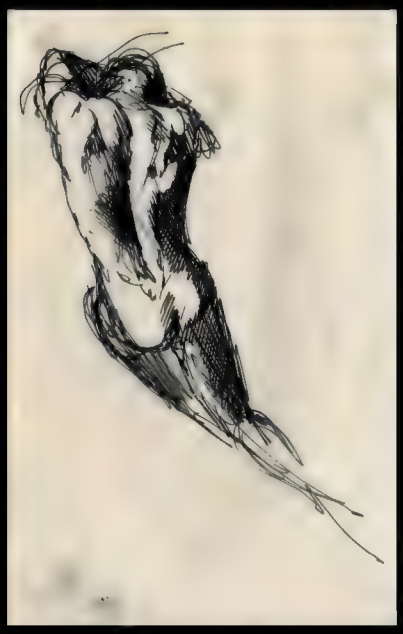
The use of a nine-panel grid establishes a steady, inevitable, drum-beat timing, leading to the savage murder of Nurse Trish.

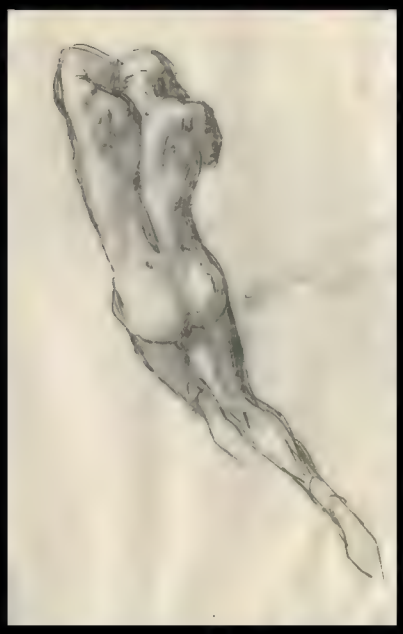
Miracleman's dance ends in convulsions and then complete collapse. The Pantheon turn away in tears, moved by the dance and shamed by how their inaction made them complicit in Kid Miracleman's atrocities.



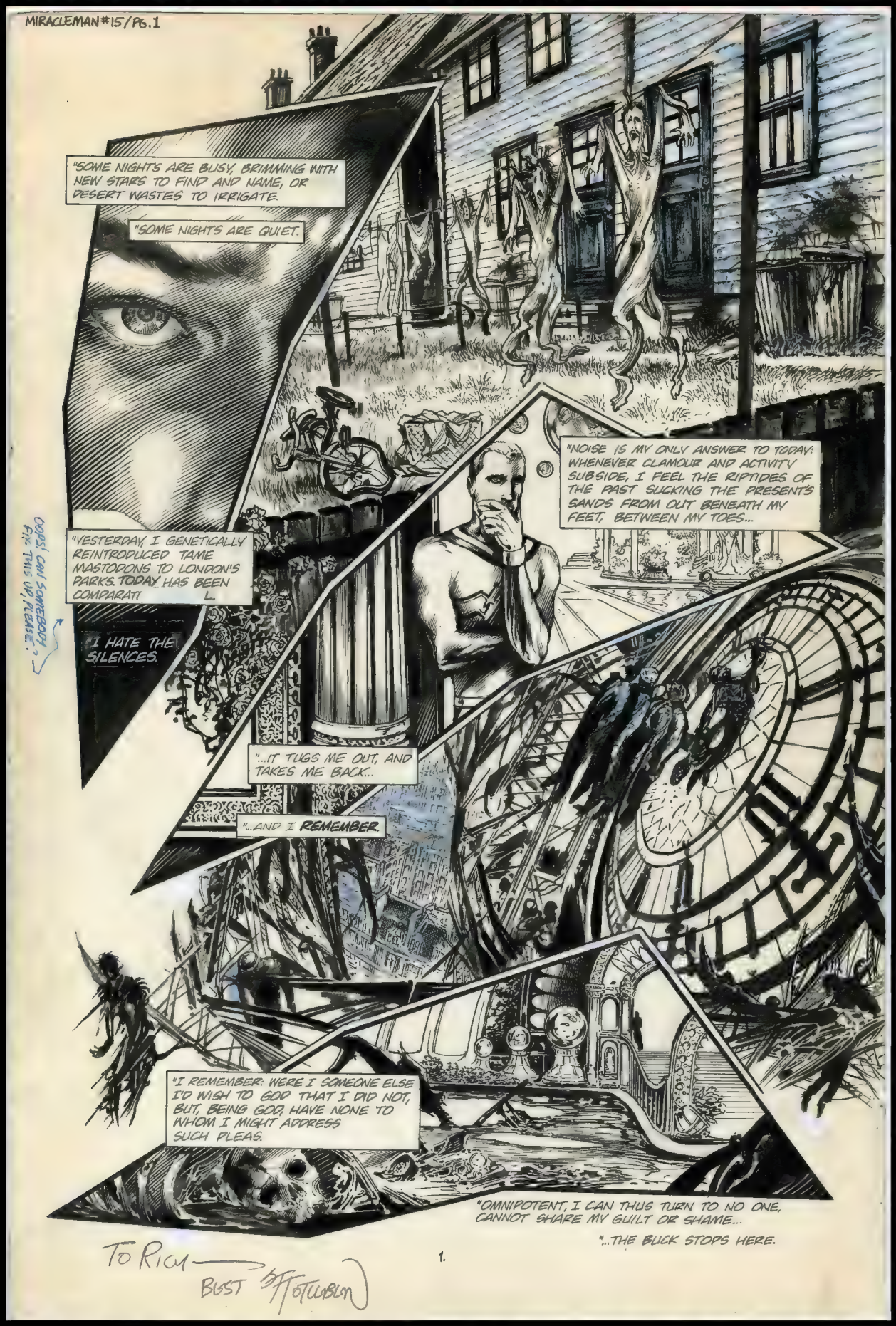
MIRACLEMAN #14 | April 1988 | "Pantheon" | Dance Figure Studies | By John Totleben

Among all John Totleben's exceptional art on *Miracleman*, his work on the dance sequence in "Pantheon" is perhaps the most striking. Totleben did numerous figure studies for the sequence. He captures the most delicate nuances in Miracleman's movement with breathtaking skill. The results are beautiful expressions of the figure in motion, conveying anguish and regret — a truly intimate emotional prelude to the horror to come.





Pencil art photocopies have not survived for *Miracleman* #15's story pages.



MIRACLEMAN #15 | November 1988 | "Nemesis" | Page 4 | Panel 5 | Bates Study | By John Totleben

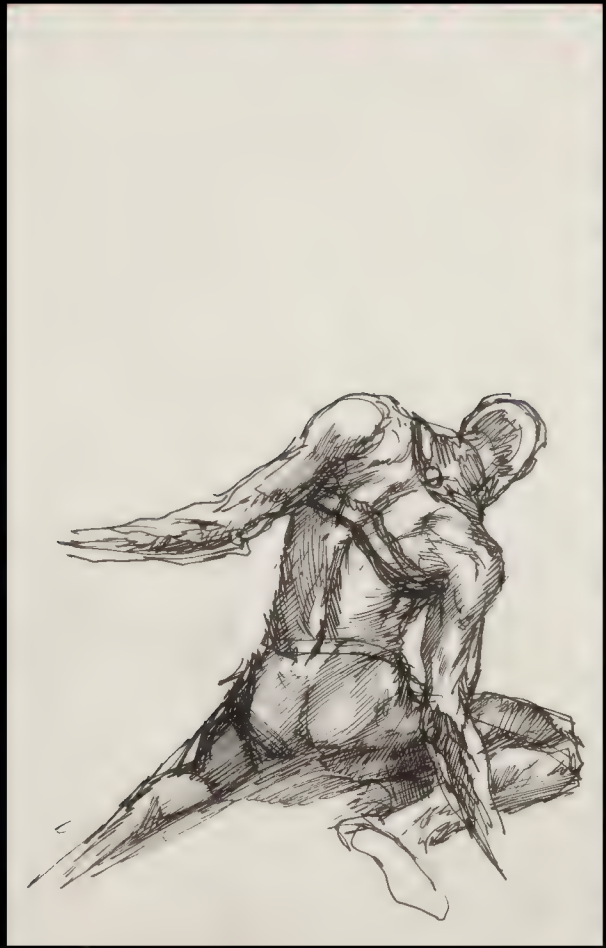
John Totleben adds Bates' infamous line from "Nemesis" page 13 in this study for page 4, panel 5.

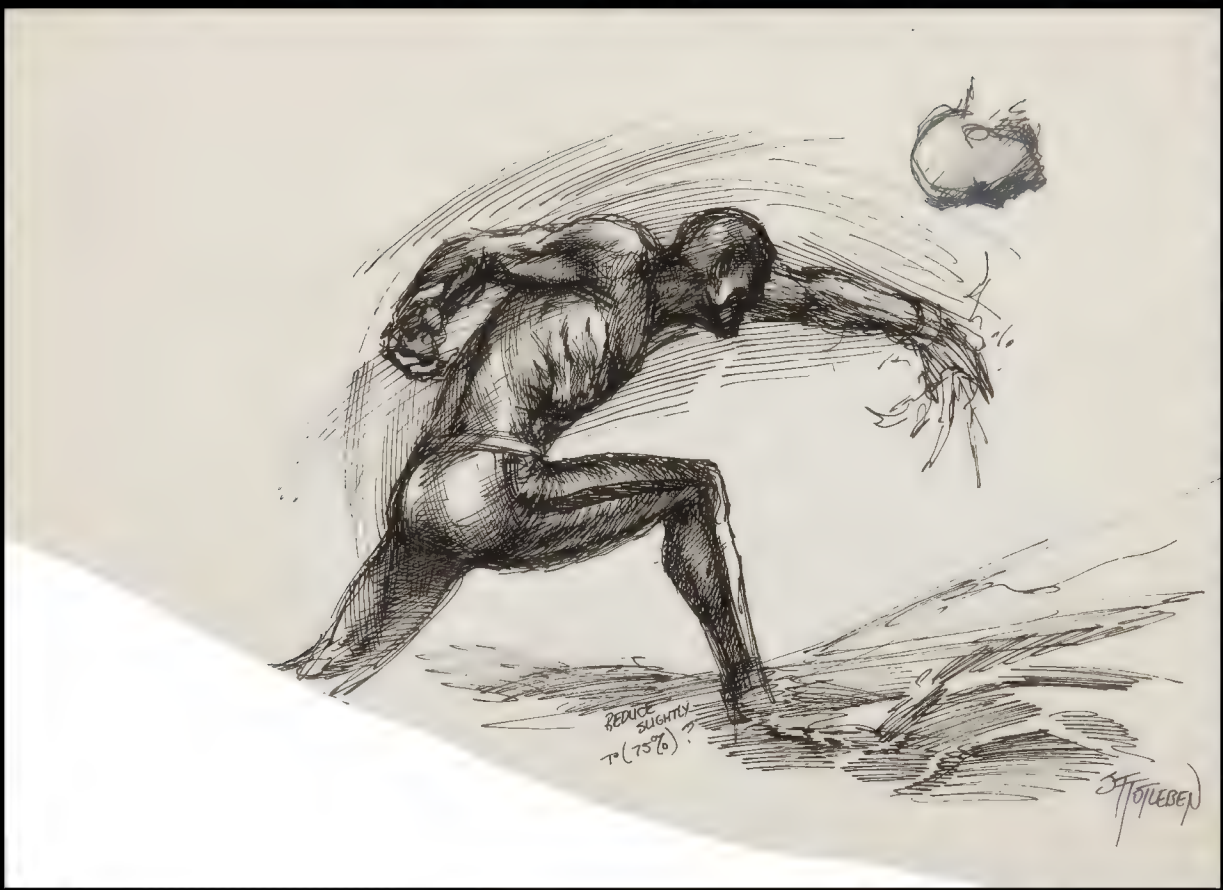
Planes fall from the sky, a bank is dropped on Bates' head — the action can almost seem cartoonish, like *Tom and Jerry*, yet the consequences are anything but.

This page recaps, and mythologizes, the Miracleman/Warpsmiths time travel story "The Yesterday Gambit," a story that was excluded from the original American editions of *Miracleman*.

Kid Miracleman's nihilistic drive is unequivocally captured with this page's dialogue.

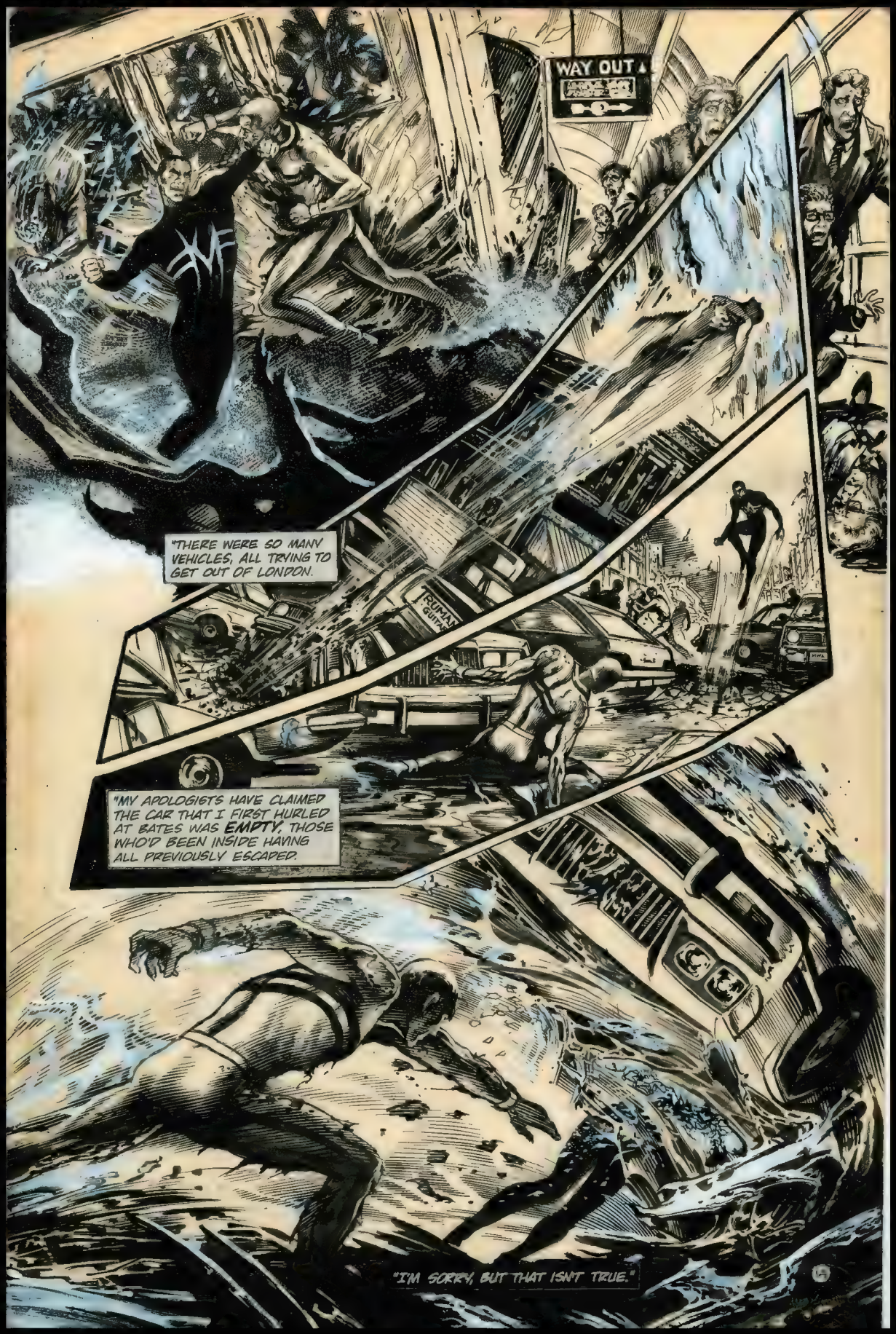
JOHN TOTLEBEN




REDUCE SLIGHTLY TO (75%)
JOHN TOTLEBEN

MIRACLEMAN #15 | November 1988 | "Nemesis" | Page 14 | Original Art | By John Totleben

The creators' goal for "Nemesis" was not to be gruesome or extreme, but to depict the plausible damage inflicted by a battle of superhumans — to show the real horror of violence.

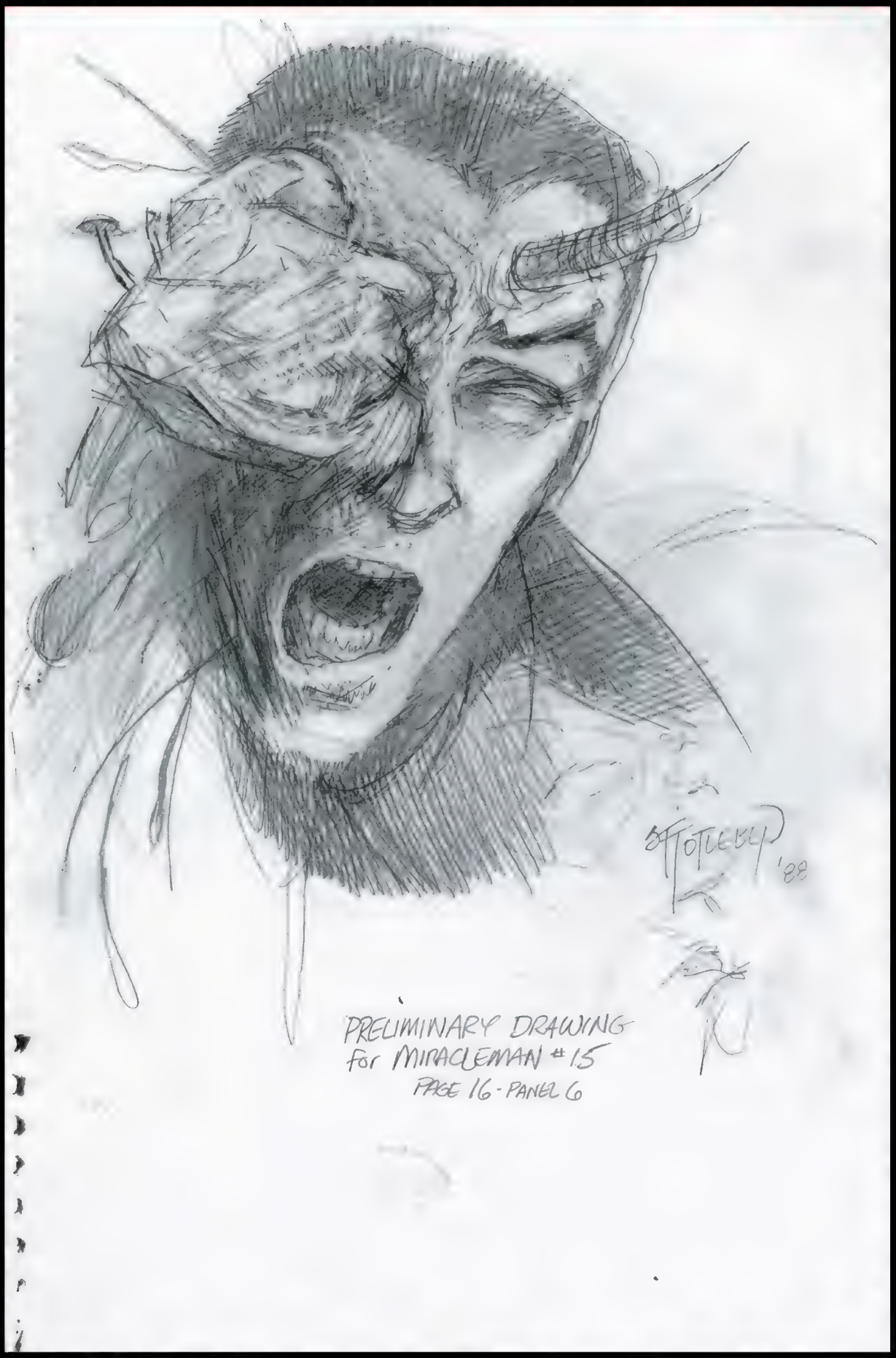


MIRACLEMAN #15 | November 1988 | "Nemesis" | Page 15 | Original Art | By John Totleben

Violence in fantasy-adventure entertainment often has no meaningful impact — everything is back to normal in the end, which can be seen as a glorification. Here the results are hideous and true.

MIRACLEMAN #15 | November 1988 | "Nemesis" | Page 16 | Panel 6 | Figure Study | By John Totleben

Totleben did numerous figure studies to capture the pain and horror of Kid Miracleman's demise.



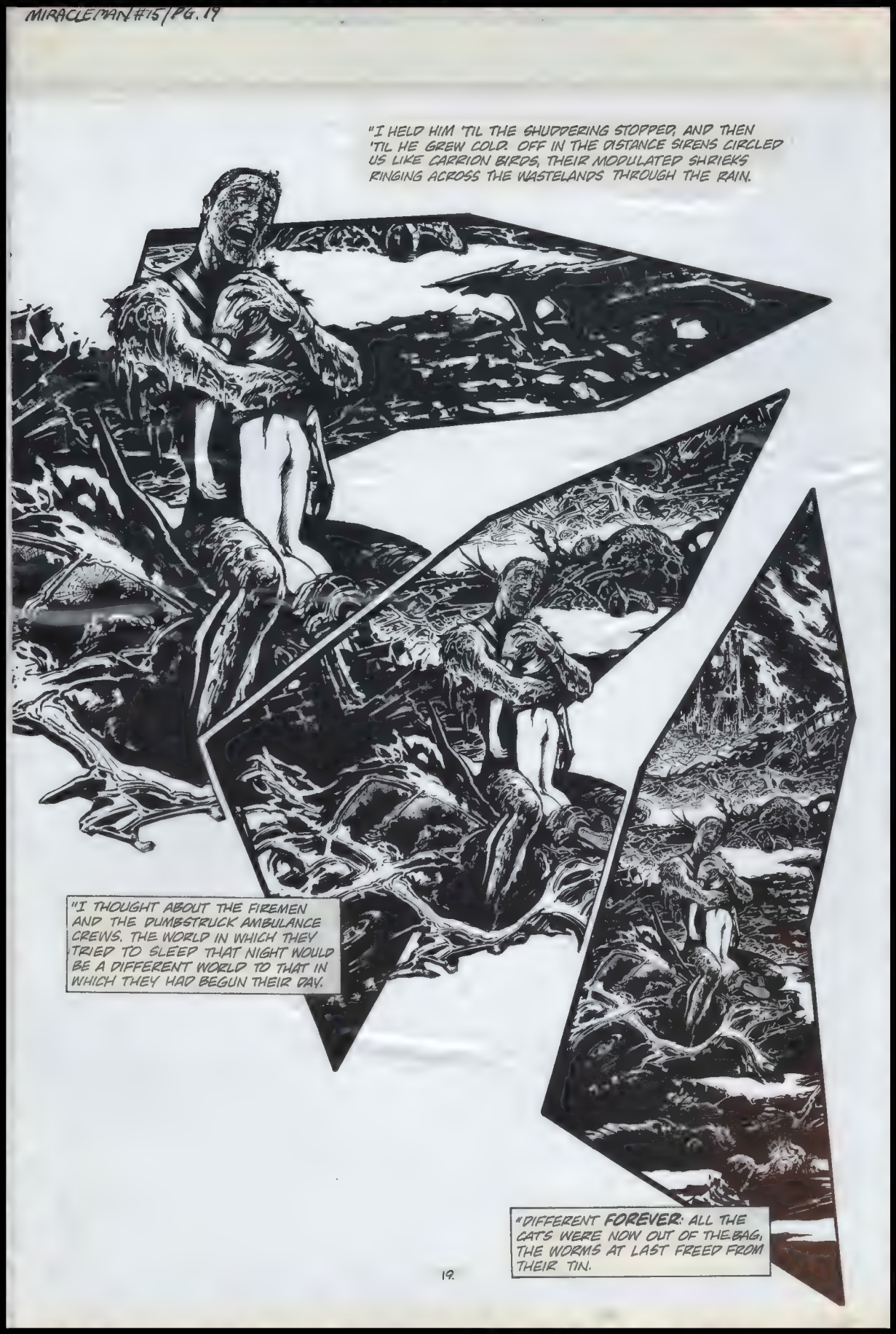
MIRACLEMAN #15 | November 1988 | "Nemesis" | Page 17 | Panel 5 | Figure Study | By John Totleben

In complete agony, Bates escapes the pain the only way he can: "Miracleman."

As delicate as it is shocking, Totleben masterfully captures Johnny's desperation and Miracleman's awful resignation. Their friendship comes to its tragic end.

JOHN TOTLEBEN '88

Totleben composed "Nemesis" page 19 by duplicating and modifying the backgrounds to a single, massive 26.5" x 16" illustration of Miracleman and Johnny Bates.

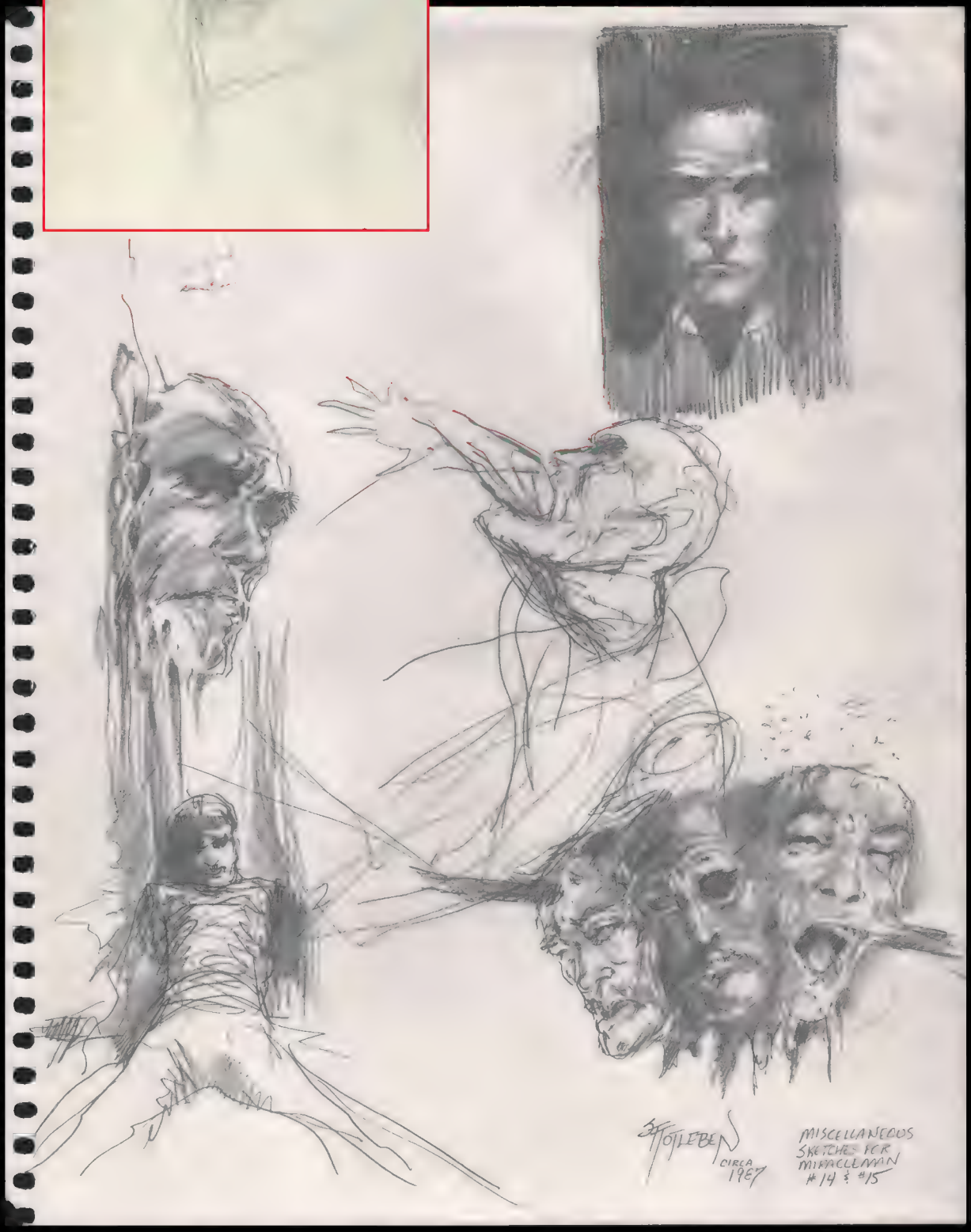


The published "Nemesis" pages 19-21 were scripted as a single page, but feeling this key moment needed more space, Totleben expanded it to convey the depth of Miracleman's anguish and the extent of London's destruction.

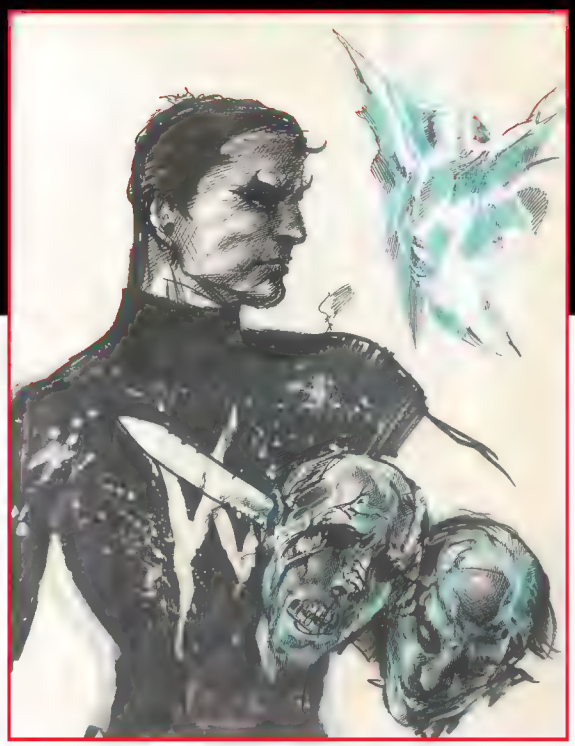
"I KNEW IN ALL THE WORLD THAT THERE EXISTED NO CAN LARGE ENOUGH FOR US TO EVER CRAM THEM ALL BACK IN.

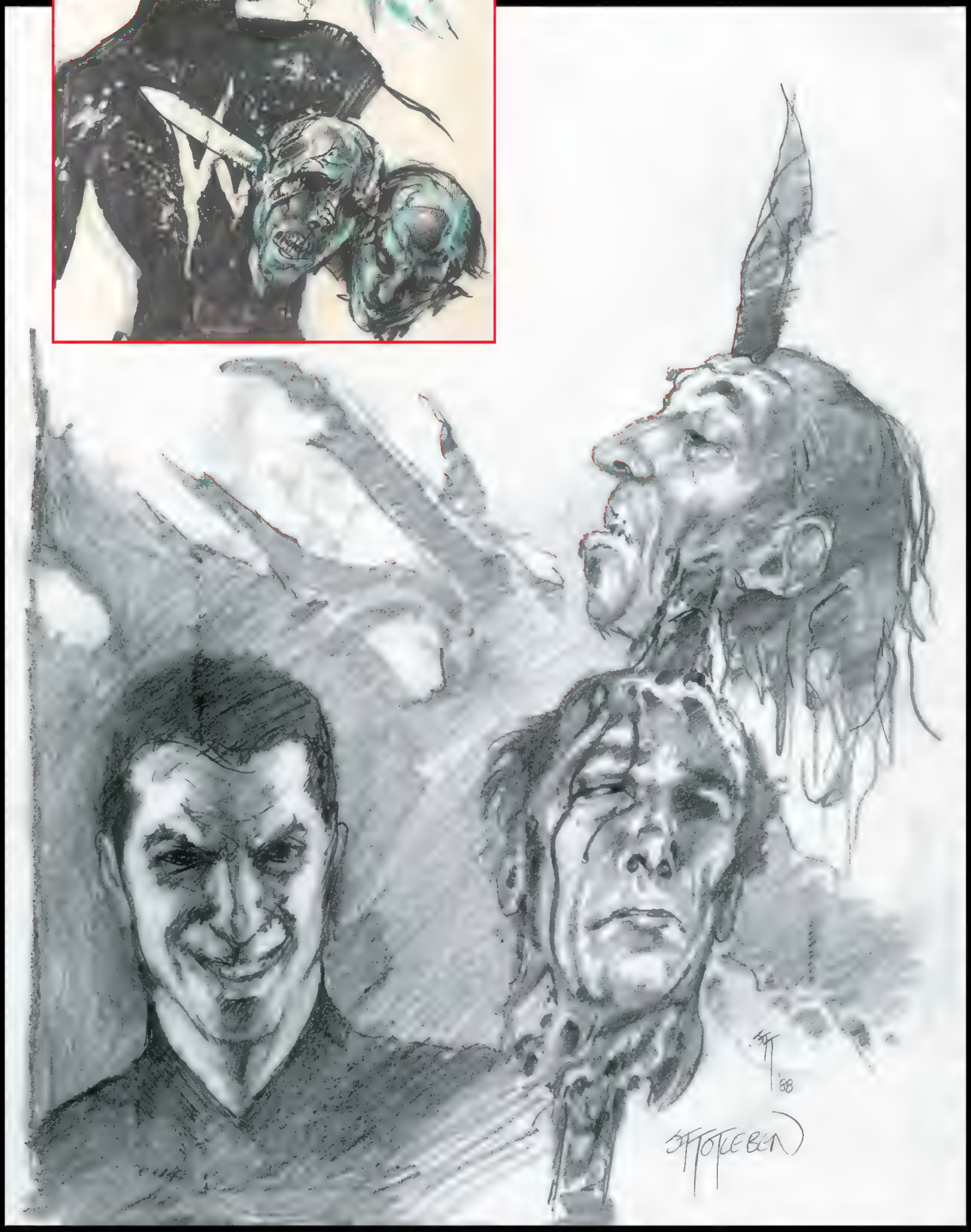
***MIRACLEMAN* #14-15 | April-November 1988 | Figure Studies | By John Totleben**

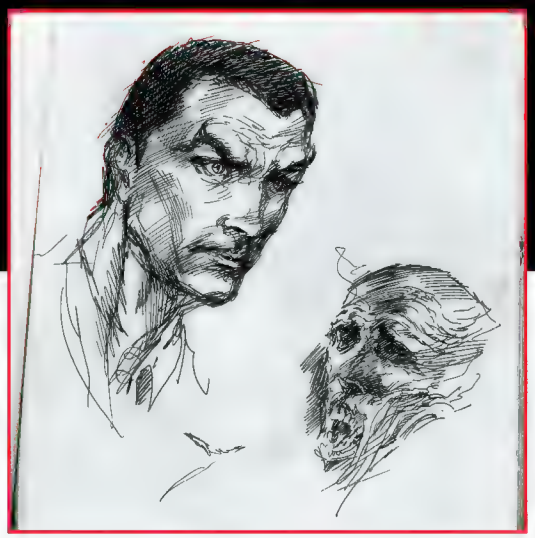
INSETS: Kid Miracleman Sketches from the reverse side of *Miracleman* #15, page 5's art board.

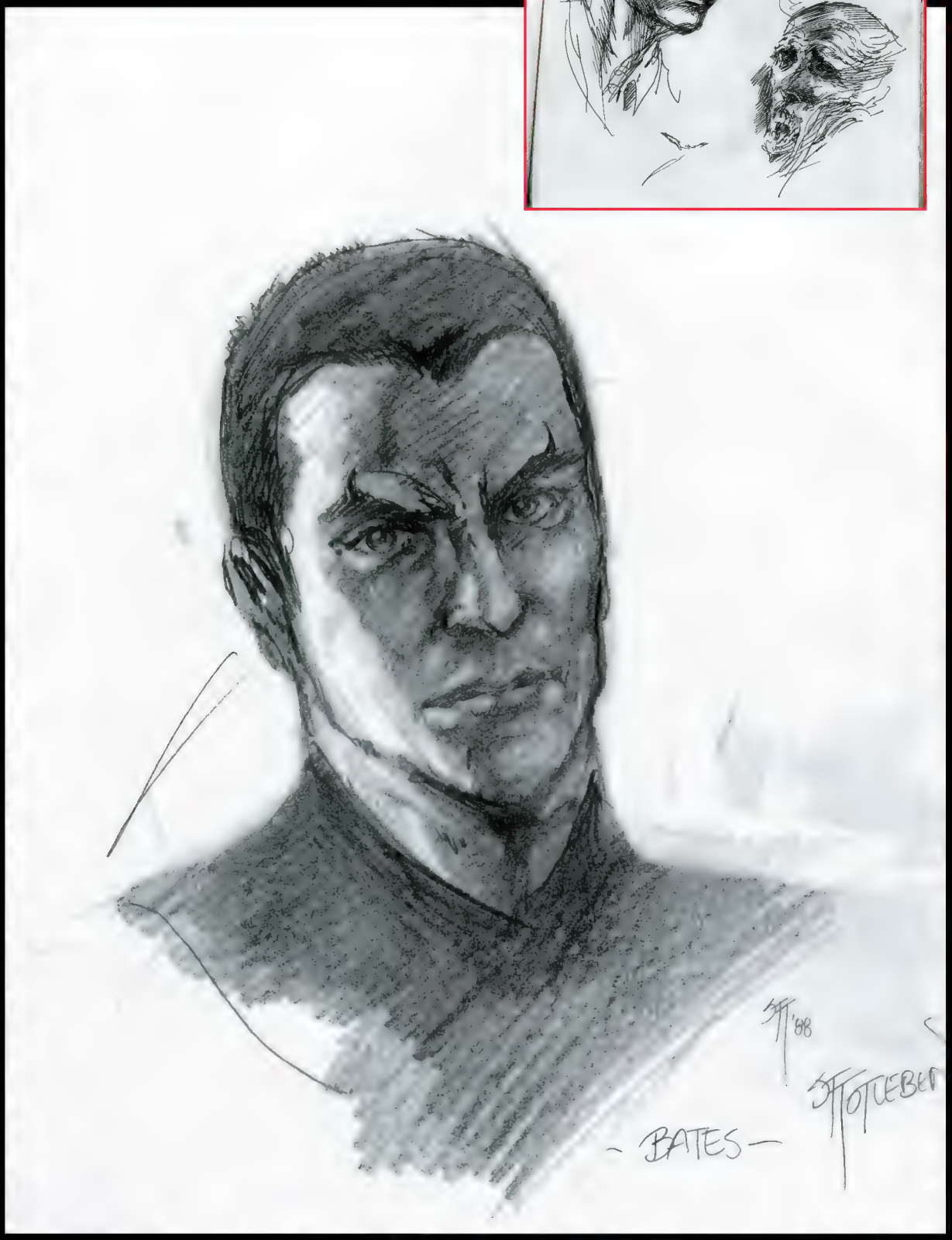


MIRACLEMAN #15 | November 1988 | "Nemesis" | Bates and Skewered Head Studies | By John Totleben



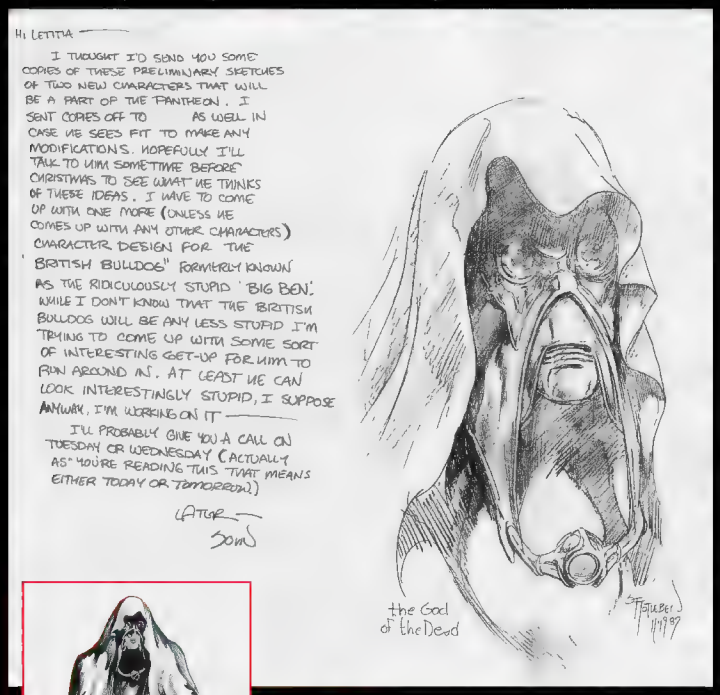




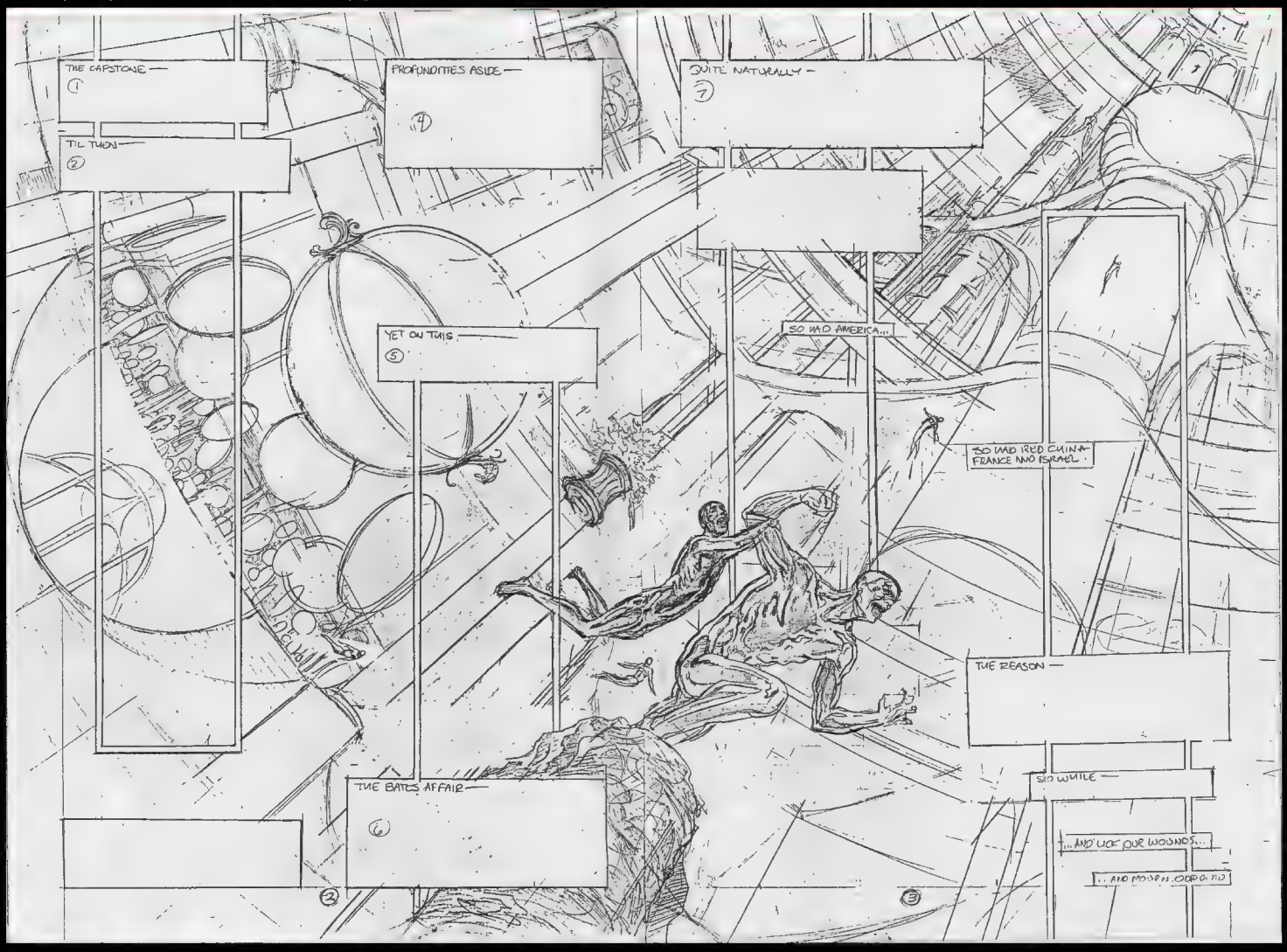

JT '88
JT TOTLEBEN
- BATES -

HI LETITIA —
THIS SPLASH PG. DESIGN MIGHT WORK WELL AS AN AD. WITH THE BACKGROUND BLACKED-OUT IT DOESN'T GIVE THE FULL IMPACT AWAY AND SERVES AS A BIT OF A TEASER. ANYWAY, JUST THOUGHT I'D SUGGEST.
— JOHN

When *Book Three* introduced Miracleman's new Pantheon, John Totleben became the designer of gods. Here are his character designs for Mors, the Qys representative to Earth and god of the dead and his ferry; the British Bulldog, the "demi-god" and reinvented version of Big Ben; and Kana Blur, the new Hermes and Warpsmith cluster-mate replacement for Aza Chorn. Though each character would not be introduced in full until issue #16 ("Olympus"), Totleben produced the designs earlier in the series for their cameos in issue #14 ("Pantheon").



Pencil art photocopies have not survived for *Miracleman* #16, pages 1-2, 6-8, 11-19 and 34.



MIRACLEMAN #16 | December 1989 | "Olympus" | Page 5 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

Totleben altered his approach to the Warpsmiths' funeral rite in his final artwork, capturing the abstract, almost psychedelic melding of characters.

MIRACLEMAN #16 | December 1989 | "Olympus" | Page 7 | Panels 3-5 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

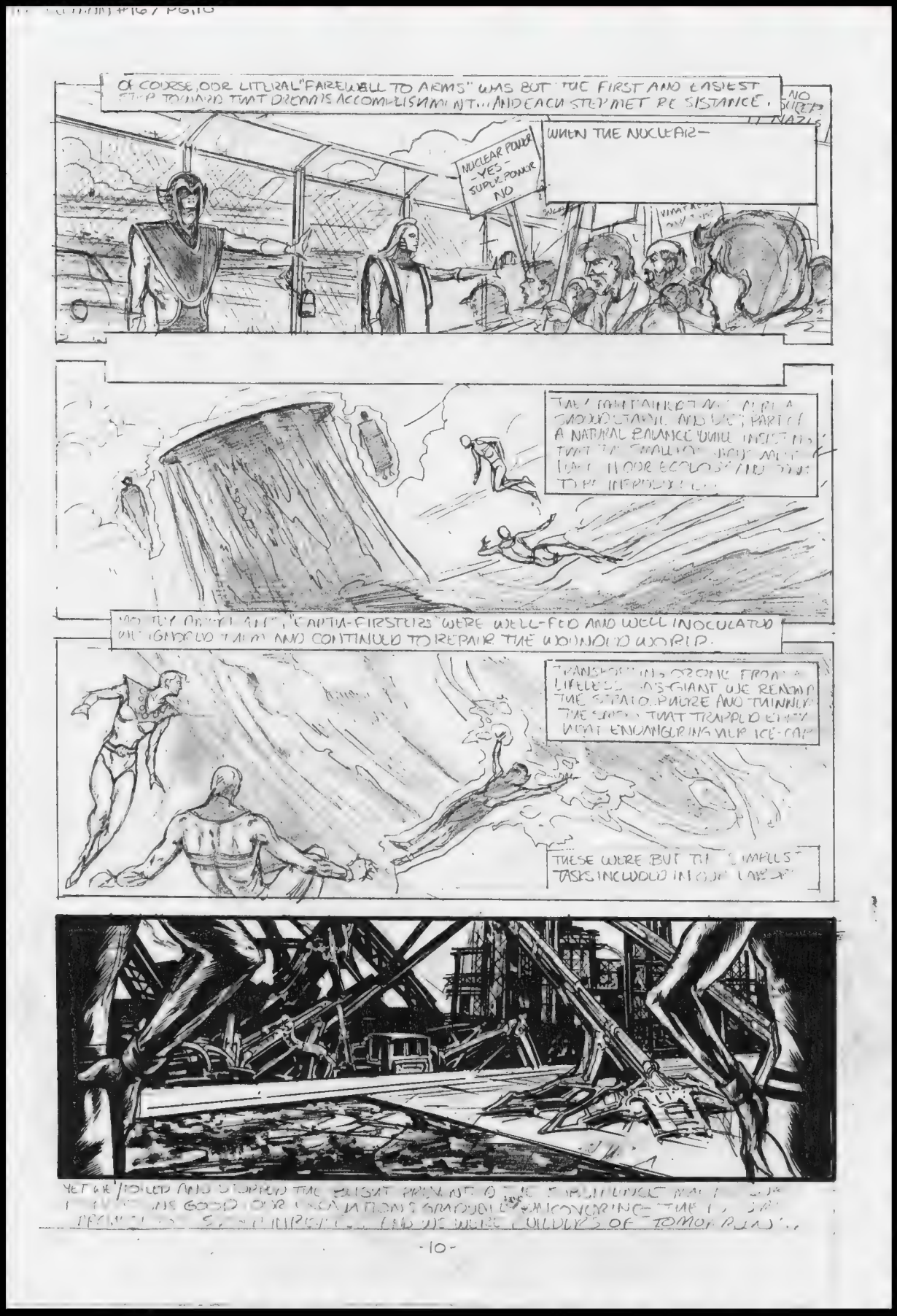
For pages 7-8 and 11-12, Totleben penciled individual panels and photocopied them to create the final look.

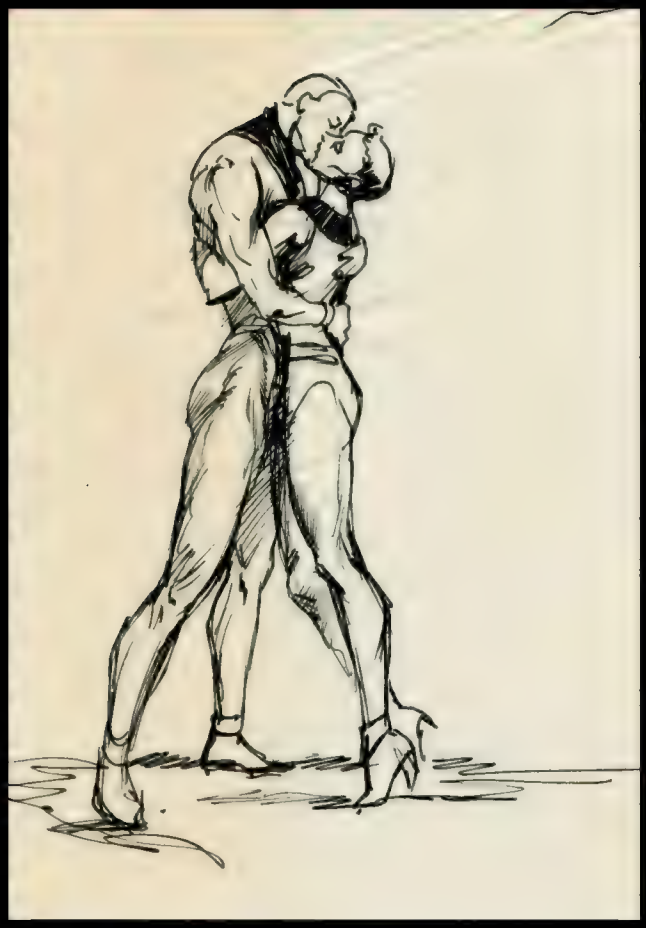
Olympus Pyramid Design Sketches
By John Totleben

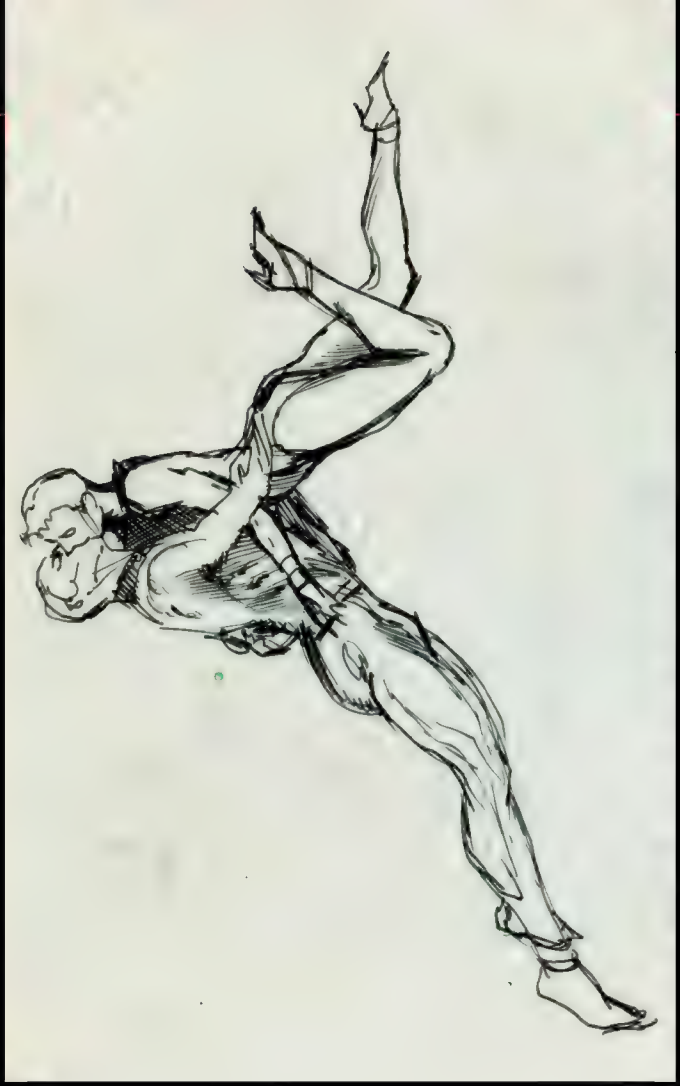
MIRACLEMAN #16 | December 1989 | "Olympus" | Page 9 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

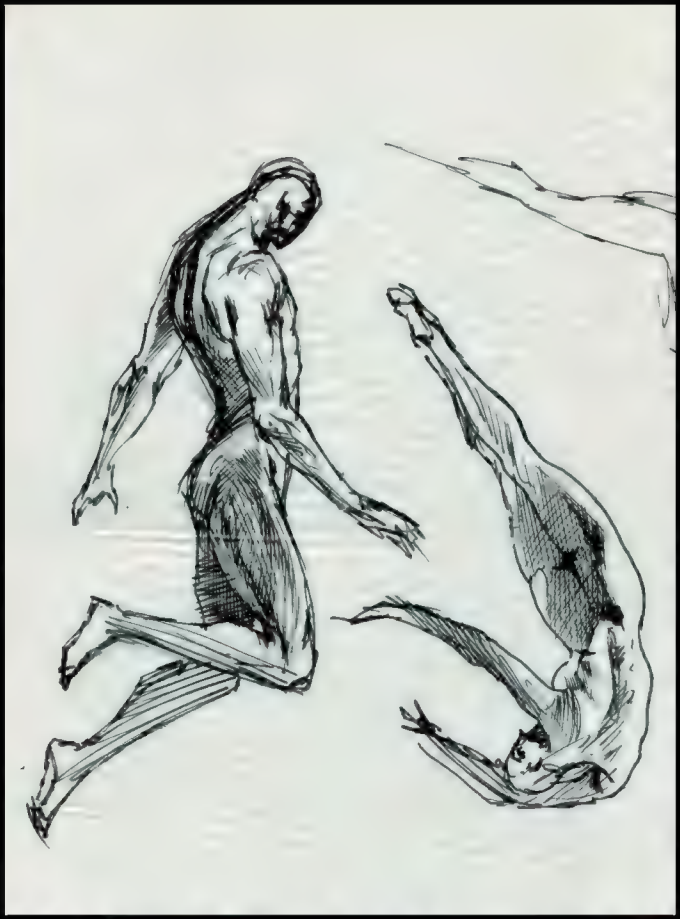
The headline "Aryan Dream or White Nightmare?" references Nazi Germany's appropriation of Nietzsche's philosophy and questions whether Miracleman is the world's savior or its most successful dictator.

There is opposition at every stage as Miracleman's new society is built. Despite mankind's protests, the unremitting march forward is measured by Olympus' rise across the bottom, the foundation, of pages 9-12. Finally, Olympus ascends into the sky on page 13.







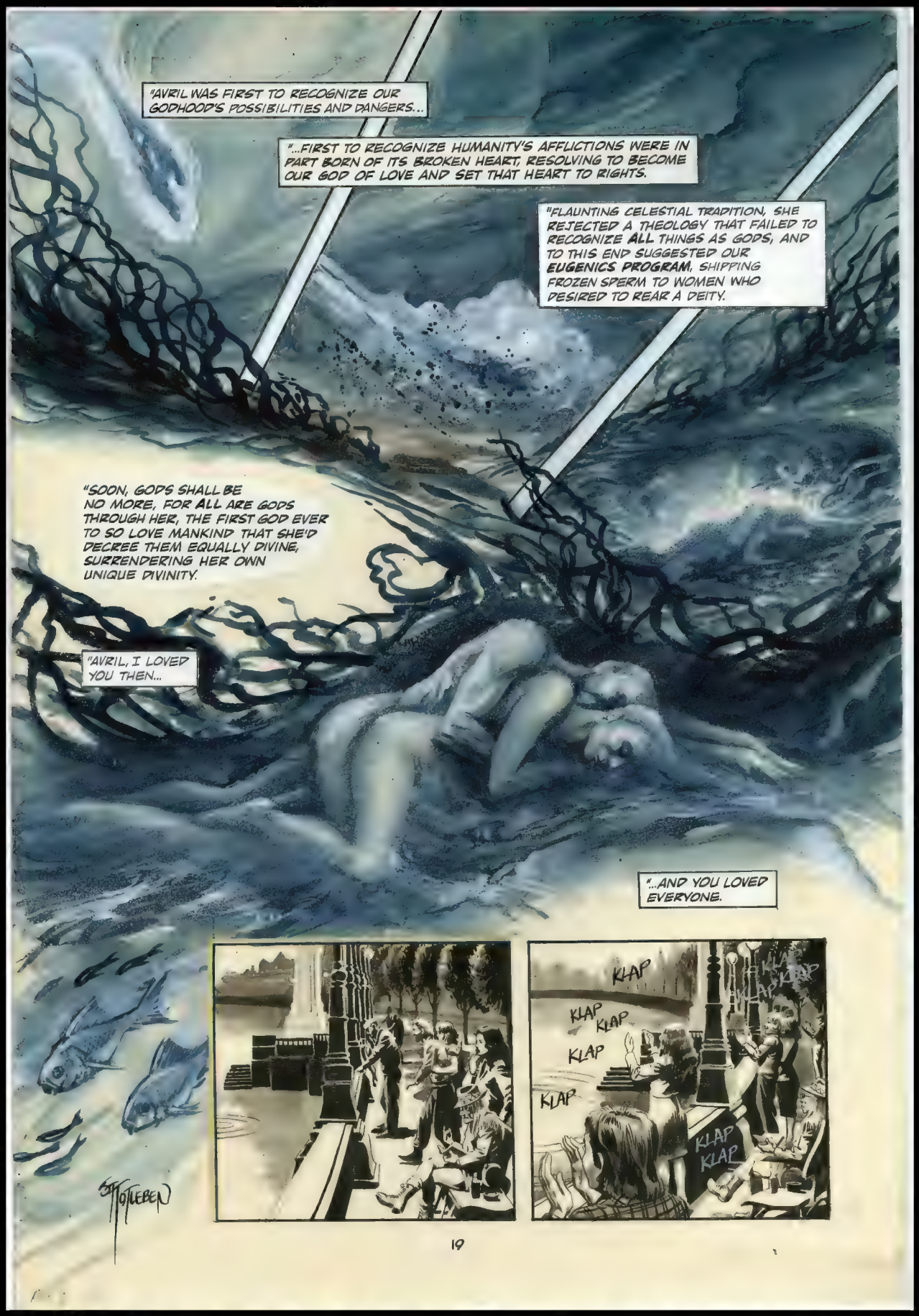


Pages 17-18 | Original Art | By Thomas Yeates & John Totleben

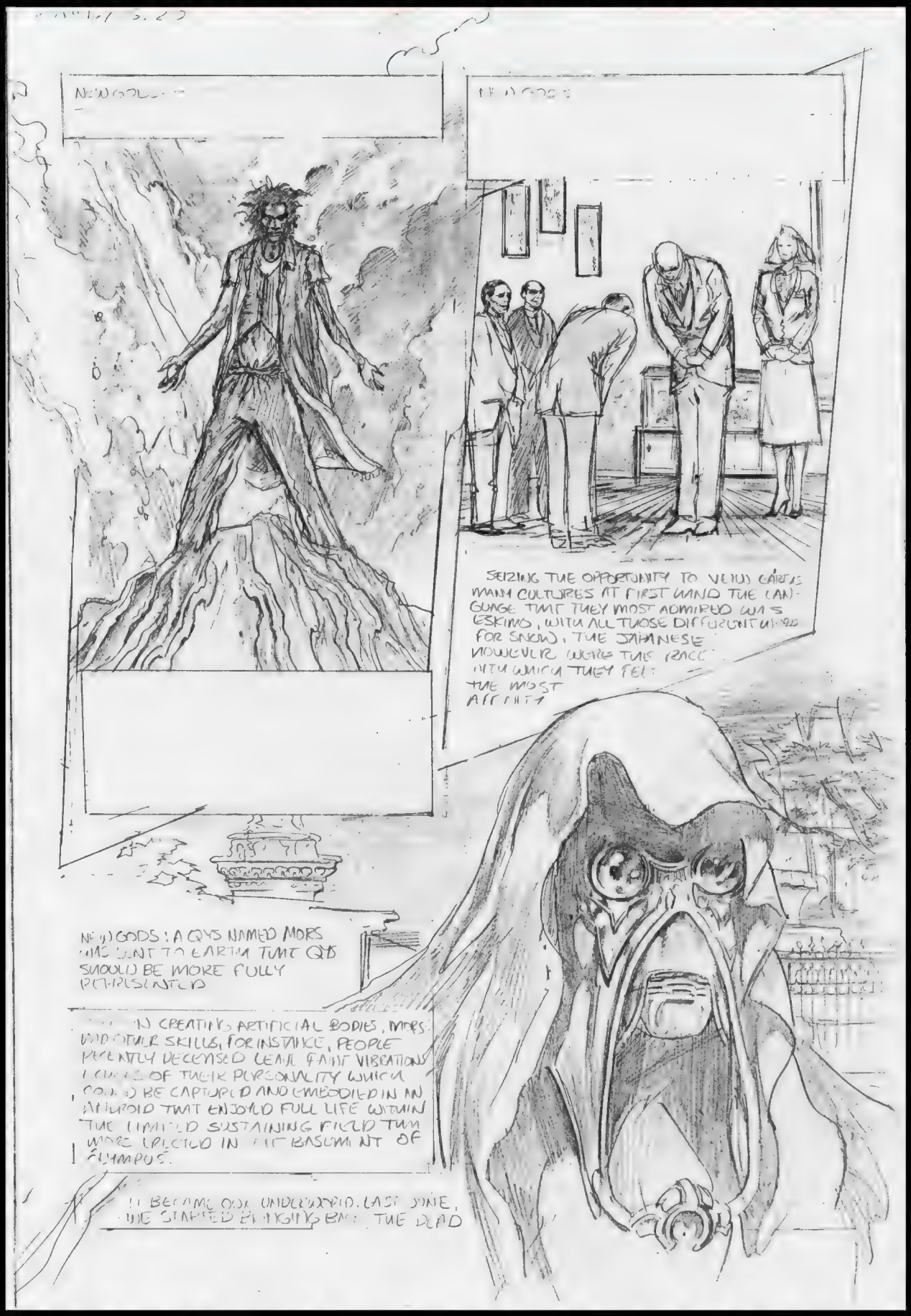
John Totleben collaborated with Thomas Yeates on the artwork for "Olympus" pages 15-19.

Here, Yeates handled figures and backgrounds while Totleben added additional lighting effects.

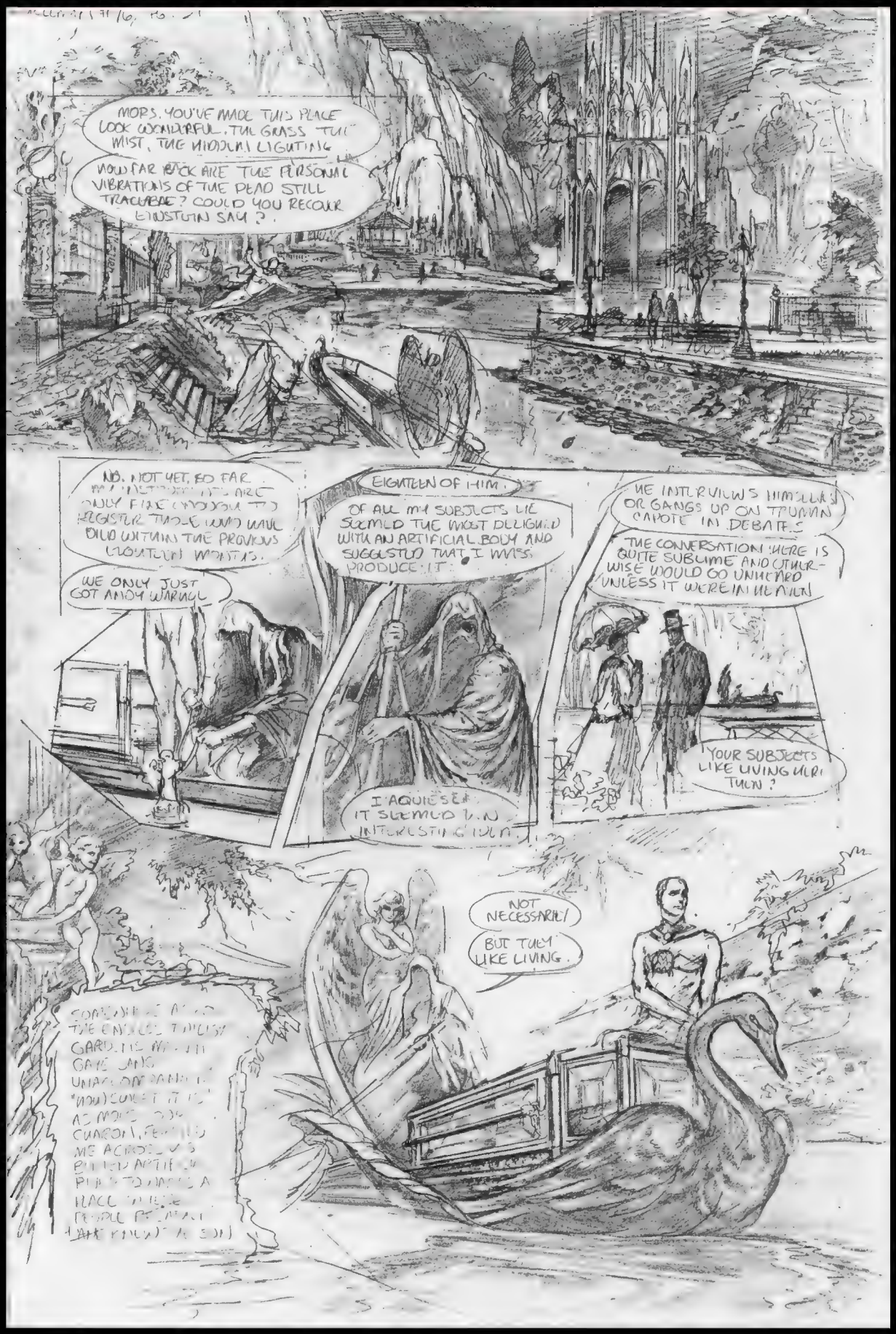
Panels 1-3 by John Totleben; panels 4-5 by Thomas Yeates.



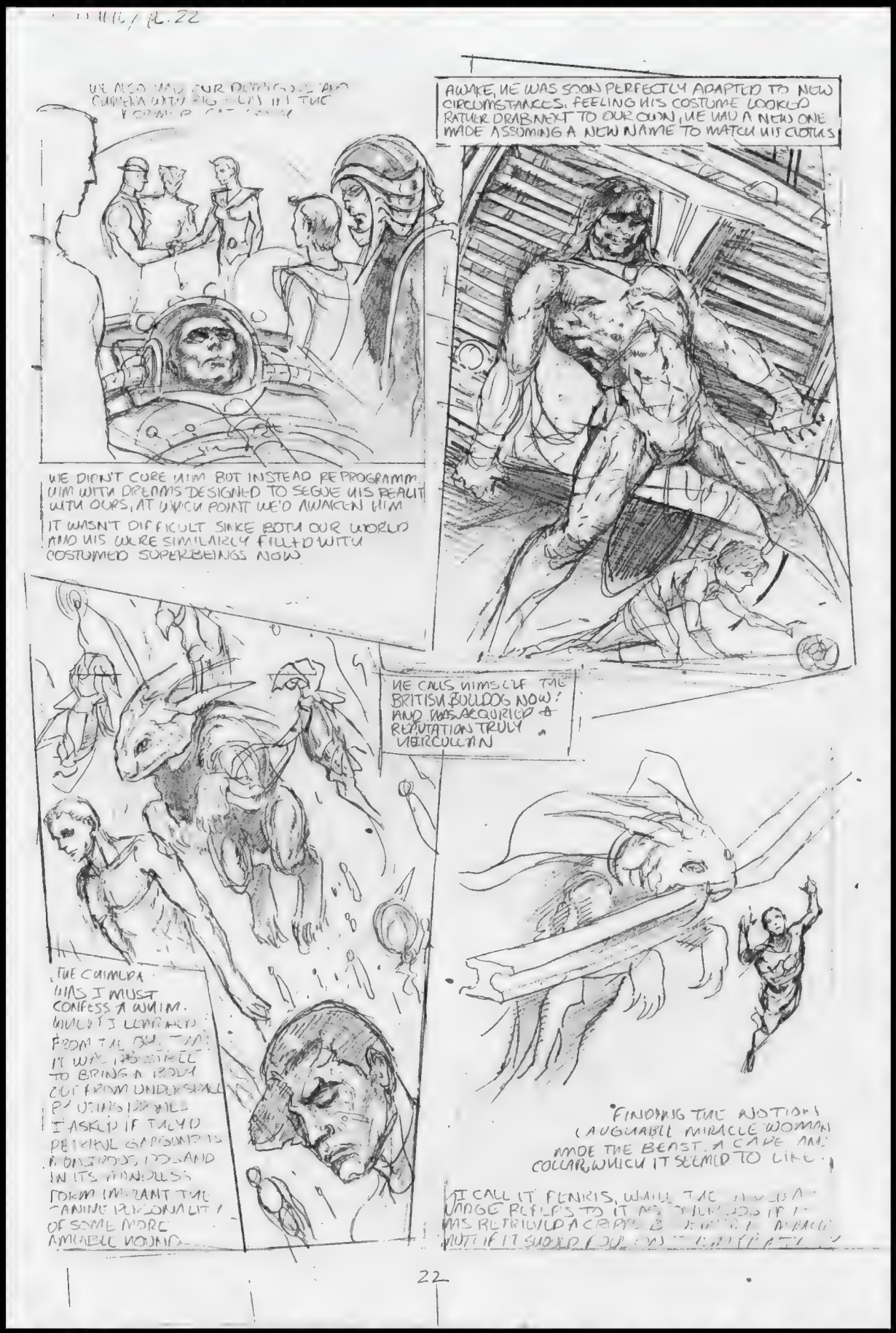
With Olympus built and Miracleman and Miraclewoman's relationship consummated, the other members of the Pantheon assert their roles. Mors ("death" in Latin) of the Qys takes the position of god of the dead.



Mors' Underworld beneath Olympus is rendered as endlessly beautiful and melancholic Victorian gardens. *Isle of the Dead* by the 19th-century Swiss painter Arnold Böcklin also influenced its look and the form of Mors' palace.

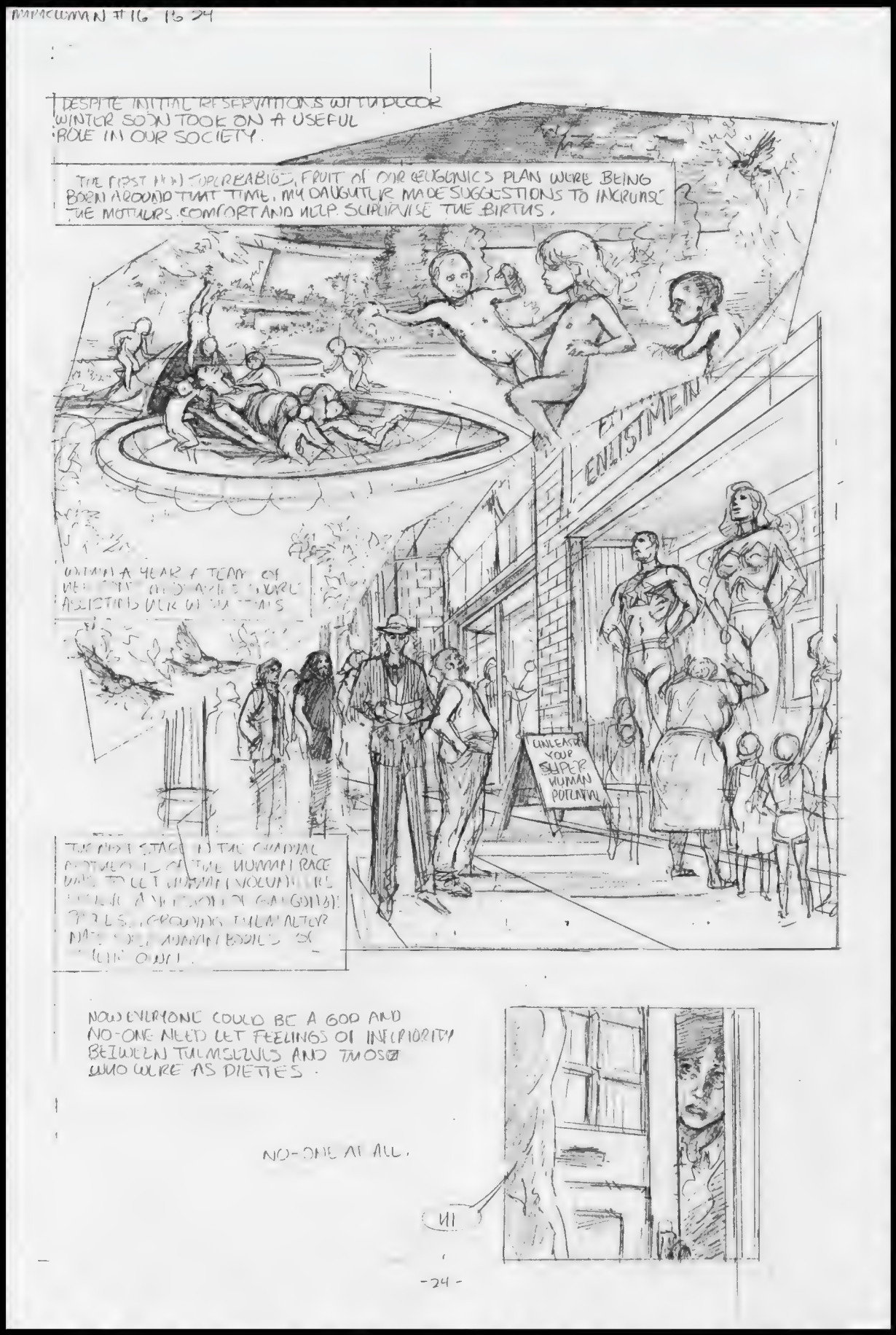


Big Ben is reborn as the new Hercules with a British bulldog's pelt in the place of a lion's. Miracledog becomes the Pantheon's Fenris. In Norse mythology, Fenris the wolf is Loki's son and swallows Odin during Ragnarök.

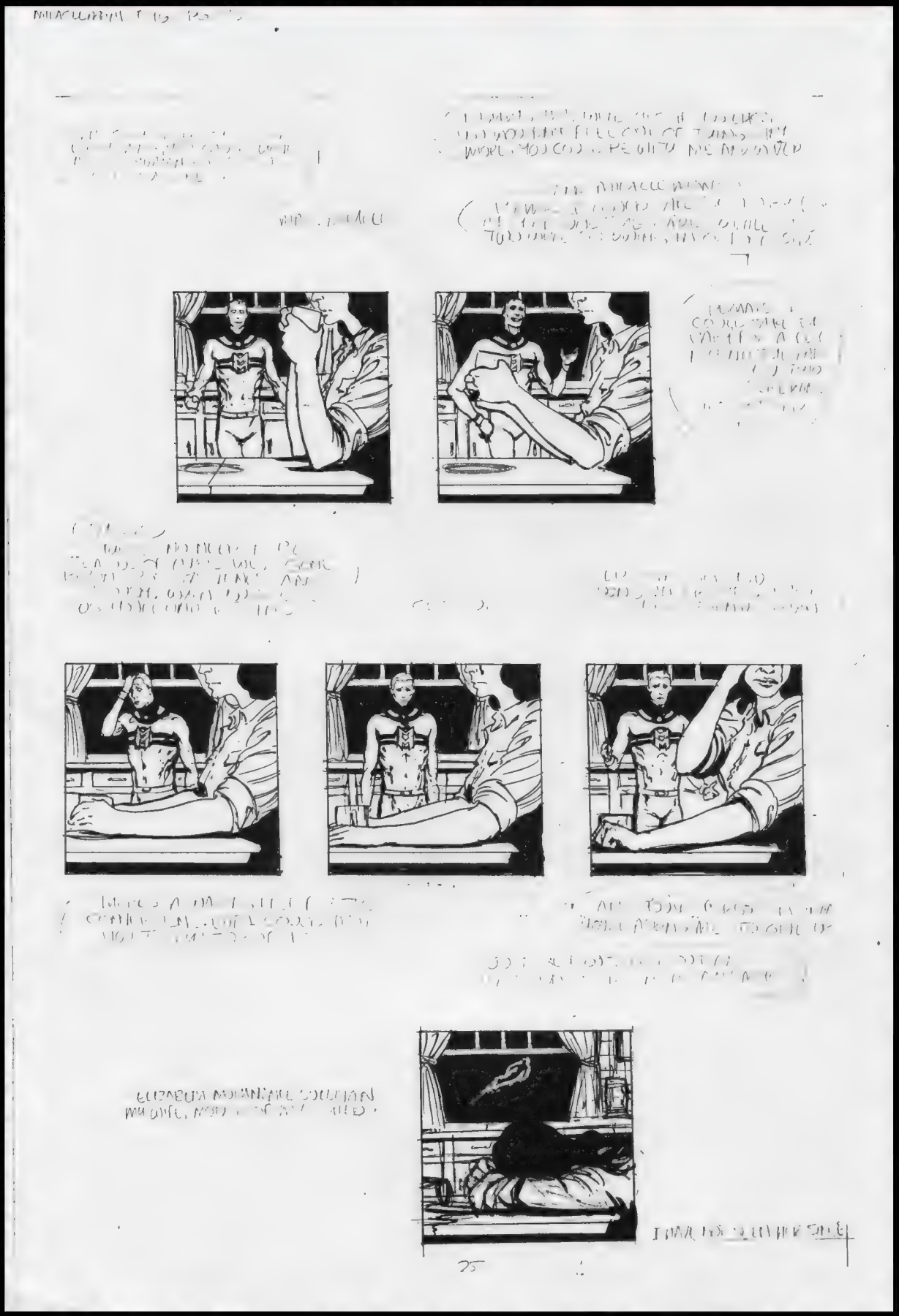


Like any other father worried about his daughter's travels and independent decisions, Miracleman is left tongue-tied by Winter's ideas and nonchalance. Perhaps the generation gap affects gods, too.

Winter welcomes miracle babies into the world in her role in the Pantheon. Those that weren't born gods must decide whether to leave humanity behind and receive superhuman enchancements.

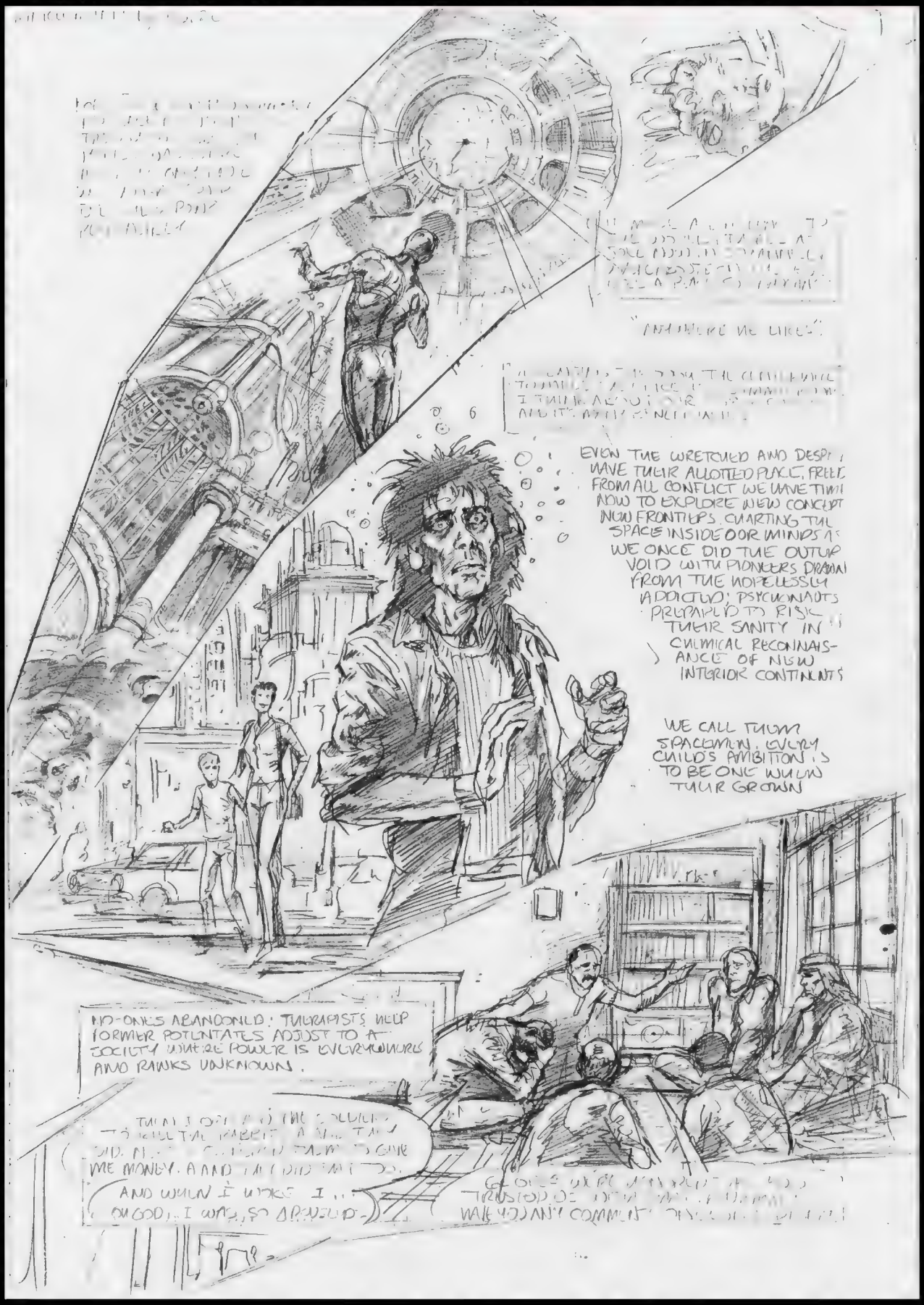


For Miracleman/Michael Moran's wife, Liz, there's no decision to be made. Their final parting of ways is a study in posture and contrast. Miracleman gesticulates widely; Liz, cropped just below the eyes to emphasize her small, contained movements, struggles with a loss he cannot comprehend.

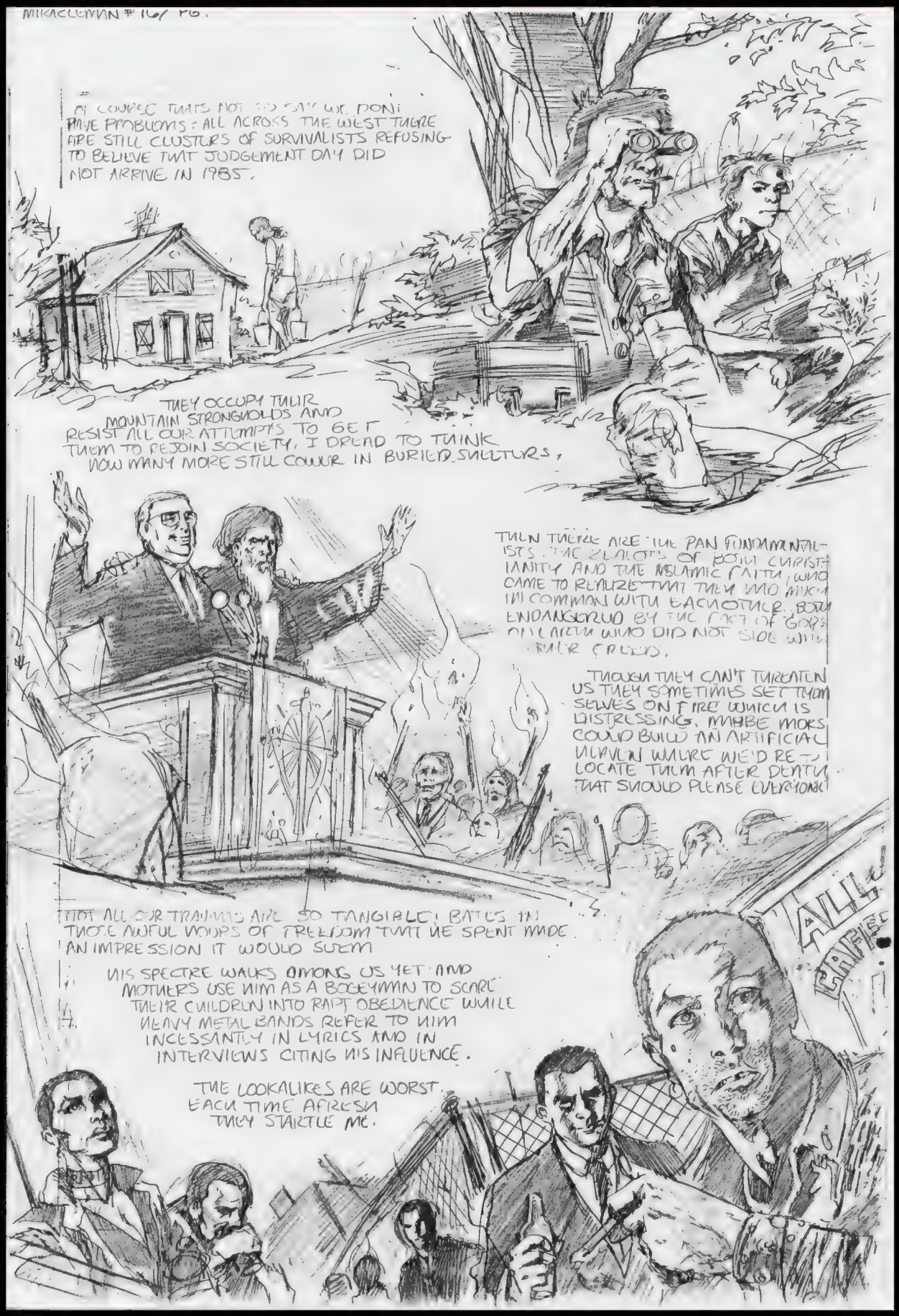


MIRACLEMAN #16 | December 1989 | "Olympus" | Page 26 | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

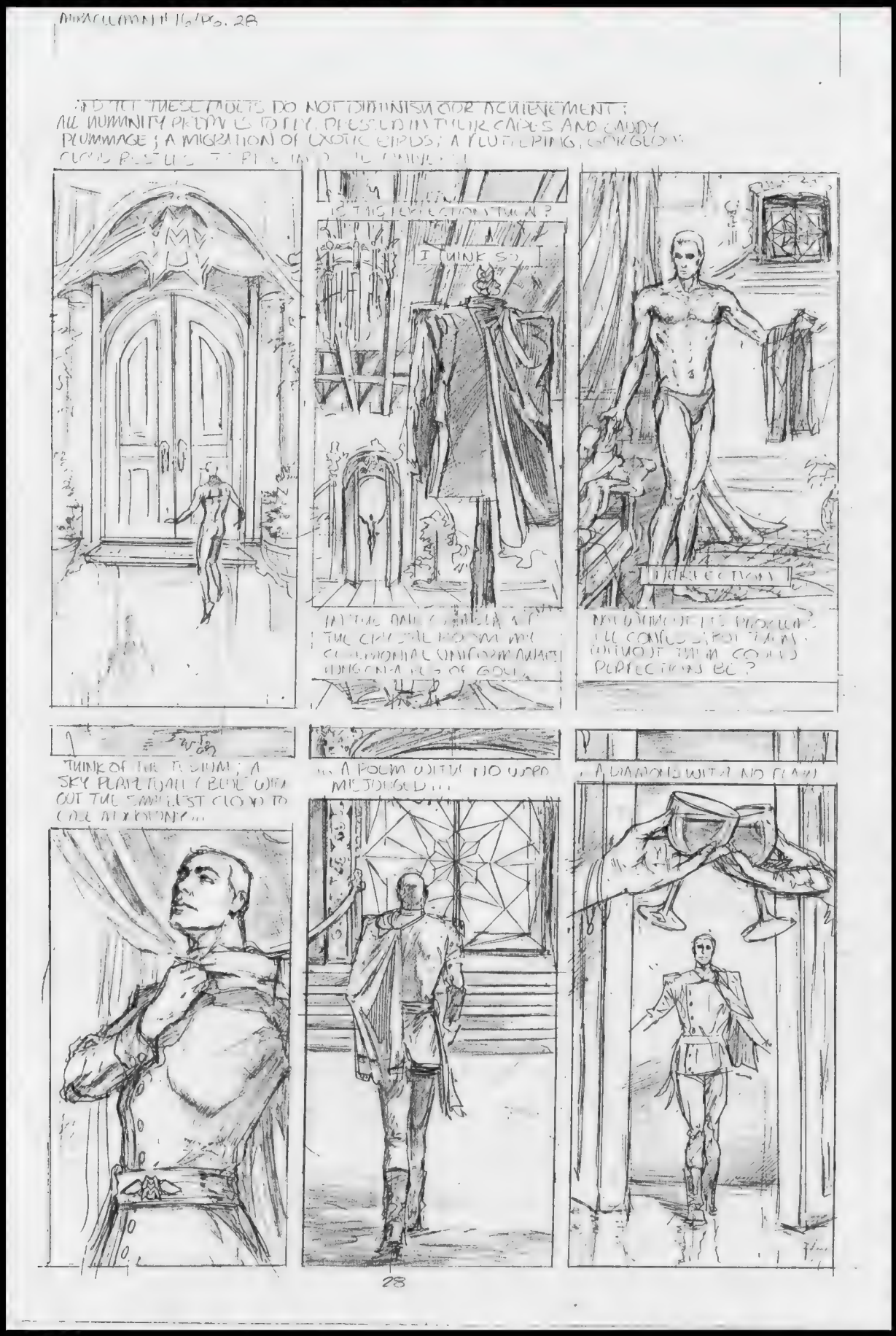
The wonders of other worlds have come to Earth, so inner space — with drug use as its launchpad — has become the new frontier. Meanwhile, men formerly of political and military power confess their insecurities in group therapy. Totleben's opening panel tilts the reader back, forcing them to reassess their balance.



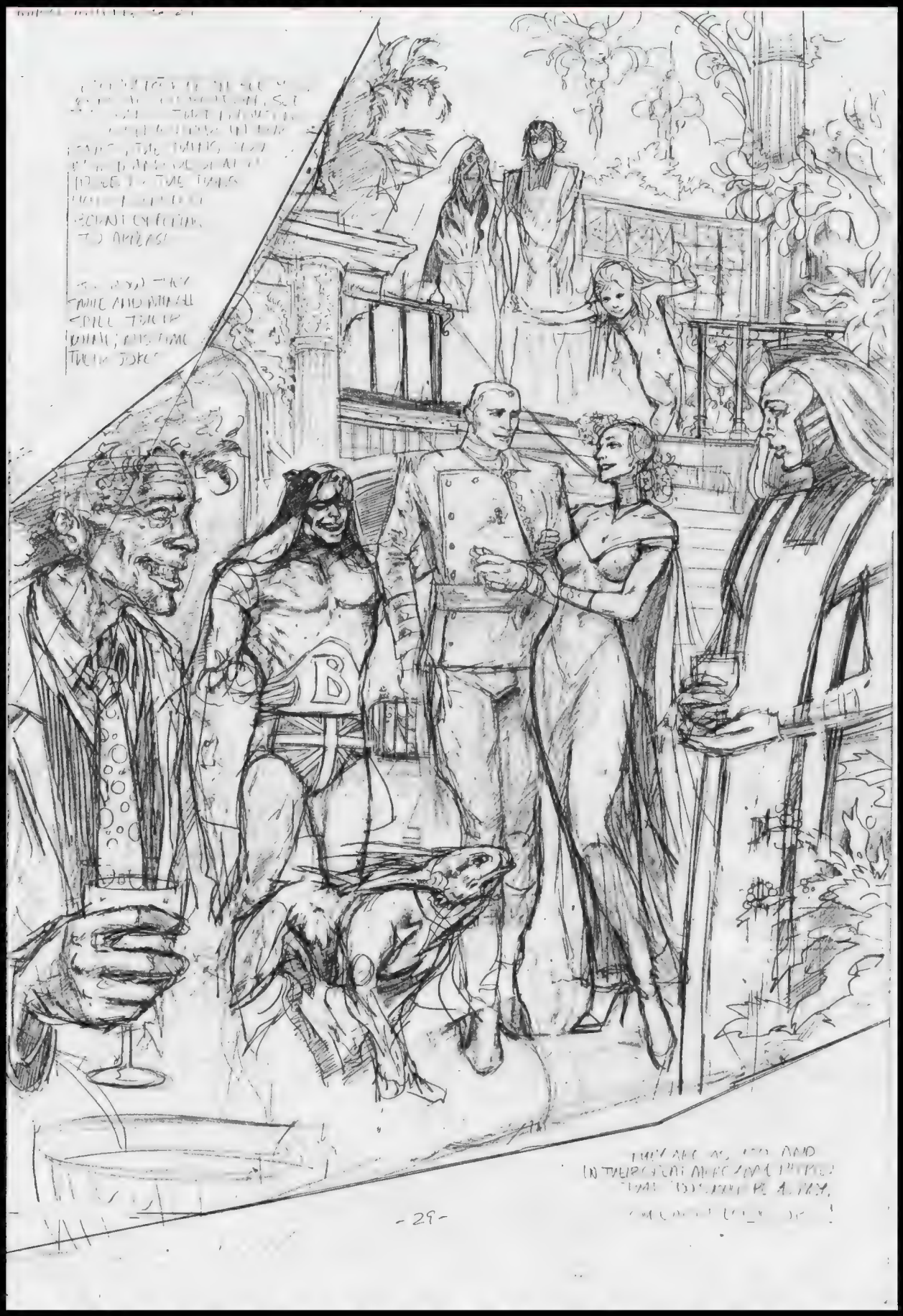
The script offered two options for panel 3. Rather than drawing the bedtime-bogeyman Kid Miracleman hovering over a sleeping child, Totleben opted for the crew of Bates punks and their rebel fashions.



Finally, we arrive at the present, February 4, 1987. Miracleman dresses for a celebration of his rebirth. His ceremonial uniform is undoubtedly formal, possibly authoritarian.

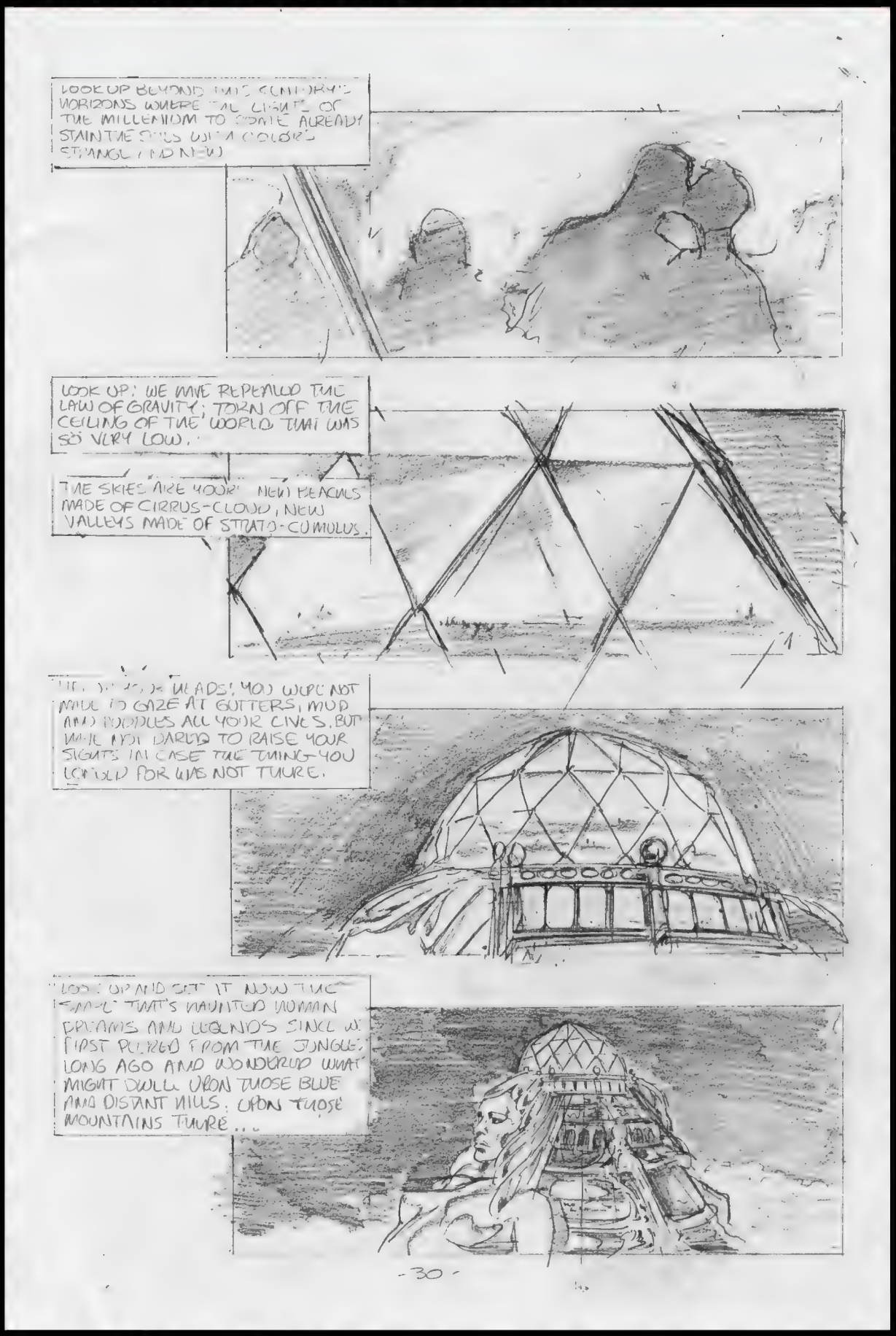


With his story of how the world was remade complete, Miracleman gathers with the Pantheon — the new Miracleman Family — atop Olympus' peak.

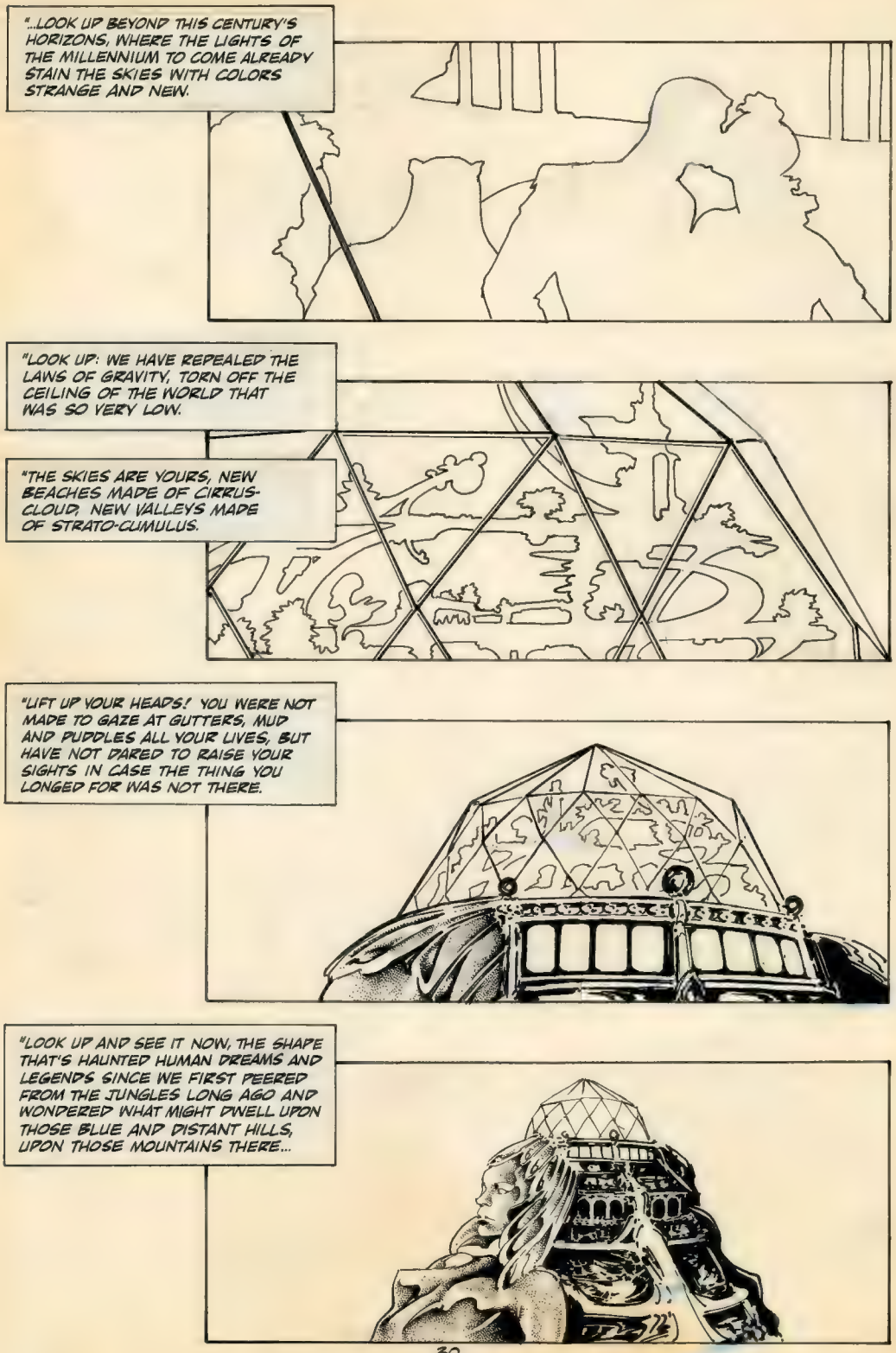


"OH, EARTH, LOOK UP, AND SEE YOUR GODS AT CELEBRATION. SEE THE THINGS THAT FRIGHTENED YOU WHEN YOU WERE IN YOUR CAVES; THE THINGS YOU NAMED, AND DEDICATED IDOLS TO; THE THINGS YOU RENDERED UP BURNT OFFERINGS TO APPEASE.
"SEE HOW THEY SMILE AND MINGLE; SPILL THEIR WINE; MIS-TIME THEIR JOKES.
"THEY ARE AS YOU, AND IN THEIR GREAT MERCY HAVE DECREED THAT YOU SHOULD BE AS THEY.
"OH, EARTH, LOOK UP...

The camera moves outside, and the Pantheon are seen through Olympus' diamond capstone. As each panel pulls farther away, the figures become more and more diffused, fading, like a dream.



MIRACLEMAN #16/PG. 30

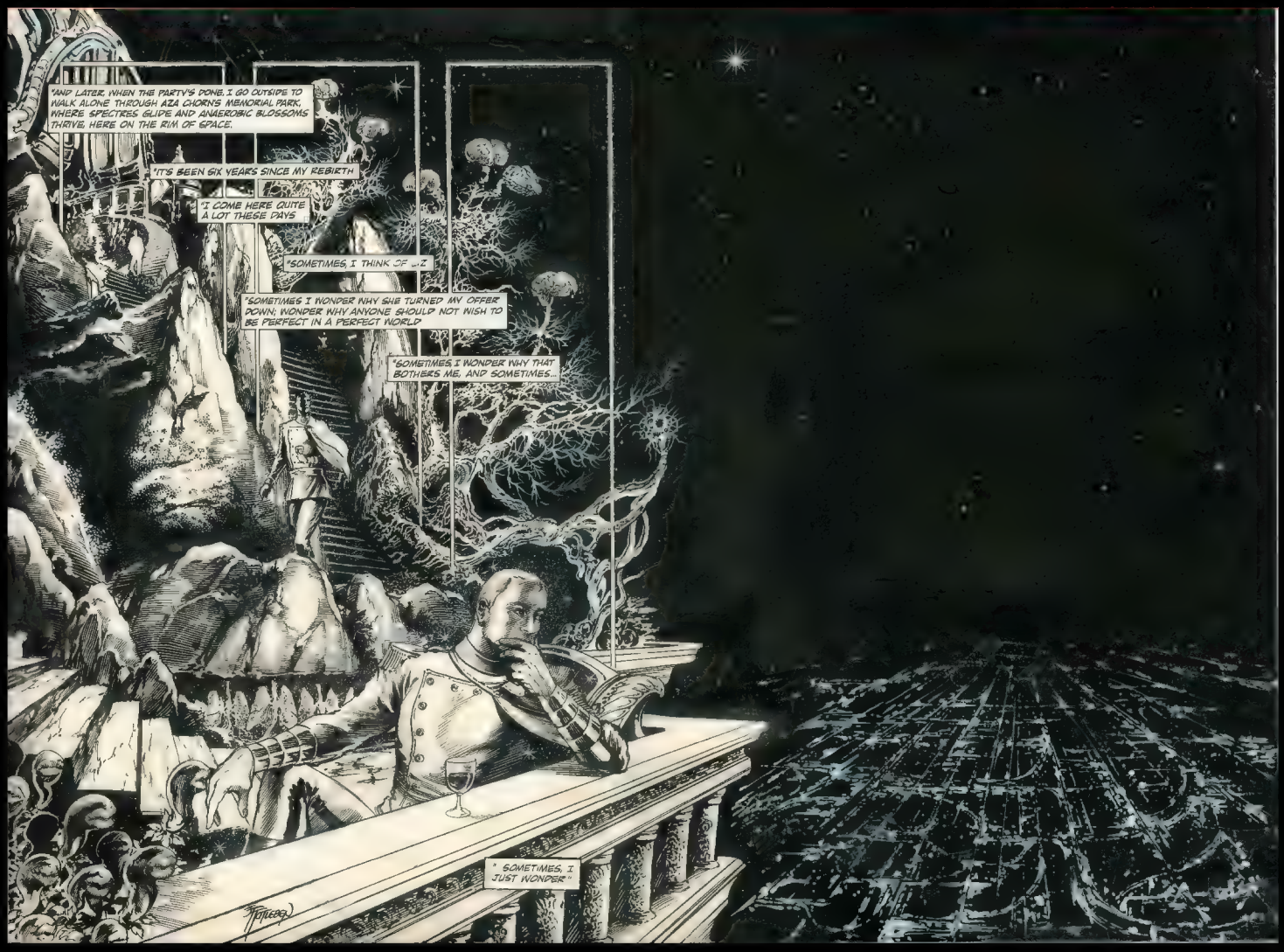


JOHN TOTLEBEN

The dream is real, though, and the full majesty of Olympus is finally revealed in an epic double-page spread. Totleben merges his style with classical influences, McCay and Jack Kirby to create a monumental temple.

"OH, EARTH, LOOK UP.
TOTLEBEN

Pages 33-34 | Original Art | By John Totleben

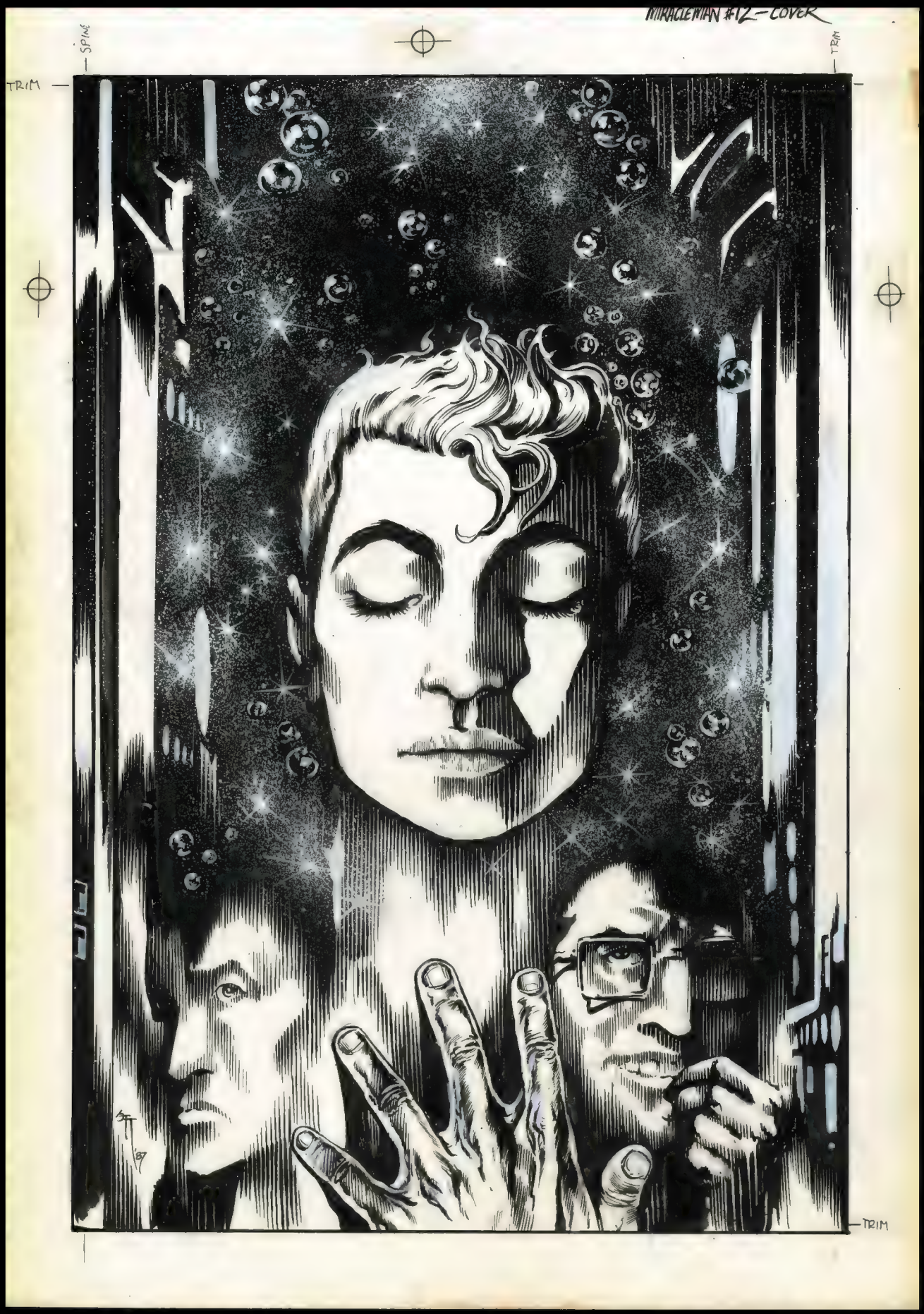


***MIRACLEMAN* #11 | May 1987 | Cover | Original Art | By John Totleben**

Not fully satisfied with the published version of the cover, Totleben revised it after publication, bringing out the detail in Miracleman's face and removing his "tinkerbell effect." He also brightened the background, added leaves to the trees and changed the Qys' eyes from yellow to red.

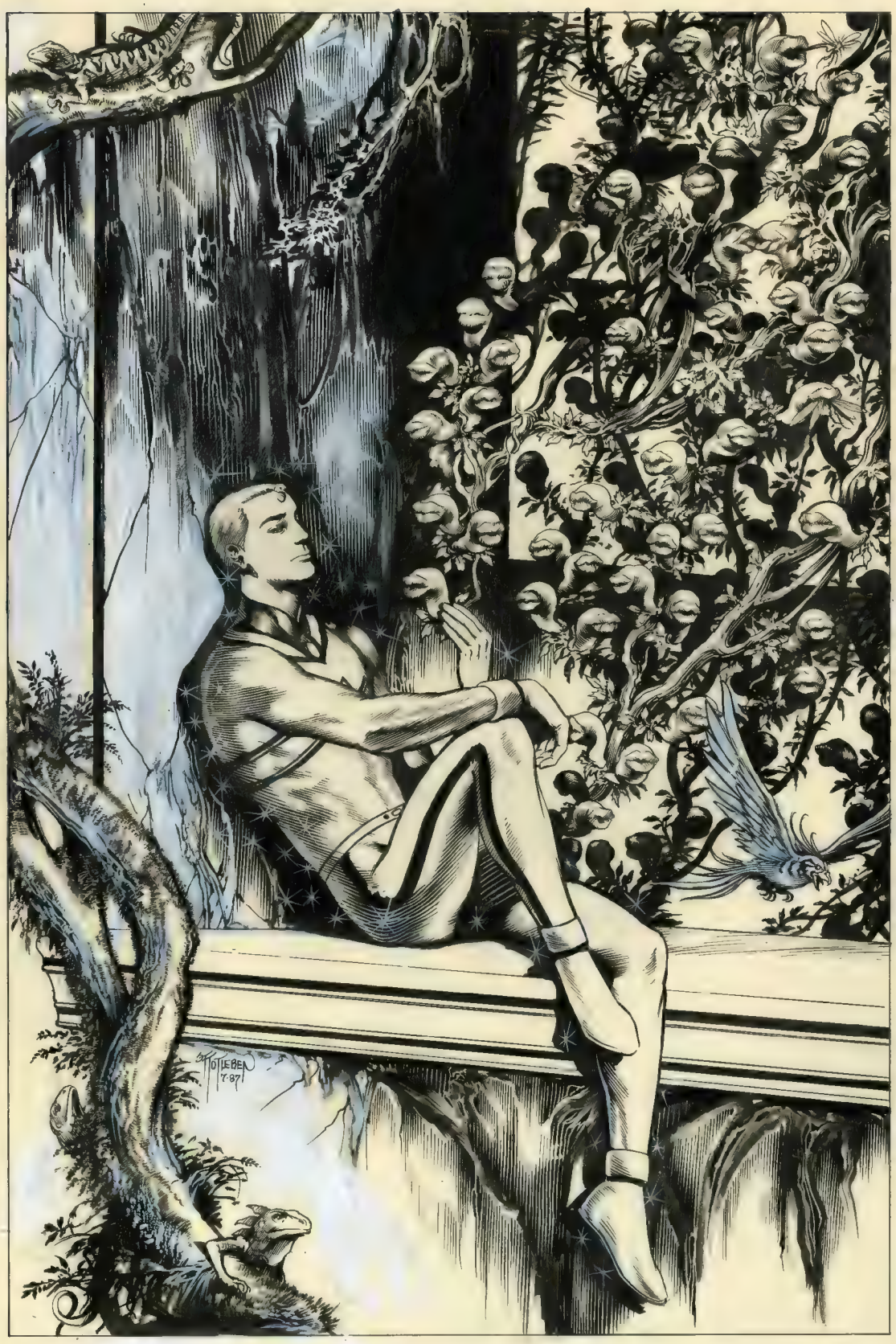
MIRACLEMAN #11 | May 1987 | Cover | By John Totleben

MIRACLEMAN #12 | September 1987 | Cover | Original Art | By John Totleben



MIRACLEMAN #12 | September 1987 | Cover | By John Totleben

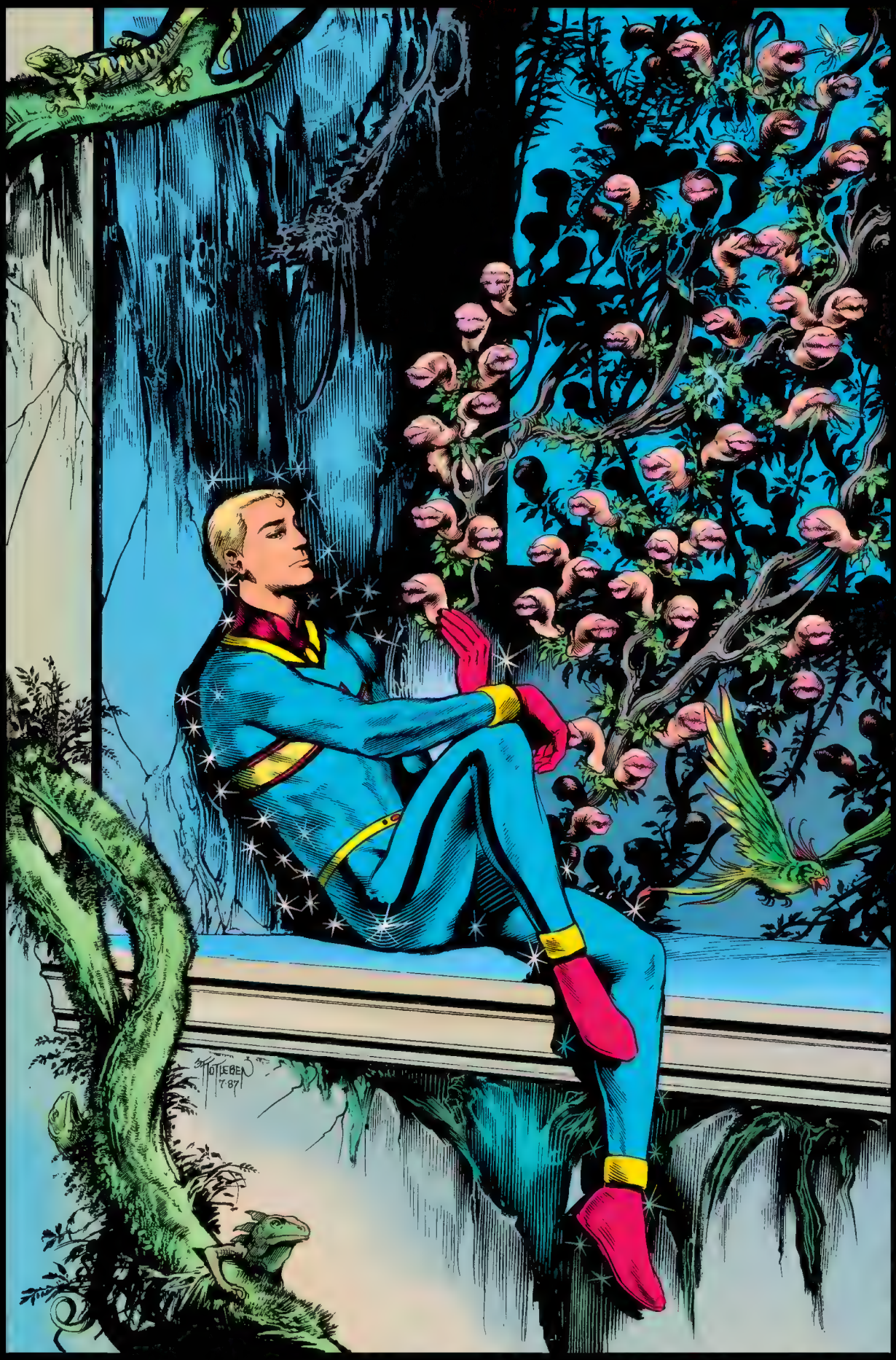
MIRACLEMAN #13 | November 1987 | Cover | Original Art | By John Totleben



COLOR NOTES:— THESE LITTLE "LIP-PLANTS" SHOULD BE FLESH COLOR WITH THE "LIPS" COLORED PINK
LEAVES & VINES GREENISH, AS NORMAL.

COLOR NOTE — THE LIZARDS & BIRD CAN BE C LORED
HOWEVER YOU LIKE SINCE I M E'EM UP.

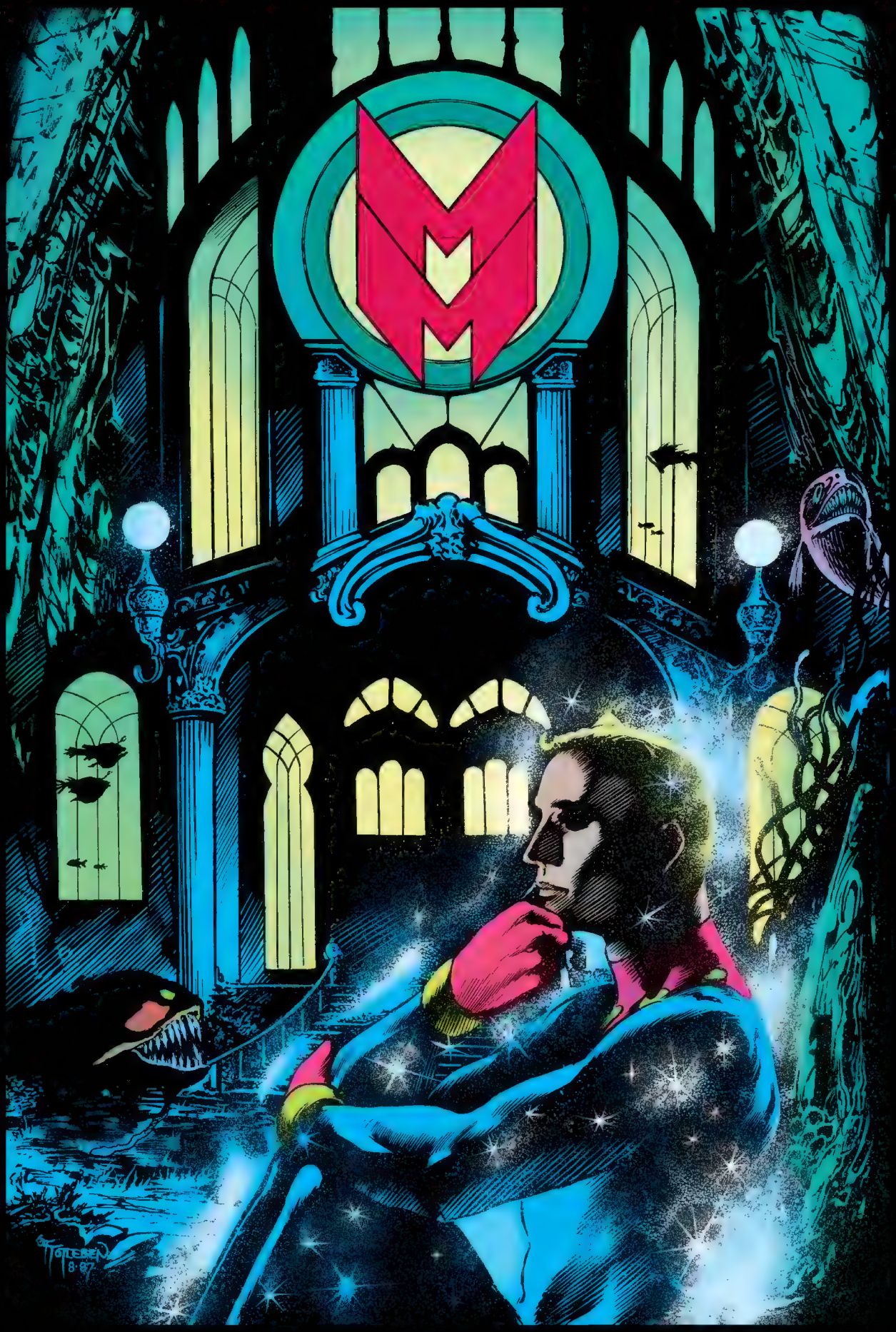
MIRACLEMAN #13 | November 1987 | Cover | By John Totleben



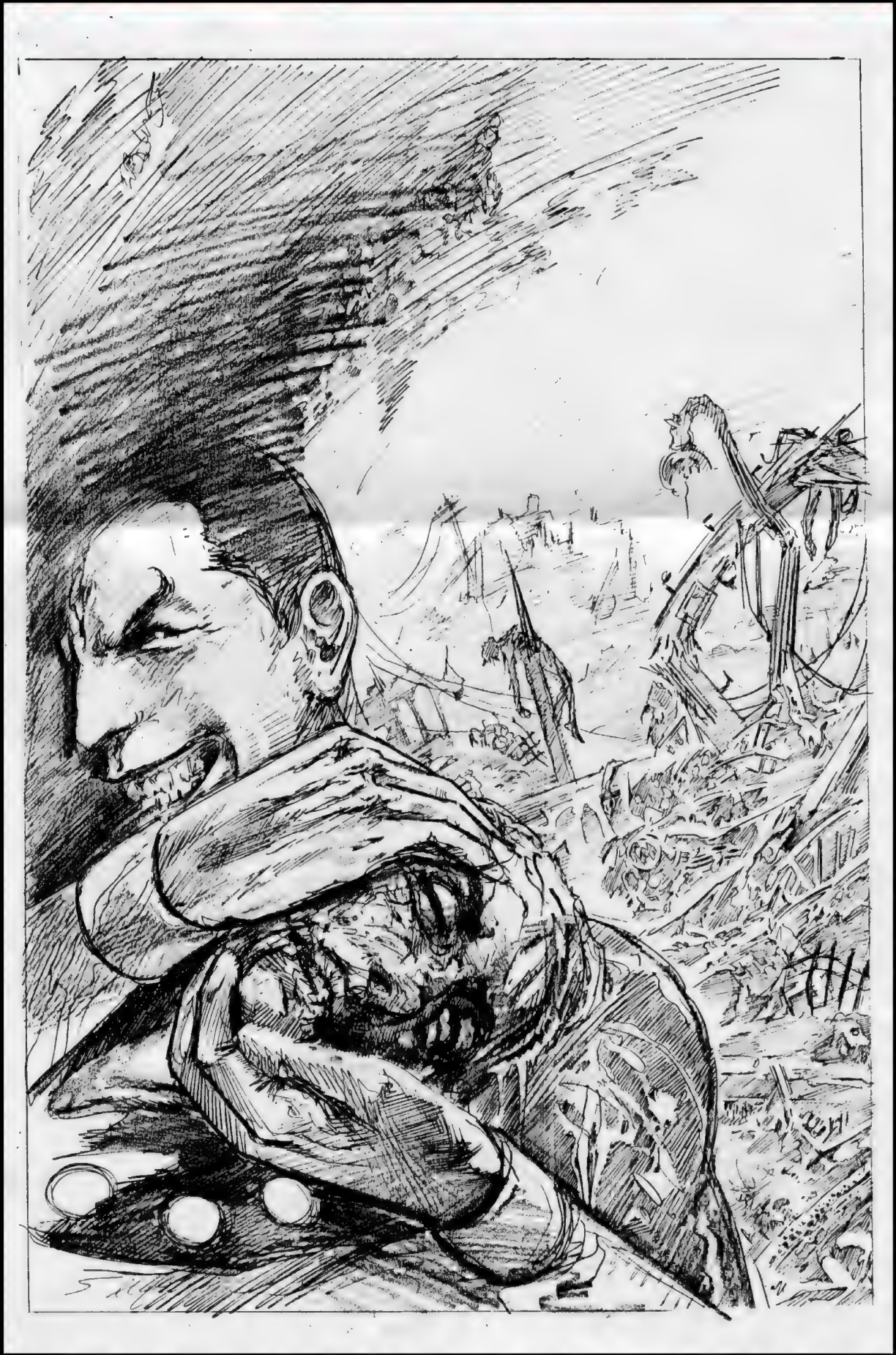
MIRACLEMAN #14 | April 1988 | Cover | Pencil Art | By John Totleben

MIRACLEMAN #14 | April 1988 | Cover | Original Art | By John Totleben

MIRACLEMAN #14 | April 1988 | Cover | By John Totleben



MIRACLEMAN #15 | November 1988 | Cover | Pencil Art | By John Totleben



MIRACLEMAN #15

TRIM

6996 –

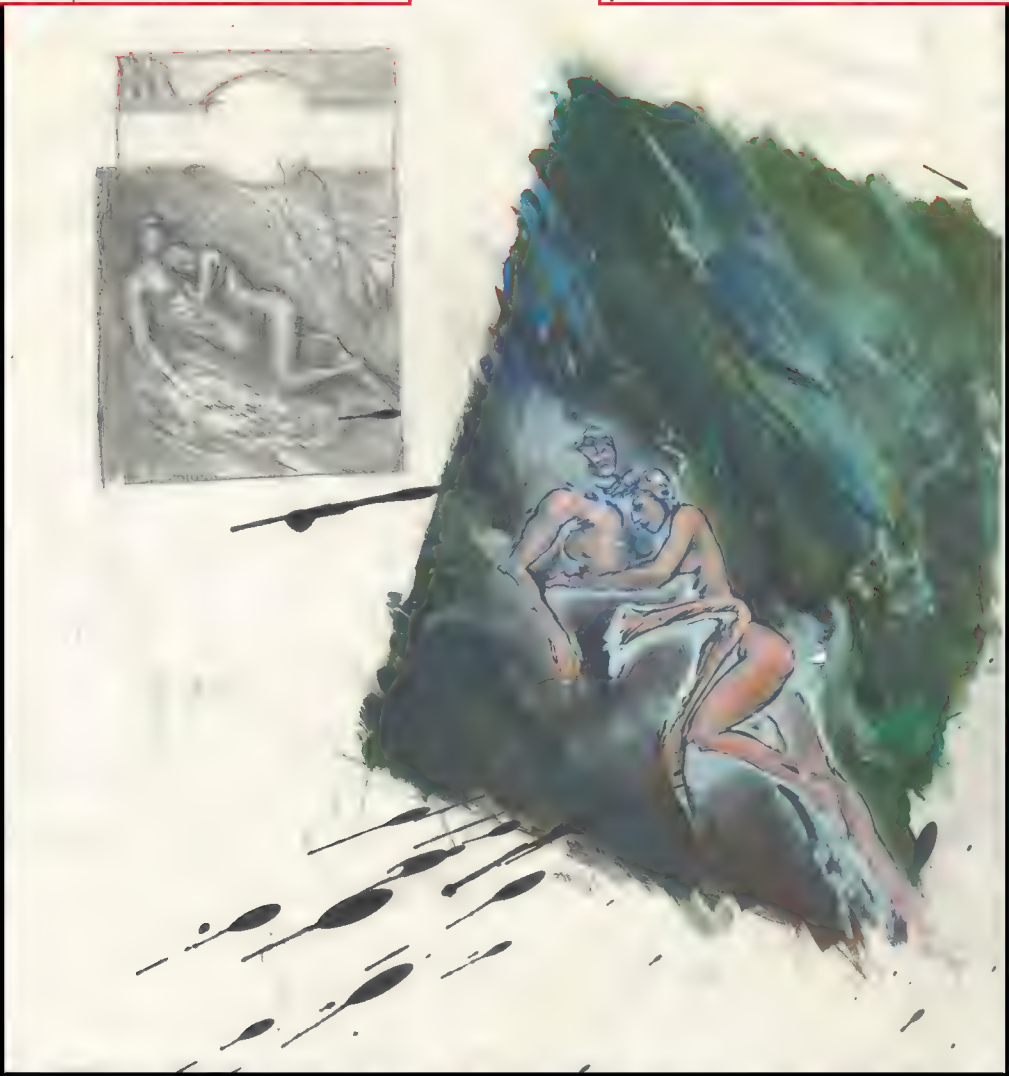
NOTE — COLORING SHOULD REFLECT THE APOCALYPTIC FLAVOR OF THIS COVER
ALSO — BATES & M.M. SHOULD BE COVERED WITH BLOOD. SAM – LET LOOSE & PULL NO PUNCHES.

MIRACLEMAN #15 | November 1988 | Cover | By John Totleben

MIRACLEMAN #16 | December 1989 | Cover | Original Art | By John Totleben

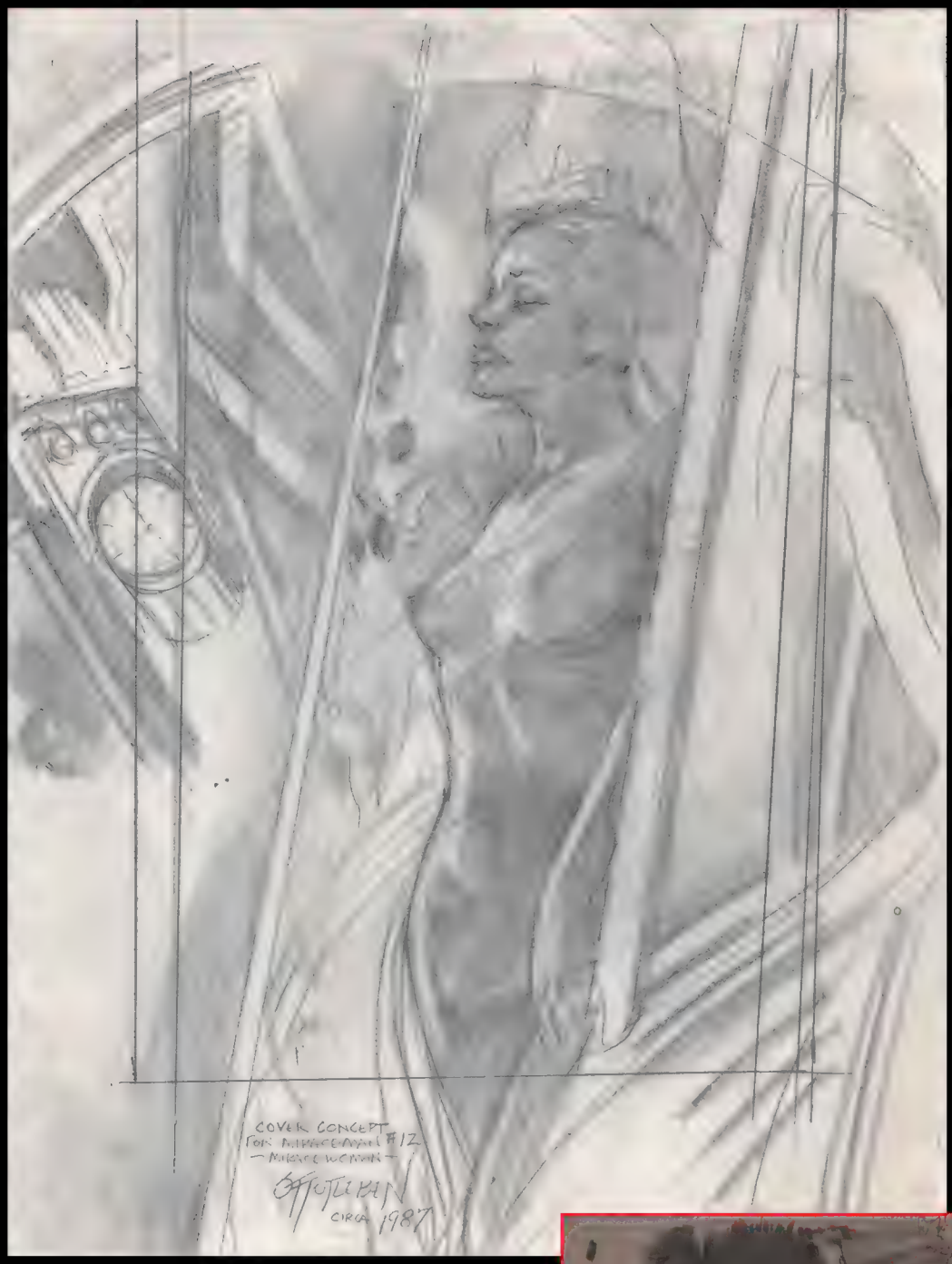
MIRACLEMAN #16 | December 1989 | Cover | By John Totleben

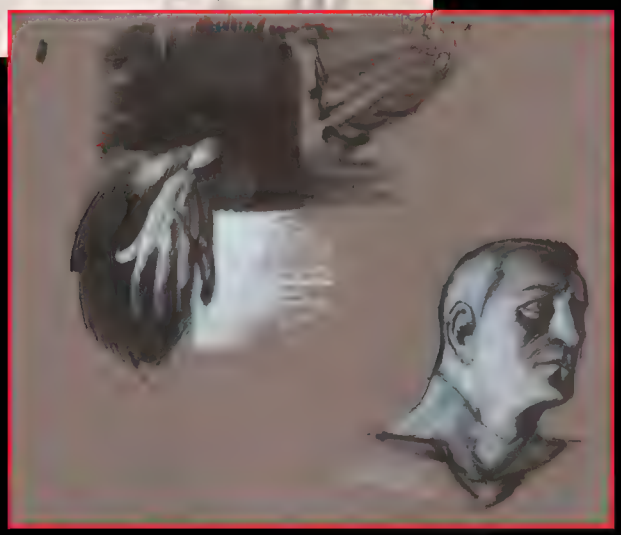
MIRACLEMAN #16 | December 1989 | Cover | Concept Sketches | By John Totleben



MIRACLEMAN #16 | December 1989 | Cover | Unused Concept Rough | By John Totleben

MIRACLEMAN #12 | September 1987 | Unused Cover Concept | By John Totleben



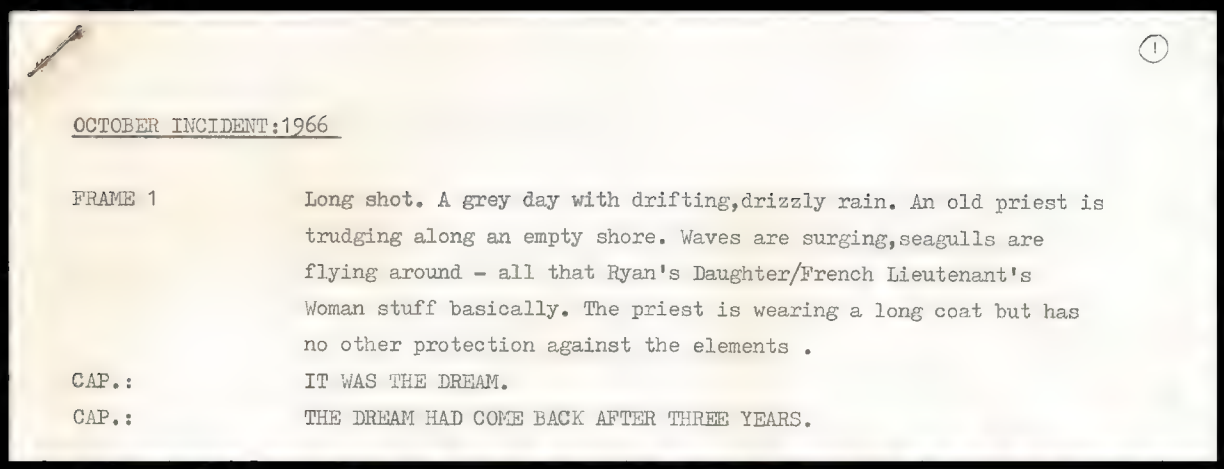


MIRACLEMAN: BOOK THREE – OLYMPUS
December 1990 | Cover | Figure Studies

MIRACLEMAN: BOOK THREE – OLYMPUS | December 1990 | Cover | Original Art | By John Totleben

ALL-NEW MIRACLEMAN ANNUAL #1 | December 2014 | "October Incident: 1966"

Grant Morrison wrote "October Incident: 1966" for the British comic magazine *Warrior*, the first home of the revitalized Marvelman/Miracleman. After submitting the script, the story was put on hiatus and appeared destined never to see print when *Warrior* ceased publication in 1984. In 2014, Joe Quesada contacted Morrison hoping that the 30-year-old script survived and they agreed to bring the story to readers at last.



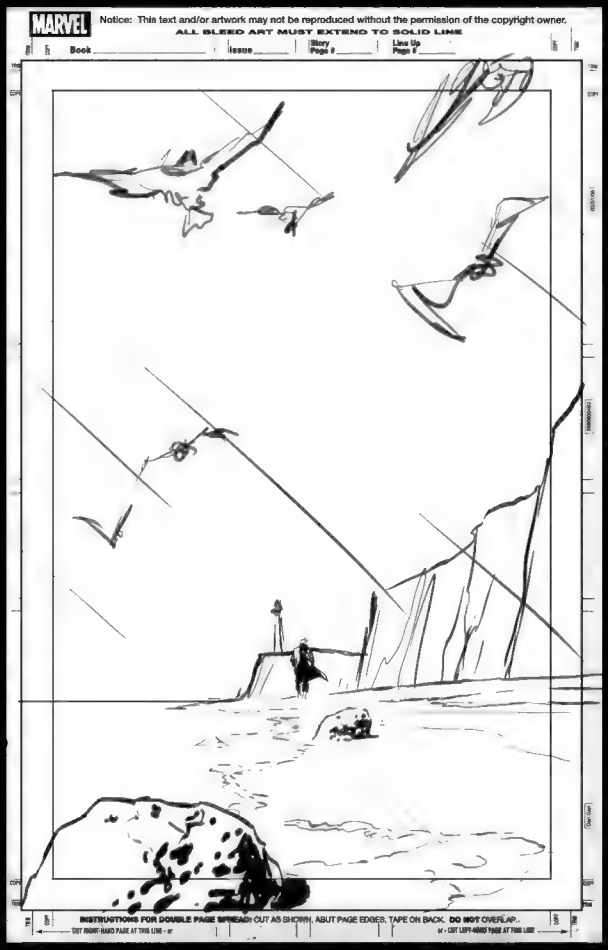
1

OCTOBER INCIDENT:1966

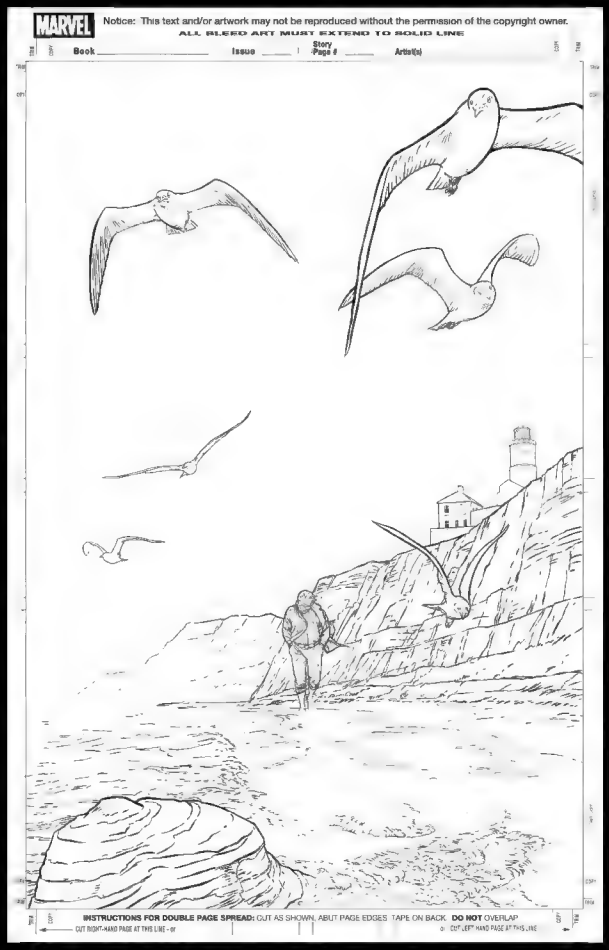
FRAME 1 — Long shot. A grey day with drifting,drizzly rain. An old priest is trudging along an empty shore. Waves are surging,seagulls are flying around - all that Ryan's Daughter/French Lieutenant's Woman stuff basically. The priest is wearing a long coat but has no other protection against the elements .

CAP.: IT WAS THE DREAM.

CAP.: THE DREAM HAD COME BACK AFTER THREE YEARS.



Page 1 (Frame 1) | Layout | By Joe Quesada



Page 1 (Frame 1) | Art | By Joe Quesada

Pages 1-2 | Script | By Grant Morrison | Layouts and Original Art | By Joe Quesada

Morrison's script is written in a format that may be unfamiliar to some readers. Rather than specifying the number of panels (or "frames") per page and where page breaks occur, the script is open for the artist to visually pace as suits their storytelling style. The only limitation is the number of pages allocated by the publisher, typically six in *Warrior*. Quesada opened up the story across eleven pages, giving greater emphasis to key moments.

```
FRAME 2          The priest staring out to sea,looking rather disturbed.
CAP.:            HE KNEW IT WAS A WARNING WHEN HE WOKE TO THE GREY LIGHT AND THE
                 WIND.
CAP.:            THE DAYS OF THE REVELATION WERE COME UPON THE WORLD AND
                 SOMETHING UNCLEAN WAS ABROAD.

FRAME 3          The priest has dropped to his knees on the sand and clasped his
                 hands in desperate prayer.
CAP.:            SOMETHING VENOMOUS WAS WALKING THE QUIET ROADS AND THE LONELY
                 PATHWAYS,SOMETHING COLD AND FAR FROM HUMAN.
CAP.:            HE PRAYS TO THE ALMIGHTY...
```

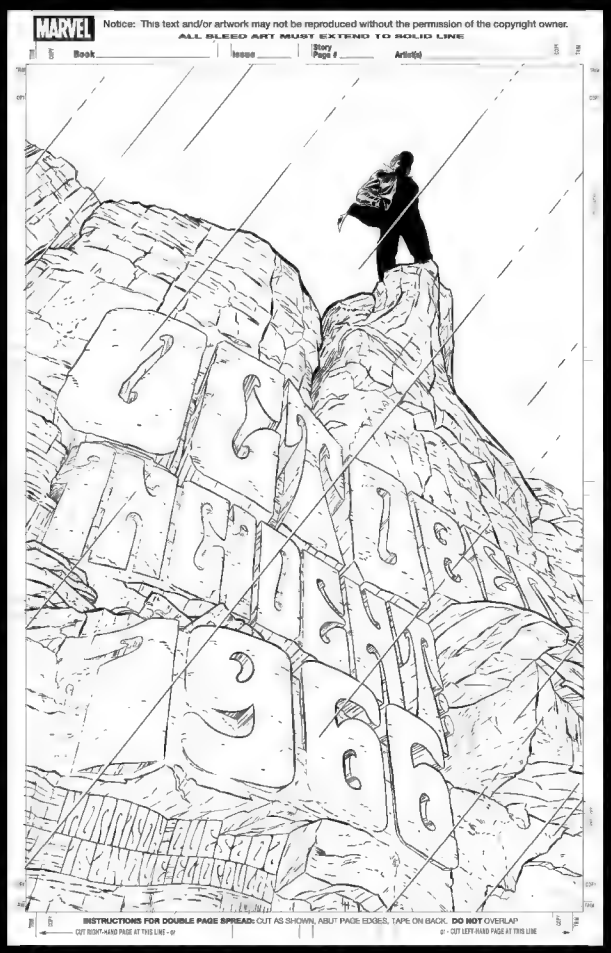
Page 2 (Frames 2-3) | Layout | By Joe Quesada

Page 2 (Frames 2-3) | Art | By Joe Quesada

As a lifelong Beatles fan, Quesada likely couldn't resist the opportunity to illustrate Johnny Bates as a "mod angel of death." That, paired with the chance to reveal an early step in Johnny's path to corruption, brought him to the drawing board.

FRAME 4	Large title frame. A path along the sea cliffs. Seen in full figure is a young man whose hair blows in the wind. (It is black and cut in the Beatles style of the time - not too long but covering his ears and reaching just past his collar,with a straight fringe. And would you like a shave too,sir ?) He is wearing a black vinyl short raincoat,black poloneck jumper,black drainpipe trousers and black chelsea boots. His face is strong and cruel with high cheekbones and slanting eyebrows. He is smiling in a slight, wicked way. His body is slim. He looks like a mod angel of death.
CAP.:	THAT IT WILL PASS HIM BY
TITLE:	OCTOBER INCIDENT: 1966

Page 3 (Frame 4) | Layout | By Joe Quesada



Page 3 (Frame 4) | Art | By Joe Quesada

FRAME 5 — The priest close up. He is staring heavenward. His hands are clenched at his chin. Rain runs on his face.

CAP.: BUT THE ONLY ANSWER IS THE SOUND OF DREAM THUNDER ECHOING DOWN THE DAYS.

FRAME 6 — Flashback. Long shot. The priest walking on the sea cliffs three years earlier. It is night and snow is falling.

(2)

CAP.: AS THE MEMORIES COME STEALING.

FRAME 7 — Flashback. Same view as Frame 6 but lit white as though by a flash of lightning. The priest is turned towards the sea.

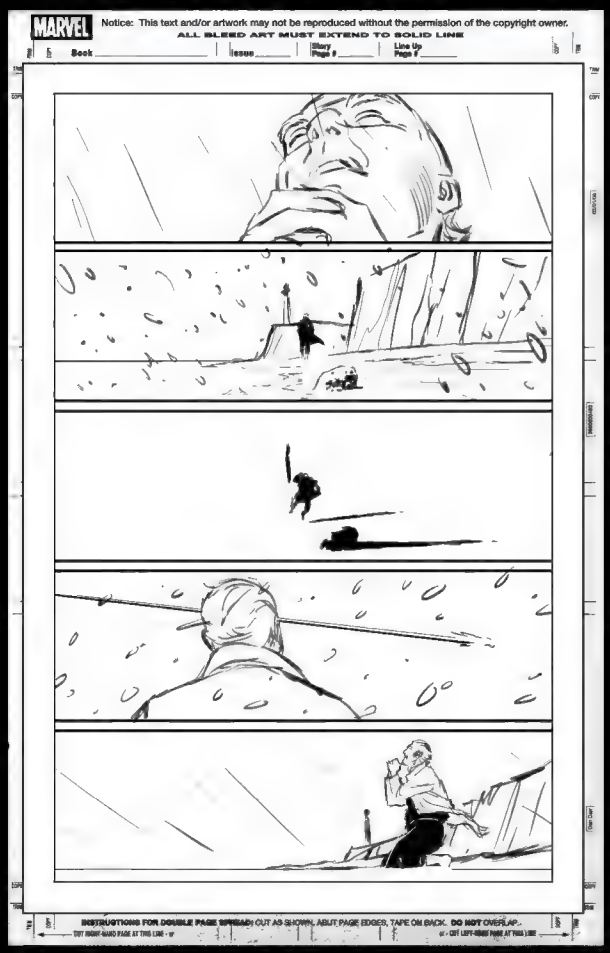
CAP.: MEMORIES OF FIRE IN THE SKY AND OF GLORY THAT BLAZED WHITE AS THE SUN...

FRAME 8 — Flashback. The priest looking up as what appears to be a small comet hurtles overhead.

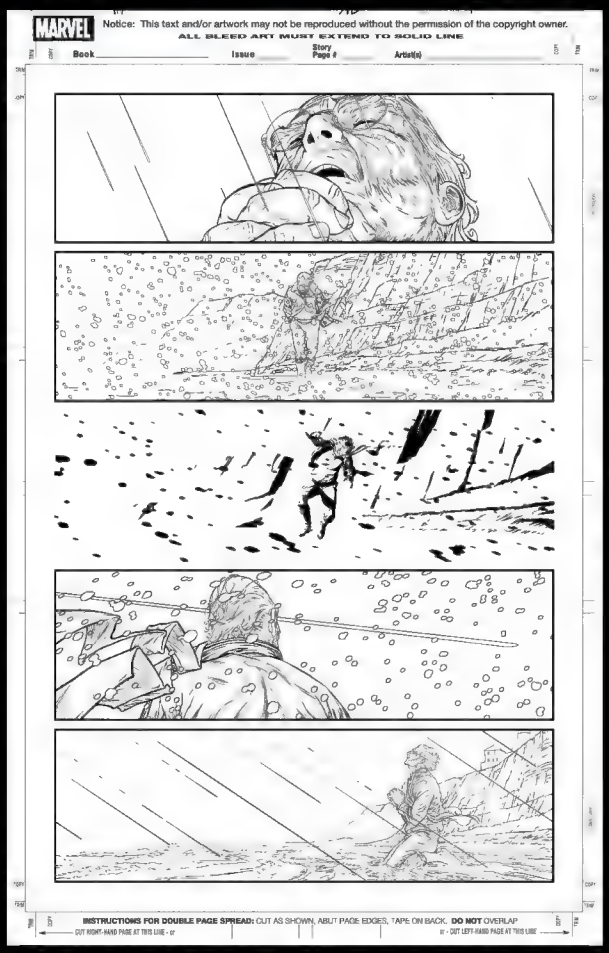
CAP.: ON THE NIGHT THE OLD DRAGON WAS CAST OUT OF HEAVEN.

FRAME 9 — The priest still kneeling on the sand. The sea has almost reached his knees. His head is bent in fervent prayer. In the background we can see the small dark figure of the young man approaching.

PRIEST: LORD BLESS ME AND KEEP ME AND DELIVER ME FROM...



Page 4 (Frames 5-9) | Layout | By Joe Quesada



Page 4 (Frames 5-9) | Art | By Joe Quesada

Morrison's take on Bates embodies the rebellious styles and popular icons of the '60s. Bates steps into the scene dressed like another famous John, John Lennon, who wore a similar fisherman's hat during the Beatles' first American tour. Setting the story in 1966 echoes Lennon's controversial quote from that year: "Christianity will go. It will vanish and shrink. I needn't argue about that; I'm right and I'll be proved right. We're more popular than Jesus now; I don't know which will go first—rock 'n' roll or Christianity. Jesus was all right but his disciples were thick and ordinary. It's them twisting it that ruins it for me."

FRAME 10	Ground level view. In the foreground is the black-trousered leg of the young man,his boot sunk into the wet sand. Behind that,the priest is turning startled from his devotions.
PRIEST:	...EVIL ?
FRAME 11	The young man smiling in a mocking,condescending way.
YOUNG MAN:	HELLO FATHER.
YOUNG MAN:	COMMUNING WITH NATURE ?
FRAME 12	The priest and the young man. The priest is getting up,with a trapped frightened look on his face.
PRIEST:	OH.
PRIEST:	I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COMING...
PRIEST:	...I...

Page 5 (Frames 10-12) | Layout | By Joe Quesada

Page 5 (Frames 10-12) | Art | By Joe Quesada

Pages 5-6 | Script | By Grant Morrison | Layouts and Original Art | By Joe Quesada

FRAME 13 — Close in on the pair. The priest staring into the young man's face.
PRIEST: ...HAVE WE MET BEFORE...

FRAME 14 — First of four slim vertical frames. Flashback. A boy's naked figure stumbling through swirling snow. Smoke drifts off his burnt and strangely glowing form. He has short black hair.
CAP.: '...SOMEWHERE.?'
CAP.: A SMELL OF BURNING.

FRAME 15 — The young man,hands in pockets,standing against the wind and rain. Almost exulting in the storm.

(3)

YOUNG MAN: COULD BE. I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE...

FRAME 16 — Flashback. Long shot. The smouldering boy stumbling down a quiet road. It is still dark,still snowing. The boy looks like a ghost.
CAP.: 'A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK.'
CAP.: A SMELL OF BRIMSTONE.

FRAME 17 — The priest's stance has crumbled. He looks old and frail,cowering before the storm.
PRIEST: OH GOD.

FRAME 18 — The young man has very lightly slapped the priest who flies backwards across the sand under the force of the blow.
YOUNG MAN: UH-UH.
YOUNG MAN: TRY AGAIN.

Page 6 (Frames 13-18) | Layout | By Joe Quesada

Page 6 (Frames 13-18) | Art | By Joe Quesada

FRAME 19 — From above. The priest is lying twisted on the tideline at the end of a long skid mark he has left in the sand. The sea is coming in around his body. The young man is walking towards him, implacable.

CAP.: HIS ARM IS BROKEN. TWO RIBS HAVE SPLINTERED...HE CAN FEEL THEM GRATE AS HE TRIES TO MOVE.

PRIEST: NO..

PRIEST: ...NO, DON'T...

FRAME 20 — The young man walking across the sand. The priest lies in the foreground.

YOUNG MAN: I'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF READING, OLD MAN. SO MUCH TO LEARN ; NIETZCHE, QUANTUM THEORY, THE BIBLE.

PRIEST: DEAR JESUS...

FRAME 21 — Track in towards the young man, whose feet are seen to be leaving the ground ever so slightly.

YOUNG MAN: HARDLY.

YOUNG MAN: JESUS ONLY WALKED ON THE WATER. BUT ME...

FRAME 22 — The young man is stepping up into the air over the priest's head. He is grinning madly, his hair flying in the storm.

YOUNG MAN: I WALK ON THE AIR !

FRAME 23 — The priest staring up in terror, grasping at the cross around his neck while the young man hovers above him.

PRIEST: OH GOD...

(4)

PRIEST: DEAR GOD PROTECT ME...I SHALL FEAR NO EVIL...

Page 7 (Frames 19-23) | Layout | By Joe Quesada

Page 7 (Frames 19-23) | Art | By Joe Quesada

That the work of German philosopher Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche is amongst Bates' reading material is no accident. In 1882, Nietzsche famously wrote, "God is dead." To Nietzsche, the loss of faith/God meant that the absolute morality imposed by religion was also lost. If one does not believe in the source from which the moral order springs, its morality becomes unenforceable. The result is a struggle to maintain a system of moral values in the face of nihilism (the rejection of morality).

FRAME 24 — The young man laughing,hanging in the air as though in parody of the crucifixion. Lightning is crackling around his outstretched hands.

YOUNG MAN: YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CROSS AND STUFF IT! THE APOCALYPSE HAS ARRIVED!

YOUNG MAN: I CAN DO ANY BLOODY THING I WANT AND YOU CAN'T STOP ME YOU PATHETIC OLD WITCH DOCTOR!

FRAME 25 — The priest screaming. Wielding his cross like a gun without bullets.

PRIEST: GET THEE BEHIND ME SATAN!!!

Page 8 (Frames 24-25) layout by Joe Quesada

Page 8 (Frames 24-25) art by Joe Quesada

Page 8, Panel 3 with darkened overlay for Bates' lightning effects

In the three years since the Spookshow attempted to kill the Miracleman Family, Johnny Bates, loose in a world unencumbered by Gargunza's dreams, has transformed from a playful child into a violent murderer. Quesada punctuates Bates' corruption with a full-page splash.

FRAME 26	Long shot. Lightning blasting down to incinerate the priest. The young man's head is thrown back in wild glee.
CAP.:	THERE IS A BRIEF STINK OF OZONE AND A WHIPCRACK OF THUNDER.

Page 9 (Frame 26) | Layout | By Joe Quesada

Page 7 (Frame 26) | Art | By Joe Quesada

Heightening the moment's drama, Quesada extends Bates' inspection of his work, adding a reference to *Hamlet*'s gravedigger scene. Bates takes the place of mad Prince Hamlet, while the priest's skull stands in for that of Yorick, the beloved court jester who entertained the prince in his youth. The moment also foreshadows Miracleman crushing Johnny's skull 20 years later.

FRAME 27	The young man standing over a smoking,charred pile. He is looking down with an inhuman grin,as though inspecting the results of a successful experiment.
CAP.:	THEN THERE IS NOTHING.
CAP.:	ONLY A SMELL OF BURNING.
CAP.:	AND A SMILING DRAGON.
FRAME 28	View from the cliffs down to the beach. The young man is walking in mid air up towards 'camera'.
CAP.:	SOMETIMES DREAMS CAN COME TRUE.
CAP.:	EVEN THE BAD ONES.

Page 10 (Frames 27-28) | Layout | By Joe Quesada

Page 10 (Frames 27-28) | Art | By Joe Quesada

In *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, Nietzsche presented his concept of the *Übermensch* (originally translated as "Beyond-Man," but since interpreted as "superman" or "overman"). The *Übermensch* will rise above nihilism to create mankind's new system of moral values. In *Miracleman*, Bates becomes a horrifying embodiment of nihilism, while Miracleman follows the path of the potential *Übermensch*.

FRAME 29 — Long shot down a road as the young man walks off into empty country. The rain falls and leaves whirl in the wind.

CAP.: THE WIND RISES. IN HIS HEAD A SWEET BLACK BLIZZARD RAGES.

CAP.: AND SMILING BLEAKLY, THE DRAGON, THE ANTICHRIST, JOHNNY BATES, KID MIRACLEMAN, TURNS HIS FACE TO THE GATHERING STORM AND HEADS FOR LONDON.

****

Page 11 (Frame 29) | Layout | By Joe Quesada

Page 11 (Frame 29) | Art | By Joe Quesada

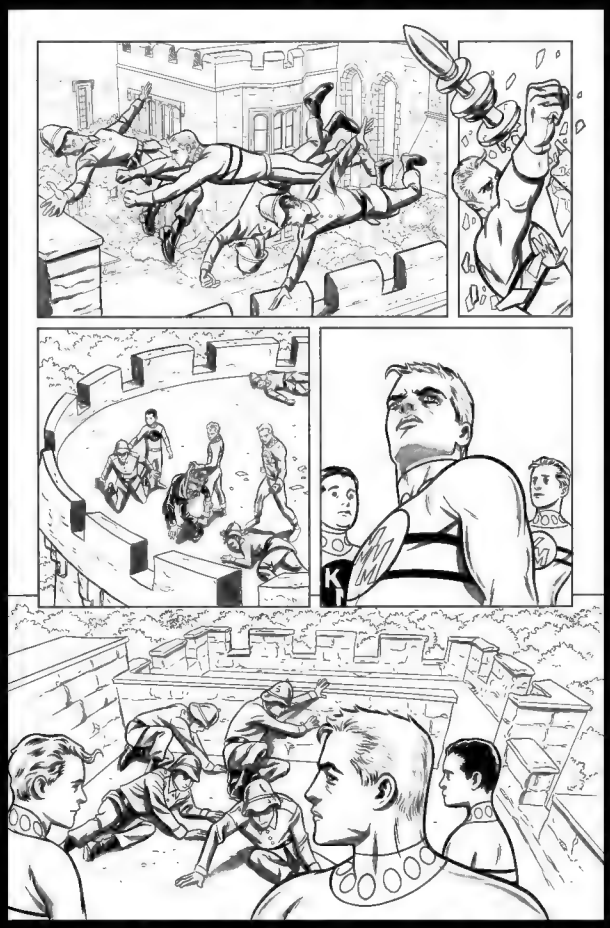
Quesada used this photograph of Morrison, taken the year the story was written, as reference for Bates' Beatles-inspired fashions.

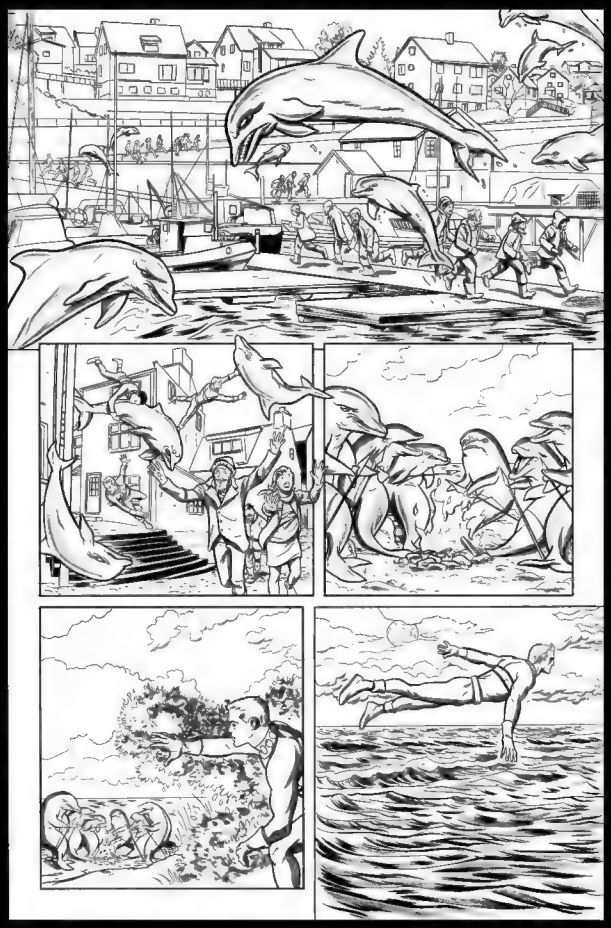
Grant Morrison, Culzean Castle, Scotland, 1984 Photo by Judy Cartwright

ALL-NEW MIRACLEMAN ANNUAL #1 | December 2014 | "Seriously Miraculous"

Peter Milligan and Mike Allred's "Seriously Miraculous" takes the reader down memory lane with homages to Mick Anglo's 1950s-60s Marvelman stories. In Anglo's stories, the Boromanians were constant adversaries and often in cahoots with Gargunza.

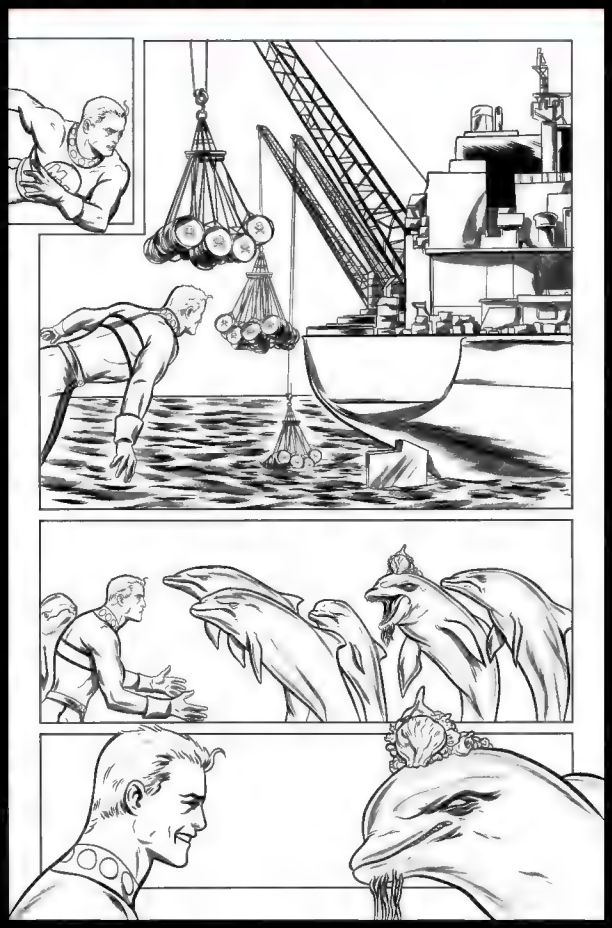
Michael Allred depicts the Miracleman Family and classic Marvelman villains in his super ginchy retro-modern style.

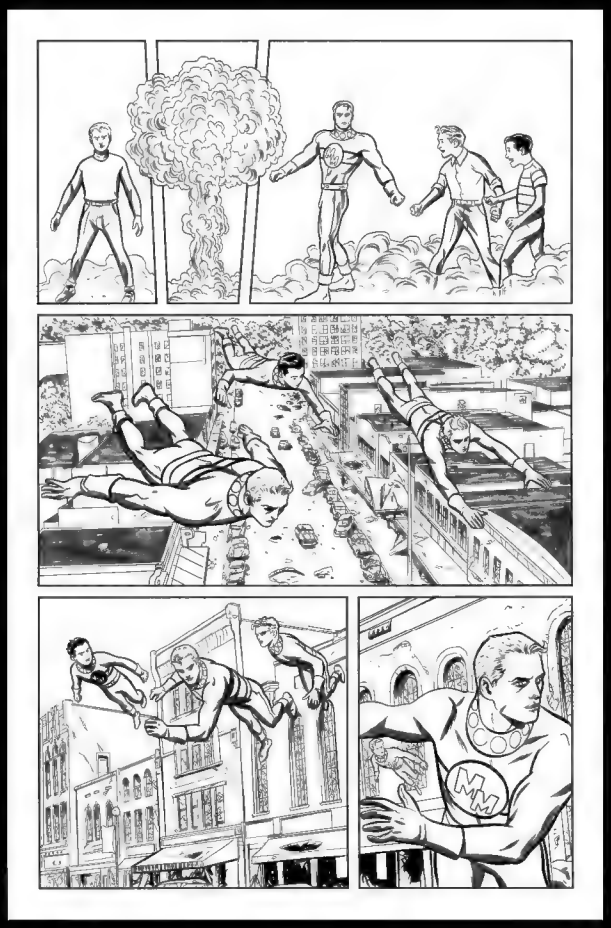




ALL-NEW MIRACLEMAN ANNUAL #1 | December 2014 | "Seriously Miraculous"

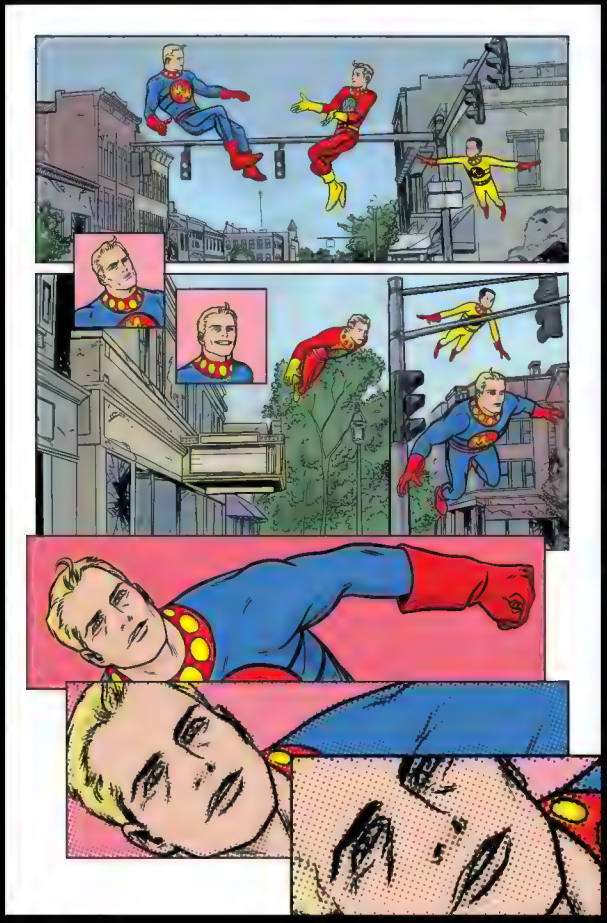
The Miracleman Family battle "unusually" crazed dolphins and struggle to recall their transformation phrases.





Pages 6-10 | Original Art | Page 10 | Pencil Art | By Michael Allred | Color Art | By Laura Allred

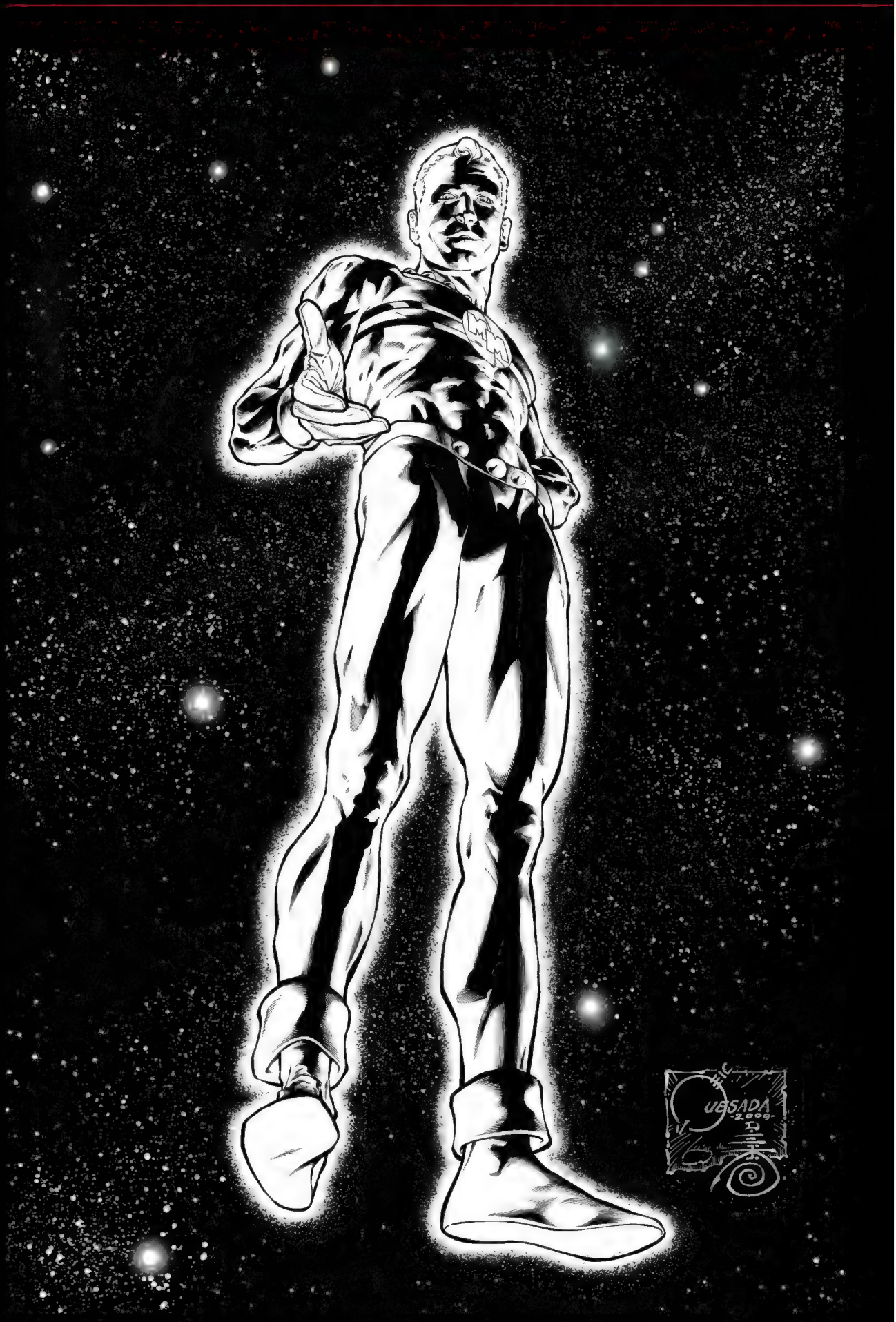
"Seriously Miraculous" concludes with a zoom-in homage to *Miracleman* #1's prologue as MM ponders their reality.



***MARVELMAN PRIMER* #1 | July 2010 | Cover | By Joe Quesada, Danny Miki & Richard Isanove**

Marvelman Primer introduced American readers to the Marvelman Family with historical articles and character bios.

MARVELMAN PRIMER #1 | July 2010 | Cover | Original Art | By Joe Quesada & Danny Miki



***MARVELMAN FAMILY'S FINEST* #1 | July 2010 | Cover | By Marko Djurdjević**

Marvelman Family's Finest reprinted a selection of Marvelman's greatest 1950s and '60s adventures.

MARVELMAN FAMILY'S FINEST #1 | July 2010 | Variant Cover | By Doug Braithwaite

MARVELMAN FAMILY'S FINEST #2 | August 2010 | Cover | By Marko Djurdjević

MARVELMAN FAMILY'S FINEST #2 | August 2010 | Variant Cover | By Mike Perkins & Brian Reber

MARVELMAN FAMILY'S FINEST #3 | September 2010 | Cover | By Marko Djurdjević

MARVELMAN FAMILY'S FINEST #3 | September 2010 | Variant Cover | By Sepulveda & Hollowell

MARVELMAN FAMILY'S FINEST #4 | October 2010 | Cover | By Mike Perkins & Laura Martin

MARVELMAN FAMILY'S FINEST #4 | October 2010 | Variant Cover | By Jae Lee & June Chung

MARVELMAN FAMILY'S FINEST #5 | November 2010 | Cover | By Mike Perkins & Laura Martin

MARVELMAN FAMILY'S FINEST #5 | November 2010 | Variant Cover | By Khoi Pham & Brian Reber

MARVELMAN FAMILY'S FINEST #6 | December 2010 | Cover | By Mike Perkins & Laura Martin

MARVELMAN FAMILY'S FINEST #6 | December 2010 | Variant Cover | By Ben Oliver

MIRACLEMAN #1 | January 2014 | Cover | By Joe Quesada, Danny Miki & Richard Isanove

MIRACLEMAN #1 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Joe Quesada & Danny Miki

MIRACLEMAN #1 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By John Cassaday & Paul Mounts

MIRACLEMAN #1 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Leinil Francis Yu, Gerry Alanguilan & Laura Martin

MIRACLEMAN #1 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Jerome Opeña & Dean White

MIRACLEMAN #1 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Mark Buckingham & D'Israeli

MIRACLEMAN #1 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Skottie Young

MIRACLEMAN #1 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Garry Leach & Steve Oliff

MIRACLEMAN #1 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Neal Adams & Frank Martin

MIRACLEMAN #1 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Neal Adams

MIRACLEMAN #2 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Neal Adams & Frank Martin

MIRACLEMAN #2 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Neal Adams

MIRACLEMAN #2 | January 2014 | Cover | By Alan Davis, Mark Farmer & Laura Martin

MIRACLEMAN #2 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Alan Davis & Mark Farmer

MIRACLEMAN #2 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Arthur Adams & Peter Steigerwald

MIRACLEMAN #2 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Mike Perkins & Andy Troy

MIRACLEMAN #2 | January 2014 | Variant Cover | By Mike McKone & Frank Martin

MIRACLEMAN #3 | February 2014 | Cover | By Alan Davis, Mark Farmer & Laura Martin

MIRACLEMAN #3 | February 2014 | Variant Cover | By Paolo Rivera

MIRACLEMAN #3 | February 2014 | Variant Cover | By Mike Deodato Jr. & Rain Beredo

MIRACLEMAN #3 | February 2014 | Variant Cover | By J.G. Jones & Laura Martin

MIRACLEMAN #4 | March 2014 | Cover | By Alan Davis, Mark Farmer & Javier Rodríguez

MIRACLEMAN #4 | March 2014 | Variant Cover | By John Tyler Christopher

MIRACLEMAN #4 | March 2014 | Variant Cover | By Gerald Parel

MIRACLEMAN #4 | March 2014 | Variant Cover | By Bryan Hitch & Dean White

MIRACLEMAN: BOOK ONE – A DREAM OF FLYING | May 2014 | Variant Cover | By Davis & Martin

MIRACLEMAN #5 | May 2014 | Cover | By Alan Davis, Mark Farmer & Laura Martin

MIRACLEMAN #5 | May 2014 | Variant Cover | By Jim Cheung & Justin Ponsor

MIRACLEMAN #5 | May 2014 | Variant Cover | By Alex Ross

MIRACLEMAN #5 | May 2014 | Variant Cover | By Humberto Ramos & Edgar Delgado

MIRACLEMAN #6 | May 2014 | Cover | By Alan Davis, Mark Farmer & Laura Martin

MIRACLEMAN #6 | May 2014 | Variant Cover | By Kevin Nowlan

MIRACLEMAN #6 | May 2014 | Variant Cover | By Mike del Mundo

MIRACLEMAN #6 | May 2014 | Variant Cover | By Julian Totino Tedesco

MIRACLEMAN #7 | June 2014 | Cover | By Alan Davis, Mark Farmer & Laura Martin

MIRACLEMAN #7 | June 2014 | Variant Cover | By Alan Davis, Mark Farmer & Laura Martin

MIRACLEMAN #7 | June 2014 | Variant Cover | By Ronnie Del Carmen

MIRACLEMAN #7 | June 2014 | Variant Cover | By Alex Maleev

MIRACLEMAN #8 | July 2014 | Cover | By John Romita Jr., Tom Palmer & Paul Mounts

MIRACLEMAN #8 | July 2014 | Variant Cover | By Dale Keown & Jason Keith

MIRACLEMAN #8 | July 2014 | Variant Cover | By Dave Gibbons & Paul Mounts

MIRACLEMAN #8 | July 2014 | Variant Cover | By Adam Kubert & Jason Keith

MIRACLEMAN #9 | August 2014 | Cover | By Rick Veitch & Rain Beredo

MIRACLEMAN #9 | August 2014 | Variant Cover | By Adi Granov

MIRACLEMAN #9 | August 2014 | Variant Cover | By David Marquez & Edgar Delgado

MIRACLEMAN #9 | August 2014 | Variant Cover | By Paul Renaud

MIRACLEMAN #10 | September 2014 | Cover | By Rick Veitch & Rain Beredo

MIRACLEMAN #10 | September 2014 | Variant Cover | By Mico Suayan & Paul Mounts

MIRACLEMAN #10 | September 2014 | Variant Cover | By Joe Quinones

MIRACLEMAN: BOOK TWO – THE RED KING SYNDROME | October 2014 | Cover | By Davis, Farmer & Martin

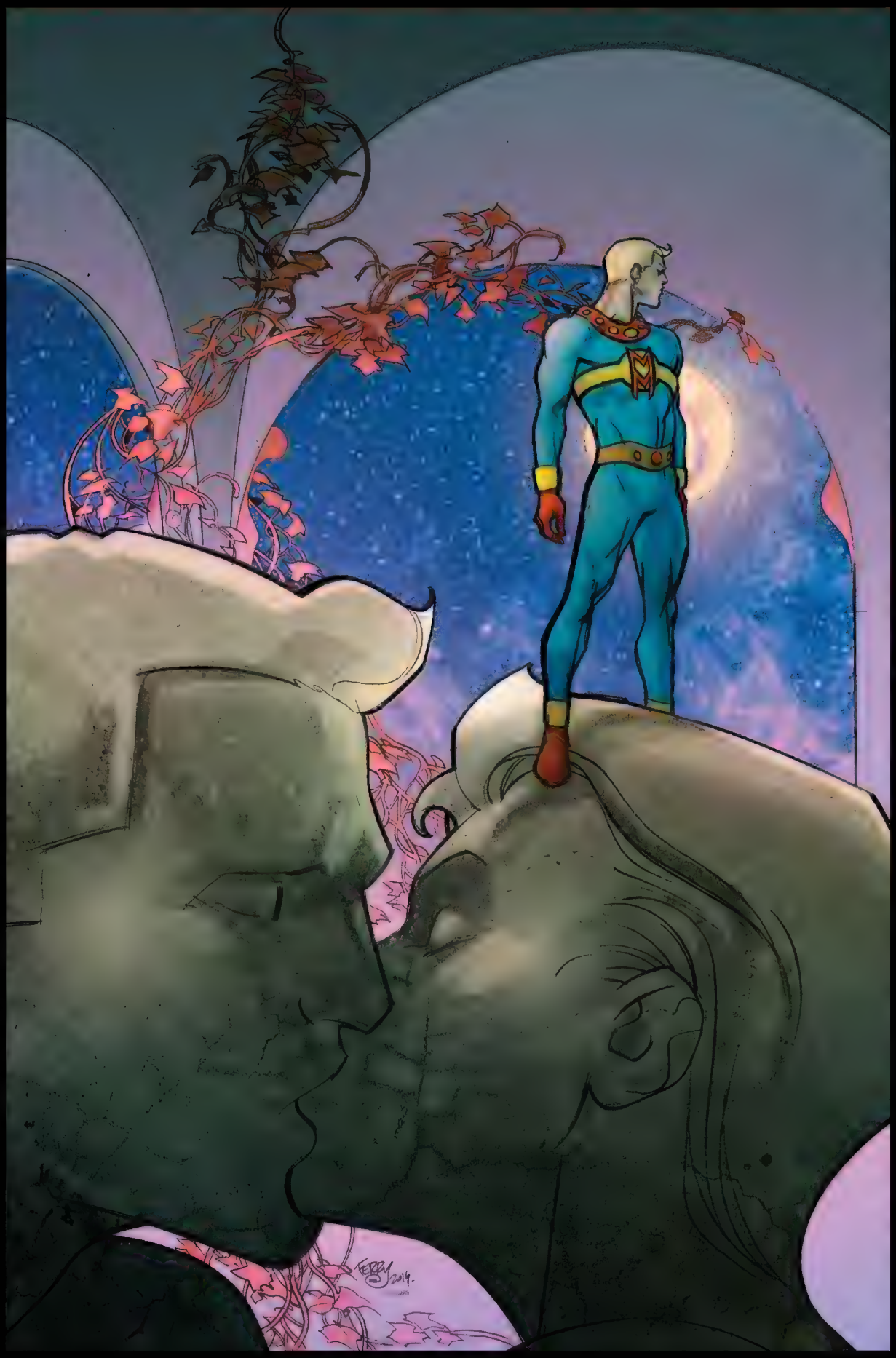
MIRACLEMAN #11 | October 2014 | Cover | By John Totleben & Rain Beredo

MIRACLEMAN #11 | October 2014 | Variant Cover | By Salvador Larroca & Justin Ponsor

MIRACLEMAN #11 | October 2014 | Variant Cover | By Pascal Campion

MIRACLEMAN #12 | October 2014 | Cover | By John Totleben & Rain Beredo

MIRACLEMAN #12 | October 2014 | Variant Cover | By Pasqual Ferry & Matt Hollingsworth

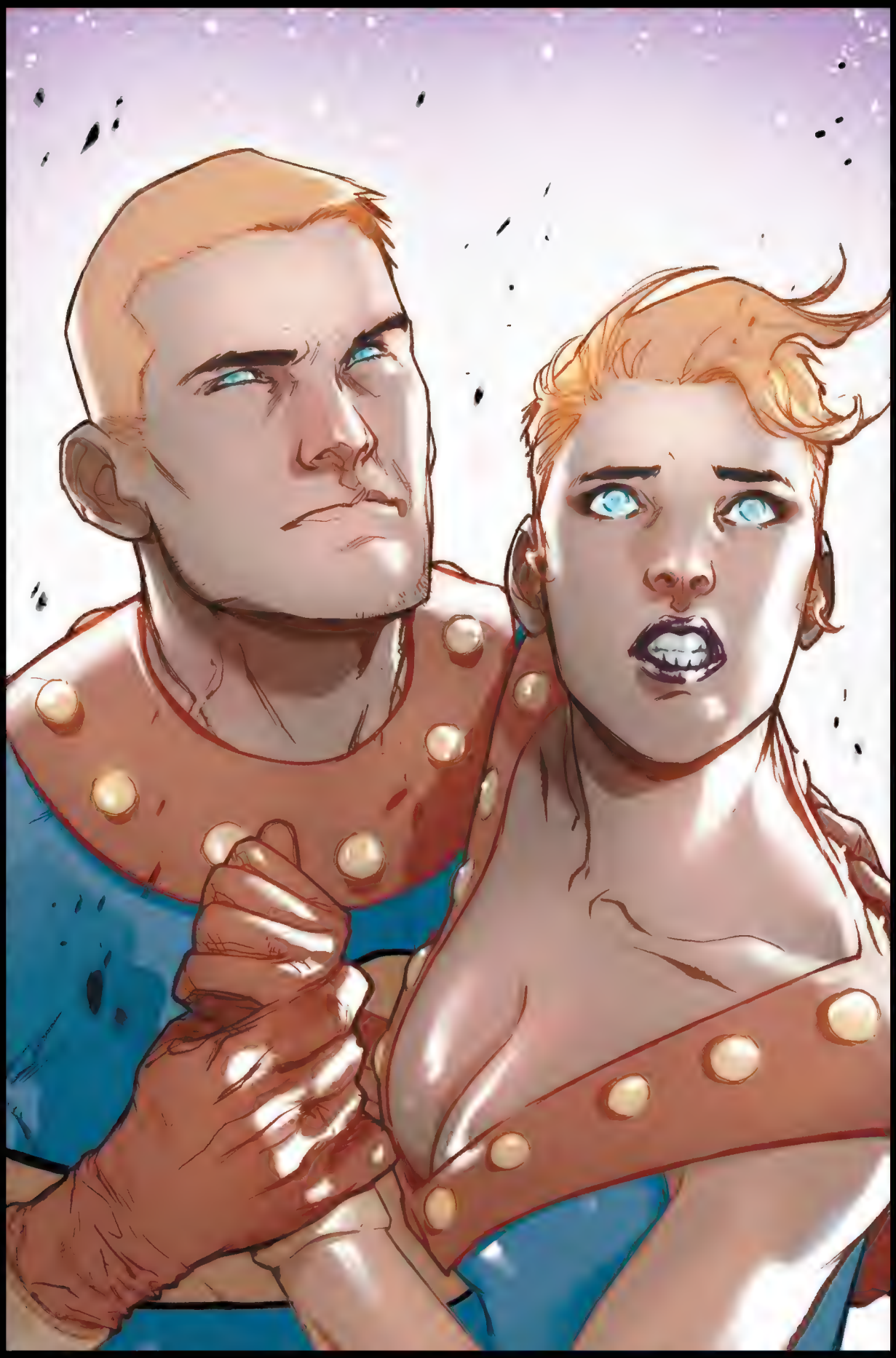


MIRACLEMAN #12 | October 2014 | Variant Cover | By Adam Hughes

MIRACLEMAN #13 | November 2014 | Cover | By John Totleben & Rain Beredo

MIRACLEMAN #13 | November 2014 | Variant Cover | By Jorge Molina

MIRACLEMAN #13 | November 2014 | Variant Cover | By Sara Pichelli & Edgar Delgado



MIRACLEMAN #14 | January 2015 | Cover | By John Totleben & Rain Beredo

MIRACLEMAN #14 | January 2015 | Variant Cover | By Brandon Peterson

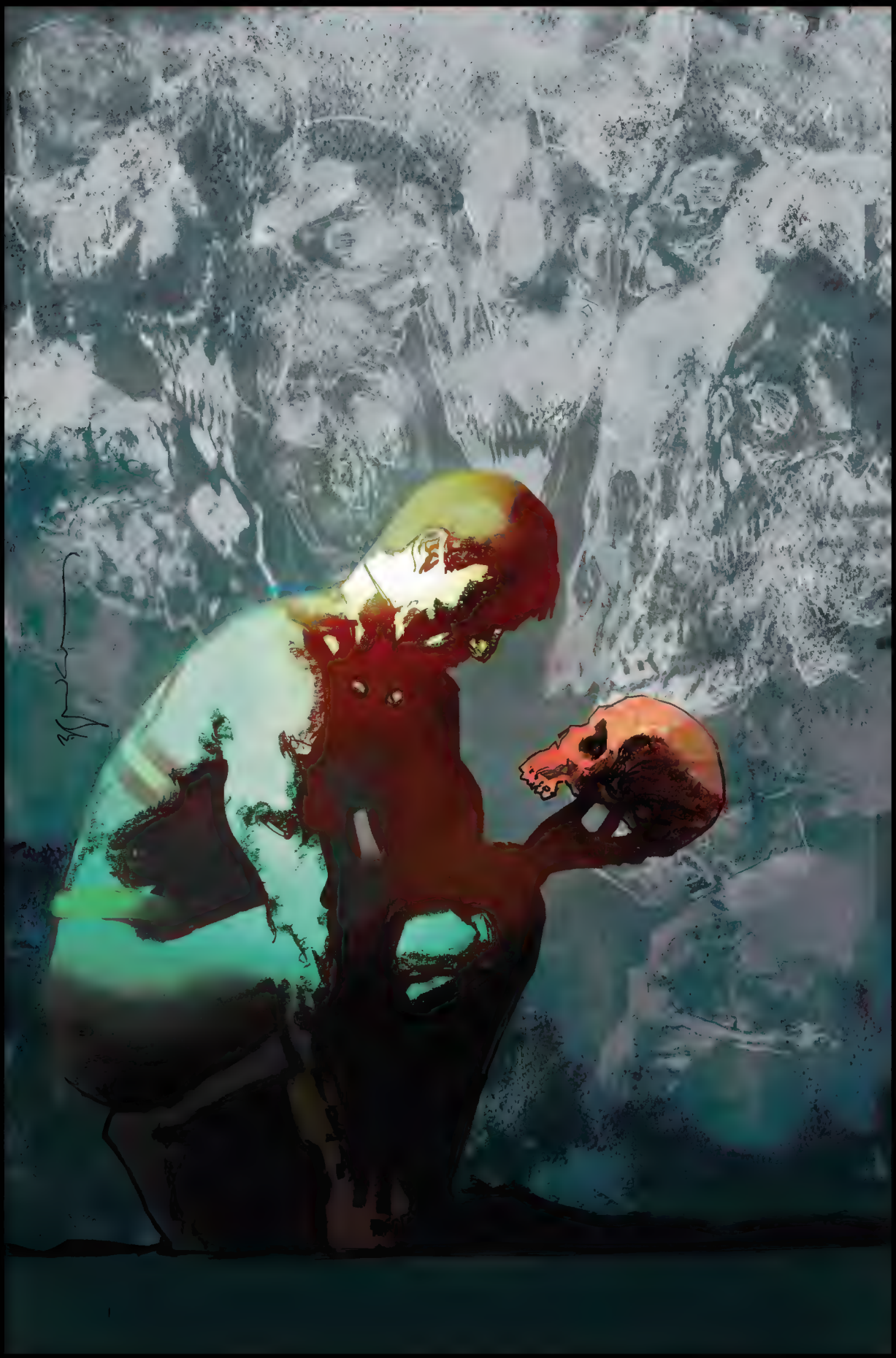
MIRACLEMAN #14 | January 2015 | Variant Cover | By Lee Weeks & Laura Martin

MIRACLEMAN #15 | February 2015 | Cover | Original Art | By John Totleben

MIRACLEMAN #15 | February 2015 | Cover | By John Totleben & Rain Beredo

MIRACLEMAN #15 | February 2015 | Variant Cover | By Tim Sale & Dave Stewart

MIRACLEMAN #15 | February 2015 | Variant Cover | By Bill Sienkiewicz



MIRACLEMAN #16 | March 2015 | Cover | Original Art | By John Totleben

MIRACLEMAN #16 | March 2015 | Cover | By John Totleben & Rain Beredo

MIRACLEMAN #16 | March 2015 | Variant Cover | By Esteban Maroto & Rain Beredo

MIRACLEMAN #16 | March 2015 | Variant Cover | By Garry Leach

ALL-NEW MIRACLEMAN ANNUAL #1 | December 2014 | Cover | By Gabriele Dell'Otto

ALL-NEW MIRACLEMAN ANNUAL #1 | December 2014 | Variant Cover | By Jeff Smith & Thomas James Gaadt

ALL-NEW MIRACLEMAN ANNUAL #1 | December 2014 | Variant Cover | By Joe Quesada & Richard Isanove

ALL-NEW MIRACLEMAN ANNUAL #1 | December 2014 | Variant Cover | By Joe Quesada

MIRACLEMAN BY GAIMAN & BUCKINGHAM #1 | **September 2015**

Variant Cover | By Garry Leach, Alan Davis, Rick Veitch, John Totleben & Steve Oliff

MIRACLEMAN BY GAIMAN & BUCKINGHAM #1 | **September 2015**

Variant Cover | Original Art | By Garry Leach, Alan Davis, Rick Veitch & John Totleben

MIRACLEMAN OMNIBUS | September 2022 | Cover | By Alan Davis & Laura Martin

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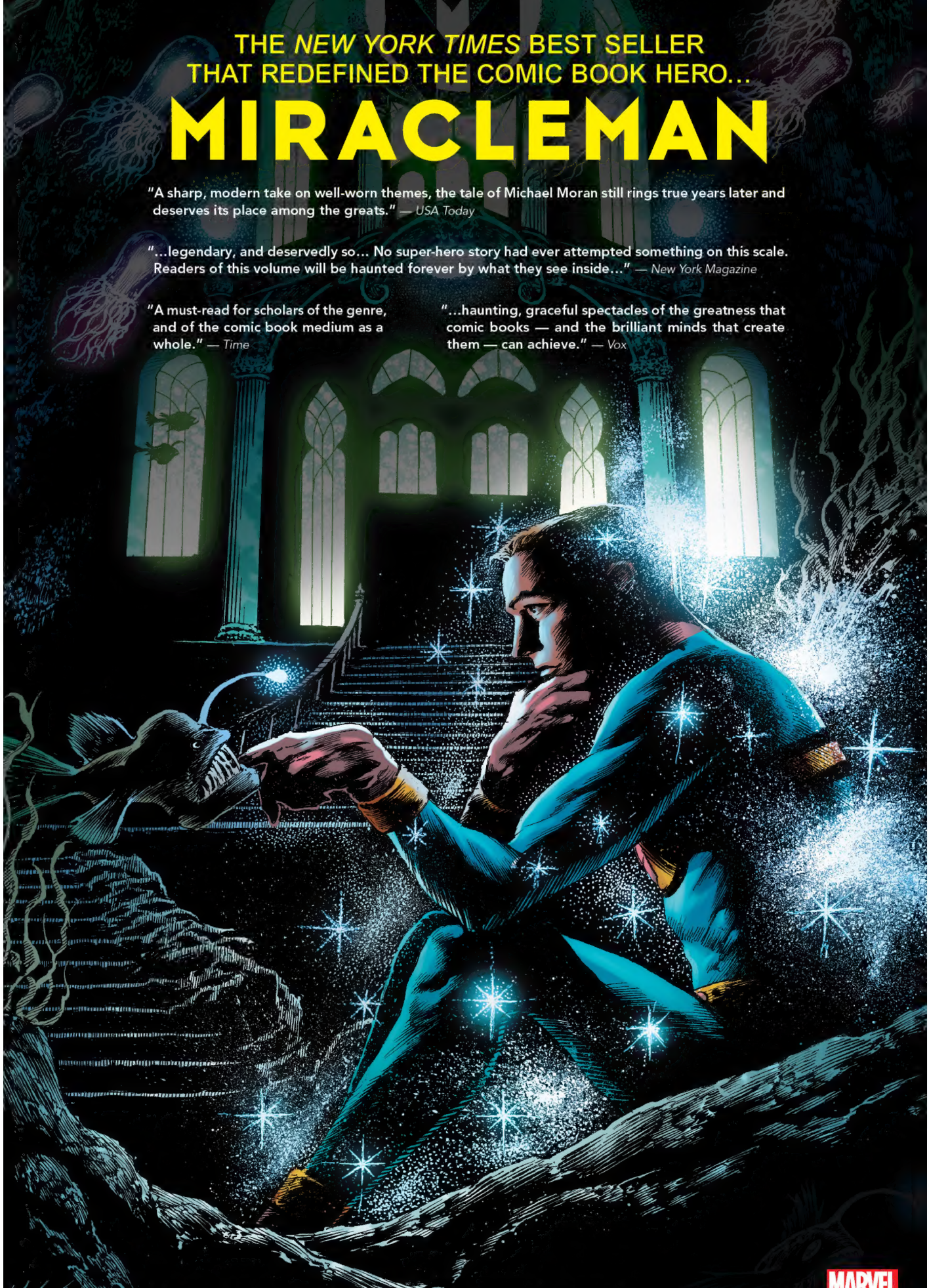

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